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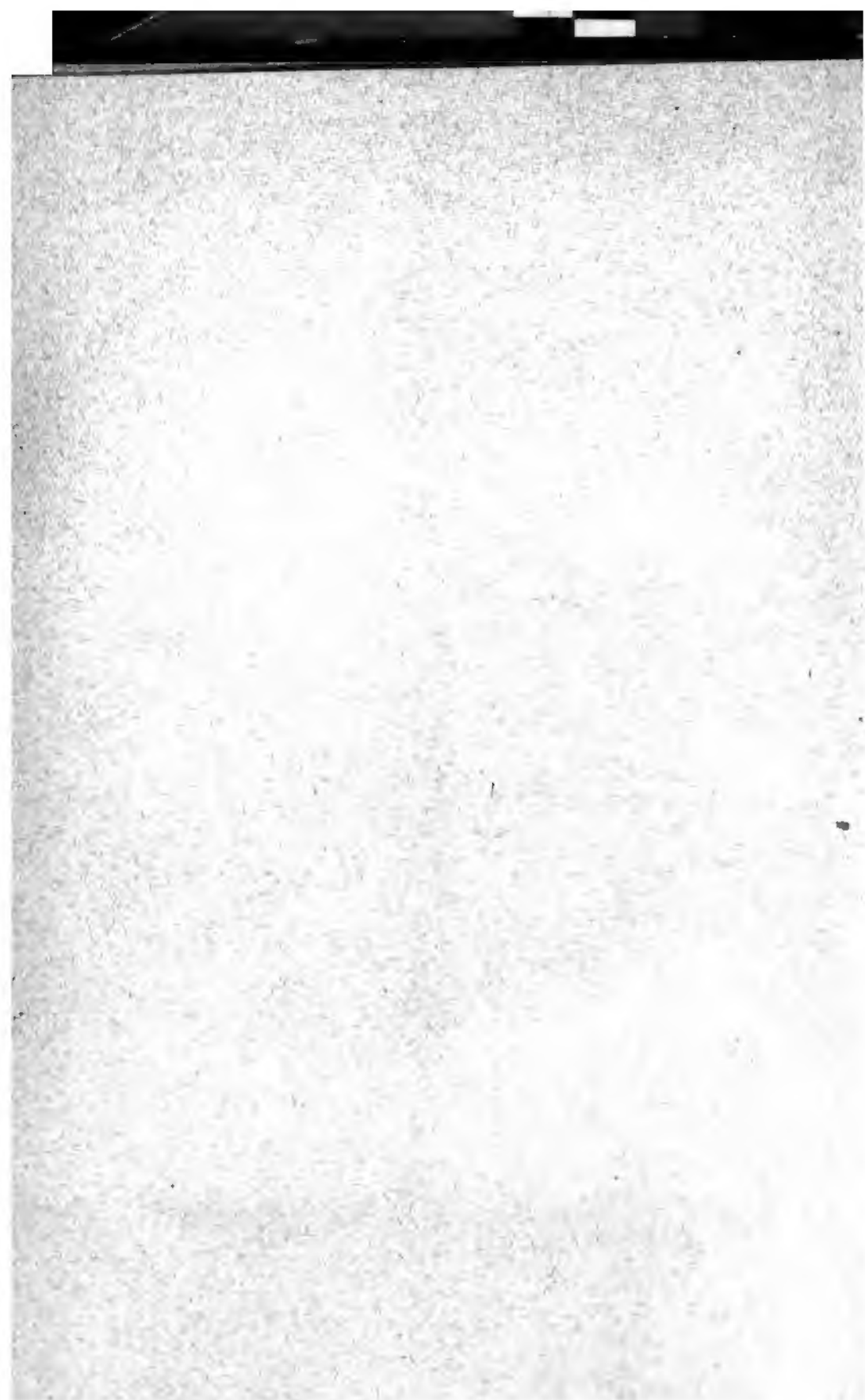
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THE BOOKMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

VOLUME XXXVII

MARCH, 1913—AUGUST, 1913

"I am a Bookman."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY
FOURTH AVENUE AND THIRTIETH STREET

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THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

MARCH, 1913

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

THERE is no doubt that Mr. Alfred Noyes, who should reach this country about the time this paragraph appears in print, has an eye on the English laureateship.

A Possible Laureate

Mr. Noyes is a good poet, in some respects an unusual poet, and his is a perfectly dignified and laudable ambition. Wisely he has seen that it is not enough merely to go on writing good verse; his aim is apparent in his selection of subjects. Others may do as they please, he will be the poet of England, of her greatness, her history, her destiny. At first sight this does not seem the best way to realise the dream of the laureateship. Fifteen years or so ago Rudyard Kipling was the poet of England in the fullest sense of the term. But Kipling did not always see fit to temper his enthusiasms with discretion, and to refer to the then Queen as "the little old widow of Windsor" was not just the right way to smooth the path to throwing over his own shoulders the mantle of Tennyson.

...

While on this subject we may add that there are no more indications today than there were ten years ago that Rudyard Kipling will eventually be knighted, or, as more ambitious persons have suggested, elevated to the British peerage as Baron Rottingdean. The list of English men of letters who have received official recognition is still comparatively small. There are several English peers who have contributed more

or less to literature, but with one or two exceptions they were either peers, or in the line of becoming peers before they began to write. Even those authors who have achieved knighthood owe it as a rule to services other than purely literary services. Sidney Colvin became Sir Sidney Colvin because of his long work in



ALFRED NOYES



THE LATE H. PEYTON STEGER

the British Museum, a national institution. Sir Sidney Lee was knighted for his *Biography of Queen Victoria*; and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, not as the creator of Sherlock Holmes, but because of his defence of the government as embodied in *The Great Boer War*. Services to the government are said also to be the cause of the recognition of Sir William Robertson Nicol. Quiller-Couch is Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, and we don't know why. Thomas Hardy is plain Mr. Hardy, but he has received the Order of Merit, which is rather more important than mere knighthood.

...

For the use of the sketch of Terre's Tavern, the inspiration of Thackeray's famous "Ballad of the Bouillebaisse," which was printed on page 594 of our February issue, we are indebted to the courtesy of

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, the publishers of the Kensington Thackeray.

The sketch was drawn from a photograph especially made for that edition.

...

In the present issue we had planned to present the first of the series of papers announced in our January number entitled *O. Henry's Biographer* "Chapters in the Life of a Literary Soldier of Fortune." These papers were being written by Mr. H. Peyton Steger, the late Sidney Porter's literary executor and official biographer. But early in January Mr. Steger himself died, at the early age of thirty years, and it has taken his literary executors some time to find out the condition of his uncompleted work. Consequently the first instalment of the O. Henry reminiscences does not appear here. The series will, however, we hope, appear in *THE BOOKMAN* later in the year, finished by another hand than that of Harry Peyton Steger.

...

The writer of these paragraphs knew Mr. Steger for many years, but had never realised what an extraordinarily varied life his had been. The thirty short years were rich with incident. He was born in Moscow, Tennessee, and passed his childhood there and in Bonham, Texas. At the age of fifteen he entered the University of Texas. There he was president of the Sophomore class, business manager of the University magazine, editor of the University newspaper, and editor-in-chief of the University annual. He was Fellow in Greek and Latin, and was graduated with an M.A. degree for a metrical translation of *The Wasps* of Aristophanes. After teaching for a year he went to Johns Hopkins University to study Sanscrit, having passed his examination for the Rhodes Scholarship. While in Baltimore he received word that the scholarship beginning in 1905 had been awarded him and he immediately went to England, entering Balliol College, Oxford. There he became president of the Arnold Literary Society,

and contributed to the *Oxford Periodical*. During this time he travelled extensively on the Continent.

...

For a time, while staying in Germany, Mr. Steger wrote for the *Koelner Zeitung*, of Cologne, and lectured before an organisation of business men in Bonn am Rhein on "Texas Niggers and Cotton." After leaving Oxford, he began journalism in earnest and became connected with the *London Express*. He did considerable independent writing, and was sent to Monte Carlo by the newspaper, "where," said Steger once to a friend, "I got arrested by the Italian army, or most of it, for constructing a wind whistle on a rock in the Mediterranean." He lived for a season in Toynbee Hall, a Whitechapel settlement in the London slums, serving the London relief committee as a parochial visitor. It



THE CREATOR OF ARSÈNE LUPIN (MAURICE LEBLANC) AT HIS FRENCH CHATEAU



REPRODUCTION OF THE COVER OF THE DUTCH EDITION OF HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON'S "QUEED"

was a bitter winter, thousands of men were out of employment, and the young student saw something of the grinding of "the wheel" where it grinds most cruelly. Articles describing his observations in the London slums were published in English, German and American magazines. Then he undertook a new experiment in sociological studies. He wanted to know something about life from the tramp's point of view. Accordingly he became a tramp. He walked two hundred and fifty miles, going from Queensboro to London, with no means of any kind. He was dependent on "backdoor handouts" for his food, and slept in parks or under haylofts or in rural barns, spending not a cent for anything during his entire "tramp." He realised some financial gain from his experiment, in addition to the experience, for he wrote a series of articles for magazines narrating the personal adventures of a hobo.



JANE H. FINDLATER

From a Sketch by Lady Jane Lindsay
MARY W. FINDLATER

It is not unfair to Miss Jane H. Findlater and Miss Mary Findlater to say that a good deal of the American interest in them has grown out of their collaboration with

The Findlater Sisters

Kate Douglas Wiggin. But years before the publication of *The Affair at the Inn* both of the sisters had won literary recognition in Scotland. Miss Jane H. Findlater's *The Green Graves of Balgowrie* appeared in 1896 and just missed being a great success. The sisters are the daughters of the Rev. Eric Findlater, who was a Free-Church minister, as Ian MacLaren once was, in a remote village in Perthshire, Scotland. Their mother was the author of *Hymns from the Land of Luther* and of various translations from the German. In addition to *The Green Graves of Balgowrie* and *The*

Affair at the Inn, Miss Jane Findlater has written *A Daughter of Strife*, *Rachel, the Story of a Mother*, *Stones from a Glass House*, and *The Ladder to the Stars*; and *Tales that are Told* and *Crossriggs*, the last two in collaboration with Mary Findlater.

• • •

The Dutch Treat Club is an organization composed of artists, illustrators, editors, novelists, dramatists, poets, sculptors and newspaper men in New York City. It is a luncheon club where every man, of course, pays for his own luncheon, treating being forbidden. Every year the club gives a dinner at one of New York's restaurants or hotels. At this time "the no treat" clause in the club's elastic by-laws is suspended and guests are invited.

"Saved by
Parcel Post"



HARRY LEON WILSON'S CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW

For the entertainment of these guests and the members themselves, an entertainment is provided something like the Jinks of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco. This year the dinner was held February 19th and the entertainment took the form of a moving-picture melodrama, in which a number of the members of the club played the parts.

SAVED BY PARCEL POST
OR
THE BILLIONAIRE BABY

A Moving Picture Burlesque produced by The Dutch Treat Club during their banquet at Delmonico's, February 19th.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

The Three Gunmen:

Charles Dana Gibson
Will Irwin
John Wolcott Adams

The Four Poets:

James Montgomery Flagg
Julian Street
Charles Hanson Towne
Burgess Johnson

The Villain

Rupert Hughes

The Nurse

The Bartender

George Barr McCutcheon

The Baby.....Wallace Irwin
The Postman }Tom Masson
The Messenger Boy }
The Lady Editor.....Compton McKenzie
The Newsboy.....Langhorne Gibson

SAVED BY PARCEL POST
OR
THE BILLIONAIRE BABY

BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG AND RUPERT
HUGHES

Scene opens in the Fritz-Carlton, a low dive. Four poets are discovered hungry and thirsty. In the background sit the villain and three gunmen, drinking and plotting. A newsboy enters, is held up by the gunmen and robbed of his pennies. The poets search their pockets and finally unearth a penny, with which they buy a newspaper. With heads together they scan each page for stray gems of poetry, but discover instead an advertisement of the *Bust Beautiful Woman's Magazine*, offering a prize of \$50,000 for the best poem submitted within twenty-four hours. Poets fall desperately to work writing, to the intense disgust of the gunmen.

Dicky Le Ginny Hen decides he cannot



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SAVED BY THE PARCEL POST. IN THE FRITZ-CARLTON, A LOW EAST SIDE DIVE. FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A POEM. BARTENDER (GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEN), GUNMEN (JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS, CHARLES DANA GIBSON, AND WILL IRWIN), VILLAIN (RUFUS HUGHES), FORTS (JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG, HUGHES JOHNSON, CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, AND JULIAN STREET).



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SAVED BY THE PARCEL POST. VILLAINY IN THE ASCENDANT. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: BURGESS JOHNSON, JULIAN STREET, RUPERT HUGHES, CHARLES DANA GIBSON, WILL IRWIN, CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS, JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG, GEORGE BARR MC CUTCHEN, AND WALLACE IRWIN.



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SAVED BY THE PARCEL POST. UNCLE SAM TO THE RESCUE. THE LAW MUST TAKE ITS COURSE. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG, GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON, CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, WALLACE IRWIN, JULIAN STREET,
RUPERT HUGHES, CHARLES DANA GIBSON, BURGESS JOHNSON, TOM MASON, WILL IRWIN, AND JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS.

work in such vile surroundings. He will find inspiration in the woods and fields!

The next scene finds him strolling dreamily over the Palisades. Nature, however, fails to provide the necessary inspiration. Suddenly he notes a nurse wheeling a two hundred pound baby in a specially built carriage. Richard falls in love with the nurse at once.

His love brings in its train the longed-for inspiration. He scribbles, hurriedly, the wonderful words that pour from his enraptured heart.

Returning to the Fritz-Carlton, he boasts of his conquest, his poem, and his certain victory in the competition. The other poets, realising the poem is far superior to anything they might do themselves, try to take it from him, but he escapes.

In the next scene he returns to the nurse and finishes the poem. Other poets are on his trail. In despair he searches frantically for some safe place to hide the priceless child of his brain. A brilliant idea comes to him. He will place the poem in the jacket of the baby. No sooner thought of than the deed is done. The nurse flees with the child. The poets dash upon the scene, capture Dicky, and lash his manly form to a tree. Then begins a period of torture to compel the brave hero to reveal the secret hiding place. It is only when one friend begins pulling out his precious hair that he weakens. He tells them where the papers are, but their courage is not equal to the feat of facing the nurse and child.

They bargain for the services of the gunmen. It is decided, with their help, to kidnap the only son and heir to John D. Rotensmeller. Cleverly the conspirators stalk their prey until at last they are cornered, and Dicky, seeing his dream of triumph shattered, collapses upon the arm of the nurse. But help is at hand. At the moment when it seems all too true that villainy will triumph, the child rises up in his wrath and lays poets and gunmen senseless at his feet with dull though soundless thuds from his manly fists.

They take refuge in flight, with the conspirators clinging remorselessly to their trail. Brought to bay at last, before a United States Parcel Post Box Dicky, brilliantly resource-

ful to the end, produces just the right quantity of stamps from his pocket, sticks them on the baby's nose, writes the address of the *Bust Beautiful Magazine* on his forehead, deposits him in the box, and turns to face the baffled conspirators with a sweet smile of calm content.

Into their midst pushes a United States Postman. His duty is plain. With a wide gesture that expresses all the majesty of the powerful department behind him, he waves them to one side and disappears with the child.

The final scene opens in the office of the *Bust Beautiful Woman's Magazine*. Enter postman and his charge. With a graceful gesture the baby places the precious Manuscript in the lady editor's hand. Dicky enters and stands shyly awaiting her decision. Behind him the perfidious poets and the disgruntled gunmen take their places. There is a moment of nerve-racking suspense as each scans the face of the arbitress of their poetic destinies. Quickly the expression of interest on the lady's face gives place to one of ecstatic joy as she grasps the deep significance of the literary gem before her. From her desk she takes a huge bundle of greenbacks, counts out fifty thousand one dollar bills, and places them in the trembling hands of Dicky. The conspirators fall prostrate upon their faces, and Dicky, his loved one, and the baby march triumphantly forth over their supine bodies.

CURTAIN

• • •

In England, where it appears under the title *Where Are You Going To?*, Miss Robins's *My Little Sister* seems to be receiving an unusual amount of both endorsement and censure. Mr. Clement K. Shorter rather flippantly suggests that the title reminds him of the tract that is frequently placed in one's hands in the neighbourhood of evangelical mission halls, but concedes that the tract "is incorporated in a singularly interesting and powerful novel, with one situation of appalling dramatic strength." Mr. Shorter goes to the astonishing lengths of demolishing the book on the ground

that "her tract treats of the white slave traffic—but it comes some months too late." His argument seems utterly trivial because there is nothing to show that the action of the story is supposed to have taken place this week or last. As a matter of fact the tale was probably begun long before the passage in England of the new White Slave Act. To quote Mr. Shorter:

Miss Robins describes the life of two young girls in the country in a sheltered home. They go to London to visit an aunt. They are met at the railway station by a well-dressed woman with a motor car and liveried footmen, who carry them off to a house of infamous reputation. Here the story becomes painful and horrible, but one asks one's self—is it true? I have said that Miss Robins has written her book too late. She admits that the police knew that the owner of the motor car was a woman of bad character, but that they had no power to stop her. The new White Slave Act gives the police this power, so that nothing could have happened at this present moment in exactly the same way as it is made to happen in Miss Robins's book. Moreover, has anything happened quite as bad as this in the annals of the undeniably cruel and wicked crimes that have taken place in the past? Some few months ago I read in a newspaper a story on these lines: A lady with two little girls entered one of our great drapery emporiums, leaving them outside. While she was shopping a woman dressed as a nurse came up to the children and told them that they had got to go to their mother, who was ill. She put them into a motor car, and they were never heard of again. This story, or stories akin to it, had been told, I believe, on many platforms. Is there any truth in them? A friend of mine who has read every line of the evidence brought before the parliamentary commission to inquire into the white slave traffic, tells me that there were no cases brought before that commission in which children of the well-to-do classes have been decoyed in this manner.

• • •

In view of this discussion we reprint the following letter from Miss Robins

herself to the editor of one of the leading New York dailies, and should prove of interest to our readers:

DEAR SIR:

I have lived too long away from my own country to know whether the editors here, as abroad, are likely to print a letter from the author of a mere work of fiction among more important news. I draw a bow at a venture then to tell your critic of *My Little Sister* that, though the fact of any given incident in a story being true has little enough bearing on the artistic truth of the story—the incident to which he takes exception on the score of unlikelihood is not only true, but appallingly close to the commonplace. I carried the story to a London Magistrate for him to pick flaws in. He said: this is the precise tragedy which befell the daughters of an intimate friend of my wife's—only in that case neither of the two girls have been heard of "since." I took the story to various London Police Stations. No Chief of Police wasted a moment in doubting the facts—the most horrible of them were an old story. I write away from my note-books and reference files, but as well as I can remember, when the Home Secretary was asked a question on this subject in the House of Commons a few months ago, he answered that in the London police jurisdiction *alone* there had been reported lost and never heard of again, fifty-three girls within the past year.

I am, Sir,

Yours truly,

(Signed) ELIZABETH ROBINS.

• • •

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons are bringing out a uniform edition of the works of Sir Gilbert Parker in eighteen volumes, eight of which have already come from the press. The books are appearing in the following order:

- I. *Pierre and his People.*
- II. *A Romany of the Snows.*
- III. *Northern Lights.*
- IV. *Mrs. Falchion.*
- V. *Cumner's Son.*
- VI. *When Valmond Came to Pontiac, etc.*

- VII. The Pomp of the Lavillettes, etc.
- VIII. The Trespasser, etc.
- IX. The Seats of the Mighty.
- X. The Battle of the Strong.
- XI. The Lane that Had No Turning.
- XII. The Right of Way.
- XIII. Michel and Angele, etc.
- XIV. Donovan Pasha.
- XV. The Weavers, Vol. I.
- XVI. The Weavers, Vol. II.
- XVII. A Lover's Diary.
- XVIII. The Judgment House.

. . .

Now the only fault we have to find with Sir Gilbert Parker's introduction to the new edition is that, with very few exceptions, they are not long enough. We have always felt that established authors have been missing an opportunity in not following the method of Alphonse Daudet when he wrote "The Story of My Books." In Sir Gilbert Parker's case we wish that there was more like the following, which is part of the Introduction to *When Valmond Came to Pontiac*:

The manuscript of the book was complete within four weeks. It possessed me. I wrote night and day. There were times when I went to bed and, unable to sleep, I would get up at two o'clock or three o'clock in the morning and write till breakfast time. A couple of hours' walk after breakfast, and I would write again until nearly two o'clock. Then luncheon; afterward a couple of hours in the open air, and I would again write till eight o'clock in the evening. The world was shut out. I moved in a dream. The book was begun at Hot Springs, in Virginia, in the annex to the old Hot Springs Hotel. I could not write in the hotel itself, so I went to the annex, and in the big building—in the early springtime—I worked night and day. There was no one else in the place except the old negro caretaker and his wife. Four-fifths of the book was written in three weeks there. Then I went to New York, and at the Lotus Club, where I had a room, I finished it—but not quite. There were a few pages of the book to do when I went for my walk in Fifth Avenue one afternoon. I could not shake the thing off, the last pages demanded to be

written. The sermon which the old Curé was preaching on Valmond's death was running in my head. I could not continue my walk. Then and there I stepped into the Windsor Hotel, which I was passing, and asked if there was a stenographer at liberty. There was. In the stenographer's office of the Windsor Hotel, with the life of a caravanserai buzzing around me, I dictated the last few pages of *When Valmond Came to Pontiac*. It was practically my only experience of dictation of fiction. I had never been able to do it, and have not been able to do it since, and I am glad that it is so, for I should have a fear of being led into mere rhetoric. It did not, however, seem to matter with this book. It wrote itself anywhere. The proofs of the first quarter of the book were in my hands before I had finished writing the last quarter.

. . .

In place of the Reform Club of London the Police Headquarters of New York City, in place of Phineas Fogg, the imperturbable, and his faithful Passepartout, Connie Binhart, in place of the detective who followed Fogg round the world, the grim and implacable Blake, in place of a journey from London through the Suez Canal, India, China, across the Pacific, across the States, and back to London, a zigzag journey from New York to Canada, to Chicago, to Denver, to New Orleans, to San Francisco, round the world, to South America, and finally back to New York—in a word, upon the same large lines, in place of Jules Verne's *Tour of the World in Eighty Days* Mr. Arthur Stringer's *The Shadow*. Now this is written in no disparagement of Mr. Stringer's book or his methods. As a matter of fact, he is to be commended for his selection of an idea which is common property, which has been comparatively neglected, and which in the hands of an adroit writing man—which Mr. Stringer is—is almost certain to provide a good story. *The Shadow* is that.

. . .

Some day we are going to pay our very definite respects to the literary publicity

agent who has become a very decided factor in the modern publishing house. When you find a really good literary publicity agent, you find a man of unquestioned talent. Such a man was the late H. Peyton Steger, of whom mention is made elsewhere in these columns. Another was Mr. I. F. Marcossin, who forsook the field a few years ago to join the staff of the Munsey publications. The makings of a great literary publicity agent went to the making of an astonish-



WHERE G. K. C. DOES NOT SHINE. A DRAWING BY MR. CHESTERTON

ingly energetic magazine editor in the person of Mr. Robert H. Davis. We do not know who the author of the following publicity note is, but it seems so good that we are reprinting it just as it stands:

Arthur Stringer, the author of *The Shadow*, once sold a Paris publisher the foreign rights to one of his underworld stories. A few weeks later Stringer received a letter from the translator complaining that certain phrases in the story were not in any of the *Bibliothèque Nationale* dictionaries

and requesting a brief explanation of such expressions as "lush-dip," "an also-ran," "keister-cracker," "yeggman," "up against it," and "cuff-shooter," and a word or two as to why safe-breakers carried "soup" about with them in bottles. The author began conscientiously dictating his explanations. He plunged right into etymology, ambled about the field of high explosives, wandered off into explicit explanations of horse racing and criminal practices, added a paragraph or two enlarging on the history of underworld argot in general, reverted to an elucidation of strictly local conditions, floundered into a digression on the criminal's adoption of the picturesque metaphor, and finally dictated a cablegram to Paris. It was brief and read as follows: "Kindly cancel rights to Stringer story. Cheque returned by mail."

In many ways the association of the names of Hilaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton is likely to attract attention. For

Sources of Inspiration *The Green Overcoat*
Mr. Belloc has supplied the text and Mr. Chesterton the illustrations. We should say that in writing the story of Professor Higginson and the strange series of misadventures which grew out of his yielding to the temptation to borrow temporarily another man's overcoat, Mr. Belloc has drawn a decided inspiration from his collaborator. The story is Chestertonian in its whimsicality and topsy-turviness. But we should hate to hold any one responsible for being the inspiration for Mr. Chesterton's drawings.

The *Trinity University Review*, of Toronto, Canada, in its issue for January of this year, printed an article on "Forgery and Plagiarism in Literature," which begins

with the following allusion to a paper that recently appeared in our columns:

The death of Mr. H. C. Bunner, one of the first editors of the Yankee humorous journal *Puck*, inspired the New York *BOOKMAN* of December to publish his review of an alleged new volume of poems by Swinburne

with copious extracts which hit off exactly the English poet's style and would have sent his admirers to the book stalls for the work had not Bunner confessed that it was all his own invention.

As Henry Cuyler Bunner died in 1896 the inspiration seems to have been somewhat belated.

...

In our January issue we called attention to a publisher's announcement pointing out that Mr. A. S. F. P. A. M. Hutchinson had Endorses certain points in common with William Makepeace Thackeray, Samuel Taylor Coleridge and John Keats. Like the first, he was born in India; like the second, he once had military ambitions; and like the third, he studied medicine. We expressed our unwillingness to endorse Mr. Hutchinson as a Thackeray, a Keats, or a Coleridge merely on these facts. Since writing that paragraph we have read *The Happy Warrior*, and are quite ready to go on record as regarding it as a very good story indeed, just as whimsical and entertaining as the same author's earlier book, *Once Aboard the Lugger*. F. P. A., who conducts a widely read column in a New York evening newspaper, has also apparently been impressed by that publisher's note.

...

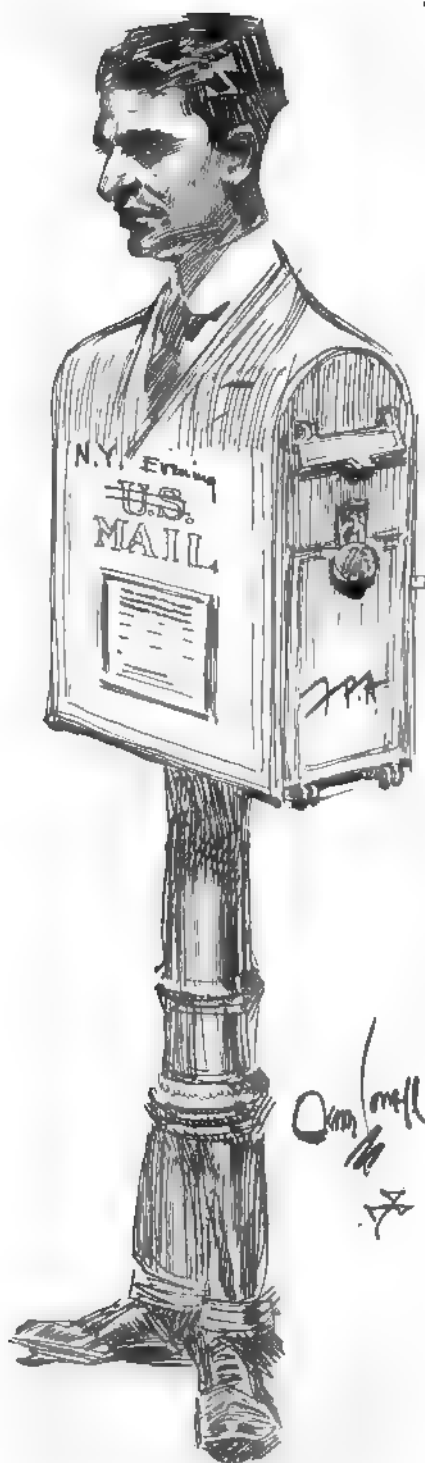
ON EMULATION

[Like Thackeray, he was born in India; like Keats, he studied medicine for a time, and, like Coleridge, there was a period when he had soldierly ambitions.—Publisher's note about A. S. M. Hutchinson, author of *The Happy Warrior*.]

Like Finley Peter Dunne, I lamped the light
Of morning in Chicago, Illinois;
And yet the spanless distance from his height
Is just as great as when I was a boy.

Like H. G. Wells, I once engaged in trade;
Like him I went and married me a wife;
A paranip for the difference that made!
I never wrote a novel in my life.

Like T. Carlyle, I find it hard to sleep;
I'm no misogynist—neither was Moore;



F. P. A. SKETCHED BY ORSON LOWELL

Like Hood, I suffer sailing o'er the deep—
 Yet nil the dent I make in Litrachoor.
 Like Chesterton, I'm tardy with my stuff;
 Like Poe, I do not like to work for long;
 Yet all I do is this Façade of Fluff.

• • •
 There must be something radically wrong.

• • •
 Elsewhere in this issue will be found a paper "Some Unpublished Letters of Wilkie Collins," being part of the correspondence of the author of *The Woman in White* with the American poet, Paul H. Hayne, edited by the latter's son. In connection with this paper we should like to recall here Mr. William H. Hayne's "In Memory of Wilkie Collins," which appeared just after Mr. Collins's death in 1889.

He wove for us the subtlest plots,
 And oft with him our fancy strayed,
 Until there seemed a throbbing pulse
 In every pen-stroke that he made.

And now his genial heart is still—
 The frost of silence films his pen,
 And he has passed with toil-worn feet
 To secrets far beyond our ken.

Yet I believe that kindly Death
 Reserved for him a welcoming shade—
 It seems so natural for his soul
 To meet a mystery unafraid.

• • •

While we are not yet ready to concede to Mr. Irvin S. Cobb the place that has lately been claimed for him by some of his more enthusiastic admirers, we do not question the fact that he must be regarded rather seriously. He is still a young man, and, in the natural course of events, should have many years' more activity. Therefore, his achievement, which up to the present time has been considerable, is of secondary importance. What counts is what he may eventually accomplish. Then, while regarding his admirers as somewhat extravagant, it is impossible not to be a little impressed by what they profess to

think of him. For example, one cannot entirely ignore a little pamphlet entitled *Who's Cobb and Why*, written by Mr. Robert H. Davis. Now Mr. Davis's opinion may have been somewhat influenced by personal friendship, or by his liking for the particular flavour of Mr. Cobb's stories. But we can't forget that during the last ten years Mr. Davis has probably read, or at least accepted and rejected, more fiction than any other editor on earth. To Irvin Cobb he pays the following extraordinary tribute:

After Bret Harte died, many stories were written by San Franciscans who knew him when he first put in an appearance on the Pacific Coast. One contemporary described minutely how Bret would come silently up the stairs of the old *Alta* office, glide down the dingy hallway through the exchange room, and seat himself at the now historic desk. It took Bret fifteen minutes to sharpen a lead pencil, one hour for sober reflection, and three hours to write a one-stick paragraph, after which he would carefully tear it up, gaze out of the window down the Golden Gate, and go home.

He repeated this formula the following day, and at the end of the week succeeded in turning out three or four sticks which he considered fit to print. In later years, after fame had sought him out and presented him with a fur-lined overcoat, which I am bound to say Bret knew how to wear, the files of the *Alta* were ransacked for the pearls he had dropped in his youth. A few gems were identified—a very few. Beside this entire printed collection the *New England Primer* would have looked like a set of encyclopediæ. Bret worked slowly, methodically, brilliantly, and is an imperishable figure in American letters.

Returning to Cobb: He has already written twenty times more than Bret Harte turned out during his entire career. He has made more people laugh and written better short stories. He has all of Harte's subtle and delicate feeling, and will, if he is spared, write better novels about the people of to-day than Bret Harte, with all his genius and imagination, wrote around the Pioneers. I know of no single instance where one man has shown such fecundity

and quality as Irvin Cobb has so far evinced, and it is my opinion that his complete works at fifty will contain more good humour, more good short stories, and at least one bigger novel than the works of any other single contemporaneous figure.

...

Now this is lavish praise indeed, so lavish that we are inclined to shy from it. There have been men in the history of the writing of books to merit it. But as yet we hesitate to endorse it in the case of Mr. Irvin Cobb. We have in mind one particular story by Mr. Cobb about which Mr. Davis's opinion is not our opinion. That story is called "Fishhead." "Fishhead," according to Mr. Cobb, is the best horror story he has ever written, and yet it was the one manuscript that he was unable to sell until the *Cavalier* printed it as a so-called "daring experiment" in its issue of January 11th. With the story appeared the letters of a number of magazine editors to whom it had been sent, who had admired it for its qualities, but had feared to print it, for, as one of them wrote: "I like red blood stories, but our readers are not educated up to raw beef—yet." Mr. Davis's comments leave little room for doubt that he regards "Fishhead" as one of the great short stories of the world, and one of the great horror stories of all time. That is just one of the reasons why we hesitate to accept Mr. Davis's judgment.

...

Now "Fishhead" is a good story—there is not any doubt about that. But it is not a great story, and it is not even a big horror story if we gauge such a story by the thrill it inspires. As a matter of fact, on that basis, the world has not produced very many great horror stories. Poe in America, and Guy de Maupassant in France, are regarded as the masters of that type of tale. But how many of Poe's stories inspire in a reader the feeling of actual terror? The mere quality of the story does not count. For example, take Poe's "The Fall of the House of Usher" and Conan Doyle's "The Adventure of the Speckled Band." Poe's tale is literature, and Doyle's is

not. Poe's tale is art from the first line to the last, and Doyle's tale is a crude, illogical and slovenly written narrative. Yet the most impressionable reader is not likely to derive from "The Fall of the House of Usher" more than a passing thrill, while the most hardened reader cannot go through "The Adventure of the Speckled Band" for the first time without a positive creeping of the flesh. The reason is that with Poe the high key is struck at the beginning and maintained throughout. The warning of impending horror neutralises the final effect. And Mr. Cobb's "Fishhead" is neither "The House of Usher" in its quality, nor "The Speckled Band" in its thrill.

...

But just another little quotation from Mr. Davis's *Who's Cobb and Why*.

For those who wish to know something of his personal side, I can do no better than to record his remarks to a stranger who, in my presence, asked Irvin Cobb, without knowing to whom he was speaking, what kind of a person Cobb was.

"Well, to be perfectly frank with you," replied the Paducah prodigy, "Cobb is related to my wife by marriage, and if you don't object to a brief sketch, with all the technicalities eliminated, I should say that in appearance he is rather bulky, standing six feet high, not especially beautiful, a light roan in colour, with a black mane. His figure is undecided, but might be called buncy in places. He belongs to several clubs, including The Yonkers Pressing Club and The Park Hill Democratic Marching Club, and has always, like his father, who was a Confederate soldier, voted the Democratic ticket. He has had one wife and one child and still has them. In religion he is an Innocent Bystander."

Could anything be fuller than this?

...

Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas (father and son), Alfred de Musset, George Sand, Théophile Gautier—these are the familiar literary figures whom we meet in *My Autobiography*, by the famous Madame Judith of the Comédie Fran-

Judith's
Memoirs

çaise. In one respect at least the book is an unusual book. It does not contain anything that changes opinions already formed about these men and women, but in these pages are to be found impressions and anecdotes that sound surprisingly new. For example, we had supposed that every story about the elder Dumas had been told and retold so often that it would be comparatively familiar to all. Yet here are two yarns that come to us, at least, as entire strangers. The first has to do with Dumas's astonishing popularity.

There was a story current in my time of a singular wager made by Méry of Marseilles. Walking one day in some public garden with a friend, he suddenly said to him:

"Do you see that big, ridiculous-looking fellow? I bet you a hundred sous that if I kick him, no matter where, instead of flying into a rage, he will make me a polite bow."

The bet was taken, and Méry, creeping stealthily up behind Monsieur Prud'homme, gave him a tremendous kick in the small of his back. The man turned red with indignation, but Méry cried—

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, I took you for Alexander Dumas, with whom I have an account to settle."

His victim, only too proud to be taken for such a great man, at once relented, and, taking off his hat in the most amiable manner, he said, with a bow—

"There is no harm done, Monsieur."

The hundred sous were won!

• • •

On another occasion Dumas, returning home of an evening with two friends whom he had invited to dine, was surprised to hear talking and laughing within. In answer to an inquiry, his servants said that some of Dumas's relatives had arrived, and as he was not at home they had sat down at the table without ceremony. To Dumas's mystification, the servant went on to explain that these relatives came from the Island. The novelist threw open the dining-room door, revealing, seated round the snow-white cloth, a party of negroes as

black as can be imagined. He was received with a frenzy of acclamation that resembled war cries, and in the twinkling of an eye he found himself surrounded by a swarm of black men, women and children.

• • •
And through it all rose, repeated cries of "Cousin! Cousin! good morning cousin. Cousin Lixandre! Cousin Dimas! We've come from San Domingo to see our dear cousin. We all very pleased to see our cousin."

Then some of the elder ones tried to explain what relationship they bore to the great writer.

"I," said one, "am the nephew of your grandmother, who made the Marquis de la Paillette so happy."

"And I," cried another, "am Polycarp, son of Anastasius," and, pointing to some of the others, he went on, "Those are my children and grandchildren. That's Ignatius, that's Serephina. There are Boniface, Annunciation, Concephon, Pulcheria and Timoleon."

They then tried to explain to Dumas how they had come to France. An American Barnum had brought them to take part in a kind of pantomime founded on the history of Toussaint-Louverture. The Yankee manager was going to make the tour of Europe with them, and they were to perform at fairs in all the towns through which they passed.

• • •
Dumas was in perplexity. He did not feel any particular family affection for all these African monkeys, but what could he do? He decided, like a true philosopher, that it would be best to beat a retreat. The announcement of his intention was received with protesting cries by the blacks, who assured him they would come to breakfast again the next morning. Dumas left them revelling at his board and went out to think up a scheme for getting rid of them. Walking along the Boulevard he happened to pass a travelling circus in which there were two big, black bears under the direction of their tamer. The way of escape was found. He waited till the show was over, and then made the owner of the wild beasts the most extraordinary proposal he had ever received, for he



IRVIN S. COBB

asked him to take the two bears to his rooms, the address of which he gave, and let them loose in the dining-room.

The negroes duly arrived, and the cousin not being there to welcome them, made their way, as they had done the evening before, straight to the dining-room. They were received with terrifying growls. Whatever could those growls mean? The little black boys and girls, who had crossed the threshold, stopped short and, turning tail, butted into their parents, who were pushing in be-

ensued an awful panic. The whole negro horde rushed precipitately out of the house, and banging the door after them, ran away yelling as if thirty-six thousand devils were pursuing them.

Dumas heard, a few hours later, of the success of his stratagem, and since then he has had no further news of his relations from San Domingo.

. . .

It is not an attractive portrait that Madame Judith draws of George Sand. She fails to understand the passion of Alfred de Musset. She found the novelist very ugly and fat, though she concedes her the possession of fine black eyes.

She had very slovenly habits. Her hair, which retained its brown colour, was as greasy as that of a wandering gypsy. She dressed very badly, her bodices being shabby and her cloaks threadbare. It must be admitted, however, that her personal economy was very much to her credit, for she denied herself for the sake of her children or for the poor, whose wants she liberally supplied. But whatever may have been her mental qualities, she certainly had no feminine graces in her external appearance. She was in fact like what is vulgarly called a "toby jug." And to these disadvantages were added a masculine voice, a martial gait and bold blunt manners. Nature certainly made a mistake in her case, for she ought to have been a man.

It is quite possible that in her scrutiny the eyes of the actress were sharpened by malice. For she recalls a certain occasion when a play by George Sand was put on at the Comédie Française.

At the first representation I happened to be in a box, as a spectator, next to one from which George Sand herself was looking on. She noticed me, and said to her friends in a very loud voice, "There's Judith! she's the most mediocre actress I know."

"You shall pay for that before you die," I said to myself.

Between the acts we met each other behind the scenes, and, making her a very formal bow, I said to her, "If you want to talk of anything mediocre, madame, there's *Comme il vous plaira!*"



MADAME JUDITH

hind them, screaming hard enough to arouse the whole quarter. The two huge monsters, sitting up on their hind legs, stared at the intruders with their little red eyes, uttering fresh growls as they opened their great mouths full of formidable teeth.

The negroes and negresses tried to quiet the children, and gazed alternately at the two shaggy creatures and the well-garnished board, hesitating whether to advance or to retire. They would have liked to do the former, but they dared not.

Suddenly one of the two bears got up, and came on all fours to sniff at them. Then

She flounced angrily away without answering a word. The laugh was on my side now.

• • •

Needless to say there was very little love lost between Judith and her great rival, Rachel Felix, and numerous are the passages at arms between the two narrated in the *Autobiography*. Naturally from these pages, the honours of the frequent encounters would seem to have usually rested with Judith. For it is Judith's *Autobiography*. Yet with creditable candour, she has recounted at least one episode where the greater popularity of the other woman led to her own crushing defeat. But there was one occasion on which Judith drew a very clever distinction. She was discussing terms with an impressario who wished to secure her services but thought she asked too much. Finally he lost patience. "Ah, you are like Rachel," he said. "It is easy to see that you are both Jewesses." "I beg your pardon," was Judith's retort. "There is a great difference between us. Rachel is a Jew, and I am only a Jewess."

• • •

In 1845 the Boulevard du Temple was the heart of the theatrical world of Paris. In the ten theatres that lined that comparatively short thoroughfare so much blood was shed on the stage every evening at the popular plays that it was known as the Boulevard du Crime.

The audience became so passionately devoted to some of the characters interpreted for their pleasure that they sometimes showed quite fierce hostility to the actors who had to take parts inimical to them. One night, for instance, Briand, who had represented Hudson Lowe in a scene on the island of St. Helena when Napoleon was imprisoned there, was seized by some roughs as he left the theatre and flung into the basin of the Chateau d'Eau. This quite delighted him, and he gloated over it as a triumph when he was telling the tragi-comic incident the next day.

• • •

The period in which Judith lived presents few more pathetic figures than that

of Marie Duplessis, the real heroine of the younger Dumas's *La Dame aux Camélias*. Chance brought Judith into interesting relations with that unusual woman. The actress, playing at the Variétés, was suddenly taken ill, and fainted away in full view of the audience. When she began her recovery a splendid bouquet was brought to her every day. The person who brought it was a lady who did not give her name and would not enter the house. The servant described her as very beautiful, and apparently belonging to the higher social ranks. She was Marie Duplessis.

There was an extraordinary charm about her. She was very slight, almost too thin; but, oh, so refined looking, so marvellously graceful; her face was of an angelic oval shape, her large dark eyes were full of seductive melancholy, her complexion was dazzling, and her hair, that resembled masses of black silk, was perfectly magnificent.

She talked about Dumas and the great musician Liszt, who were both friends of hers, and we discussed theatrical matters. She was very intellectual, and her conversation was most captivating. As soon as I was able to go out I went to return her call.

She lived on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, nearly opposite to the church of the same name, as if she wished to place herself under the protection of the saint, who, before she consecrated her life to God, had trafficked in her beauty.

She showed me over her rooms, which were full of the scent of flowers, for it was not true, as people used to say, that she only cared for those without smell. She loved them all, and it was just a whim of Dumas's imagination to say that camélias alone appealed to her.

• • •

We claim Whistler as our own by virtue of his American birth, parentage, and ancestry. But in Paris, where he studied under Gleyre, did much of his best work, and was closely identified with the modern movement, he has always been re-

"Jimmy"



"HOMMAGE À DELACROIX"

L. CORDIER	FANTIN-LATOURE			MANET	BALLEROY
	LEGROS	WHISTLER	CHAMPFLEURY		BRACQUEMOND
DURANTY	FANTIN				BAUDELAIRE

garded as virtually a French artist. This fact is interestingly illustrated by the picture, "Homage à Delacroix," which we reproduce from the late John Lafarge's "The Higher Life in Art." It also illustrates Whistler's extraordinary capacity for achieving first place in any company he frequented. Fantin-Latour painted the picture, but did he reserve for himself the most prominent position in it? No. He is, to be sure, in the front row, but he is modestly seated and has all the air of an innocent onlooker at his own performance. It is the same with Baudelaire. The poet was Delacroix's staunchest champion during the great fight between romanticism and classicism which was waged over that artist's work. But he also sits quietly by in the very corner of the picture with a slightly bored expression, as if he were only mildly interested in the proceedings, which distracted him from the composition of some new *Fleur du Mal*.

• • •

No French painter of the second half

of the nineteenth century acquired greater notoriety than Edouard Manet through the startling innovation of his painting methods. In a sense he carried on the tradition of Delacroix as an ardent revolutionary. As such, he rightly comes closer to the centre of interest. But although he stands against the framed portrait of Delacroix on its easel, in the manner of a heraldic supporter, he is by no means the principal figure in the composition. This place is reserved for the irrepressible "Jimmy," who, a model of slender, frock-coated elegance, and completely at ease, assumes a complacent, proprietary attitude as if he were in some way responsible for the fame of Delacroix, and were sole master of ceremonies on an occasion arranged by himself more or less for his own benefit. We recall the story of Whistler's retort when told that he and Velasquez were the two greatest painters the world had ever known: "Why lug in Velasquez?" Here he looks as if he were

thinking: "Why lug in Delacroix?" Still, as he did not paint the picture himself, it is perhaps unfair in the present instance to charge him with this excess of egoism. Among the other artists in the group are Legros, the naturalised English etcher of whom Mr. Cleveland

Palmer spoke in his article on "Some Modern English Etchers" in last month's issue of *THE BOOKMAN*, and Bracquemond, the great virtuoso of tones and surface textures, of whom he will speak in his article on French etchers in the April number.

A NOTE ON FIONA MACLEOD*

BY BURTON BANCROFT

WILLIAM SHARP was a literary journalist of the higher sort, a man of a distinct talent, who nevertheless failed to impress his generation strongly; Fiona Macleod, though a minor poet, exerted a strong if undeniably narrow appeal. The poet at least has her secure place in the minor choir on the strength of her proper achievement; yet it is astonishing how greatly her importance is magnified by the fact of her identity with a lesser writer. The striking outward sign of this augmented significance is the collected edition of the writings of William Sharp, now completed by the books published in his lifetime over his own name. Though there is some admirable work in them, it is scarcely conceivable that any one would have regarded these later volumes as worthy by themselves of such dignity; and even Fiona Macleod might easily have missed this final seal of permanence. The collected edition is a monument to the dual personality of the author, more alluring to the curious than his works.

If the man is thus to survive his writings, perhaps the *Biography* by Mrs. Sharp, now reprinted in two convenient volumes, may in the end prove to be the most valuable component of the uniform edition. An admirable work it is, clear and sympathetic, palpably honest, setting forth the facts with no apparent attempt

*The Works of William Sharp (Fiona Macleod); a collected edition, in twelve volumes. *William Sharp: a Memoir*. By Elizabeth A. Sharp. New York: Duffield and Company.

to mould them to a theory. Mrs. Sharp has the tact and judgment of the good biographer; never thrusting herself into the picture, she allows her subject to interpret himself, as far as may be, through letters and diaries. The necessary narrative connection is supplied with discreet candour. The book impresses one on a second reading as a model of this simpler form of biography.

The subject is, of course, a happy one. Quite apart from the interest of the psychological "case," William Sharp was a person of vivid and engaging qualities. The pages of the *Biography* show him, particularly in his earlier days, as the friendliest of men, full of enthusiasm and high spirits. Stories are told of his wringing cheques from hardened, reluctant publishers by sheer force of his exuberant optimism, of his binding with ties of life-long friendship strangers met by chance. Big, blond, handsome, a Viking in appearance and stature, his disposition seemed to the casual acquaintance as sunny as his face. That his buoyant cheerfulness alternated with moods of brooding depression, which became commoner and more prolonged as he grew older, should surprise no one who knows the type. Norse though he was in appearance—an inheritance from a Swedish ancestor—he was Celt through and through. The Celtic strain of mysticism, always present in him, developed until it became predominant and gave direction to all his work.

Mrs. Sharp makes it clear that there

was in him from childhood the tendency which in the end brought about the almost total separation of his two selves. She does not blink the pathological suggestion. Nevertheless, her story shows Sharp as by no means the unwilling victim of an abnormal psychic state. Partly by accident, he found himself developing into two distinct fields the kinds of literary work undertaken as the result on the one hand of his loftier ambitions and on the other of the necessities of a livelihood. Two differing moods associated themselves with the two kinds of work. Once having assumed the name Fiona Macleod, he was more and more inclined to ascribe to her all his work that seemed to him of value. Mrs. Sharp relates that in his later years such occasional books as were put out under his own name were so published largely in order to account for himself before his friends, and so preserve Fiona's disguise. *She* became to him a refuge from the world; *she* offered him the chance he craved to indulge the dreamer in himself—the feminine dreamer that is perhaps in all of us, but that lives more vividly in the Celt than in most. Doubtless he thus approached in time very

close to the condition known to physicians and psychologists as dissociation of personality; yet his case was apparently not "typical," from the medical point of view. In neither state was there, for example, the amnesia that marks the complete dissociation of personality observed in the classic cases recorded in medical literature. Doubtless Sharp frequently attained, in the Fiona Macleod mood, a state of mystic exaltation in which there was forgetfulness of his ordinary life; but this was temporary, not co-existent with the Fiona mood, not separated from another state by any climax.

But if Sharp does not present to us a typical case of dissociation, according to medical criteria, his interest is no less for those who care for the infinite possibilities of variation in human personality. There is the stuff of drama in his life as revealed to us both in his works and in his biography—an active, passionate soul, divided against itself, fleeing from a sense of partial defeat to a mystical state which was purposefully cultivated. Not perhaps a towering genius, but a most human, appealing man, who will live in history, like unhappy Chatterton, far beyond his work.

MORSE'S PORTRAIT OF BRYANT

BY ANNIE NATHAN MEYER

THE portrait of William Cullen Bryant which is here reproduced for the first time is the property of the National Academy of Design, and was exhibited February 7th and 8th of this year at the Union League Club, of New York, on the occasion of the Club's fiftieth anniversary.

It was painted by Samuel F. B. Morse, who, had he not been the discoverer of telegraphy, would be known as the most admirable portraitist of his period.

Even on the same walls that show portraits by Henri, Alden Weir and

Sargent, this quiet, deeply poetic and interpretative portrait with its fine colour, its simple strength, and complete sincerity compels admiration.

At the time it was painted—in 1829—Morse was the first President of the three-year-old, insurgent society, the National Academy of Design. Its first exhibition had taken place in a room in the second story of an ordinary sized house on the southwest corner of Broadway and Reade Street, New York. After dark the room was lighted by three two-light gas burners, six lights for the whole exhibition. The President had his hands



SAMUEL F. B. MORSE'S PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

full, for the old conservative group of artists that formed the American Academy of Fine Arts, and of which Trumbull was president, did not relish the secession. Letters full of recrimination and vituperation passed to and fro in the papers at the time.

As Morse left for his second trip to Europe in November, 1829, this portrait must have been painted earlier in the year, very likely at the time when Bryant was giving his lectures to the students of the Academy on the subject of Mythology.

IMPRESSIONS OF LEONARD MERRICK

IN TWO PARTS. PART I

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

I
WHATEVER may be to-day the dimensions of Leonard Merrick's American following, it is a following which he owes neither to exploitation nor to intimidation. As yet his books have had

no extensive *réclame*, nor has anything happened to circulate widely the impression that not to have read them means to be out of touch with a literary movement of the hour. He is not even a new writer. For some years his stories have



LEONARD MERRICK

been accessible in England, where they have had the highest appreciation from certain critics, and a comparatively limited circle of readers. They seem to have found their way into this country, not from England direct, but by the way of the Continent. A travelling American discovers one of them in a Tauchnitz Edition and tells other Americans of his find. Of course there have been occasional critical articles which have had their effect. Mr. Howells, for example, wrote one a few years ago which left no doubt of his admiration. But in the main Mr. Merrick owes his growing American popularity to personal endorsement. It may be that four or five men are sitting about a table in a club, or in the smoking room of a transatlantic liner, or as many women lounging in easy chairs on a hotel veranda. The scene is quite immaterial. Some one will ask the question: "Have you read Leonard Merrick?" If this brings any response at all it will be instantaneous. "And then you remember *Conrad in Quest of His Youth* and that scene in *The Position of Peggy*—and what delicious irony there is in *The Bishop's Comedy*—and do you recall the day that Tricotrin spent in London?—and then an earnest if more or less awkward attempt to outline the plot of this particular tale; or that for the listener's benefit.

In a general way one might sum up the present American audience of Leonard Merrick by saying that it is much like the present English audience of O. Henry. The impression that the stories of the late Sidney Porter have made on the English reading public as a whole is not a great one. British librarians are not overworked on account of the call for his books. But here and there in London you will find a discriminating Englishman who has had a taste of O. Henry and who is hungry for more; who corners you if you are an American, in the hopes of extracting some new bit of information about the man and his work; who delights in retailing the yarns about Central America or Texas or "Little Old Bagdad on the Subway"—some-

times the British mind achieves astonishing results with these tales—to all whom he can persuade to listen. Nothing could be much more dissimilar than the stories of Porter and Merrick, and yet in conversation you will constantly find the two names linked and their work compared. Unquestionably the American had by far the greater and more original talent. But there are times when the Englishman is the better artist. Neither has brought the short story to the astounding brevity achieved by Guy de Maupassant, whose best known tale, "The Necklace," is just twelve hundred words in length and yet cannot be outlined verbally by the most economical narrator in less than twice the space, recalling Mark Twain's tribute to Mr. Howells that in trying to rewrite one of Howells's sentences of sixty-eight words he never could manage to condense it to less than seventy-four. Neither Porter nor Merrick has ever strained after condensation, and their work is the freer and more natural for that reason. Both have achieved much and of both it may be said that the recognition accorded them may eventually be wider, but can never be more sincere. Yet until that recognition is as wide as it should reasonably be, the only fair spirit in which to approach their work is that of outspoken appreciation. Hence the rambling tone of these impressions.

II

If you have read the books of Leonard Merrick there is nothing in the outline of his career that will be likely to surprise. He was born in London, and he was destined for the Bar. Quite a number of his young heroes were in the same case. His father encountered financial reverses, and the son at an early age was forced to face the grim realities of life. That is another familiar phase of his stories. At the age of eighteen he went to South Africa, where he worked first superintending the labours of Zulus and Kaffirs in the diamond mines, and later in the local courthouse. If you have read "The Lady and the Laurels" and

other stories of the same setting you are somehow perfectly conscious of this period of his existence. Then he went to Kimberley, worked in a solicitor's office for nearly two years, began writing, and finally, at the age of twenty-one, drifted back to England for Grub Street and to "go on the stage." He had no theatrical connections or acquaintances, and for that reason was so much the better qualified to write about the adventures of the heroes of his two most important novels of theatrical life, *The Position of Peggy* and *The Actor Manager*.

Ostensibly *The Position of Peggy* is the story of Christopher Tatham, whose father dies suddenly, leaving an estate of practically nothing at all, and who, forced to leave Oxford abruptly, decides to try his fortunes on the stage. How he struggles in his sordid surroundings, how he tries his hand at comedies which no one will produce, how he writes a third-rate melodrama which he sells outright for fifteen pounds, and which earns thirty thousand pounds for the astute manager who buys it, how he falls in and out of love with the heroine—these are comparatively unimportant details. The big impression which the book leaves is in the character of Peggy Harper. When we meet her first she is a vulgar, illiterate little actress in her teens, the daughter of an equally illiterate and vulgar stage mother. There is nothing essentially bad in Peggy. The stage has brought no apparent taint. She is an actress by mere chance. She might have been an assistant in a tobacconist's shop like the girl in Kipling's "The Finest Story in the World." But chance and heredity have sent her to the stage, and being utterly devoid of talent, the future seems to hold nothing for her except intermittent engagements at two pounds or less a week, or marriage with the equally impecunious Christopher. The fact that Tatham is a playwright inspires occasional false hopes in Peggy and her mother:

"I say," she exclaimed happily on another occasion, "you'll be able to get me a shop!

If Ross takes the piece, mind you tell him he's to give me an engagement in it."

"Yes, write a good part for Peggy," chuckled her mother. "And don't forget Ma! What's the use of having an author in the family if he doesn't pull wire for us? What I want is a part like 'Lady Twombly,' so now you know. I'll make your piece a success for you!" Then, as she saw his embarrassment, "I'm only joking," she laughed. "Think you're talking to an amateur? Don't I know you can't shape your play to suit everybody?"

But three months before Peggy Harper is to become Mrs. Christopher Tatham, the transformation comes. A clever producing playwright sees Peggy and is impressed. He does not overrate in the least her ability or her intelligence. But there is a part to be played for which she is neither too stout nor too tall, and her voice has some pleasant notes in it. So with infinite skill and patience he takes the doll and teaches it to dance. Every finger that she is to lift he shows her; every step that she is to stir. The play falls flat, but the marionette is exalted. When we take leave of her Peggy Harper is a celebrity, engaged to marry a lord, and she is complacently serene in the belief that her success is due entirely to her own native genius.

More than half of the audience were drawn to the Piccadilly by their curiosity to witness the performance of "the winsome English maiden" whose natural talent had swept her to theatrical fame direct from the "class-room of a fashionable boarding-school"—variously stated to have been in Hanover, Paris, and Eastbourne. A paragraph, under "Prominent Persons," described Onslow's discovery of her—"As the favourite of the school finished her recitation, the famous actor-manager turned to his companion, saying, 'That child is destined to be one of the greatest actresses of our time.'" And the editor of *Mother and Girls* begged for the privilege of including her views among "other notable Englishwomen's" upon the Female Suffrage movement. Not being quite sure what it was, and appreciating the

The Reconciliation

By Leonard Merrick

I have often said that I could not be your wife, but I would now tell you why. Tonight, suddenly, I want to tell you why, I want to write to you. I wonder if you will understand.

You have heard how my ~~first~~ marriage ended. For many months after I divorced him I could ~~think of~~ ^{concentrate} my thoughts on nothing but my ~~wings~~ ^{the bitterness of pain and jealousy swept} me day and night. The resentment grew his ~~vestibule~~ ^{independent} guided into lassitude. By very slow degrees I concerned myself with other things.

Later, I began to dwell on scenes of my ^{brief} happiness with him, and though ~~remembrance~~ ^{remembrance} made me cry for the unrecoverable, to remember ^{things} was sweet. Moments which had been ~~complete~~ ^{trivial} with my hearted assumed in retrospect an air of exquisite companionship. It was my ^{commonplace} ~~weakness~~ to ~~recall~~ ^{recall} some ~~incident~~ ^{incident} and indulge myself by reanimating its minutest details; the hours that I had most ^{the hours} ~~minutely~~ were ~~the hours~~ ^{that I lived in looking back}

I could forget by Even when I found phrases in society again, recollection remained a secret joy. ^{and amused myself} His time, I had my vanities and reactions, was socially like any other woman, entertained in ordinary ways, but clandestinely I still revisited the past. So thirteen years went by, and — unsuspected by my dearest friends — ~~that I~~ ^{mentally} ~~married~~ ^{commenced} with a young husband, who, in these reviews, had grown no older.

FACSIMILE OF LEONARD MERRICK'S MANUSCRIPT

value of an additional advertisement, she was harassed, until her mother came to her aid. "Miss Peggy Harper, the gifted young actress at the Piccadilly Theatre," wrote: "My time is far too much occupied by my work for me to trouble my head about such matters." And readers could divine the gifted young actress's weary smile as she thought of the women whose less momentous pursuits allowed them leisure for such frivolities.

A fine study Peggy Harper, and a fine study Blanche Ellerton.

III

Like *The Position of Peggy*, *The Actor Manager* is ostensibly the story of its

hero, but again it is the woman we remember, the woman who dominates from the moment of her first appearance until the very end. Unlike Peggy Harper, Blanche Ellerton possesses real dramatic talent, and a certain amount of intelligence. Even in the early days of her privations she is several grades higher in the social scale than the other woman. Her father is a kind of English Delobelle, a self-styled man of letters, who has never achieved anything, and who is barely contemptuously tolerant of the literary labours of his wife on which the family depend for its support. Blanche Ellerton marries Royce Olyphant, persuades him to become an actor-manager

financed by his best friend, and finally runs away with that friend. While it is difficult to find adequate extenuating circumstances for her behaviour it must be confessed that Olyphant is just a bit of a prig.

But in *The Actor-Manager*, *The Position of Peggy*, and the last half of *Conrad in Quest of His Youth* the story does not count so much. Above all it's the marvellous atmosphere of the stage. Not the glamour of the stage, but its sordid realities, its disappointments, its grim tragedies. You feel that Leonard Merrick loves these strolling players, that their life has been his life, and their sufferings his sufferings, but he does not hesitate to lay bare their vanities and foibles. He gives you a glimpse of the rehearsal, the arrival of the principals, the "villain" telling a funny incident of the leading lady, who laughs without having grasped the joke, because his salary is understood to be thirty pounds a week and because she believes that her laugh is her strong point. He shows the women squabbling, the men grumbling irritably, and finally, a little man with a hopeless expression, creeping down into the footlights carrying a roll of manuscript—he is the author. Then he portrays for you the vicissitudes of the players on tour in the Provinces and takes you to the lodging houses patronised by "professional" people, where the landlady is invariably addressed as "Ma" and expresses her willingness to serve "a bit of something hot in the evening when you come back from the show." Ma, too, has her troubles.

"Good business!" said Miss Lascelles. "In some places you 'get it hot' if you ask for it."

"By rights some places shouldn't take professionals," returned Mrs. Cheney. "I've 'eard many tales. Miss Chamberlain—her on the mantelpiece—was telling me that where she was in Brighton they wouldn't allow her to have her uncle in to see her. Such a quiet, ladylike gal, too!"

"Can such things be?" cried Rosalone. "Is a poor girl to be cut off from her own flesh and blood because she's in diggings?"

"Ah, I don't wonder at your asking!" said Mrs. Cheney. "Not, mind you," she added, "but what letting lodgings over a number of years makes one a bit suspicious of uncles. I've known a gentleman brought to these very rooms after the show on three different Monday evenings as the uncle of three different young ladies. And dreadful taken aback he was when he see me each time!"

Then Mr. Merrick takes you behind the scenes of the provincial theatre, shows you the actors peering out front through a hole in the curtain and realising with sinking hearts the emptiness of the house. To them that emptiness means unpaid salaries and a stranded company. To add to burdens already heavy the scenery does not arrive and they are obliged to present a Turkish play against a cloth purporting to show Hyde Park Corner. It was no faithful representation of Hyde Park Corner, but it was still less like a Mosque, and no wonder that Miss Jimman, who was to appear in her Turkish trousers, was more or less disgruntled. Even when the final blow falls and these poor strolling players find themselves confronted with absolute penury Leonard Merrick still shows them as children, pliant in the hands of the lying manager, who tosses them a few cheap compliments.

IV

Seventy years ago Henry Murger wrote the *Vie de Bohême*. "Say of it what you will," said Jules Janin, "the book remains a first chapter in the code of life." The present writer hopes that you read Murger's book at twenty. If you did you laughed immoderately over the grand fête at which, for the entertainment of the guests, Colline recited the story of his first loves, while Schaunard accompanied him upon the piano; and over the discomfiture of the indiscreet landlord who came to ask for his rent. You dropped more than one tear in the course of that book, and if you yourself happened to be afflicted with the *cacothetes scribendi*, you very probably wrote ingenuous little tales in that note of imitation which is the sincerest of flattery.

A sorry figure of a man that Henri Murger if we are to credit the portraits of him that have come down to us, but what a poem of ardent youth he gave us in that book!

Then, almost half a century later, George du Maurier drew another picture of the Latin Quarter of Paris that was to strike a note in the hearts of two continents. "As flagrant a violation of reality and verisimilitude as Murger's *Vie de Bohême*," wrote one critic of *Trilby*. One can be quite convinced of the soundness of that critic's verdict, and at the same time feel profoundly sorry for the critic. Of course these books were "violations of reality and verisimilitude." Of course the real Bohemia has never been poetic and has always been sordid. Of course the honest grocer on the corner and the landlord who paid his taxes were quite right in their opinions that Schatunard, Marcel, Colline, and Rodolphe were little better than scamps. Judge fiction and its men and women by standards of strict morality and countless heroes disappear. Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and d'Artagnan become bloodthirsty bullies, the subsidised "gunmen," "Hooligans," or "Apaches" of a less scrupulous age; the Black Knight, not the boon companion and model of chivalry of Scott's novel, but the real Richard of history, cruel, rapacious, and ungrateful. Under unsympathetic analysis William Bagot is a self-centred little snob, Taffy Wynne a good deal of a bore, and Trilby O'Ferrell a person of whose morals the less said the better. And Mr. Merrick's Tricotrin and his comrades are worse than Mr. Du Maurier's so-called heroes, and quite as bad as Murger's four. One cannot find a great deal to say in commendation of the manner of their living—except that they never really existed, as Marcel, Schatunard, Rodolphe, and Colline never existed, as Taffy and Little Billee never existed—they all belong to the country of illusion. But come to the country of illusion if you want to make the acquaintance of Tricotrin, the most de-

lightful Bohemian of the last two decades!

Tricotrin lives up six flights of stairs in an attic of Montmartre. He is a poet whose poems are unprinted, just as his friend Pitou is a musician whose music is never played, as his friend Flamant is a painter whose pictures are never sold or exhibited, and as his friend Lajeunie is a playwright whose pieces are never produced. Tricotrin has an uncle in the Provinces—a silk manufacturer of Lyons—who wishes the young man to embark in trade. That is what Tricotrin will eventually do, but in the meantime he prefers to remain in his attic, dining on a herring, flaunting his long hair and his shabby clothes on the boulevards, and building fine dreams of fortune and renown. In his latest incarnation Tricotrin is in the brief enjoyment of a little prosperity. He is contributing to a newly established paper in a remote town a weekly letter of Paris theatrical life. Dining on his herring in Montmartre his imagination has free play. In his opinions of performances he discreetly agrees with the *Figaro*, but in his paragraphs he "sups" and "chats" with all sorts of prominent people. His invisible telephone is a fountain of perpetual inspiration. "Why," he confides, "to-morrow Yvette Guilbert is going to ring me up the moment she returns from London, to tell me her professional worries and beg for my advice. As she will be prostrated by the journey, I am not sure but that, 'yielding to her entreaties,' I may even 'jump into an auto taxi and take pot luck in her delightful home'."

But of course one day the editor of the remote newspaper decides to visit Paris, and suggests that Tricotrin introduce him to some of the celebrities of literature and the stage. The poet, at his wit's ends, calls upon his friends for help. They respond nobly, all except Lajeunie, who selfishly refuses to shave his head in order that Tricotrin may introduce him to the visiting editor as Edmond Rostand. Without attempting to tell the story it may be said that Tricotrin's honour is saved, and that M.

Blotto returns to Montbonne delighted and impressed.

V

A story involving Tricotrin and Pitou, though told from the point of view of a third party, is "The Tragedy of a Comic Song." A young Frenchman in a restaurant weeps at a comic song. He confides that it is the tragedy of his life, and goes on to tell of Paulette Fleury. With Paulette both Tricotrin and Pitou fall madly in love. They will write the words and music of a song to make her famous, and when she comes to choose between them the loser will accept her verdict bravely. The collaboration is crowned with triumph. Singing "Par-tant pour le Moulin" Paulette becomes the attraction of the Ambassadeurs. Tricotrin and Pitou, delirious with joy, go to call on Paulette and find her not at home. What had happened! "There was a noodle, rich—what you call a 'Johnnie in the Stalls'—who became infatuated with her. She had married him," her lovers were told it at the door.

Far down the street, but yet distinct, the organ revived the tune again. My Frenchman shuddered, and got up.

"I cannot bear it," he murmured. "You understand? The associations are too pathetic."

"They must be harrowing," I said. "Before you go, there is one thing I should like to ask you, if I may. Have I had the honour of meeting Monsieur Tricotrin, or Monsieur Pitou?"

He stroked his hat, and gazed at me in sad surprise. "Oh, but neither, monsieur," he groaned. "The associations are much more 'arrowing than that—I was the 'Johnnie in the Stalls!'"

Suggestive of "The Tragedy of a Comic Song"—though not a Tricotrin story—is "The Suicides of the Rue Sombre." Tournicquot, the clown, is in love with Lucrèce, the snake charmer, who will have none of him. Resolved that his death shall not be marred by the element of humour, he buys a rope and finds his way at dusk into a deserted

house in the Rue Sombre. He is just in time to cut down another intending suicide. But instead of showing gratitude the other man curses Tournicquot for a meddling idiot, threatens to punch his head, and give him his charge as a trespasser. His anger waxes when he perceives the second rope and realises the purpose for which Tournicquot himself has come. He is somewhat appeased when he learns that their disgust with life comes from the same cause—a woman, but queries "Cannot you desert her?" Tournicquot explains that on the contrary he pines for her, and offering a conciliatory cigarette goes on to explain that the object of his affections is a woman of high principle, who will not break her devoted husband's heart. Of course the second suicide turns out to be Lucrèce's husband, and joyously the two repair to a restaurant to plan a marital rearrangement which shall make every one happy. But over the third bottle of wine the husband's confidences begin to make Tournicquot uncomfortable, and when he learns of the snakes that curl up under the nuptial bolster he is seized with rigid moral scruples. He resolves that he will be a man and live his love down, and leaves his infuriated comrade crying, "What then is to become of *me*? Insolent poltroon—you have even destroyed my rope."

Then there is the "Judgment of Paris." Two comedians are in love. The object of their affections cannot decide, but says she will accept the one who best plays a tragic part. Now as all comedians on the stage believe that they were created for tragic rôles, the two are delighted and welcome the test. But neither can find a manager to give him a chance. Finally there comes to one of them a stroke of luck. To his rooms one night comes a visitor, who proves to be M. de Paris, the public executioner. He confides that he is about to retire from his profession and live for the rest of his life on his savings. But he has accepted an invitation to address a scientific society in Rouen and, innured as he is to scenes of terror and bloodshed, he

trembles like a child at the idea of facing his new audience. Will the actor undertake to instruct him in elocution and delivery? A bargain is struck and the lessons begin. Then the actor has an idea. "Do they know you in Rouen?—have they ever seen you?" The executioner replies that he is going among absolute strangers. "Then I will take your place. You will tell me of your experiences and I will go to Rouen and deliver your lecture as M. de Paris.

The scheme is triumphantly carried out. The false M. de Paris spares no horror in his anecdotes of the guillotine and his audience thrills with shuddering ecstasy. As he is leaving the hall he is approached by a footman. "My master, the Baron So-and-So, heard you to-night and was delighted. He wishes you to do him the honour of calling at his house in order that he may ask you a few questions. Will you enter this carriage?" Five minutes later the equipage stops be-

fore a splendid dwelling. The actor is ushered into an anteroom, where he is received by an over servant. "The Baron will be with you at once, but meanwhile he wishes you to drink of this wine, which has been in his cellars for a hundred years. Enter the Baron. "M. de Paris, I was enchanted with your address to-night and I thank you. But I want to ask you a question. Among those you guillotined was a certain M. Phillipe. Do you recall him?" "Ah, yes, the handsome young blond." "Exactly. But you executed an innocent man." "Ah, but they all say that." "But I know, for he was my son. I have sworn to avenge him, and I have done so. The wine was poisoned." A terrible moment for the false executioner. But the Baron tears off his wig, disclosing a well-known countenance. "After all, comrade," he cries, "which is the greater, the one who deceives the audience or the one who deceives the actor?"

. . .

The modern revival of etching had its beginnings in France, and the development of the art has everywhere been influenced and quickened in a decisive fashion by the work and ideas of its great French exponents from 1830 to 1860. Indeed, had it not been for such masters as Daubigny, Rousseau, and Corot, in landscape, and Meryon in architecture, it is more than doubtful if there would have been any general revival at all. Interest in etching continues active in France to-day. Everybody is familiar with the work of the famous feminine portraiturist, Helleu. But there are other artists who, though less well known to Americans, carry on the finest traditions of the past, besides constantly experimenting to extend the field of expression in this most delightful medium. There is Lepère, for example, only beginning to be seen here as an etcher, although he used to engrave illustrations on wood for our magazines. There is Béjot, who belongs to that group of Paris-lovers which includes Meryon and Lalanne. There is Besnard, who, it is said, suggested his style to the Swedish etcher, Zorn. There is Steinlen, celebrated as illustrator and satirist. And there are many more. With them, after a brief historical survey of the history of French etching from Claude Lorrain and Callot, in the seventeenth century, Mr. Cleveland Palmer deals in his article on "Some Modern French Etchers," which will appear in the April number of THE BOOKMAN, and which will prove one of the most important and interesting in the series he is devoting to current national manifestations of etching activity. It will be fully illustrated with beautiful reproductions of the work of those artists who are considered.



ROSEMONDE ROSTAND MYRIAM HARRY PIERRE LOTI
 "IF THE ACADEMY HAD BEEN WILLING, THESE ARE THE ACADEMICIANS WE SHOULD HAVE HAD." A
 DRAWING BY SEILLIER, ILLUSTRATING THE NEW WOMEN'S MOVEMENT IN LITERARY FRANCE

SOME FRENCH WOMEN WRITERS OF TO-DAY

BY MARIE LOUISE FONTAINE

IN France, at least, the woman of letters has come into her own. The most original poet that France has produced within the last ten years is a woman. The most talented French novelist of to-day is a woman; and these women are not isolated phenomena. On the contrary, they are merely the shining lights of a galaxy. The development of feminine literature in France during the last fifteen years has been remarkable, and its success so complete that it is hard to award the first place to any one writer. The time has passed for a discussion of whether women's literary activities interfere with their marital duties. The point is that French women are writing and writing well. Almost every month in Paris some publisher brings out a new book signed by a feminine name. French women

writers no longer hide behind the protecting mask of a masculine pseudonym, as in former days; they enter the literary arena boldly in their own names, and doing so increases rather than lessens their chances of success.

Who, then, are some of the women who are achieving a financial as well as a literary success in the French world of fiction? Among the older ones there is Daniel Lesueur, who has been writing valiantly for the last twenty years. She is the author of forty or more volumes, and is the only woman since George Sand who has been elected vice-president of the "Comité de la Société des Gens de Lettres"; but whereas George Sand considered her election as merely honorary and never attended meetings, Daniel Lesueur works regularly with her masculine col-



DANIEL LESUEUR IN HER STUDY AT LA VALCORIE



LA VALCORIE, MADAME LESUEUR'S VILLA NEAR PARIS

leagues, who recognise her as one of their staunchest co-workers. Besides this signal honour she is of the Legion of Honour, and has been awarded all possible literary prizes. She has tried her skill in almost every literary genre, poetry, drama and fiction, and has been successful in them all.

Within the realm of fiction she displays versatility and widely differing in-

terests, for she passes at will from the novel of adventure, melodramatic and extraordinary, to the psychological novel or the novel that expounds a theory. It is with intuitive quickness that she seizes upon the ideas or theories that are likely to become popular and uses them for the woof of her novels. When the younger generation and the women were waxing enthusiastic over Nietzsche, she brought



DANIEL LESURUR

out *Nietzschienne*. Somewhat later, when France was beginning to see that the great humanitarian principles of mercy and pardon cannot be applied with impunity to all, and that the right of might should sometimes be the right of the good against the bad, she wrote *Le Droit à la Force*. Again she has novels like her last one, *Au Tournant des Jours*, based upon life and full of keen observation and psychological understanding of character.

There are two ways of meeting Daniel Lesueur. Henri Lapauze, her husband, being conservateur of the Petit Palais, one may call upon her there and have the advantage of admiring an extraordinarily carved and gilded wooden portal leading into her apartment, which was brought from the Ghetto of Venice to Paris at the cost of many tribulations! One may also find joy in the view of the Champs Elysées from the windows of the apartment which is quite at the top of the Petit Palais. But alas! Daniel Lesueur will probably have a luncheon or dinner engagement, according to the season of the day, or a committee meeting, and she will be hurried, not to say worried; and there will be the telephone buzzing at the most inopportune moments to destroy all possible continuity in the conversation. Under these circumstances, one gets the impression of a Daniel Lesueur who is above all business-like, capable and a bit excitable under pressure.

The second and better way of meeting Daniel Lesueur is as a hostess, and especially as the hostess of her delightful country home at Parmain, about an hour's journey from Paris. The trip from the Gare du Nord through the department of Seine et Oise gives glimpses of white, straight French roads bordered with glorious old trees and of the river Oise winding between tall poplars. The villa "La Valcorie" stands on a small elevation within a short drive of the little station of Valmondois. In front and to the side of it, Daniel Lesueur has laid out a rose-garden, whose chief glory is a fragrant tea-coloured rose named after

the author herself, who is also quite proud of her old forged-iron Venetian well, of her vegetable garden, and of the view from the top of the hillock behind the villa. She is always genial and seems still wonderfully young of heart. In appearance she is not typically French. Flashes of red in her golden hair, blue eyes, a long upper lip, and an almost impertinent nose bring up in one's mind Ireland and her famous beauties. Daniel Lesueur's maiden name was Jeanne Loiseaux, a plain name of southern France, but her grandfather was Daniel O'Connell, the Irish orator, and she much resembles the bust of him to be seen at Madame Tussaud's in London. Her father was an inventor, forever building wild and fantastic castles in Spain on the strength of some future and wonderful invention, so that Daniel Lesueur's extraordinary imaginative capacity, which enables her to create a novel every year with apparently no effort, can, in a measure, be attributed to heredity.

The story of her first novel and of her beginnings in the world of letters is but the simple story of a guileless and young girl, but it helps us appreciate the value of what Daniel Lesueur has accomplished and throws light upon her character.

The war of 1870 had left her mother a widow with three children and without resources, so that the childhood of little Jeanne and her two brothers was one of privation and hardship, borne in solitude and pride. At fourteen she was sent to an English boarding-school, where she earned her tuition by speaking French. Between hours she scribbled verses on stray bits of paper. When she was seventeen she returned to Paris and began earning her living by giving English lessons, but however hard she worked, she still found time to write poetry on the sly. One day she discovered that she was also able to write prose, and immediately started composing a novel. She had heard of people selling novels, but she had no idea of how and where. Poor, proud and therefore friendless, she had

grown up in an extraordinary ignorance of everything which her books and her dreams had not taught her. With a vague idea that it was not quite proper perhaps for a "jeune fille" to write a



COLETTE YVER

novel, she did not dare confide in her mother, so in mysterious secrecy she held conference with her young brother and one of his college friends. The friend, who declared himself very competent on the subject, assured her that it was best to sell the novel outright, and that she surely would get a large sum for it, at least three thousand francs. And there-upon were built wonderful castles in Spain! The little author would make her mother rich again, and the whole family would have new clothes; there would be new furniture, and every one would be happy! So one morning Jeanne Loiseaux took her manuscript and went bravely to the publishing house of Calmann Levy. At that time old Calmann was still living and still striking good bargains. He was rather a terrifying personage for a young girl whose heart was beating so fast to interview, but he smiled benignantly upon her and said he would read her manuscript. Two weeks later she received a summons to call again. "Yes," he said gruffly, "we will publish your book. How much do you want for it?" But little Jeanne did not know, and Calmann, of course, did not give her time to think, and offered her three hundred francs. Three hundred francs; that was somewhat different from the three thousand francs of which she had dreamed; but what was she to do? Perhaps no one would take the book at all, and the childish fear that Calmann would be angry if she made any comment on the price offered made her accept hastily. On the way home she philosophised a bit despondently on the difference between expectations and reality, but her stout little heart won the day, and she ended by saying, "Bah, I shall write another!" And so she did, and so she has been doing ever since. She wrote another and yet another until her reputation was indisputable and the world of letters showered upon her all the distinction at its command.

When Madame Daniel Lesueur touches upon these reminiscences, she tells it all very modestly and simply, but one gathers an impression of years of

persistent hard work done bravely and joyously, and of a youth spent in one continuous effort against difficult circumstances. But those were days full of great ambitions and dreams, full of living and hoping, rich in accomplished tasks, and she sometimes confesses that they were perhaps the happiest of her life.

Two other well-known names are those of Colette Yver and Gabrielle Réval. Both have dealt in a most interesting fashion with a modern type of woman, the professional woman. Madame Gabrielle Réval came to letters through teaching, and was a student at Sèvres and an instructor in a lycée for girls before publishing her first volume, *Les Sèvres*, in 1900. This novel, as its name indicates, is a study—a very intimate and real one—of the life of the women who study at Sèvres, as a preparation for teaching in the feminine lycées of France. The book created a great sensation at the time of its publication, especially as it seemed to throw some discredit upon a much respected institution. So far as Madame Gabrielle Réval was concerned, it was the making of her literary name, and every succeeding book she might write was assured of success. She continued her exposition of the feminine world, but also dealt with such types as the woman artist, painter, or sculptor. Madame Colette Yver, on the other hand, in her *Princesses de Sciences* and in *Les Dames du Palais*, has depicted extraordinarily interesting characters of women doctors in the one, and of women lawyers in the other. She presents with vivid interest the innumerable difficulties to be overcome by the proud women who earn their own livelihood by the side of the men.

Both of these authors show keen psychological insight into the complex and subtle problems that face the new professional woman of to-day, who, if she enters upon her profession with the amount of enthusiasm necessary to achieve success, naturally feels reluctant to give up her hard-won place in the professional world when the inevitable

husband comes into her life; yet she cannot do a man's work and a woman's work at the same time. Madame Colette Yver would apparently have us come to the conclusion that a professional woman must either give up her claim to love and motherhood or her career.

There is also, of course, Madame Marcelle Tinayre, whose name is beginning to be well known on this side of the Atlantic. Among others she claims the unique distinction of having refused, about two years ago, the Legion of Honour, that most coveted of French distinctions. Whether or not she did actually refuse it is a permissible question, for although she is individualistic and independent, she seems not at all scornful of honours, and seems, on the contrary, to take a very legitimate joy in her great present success. The facts are these. There circulated a rumour to the effect that she was to receive the cross of the Legion of Honour, and she was forthwith assailed by reporters, and to them she dared speak flippantly of the famous red ribbon. If she were to wear it in the lapel of her tailor-suit, she said, people would certainly wonder when and where she had distinguished herself as a canteen-woman, for she was too young to have served in the war of 1870. Why did they not recompense her with a pearl necklace instead? She was immediately accused of *lèse-majesté*, and of having insulted her country in speaking lightly of the highest distinction it could confer. The discussion was taken up by every paper in Paris, and even crossed the seas. It was all rather absurd, and the immediate result of it was that Madame Tinayre got neither the Legion of Honour nor the pearl necklace! The ultimate result, however, was decidedly to her advantage, for no scheme ever invented by a clever publisher could have succeeded in advertising her so well. The sale of her books, which was already good, became better still, and *La Maison du Péché*, which all agree to be her masterwork, was commented upon as though it were a new novel, whereas it was first published in 1902.

Madame Marcelle Tinayre, like George Sand and many others before and since, began writing out of necessity. She had married an art engraver, but in these mechanical days of photography, art engraving, as many other similar trades, is not a financial success, and there were children to be clothed, fed, and educated. She had read mediocre novels written by men and thought she could do as well. She did as well and better. She achieved her first real success in 1900 with *Hellé*, which received a prize from the French Academy. Every succeeding year has brought her more recognition, and to-day she is one of the most striking figures in the feminine world of letters. She is very fond of travelling, and fonder still perhaps of lecturing on her travels. When she is not wandering in Turkey and Italy she spends half of the year at Montfort l'Amaury, in her picturesque country home, and the other half in Paris, where she has built up an interesting literary salon.

Barely two years after Madame Tinayre had conquered her laurels with *La Maison du Péché* in 1904, another author, whose very pen name was as foreign as that of Madame Tinayre's was French, and whose manner of composition revealed her as one who was not an heir to the French literary traditions of balance and moderation, was claiming her share of attention. This was Madame Myriam Harry,* and her book was *La Conquête de Jérusalem*, which was awarded the prize of *La Vie Heureuse*.

Her advent to French letters is very much of a literary fairy-tale, and is as unlikely as only truth can be. She was born in Jerusalem in 1875, and lived there until the age of fourteen, so that her first impressions were got in the city of cities, where the jostling and mingling of races and relig-

ions is greatest. In her veins there flows Jewish, Polish, and German blood, for she is the granddaughter of an Israelite and an orthodox Slav, and the daughter of an orthodox Oriental and a German Protestant. The first languages she spoke were German and English; an Arab servant taught her a few words of French. During the years of her childhood she lived in an old Saracenic house, white and peaceful, and learned to love the old city of Sion, which she was to describe so well later; occasionally she travelled into Syria and Arabia with her father. At the age of fourteen her father died, and her German mother took her to Berlin, where she attended a boarding-school for girls for about three years. At this time we find her writing novels, but in German, for she knew French only as any school girl might know it; indeed, she failed to pass her French examinations for graduation. Then came the turning point and the decisive event in her career. She went to Paris to study. The whole greatness of French literature seemed to be discovered to her in one revealing flash, and she who had already belonged to two countries now adopted a third, but of her own free will and because of an ardent love for France and the things of France. With magnificent impetuosity she began absorbing volumes of French literature. Lamartine, Chateaubriand, and Victor Hugo were among her first favourites. Is there a woman author upon whom the romantic school has not borne its influence? She also absorbed and was influenced by the impressionistic and symbolistic literary movements that were breathing through the Paris air of some ten or fifteen years ago. During these years of study in Paris, she found herself without any medium of expression, for she was voluntarily forgetting German, and had not yet mastered French to her satisfaction. Yet to-day we admire Madame Harry as an author as much for her style as for anything else.

After these busy and telling years in Paris she travelled extensively, and nothing seems to have escaped her great hun-

*Madame Myriam Harry generally evades all questions bearing directly upon her life. Fortunately, M. J. Lemaitre, that iconoclastic but most genial of French critics, has received her confidences.

gry eyes or her memory, and in her novels ever since she has been telling us of all those wonderful Oriental countries. In addition to Jerusalem, part of Arabia and Syria, with which she had become familiar during her childhood, she has visited and knows Egypt, one-half of Europe, Ceylon, part of China, Indo-China, and Tunisia.

In 1899 she published *Passage de Be-*

douins, which was followed by a series of Cochin-Chinese novels, all of which were well received; but it is especially in 1904, with the publication of *La Conquête de Jérusalem*, that she attracted the attention and won the praise of the serious-minded literary public. There are in it startling presentments of an intimate Jerusalem peopled with strange beings, some Biblical and peaceful, others



MARCEL TINAYRE



MADAME MYRIAM HARRY

wild-eyed and enfevered. There are fervid descriptions overwrought with details of form and colour and writ in cadences heavy with voluptuousness and with all the perfumes of Judea, with frankincense, myrrh and spikenard. Madame Harry, daughter of three countries, makes us feel with poignant intensity the irreducible melancholy that necessarily emanates from the meeting together of peoples of different races, languages and feelings; yet the city of Zion was that of her first love, and she regrets it with heaving nostalgia. In *La Conquête de Jérusalem*, as in her other and succeeding novels, Madame Harry shows an extraordinary power of observation and a wonderful memory for

sounds, smells, and colours. Her sensations are strong, and she renders them with precision. Through a series of concrete images, each complete in itself, she produces pictures of Oriental life full of sun, and the dazzling whiteness of the flat-roofed houses, full of passion and exasperated sensuality, the whole subtly permeated by the deep, minor tones of lassitude and despair.

Her last book, *La Divine Chanson*, is set in Paris, for after so many Oriental wanderings, Myriam Harry has settled down in a delightful home in the outskirts of Paris, at Neuilly. Here, in peaceful rustic surroundings, among her books and numberless exotic things gleaned in her travels, she works hope-

fully and enthusiastically at her daily task. Socially, she is Madame Perrault and the wife of a talented sculptor of animals. That is why there is such a large airy studio by the side of the little house at Neuilly, and why a stray visitor there is greeted vociferously by all sizes and conditions of dogs. Myriam Harry has a charming personality. She is frank, direct in manner and not at all loath to talk. At times she is almost voluble, and seems to be afraid lest she will never have the time to say all she wants to tell, and then reminiscences, theories, plans, descriptions, trip out blithely but in perfect confusion, and it is for the listener to bring order into this chaos. But all the while her large blue eyes, pale and mystical, are full of pene-

tration and intelligence, and one understands that they have seen, observed and remembered so much that no amount of volubility can ever express it all.

These are not the only women whose work in fiction is worthy of attention. A French critic who drew up a list of them, not long ago, said they numbered thirty at least, so that though we took only the best out of these thirty there would still be other names, deserving more than a passing mention. There is, for instance, Lucie Delarue-Mardrus, who after gaining an enviable reputation as a poet has started a second one as a novelist; Jean Bertheroy, who has made a specialty of the historical novel with an antique setting, and Madame Henri de Régnier, the wife of the academician.

THE GRUB STREET PROBLEM

BEING A CONSIDERATION OF THE SCRIBE AND THE COST OF LIVING IN VARIOUS PERIODS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME. PART I

FEW quotations bob up so temptingly as the Psalmist's remark "Of making many books there is no end." It makes one throw considerations of triteness to the winds when he finds a statement some thousands of years old fluttering so fresh and pertinent (indeed, fresher and more pertinent than ever—as has been said many hundred times in all the ages since!). In Elizabeth's day, when first in England the Grub Street problem leaves a recorded imprint upon an insensible public, we find local psalmists similarly lamenting. A generation later, in 1632, Wither writes, "Good God, how many dungboats of fruitless works do they yearly foist on His Majesty's subjects!" As a matter of fact, however, the total number of entries in the Stationers' Register for that year (though it did not, of course, include the entire number of publications) amounted to

just two a week. It may be guessed, therefore, that some laments of authors are not entirely trustworthy. An author's complaint of an overstocked market may mean merely that there are on it too many books of other people's. The originator of the remark, though he seems to have had the same lofty disdain for the lucubrations of others, was perhaps the only one entirely uninfluenced by fears of a ruinous competition.

Thus is one led to inspect other incessant complaints of the tribe. It was early in the days of James I that authors began to grumble against inadequate rewards. This is one of the best historical illustrations of the fact that if you give a man an inch he will demand an ell. For it was only in the latter half of the sixteenth century that the commendable practice had begun of paying authors anything at all for their work. Like many

other conditions which have prevailed in their business, this state of affairs had been largely their own fault. So many authors wrote only for the love of the thing and thought all commercial dealings vulgar, that the publishers could supply their meagre and precarious market without adding to their risks by paying their scribes—especially when those who desired money were of the poorer sort, materially at any rate, and hence had fewer friends among buyers. Publishers, too, counted on getting hold of manuscripts which were being privately circulated in genteel circles and printing them for nothing. Let any modern (even an author!) who would not do the same thing under like conditions cast the first stone. Shakespeare seems to have known well enough that no outsider could hope to get on with gentlemen of the court if he consented to have his works printed at all, to say nothing of driving a bargain with a bookseller. Furthermore, no modern (even an author!) should forget how small was the early demand for printed books. Even in Wither's day, the market could not stand much more than two books a week. Perhaps Wither overlooked this when he wrote, "The Bookseller hath made Authors labour for his profit at his owne price." The author's complaint of inadequate rewards just as soon as he began to receive anything at all for his work may not be in itself conclusive. He complains to-day. "Inadequate" may only have meant that he thought the publisher was getting the lion's share.

It is possible that authors in that day no less than this had rosy ideas of what the publisher was making out of them. And not the author only, but readers then and since. To cite Milton takes us out of our chronology, but the case is more apt than most. Milton was certainly a very unpromising venture when he sold the bulky manuscript of *Paradise Lost* to Simmons for five pounds down and the promise of a further five when the first edition was exhausted, and of two like sums at the end of the second

and third editions if called for. Simmons was pretty small fry and he was possibly, therefore, the only publisher whom Milton found willing to take the risk. He made three payments on the poem, eighteen pounds in all—and made on the venture, according to Doctor Masson, about five or six times what he paid the author. This is certainly not overmuch considering his interest on his capital, the risk of his original expenditure, and his expenses in establishing the book in the unusual and original way he employed. The success of this latter effort, though equally unusual, does not seem to have been large enough to keep him from selling the copyright for seven pounds more than it cost him, about fifteen years afterward. That a succeeding publisher, at a time when the market had grown larger, reaped rich returns on it, was not Simmons's fault and it certainly was not his fortune. Yet abuse has been heaped upon his head by all subsequent generations of readers and authors (to the latter of whom it would, of course, be no justification to say that a publisher nowadays could not run his business unless he made as much on his average successful book).

Milton, says a recent writer, was forced to sell his immortal epic for the price of a week's board. There are two significant points about this appealing statement. The first is that the writer is thinking of the price of board in his own day, and rather sumptuous board at that. And it is this aspect of the matter which this article will examine in some detail. Secondly, Milton knew when he was writing *Paradise Lost* that he was writing something for which there would be no immediate great demand; and yet he wrote it. He did so not for money, then, but to satisfy an inner demand regardless of material considerations.

The assumption of the author that the world owes him a living in the only way he cares to make it is more personally gratifying than logical. If a person will spend his time making something which no one wants or wants enough to pay

well for it, that is his own affair. If what he produces is precious, it is pitiable that in its own market it commands small price; but how can it be helped! The only reason it has been worth while to sound this ungracious string is because this eternal assumption of the author has its vital reflection in his expenditure; and it is necessary for us to examine his budget if we would get at the truth of the Grub Street problem.

That a genius should be slipshod is probably temperamental (or used to be) and therefore not to be helped, but the contention that the world owes him a living seems on examination to be built upon the idea that people must buy what they don't want, even if they ought to want it, of one kind of manufacturer more than of another. Queen Elizabeth's tart reply to a needy author who thrust himself upon her is one which a contemporary world has made to authors from time immemorial, and the subsequent generation which censures it is itself busy replying in like manner to authors of its own age, just as the authors who also bitterly censure it are themselves making it to manufacturers of other commodities (many of which require brains and imagination of just as high an order). When Richard Robinson—a tedious writer who would insist on scribbling what was already a drug upon the market—demanded that the Queen pay him for dedicating a book to her, she answered that she had all she could do to support her armies (which was, of course, a whopper!) and she did not see why she should pay for something she did not desire, in support of a work she had not set him on to do. The Grub Street problem of all ages can be stated in a way as uningratiating as it is simple. If people who must live by their work insist upon making something for which there is no demand or something which they do not exercise ordinary business sense in selling, they must live on Grub Street. Other people pay for gratifying their tastes or for lacking common-sense, why should not authors?

INACCURACIES OF AUTHORS' ACCOUNTS

Nevertheless, this Grub Street may not be as real and inevitable a thoroughfare as sentiment has liked to fancy. Authors' accounts of their moneys have generally been unreliable, and their expenditure has rarely adapted itself to their income. Poor John Stow is a case in point. He—the most accurate historian of the Elizabethan era!—said that he “made no gains by his travails.” For his *Survey of London* (from which quotation is so often made in this article) he received three pounds and forty copies to sell for his own profit; and for his *Brief Chronicle* he was paid twenty shillings and fifty copies. It is not contended that these were large prices, only that his statement was inaccurate. Nor were these prices so pitiful as they appear. Stoddard in the same age paid to a schoolmaster for a quarter's schooling and board two pounds eight pence. The yearly salary of “one godly learned preacher” appointed to Ripon was thirty pounds, of his two assistant ministers fifteen pounds, of two lesser assistants, six pounds ten shillings, of two clerks three pounds. All these had their lodgings free, it is true, but they were allowed to hold no other preferment; and the six clerks of the city received three pounds a year without board or lodging. Thus if Stow received three pounds in cash for his book, besides the six pounds he might have derived from his gift copies, he received one-tenth of a bishop's yearly salary and the entire yearly salary of the town clerk. This is little enough, to be sure, for a book which (along with his *Brief Chronicle*) had cost him not only the best part of his life, but of his little fortune besides. Yet both his labour and the money he had laid out with it were an investment of love; and people have done the same collecting butterflies. James I gave Stow the right to appeal “for kind gratuities” and he seems (alas!) to have been reduced to asking for them with a basin on the street. But had James been accused of niggardliness, he might have replied in

his predecessor's words that there were people enough relying on him and he hadn't asked Stow to give up his lifetime to writing books, much less to expend his fortune on them.

Ben Jonson, too, was yielding to the general inaccuracy of authors when he told Drummond that he had not got above two hundred pounds for all the works he had ever written. He not only received the usual amounts paid for plays, but he had a great deal out of his dedications besides. Furthermore, James I gave him a pension of about thirteen shillings a year, and though this was a small sum it was certainly not intended to be satirical; the city gave him a pension of one hundred nobles a year; Pembroke gave him regularly a New Year's gift of twenty pounds, and the Duke of Newcastle was also a generous supporter—all because he was a poet. The distressingly humble tone of his letters and dedications to noble patrons was thus either conventional or indicated a nature as improvident as this age would decree it servile, in however so sturdy a man. In the budget for the army, in Elizabeth's later years, the wages and victuals of two clerks, two millers, four bakers, and four labourers, for the entire year were reckoned at one hundred and fifty pounds—not much over twelve pounds apiece and doubtless some of these men had families to support. If twelve pounds would keep a clerk or a miller, it certainly could have supported without hardship a man who was raised a bricklayer and had been a common soldier in the army. Here was Jonson with forty pounds a year at the lowest, at a time when twenty pounds a year and heavy duties for it represented the condition of a squire. Harrison, whose *Description of England* covers the years 1577-87, the time of Shakespeare's youth, has shown us that forty pounds a year (though it could not "perform any great thing") was able to maintain him and his family in much comfort. His wife brewed yearly three hogsheads of beer of a sort "as is meete for poor men such as I am to live withal, whose small mainte-

nance may endure no deeper cut. The charges whereof grow in this manner. I value my malt at ten shillings, my wood at four shillings, my hops at twenty pence, servant's wages at two shillings six pence with meat and drink, and the wearing of my vessels at twenty pence—so that for my twenty shillings I have ten score gallons of beer or more." Thus forty pounds a year, especially for one who was not maintaining a family and a settled social position and who in his youth was entirely unaccustomed to luxuries or even to regular necessities, was quite sufficient to keep him at a fairly handsome level of living. Where was Jonson's money going? One would be glad for a detailed account of the expenditure of an author in Elizabethan and Jacobean days.

DEDICATIONS THE FIRST ROYALTIES

This same Richard Robinson is the only Elizabethan writer who has left a detailed account of his earnings, and he, unfortunately, was writing before authors were generally paid. He says that he usually got nothing for his books from the publisher except copies which he sold to his friends. (At least his estate in this particular was better than the modern author, all of whose friends expect free copies!) In the majority of cases he speaks of "making profit" of twenty-five books. Except for the money received for dedication there is nowhere any mention of other profit than his own sale of these copies. These twenty-five copies, too, seem to have sufficed for as many editions as the publisher could print, although Robinson was able to extract a new dedication fee for each edition. He had two shillings sixpence from the Master of the Leathersellers and seven shillings sixpence from the company for dedicating a book to them. Sir Philip Sidney gave him four angels, and Sir Henry ten shillings for dedications. The choice of a patron, then,—as Robinson found when he unluckily tackled the Queen and some other noble personages—was an important matter in the early part of Elizabeth's reign.

Though it continued important for many years to come, a generous patron and the bestowal by the publisher of free copies for the author to sell, ceased shortly to be his only means of remuneration. By the end of the century it was generally recognised that an author had a right to get something more definite and more reliable out of his work. Some of the privileged publishers even went so far as really to hire authors to write books. The Rev. William Fulke was brought on to London by his publishers, supported with two men-servants and three horses for nine months, and given forty pounds cash for his work. This was unique, but it shows at least that the opinion had begun to prevail, in spite of the silly practices of gentlemen-writers and some snobbish imitators, that an author was worthy of his hire.

PUBLISHING CONDITIONS IN ELIZABETH'S TIME

The book world of Elizabeth's day was in a state of the utmost confusion on account of three contending elements, the printer and the bookseller and the Crown. Elizabeth's royal printer in the first part of her reign had a salary of about six and one-half pounds a year (one-sixth of Jonson's income). But he had besides rich pickings as a monopolist. His privileges and those of several others, granted by the Queen, bore so heavily on the smaller men of "such as do lyve by bookselling" that they began to pirate their licensed rivals' copyrights. So embarrassed were they by the monopolies and privileges conferred upon the richer members of their trade, that it was extremely difficult for them to pick up even a piratical living. But this condition of affairs proved equally fortunate to the men who were to become professional writers and to succeeding generations. For the privileged booksellers were too busy with their monopolies and with printing for nothing the manuscripts of gentlemen to bother with risks of any sort. Consequently it is to the piratical and hand-to-mouth publishers that we owe our first professional class of au-

thors, and all of the dramatic and much of the poetical and popular literature in the reign of Elizabeth and James. When the unlicensed bookseller finally had won his war with the Queen and with the printer, he had established (without particularly meaning to do so) the class who lived by their pens. His fight for a living had obliged him to lure writers to turn their hands to anything which promised returns for him; and thus began the extensive pamphlet and ballad publication of the day. Pamphlets of a controversial or a scurrilous nature, and topical street ballads, both written on any excitement of the hour, poured in an unending torrent from the precarious presses. Ballads sold for a penny, and a ballad-vendor was known to have taken in as much as twenty shillings on a fair day. A publisher who specialised in them once registered one hundred and twenty-three of them at one time. As for pamphlets, any occasion would suffice to spawn them; and if the matter were libellous, there needed no occasion whatever to persuade the publisher it was likely to prove a paying investment. The more "fat and pepper in the nose" the quicker and bigger the sale.

The competition being great for the racier of the pamphlets, they paid very well. "Forty shillings!" says a wit in a fictitious dialogue with a publisher who had offered him this amount for a promising libel, "A fit reward for one of your rheumatic poets! But as for me, I'll be paid dear for the very dregs of my wit." Gentlemen of the Sidney type would have had reason enough in the latter days of Elizabeth for wishing to hold aloof from dealings with publishers, since writing had become a rather unsavoury trade; nevertheless, now for the first time many people were living by it, and if the best of these endured privations it was for some other reason than because they were not paid enough to escape them. There was abundant though it may be irregular demand for successful pamphleteers; and Nashe wrote of Greene—both professional literary men—that the work of a day and

a night sufficed to turn out a pamphlet. For the ordinary pamphlet a publisher paid two pounds or even more. That is to say, Nashe, who turned out some of the most highly-spiced and therefore highly-priced of these pamphlets and pleaded his poverty as excuse for the most scandalous of them, received for the work of a day and a night the entire yearly salary of the town clerk of Ripon.

Besides writing pamphlets and ballads to eke out the proceeds of his more serious labours, the hack-writer could do translating. This was generally poorly paid work, as it is now, but still it was something steadily coming in; for translations were always being published. With them the writer had often, as in the earlier days, to content himself with copies as payment. In the later Jacobean days, news-sheets began to be issued in London and the translation of foreign ones offered another small and steady source of income to the professional writer. So much did he rely on this, that the manufacture of foreign news was by no means uncommon in times of scarcity. Almost all of the band of poets who earned the major part of their living in the theatre were glad to do jobs of hack-writing. They would, thus, be engaged turning out pamphlets and ballads and translations for the publishers.

EARNINGS OF THE PLAYWRIGHTS

There was much hack-writing for the theatres also. Plays were constantly being revived and, in a time when theatrical fashions changed and theatrical education grew overnight, constantly altered for the revivals. The jobs of revision and addition bore a relation to the popularity of the playwright, but the regular fee for a prologue and epilogue was five shillings. The author seems to have received a fee, too, for altering his play for a production at Court. The company received a fee for playing at Court, but whether the author was given one also is not known.

The highest price which we know any manager to have paid for a play is twenty-five pounds, but from six to ten

seems to have been the usual price. Sometimes, too, the author had a bonus for the first night; and there is reason to believe that in certain cases and possibly regularly, he had a benefit on one of the following nights. Heywood says some of the playwrights sold their plays to publishers as well as to managers and incurred "great suspicion of honestie by this double sale of their labours." But this suspicion was of early date. Apparently, managers who had begun by being very jealous of their manuscripts and authors who had for one reason or another been indifferent to printing, discovered in course of time that they could not keep their plays out of the hands of pirates and decided to get what profit they could from authorised publication. The sale of plays to publishers seems in later years to have become an established part of the business of writing and producing them. At the customary price of sixpence a copy, the royalty on a popular play which went through several editions must have been considerable, even if it had to be divided between author and manager. This is very likely, since managers soon got to selling plays in the theatre itself. For a spectator to carry a book to the show was a common occurrence. When the play was published, too, the author could always make forty shillings more by dedicating it to some theatre-loving patron. As for being out of pocket for the running expenses of his profession, he had—as nowadays—free admission to all the theatres; nor apparently did he have to pay even for refreshments when he read his play to the company at a neighbouring inn. Henslowe puts down in his expense account five shillings worth of "good cheer" consumed at an author's reading in the Sun in New Fish Street, and at "The Tavern" they had two shillings worth of wine. Shakespeare, of course, made the bulk of his money as sharing-actor not as playwright. Mr. Wallace calculates that his yearly profits at the Globe alone ran as high as three hundred pounds, while Collier estimates his income in 1608 at four hundred pounds.

This should mark him off sufficiently from the playwright, whose sole earnings came from his pen, but these playwrights—in spite of the popular impression to the contrary—did not fare so badly.

THE CASE OF DEKKER

It is the general opinion of critics that Dekker led a wretched existence. Though he did not write as much as Heywood, who, according to his own account, had "an entire hand or at least a main finger in two hundred and twenty plays," still his industry was highly praised by his contemporaries. It is difficult then to see, as Miss Mary Leland Hunt proves in a recent monograph upon him, that his income during the major part of his working life was not fairly comfortable. Dekker is known to have within five years, says Miss Hunt, assisted in thirty plays and produced eight unaided. During the first of these years he was paid for five collaborations and a comedy, besides hack-work of alteration and addition. His receipts then for this year were about forty pounds, and during the second year somewhat more. Furthermore in addition to this most respectable income, he was at various times receiving money for his pamphlets. Nevertheless, it is during these five profitable years that we hear mention of his poverty; and Ben Jonson accused him of impecuniosity and shabby clothes. Twice during the early days of this lucrative period Dekker was in prison. If it was for debt and debt conscientiously incurred, it must have been caused by the irregularity of his income rather than its slenderness. Both of these times Henslowe advanced the money to get him out, two pounds and three pounds and a half; and, besides this, he was always borrowing small sums from that shrewd manager, who seems to have sized up his writers pretty well in never allowing any of them to get much in his debt. Where could the money of that charming and tender sloven Dekker have gone in all these years?

Almost every playwright in Eliza-

beth's time had to reckon with the jail except that child of fortune, Shakespeare, whose early scrape seemed to have cured him of the habit; and imprisonment for small debts was with them the commonest of occurrences. Nor need a person have been careless and improvident, like Dekker, to see the inside of one. Even the sober-living Chettle was twice released by papa Henslowe for small sums. Indeed, in the days when there were at least five debtors' prisons on the south side of the Thames, everybody was doing it. Later in his life, when Dekker's earning capacity was much less, he went to King's Bench for debt and stayed there seven years; the canny Henslowe would not have cared to help him out then. "There is ten pounds more at least to be received for the plays," wrote Nat. Fields to Henslowe from the Marshalsea. "We desire you to lend us five pounds." Daborne and the moral Massinger added a word also, and signed the appeal. Not only for petty debts alone were the Elizabethan playwrights always going to prison; they often got into trouble with the government for meddling with politics and religion. Nashe, for instance, went to the Fleet for writing the libellous *Isle of Dogs*. Consequently, in listing the daily expenditure of the Elizabethan writers, we must put down his expenses in prison—one of the few reckonings which he could not carelessly evade.

At some of the prisons a person could diet himself or accept the county allowance. At Queen's Bench if he was able to pay he had to do so. The poorer class of debtors starved on the yieldings of one or two habitual but inadequate charities, and died of want or of cold. In 1586 and 1593 the prisoners of the Fleet petitioned against the grievous abuses of the management. The warden farmed out this to his two deputies, who extorted whatever they could. His own fees were enormous; and the deputies had to cover this and their rental before they could make anything. For the commitment and one week's "dyett" of an archbishop, duke, or duchess was twenty-

one pounds ten shillings; of a knight five pounds; of an esquire, three pounds six shillings eight pence; of a poor man in the wards to pay for his fee and having no "dyett," seven shillings four pence. So the imprisoned playwrights absolutely lost money by going to prison for debts—they could have lived well, as we shall see, for less than half of that outside. The pawn-broker's shop—the half-way house to a debtor's prison—did a flourishing business also. The pawn-brokers made no "merry bonds" with their victims. Three pounds on ten was the usual figure with a monthly interest of sixteen pence a pound, the bill to be each month renewed.

Yet when you have enumerated prisons, pawn-shops and that third pest, as James I would have called it—tobacco—you have mentioned almost all the daily necessities of the Elizabethan writer, which were more costly in his

day than ours. Elderly people and statisticians were, it is true, complaining of a great advance in the cost of living, but that did not affect him. Contrary to our own experience, it was the labourer and the servant who suffered; for their wages remained stationary. A serving-man in 1598 said that during his lifetime all ordinary articles had trebled in price although his wages were the same as his great-grandfather's. To-day it is the lower middle class which suffer most, but in Elizabeth's time, although these did not much profit by the general rise in prices, they did gain greatly in increased comfort and in luxuries. But the writers certainly had no complaint coming on account of their rate of payment remaining what it had been when commodities were cheaper. For they had practically never been paid before and had not as a class before existed.

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The payment of the Elizabethan playwright, contrary to traditional and critical opinion, seems to have been sufficient to maintain him; and there were, besides, ways in which he habitually eked out his theatrical earnings. If his payment be considered in its purchasing value, it was by no means insignificant; and if it be considered in relation to the income of other workmen and professional people, it compares very favourably with them. Mr. Tassin's second paper in The Grub Street Problem series, to appear in the April issue, discusses all the daily expenses of a literary man and concludes that his traditional poverty must have been occasioned by his prodigality. In the chief extravagances of the age—high living and costly dressing—his life particularly exposed him; and it may be conjectured that they were his peculiar failings.

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Shakespeare, if he were living to-day, would almost certainly be found in the ranks of the Antis. In the plays which bear his name there are occasional tributes to individual women, but for the sex as a whole he always manifested the most profound contempt. He did not like women, and he did not like dogs. He liked horses and was inordinately fond of music, but his knowledge of painting was limited, and in matters of history, geography, and natural history he was magnificently inaccurate. To the April BOOKMAN Brander Matthews will contribute a paper deducing from the plays themselves Shakespeare's opinions on certain phases of the life of his time.

SUPREME MOMENTS IN DETECTIVE FICTION

BY BURTON EGBERT STEVENSON

Author of "The Marathon Mystery," "The Boule Cabinet," etc.

IT is not difficult to account for the steady popularity of the detective story. The pleasure to be had from a good one is of a unique and satisfying kind. The reader is invited to take part in a mathematical demonstration, in which the symbols are men and women, with just enough of the background of life to give them reality. The problem to be solved is one of human conduct, and the solution is reached when one has found X, the unknown quantity—usually the criminal. The task which the author must accomplish is to give his readers all the data of the problem, and yet to solve it before they do. *All* the data, mind you, or he is not playing the game.

The interest of a detective story is therefore intellectual and not emotional. There is no love interest—or, at most, a very slight one. For the problem is not to bring two loving hearts together, but to land the guilty man in jail. To attempt a love interest is to run every risk of failure.

So the detective story has always been held to be a man's story rather than a woman's. But times change; and women, certainly, are changing with them. They are still creatures of the emotions, and no doubt always will be, but they are coming to have their moments of intellectual detachment. Also, they no longer faint at the sight of blood. The writer has been in charge of a public library for twelve years, and one of the most interesting features of that work has been to watch the changes in the taste of the reading public. It has been full of surprises and contradictions, of almost unbelievable whims and vulgarities, but one thing can be said of it with confidence: interest in detective fiction has been steadily growing, among women even more than among men. To-day, in the

library, leaving adolescents out of the question, there are almost as many women as men who ask to have a detective story recommended to them. Perhaps this is a symptom of their emancipation!

The fact of the matter is that the supply no longer equals the demand. Oh, yes, there are plenty of detective stories—but how few that one can recommend as entirely satisfying. The writer has read nearly all that have appeared during the past ten years, and yet not more than six or eight have left any abiding impression. Aside from the Sherlock Holmes stories, there are only three that provoked re-reading, and on the spur of the moment it is impossible to recall the name of the detective in any of them.

In short, among all the detectives, amateur and professional, who have appeared before the public and performed their little tricks, there are only four who are classic—C. Auguste Dupin, Tabaret, M. Lecoq, and Sherlock Holmes. These abide. Beside them, the others are mere shadows. And these four are memorable not because they never bungled, not because occasionally they struck home with a cleverness and certainty which makes us forgive their mistakes. Their supreme moments are moments to be remembered with delight.

What were their supreme moments?

With Dupin, it was undoubtedly the moment when, standing before the window of the house in the Rue Morgue, he told himself that the nail which seemed to secure it *could not* really do so. It was a question, you will remember, of how the assassin of the two women had escaped. He could not have gone by the door, since there were some people on the stair, nor by the chimney, since it was too narrow, nor by the front win-

dows, since there was a crowd in the street outside. Careful search had failed to disclose a secret exit. Therefore, Dupin reasoned, the fugitive must have passed through one of the two windows in the back room. But each of them was apparently secured on the inside by a stout nail fitted into a gimlet-hole in the sash. Let Dupin tell the rest:

The murderers *did* escape from one of these windows. This being so, they could not have re-fastened the sashes from the inside as they were found fastened. Yet the sashes *were* fastened. They *must* then have the power of fastening themselves. There was no escape from this conclusion. I stepped to the unobstructed casement, withdrew the nail with some difficulty, and attempted to raise the sash. It resisted all my efforts. A concealed spring must, I now knew, exist. A careful search soon brought it to light.

I now replaced the nail and regarded it attentively. A person passing out through the window might have re-closed it, and the spring would have caught; but the nail could not have been replaced. The assassin *must*, then, have escaped through the other window. Supposing the springs upon each sash to be the same, as was probable, there *must* be found a difference between the nails, or at least between the modes of their fixture. Getting upon the sacking of the bedstead, I looked over the headboard minutely at the second casement. Passing my hand down behind the board, I readily discovered and pressed the spring, which was, as I had supposed, identical in character with its neighbour. I now looked at the nail. It was as stout as the other, and apparently fitted in the same manner, driven in nearly up to the head.

You will say that I was puzzled; but if you think so, you must have misunderstood the nature of the inductions. To use a sporting phrase, I had not once been "at fault." The scent had never for an instant been lost. There was no flaw in any link of the chain. I had traced the secret to its ultimate result; and that result was *the nail*. It had, I say, in every respect the appearance of its fellow in the other window; but this fact was an absolute nullity (conclusive as it might seem to be) when compared with the

consideration that here at this point terminated the clue. "There *must* be something wrong," I said, "about the nail." I touched it, and the head, with about a quarter of an inch of the shank, came off in my fingers. The rest of the shank was in the gimlet-hole, where it had been broken off.

The quotation has been made at length because this bit of reasoning is as coherent and closely knit as any detective story can show. In fact, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" is in many ways the most satisfactory of all detective stories. The device of the newspaper advertisement to discover the identity of the criminal is one which Sherlock Holmes used many times.

And yet there are weak points even in this classic. In the first place, there are too many clues. The strange voice of the assassin and the unusual method of the murders should have been clues enough. When Dupin finds a tuft of hair between the fingers of one of the victims and afterward picks up a piece of greasy ribbon at the foot of the lightning rod by which the murderer escaped, the sense of fair play rebels. Furthermore, when Dupin goes on to explain that the knot tied in this ribbon is one peculiar to Maltese sailors, one becomes utterly incredulous. It is unlikely that there *is* a knot peculiar to Maltese sailors; and even if there were, why should Dupin happen to know it? In a word, the incident is most improbable.

For, mind you, the writer of detective stories, in developing his plot, must keep within the probable—indeed, he *should* keep within the very probable. In life, everything is possible, no coincidence is incredible, and chance is always to be reckoned with. But in fiction, coincidence must be used most sparingly, nothing may be left to chance, and to say that, in its working out, a detective story is possible but not probable is to damn it. This does not refer to the initial situation; the more unusual that is the better, provided the explanation is adequate; but its development must impress the reader as inevitable, and the *dénoue-*

ment must be the only one which fits all the circumstances.

There is one other particular in which Dupin strains the reader's faith. It is not easy to believe that he could have followed the train of thought passing through his companion's mind, as Poe makes him do in the first part of the Rue Morgue story. Sherlock Holmes, probably in a spirit of rivalry, tries the same feat with Watson on two occasions; Watson is impressed, but it is doubtful if any one else is.

One point more. It must be confessed that the psychology of "The Purloined Letter" does not entirely convince; but admitting that it is so—admitting that, in order to conceal the letter which the police sought, the thief would resort to "the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all"—it is certain that he would not have proceeded as Poe makes him do. The letter, it will be remembered, had been thrust into a card-rack, where it remained within full view of every one entering the thief's library. But, before being placed there, it had been put in a soiled and crumpled envelope, torn nearly in two, bearing a large black seal and addressed in a woman's hand to the thief. Surely it is evident that this soiled, crumpled and torn envelope, so out of place in a well-ordered apartment, would have attracted attention and awakened curiosity, and that a smooth, unsoiled, untorn envelope would have been far less likely to do so. "The Purloined Letter," however, gives us for the first time what has since become one of the stock situations of the detective story—that of the regular police, baffled and mystified, seeking the advice and assistance of the astute amateur.

Twenty years after Poe's death, Emile Gaboriau began that series of detective stories which still remain, on the whole, the best of their class. There is probably no scene more satisfying than that in which Tabaret arrives at the place of the murder in *The Lerouge Case*, and, after a short investigation, proceeds to reconstruct the crime. Here, plainly, is

the genesis of Sherlock Holmes, and yet Holmes never quite rose to this height. And it is in this story that Tabaret reaches his supreme moment—the moment when, after having bound his chain about his victim, assured that there is not a single weak link in it, he sees it shiver to pieces. The accused man has been arrested, has been taken before a magistrate, and, although stunned and incoherent, has doggedly asserted his innocence, but has as doggedly refused to say where he was on the night of the crime. Finally he is led away and Tabaret enters.

"I have come," he says, "to know if any investigations are necessary to demolish the alibi pleaded by the prisoner."

"He pleaded no alibi," the magistrate replies.

"What? No alibi!" cries the detective. "He has, of course, then, confessed everything."

"No, he has confessed nothing. He acknowledges that the proofs are decisive: he cannot give an account of how he spent his time, but he protests his innocence."

Tabaret is thunderstruck—and reaches his supreme moment.

"Not an alibi!" he murmurs. "No explanations! It is inconceivable! We must then be mistaken: he cannot be the criminal. That is certain!"

The magistrate laughs at him, and Tabaret explains that the man who committed this crime, so carefully planned, so cleverly carried out, so audacious and yet so prudent, would, under no circumstances, have failed to provide himself with a convincing alibi, and that a man who has no alibi cannot possibly be the criminal. Still the magistrate laughs, and Tabaret proceeds to lay down a principle which all writers of detective fiction would do well to learn by heart:

Given a crime, with all the circumstances and details, I construct, bit by bit, a plan of accusation, which I do not guarantee until it is entire and perfect. If a man is found to whom this plan applies exactly in every particular, the author of the crime is found;

otherwise one has laid hands upon an innocent person. It is not sufficient that such and such particulars seem to point to him; it must be all or nothing.

Those six words sum up the whole science of detection: it must be all or nothing. The writer himself dreams of some day writing a story in which the edifice of conviction is slowly and carefully built, four-square, like the frame of a sky-scraper, with every beam tested and every bolt rivetted, formidable and apparently impregnable, yet with a tiny hidden defect which, just as the last bolt is being placed, brings the whole structure smashing to the ground. That would be worth doing!

In the Lerouge case, Tabaret builded such an edifice; but Gaboriau carries coincidence too far. It is admissible that both the real murderer and the man suspected of the crime should, on that particular evening, have been carrying an umbrella and wearing a high hat; perhaps it is admissible, since they are the same age and about the same build, that their shoes should be of the same size and shape; but when the author equips them both with lavender kid gloves he adds one coincidence too many. In his desire to strengthen the chain of evidence, he overleaps himself and loses the confidence of the reader.

The question of clues is a most difficult one, for every writer of detective fiction is faced by this dilemma: The really astute, competent and thoughtful criminal should leave no clues, and yet, if none are left, it is impossible to apprehend him. A most instructive paper could be written upon this subject, for there are legitimate and illegitimate clues—clues subtle and convincing, and clues absurd and illogical. To pause only to state one axiom: In fiction, at least, the name on the card found beside the murdered man is never that of the murderer, and the writer who seeks to fool the reader by any such clumsy device is many, many years behind the times.

Tabaret has a worthy pupil in M. Lecoq, although it should not be forgot-

ten that he remains a pupil, with many things unlearned, to the end of the chapter. Sherlock Holmes's gibe at him seems to be the result of an unworthy envy. For Lecoq, though inferior to Tabaret, is far greater than Holmes—more picturesque, more subtle, more resourceful—and with a sense of humour. Probably his greatest moment occurs in *The Mystery of Orcival*. A murder has been committed and a house ransacked, the furniture upset, the clock thrown from the mantel. It has stopped at twenty minutes past three, and to every one it seems evident that it was at that hour the crime occurred. Lecoq replaces the clock on the mantel, and slowly pushes forward the minute-hand to half-past three. The clock strikes eleven.

That was a great idea—so great that no one will ever dare use it again without acknowledging its source. Sherlock Holmes came perilously near it, once, when he solved a mystery by re-winding a watch. But the honours belong to Gaboriau. And for another thing the Frenchman deserves all praise. He recognised the fact that, to hold the interest, it is not enough that a crime should be committed and the criminal in the end discovered. There must be something more than that. There must be a war of intellect, a clash of theories. There must be confronting investigators, one seeking to establish a man's guilt, the other to establish his innocence. For the reader, the real pleasure is in following, step by step, this contest.

In so far as detective work goes, Gaboriau's stories are far better than Conan Doyle's; but Gaboriau tried to do too much. He sought to add a love interest, and in that respect he failed. Every one of his tales is built upon the threadbare formula, "cherchez la femme"; every one turns back for its motive to an illicit love affair. The writer avows that he has no patience with a plot which, for its explanation, must go back two or three generations; so these portions of Gaboriau's stories are to be skimmed rapidly, until Tabaret or Lecoq appears again

upon the scene. Then not a word is to be missed. *Amat Tabaret!*

Which brings one to Sherlock Holmes—whom one does not love. Indeed, it is not always easy to respect him. Wholly deplorable are those puerile “deductions” with which so many of the stories open. And in the whole series of his adventures, only three or four great moments can be recalled. His greatest, unquestionably, is in “Silver Blaze,” one of the best of the stories. Silver Blaze, the favourite for the Wessex Cup, has disappeared, having been taken from his stable at night, while the boy on guard is sleeping off the effects of a dose of opium. His trainer has been found in a depression in the moor near by with his skull smashed in and a peculiar thin-bladed knife in his hand, such a knife as is used in the very delicate operation for cataract. Here is the great moment:

As we stepped into the carriage, one of the stable lads held the door open for us. A sudden idea seemed to occur to Holmes, for he leaned forward and touched the lad upon the sleeve.

“You have a few sheep in the paddock,” he said. “Who attends to them?”

“I do, sir.”

“Have you noticed anything amiss with them of late?”

“Well, sir, not of much account; but three of them have gone lame, sir.”

It was, as Holmes afterward remarks, a long shot, but it hit the bull’s-eye, for Silver Blaze’s trainer, before trying to nick the tendon which was to lame him, had been practising on the sheep.

The writer has re-read the Sherlock Holmes stories recently, but did not enjoy them as much as he anticipated. They do not wear as well as Gaboriau’s, and the reason probably is because they are so very British—so stolid, so heavy, so lacking in humour. There is none of that nimbleness of phrase which so often illuminates Gaboriau’s; the occasional flippant references to “noble lords” are a form of snobbery far more detestable than hearty admiration for the nobility as such; there is no wit—not a

single chuckle in the whole series! Holmes sometimes attempts to be witty, but the attempts provoke tears rather than laughter. He says “Ha!” when he is surprised or excited—changed in the later stories to the still more irritating, “Halloa! halloa! halloa!” He affects a light touch now and then, with a result positively elephantine. And Watson! The most damning indictment against Holmes, as a man of discernment and imagination, is that he was able to endure Watson! Even to enjoy his company! Of course the foil to your principal must be something of a fool; but surely it is not necessary to make him a portentous jackass! Watson’s questions and exclamations set the teeth on edge: “My dear Holmes!” “Good God! what can it mean?” “How on earth . . . !” And yet, on second thought, it is evident that Holmes was not entirely wrong when he remarked that he had never met a man more eminently fitted to represent a British jury!

In one respect, a re-reading has caused a modification of the estimate of the relative merits of these stories. The writer had always believed that the earlier ones were the best, but now it seems that the stories grouped under *The Return of Sherlock Holmes* are as good as any, and better than most. “The Norwood Builder,” “The Six Napoleons” and “The Golden Pince-Nez” are all first rate. Indeed, in the last named, Holmes touches a height but little short of “Silver Blaze.” A man has been killed, and a pair of gold-framed glasses are found in his hand. They are of unusual strength, so that it is evident that their owner’s eyes are very defective. In entering and in leaving the house, the assassin is supposed by the police to have walked along a narrow grass border between a path and a flower-bed in order to leave no footprints. Holmes, coming upon the scene, remarks that this is most extraordinary. On entering the house, he perceives that the floor of the corridor leading to the room where the crime was committed is covered with cocoanut mat-

ting. There is another corridor, of similar width, leading on into the house.

"I understand," says Holmes, "that this other passage leads only to the Professor's room. There is no exit that way?"

"No, sir," replies the police officer, Hopkins.

"We shall go down it," Holmes proceeds, "and make the acquaintance of the Professor. Holloa, Hopkins! this is very important, very important, indeed! The Professor's corridor is also lined with cocoanut matting."

"Well, sir, what of that?" Hopkins asks.

Holmes refuses to explain at the time, but it had occurred to him at once that the assassin, fleeing from the room, half-blinded by the loss of the glasses, might

very easily have taken the wrong corridor and gone on into the house, instead of escaping from it. Which, of course, proves to be the case.

Of all the stories, the one whose start the writer likes best is "The Red-Headed League," but its conclusion is utterly commonplace. The most ingenious is "The Naval Treaty," with "The Man with the Twisted Lip" a close second. The most *outré* is "The Speckled Band." The most obvious, from an American point of view, at least, is "The Five Orange Pips." It is difficult to believe that even such a dunderhead as Watson should never have heard of Ku Klux Klan.

ROMANCE

BY MADISON CAWEIN

Oh, go not to the lonely hill,
That from its heart pours one clear well!
There is a witch who haunts it still,
Who would undo you with her spell.
Oh, go not to the lonely hill.

There was a youth who, with a book,
Would dream for hours and hours alone
Beneath the boughs, beside the brook,
Seated upon a mossy stone,
His gaze upon his marvel-book.

The scent of lilies there is cool,
Hanging in many a wild raceme
Around a glimmering woodland pool,
From whence flows down a shadowy stream.
The scent of lilies there is cool. . . .

Between his eyes and unturned page
He saw her bright face, smiling, nod,
And knew her of another Age,
A pagan Age that mocked at God.
She seemed to rise from out the page,

Clothed on with dreams and forest scent,
And light and wind, that breathed and blew;
A water-gleam, that came and went,
She seemed, who round her presence drew
A portion of the light and scent.

With eyes of crystal-grey she smiled
Into his eyes and murmured words
Of love that made his pulse beat wild,
His heart to flutter like a bird's
The fowler snares—while slow she smiled.

And then she kissed him; smoothed his hair;
And bade him come. And he was fain
To follow her, yea, anywhere,
And as her slave for aye remain,
When she had kissed his mouth and hair.

And he arose and took her hand,
And followed as one does in dreams:
And, lo, they came to Fairyland,
And sate them down beside its streams,
Where long she held him with her hand.

When he returned to Earth, no place
Remembered him that once had known:
Save for the memory of her face
Here in the world he walked alone,
His mortal heart held by that place.

And so he sits where all may see,
And tells his tale, that none believes,
Like you, who now depart from me,
Who leave me with a soul that grieves
For her my eyes no more shall see.

Nay; go not to that hill, lest you
Should fall beneath that Fairy's spell,
Like me, and evermore pursue
A dream of beauty, loved too well,
That holds you and escapes from you.



Once upon a time, when the world was somewhat younger than it is to-day, a simple diversion was the Mental Photograph Album, in which persons jotted down answers to certain questions about their partialities and dislikes. There was such an album in the home of the late Edmund Clarence Stedman, and to its pages contributed Bayard Taylor, Richard Henry Stoddard, Mary Mapes Dodge, Louise Chandler Moulton, Richard Watson Gilder, Kate Fields, and others. In "Confessions of an Album," which will appear in the April BOOKMAN, Miss Louise Stedman tells of this group of literary friends of her grandfather, and of certain curious and significant answers. The paper will be illustrated with reproductions of some rare cartes de visite and quaint drawings.

CONTINUITY OF STRUCTURE IN THE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

ONE of the most difficult problems of the modern dramatist is to map out what may be called the "time-scheme" of his play. In two hours and a half of actual acting time, he must exhibit an imaginary series of events that in reality would occupy several hours or days, or even, in some cases, many months or years; and, in presenting these events, he must contrive to suggest the impression of an uninterrupted continuity of narrative. He is aided in this task by two traditions of the drama. The first of these is the immemorial convention which allows him to assume a compression of time during the progress of an act; and the second is the more modern convention which permits him to summarise very briefly whatever may have happened in an *entr'acte*. But an injudicious application of these two conventions may lead to an apparent improbability that will violate the psychologic truth of the entire narrative; and it is therefore necessary that the modern dramatist should account very carefully for the lapse of time that is imagined between the outset of his drama and the end.

This careful accounting of time was not demanded in the drama of any period before the present. The authors of Greek tragedy, for instance, were not obliged to plan their plays with an eye upon the clock. Greek tragedy exhibited merely the accumulated effects of an antecedent series of causes stretching back through many years; and, expounding their stories retrospectively, it was not difficult for the Attic authors to confine the time-scheme of their tragedies to a single revolution of the sun. A Greek play was presented without intermission and occupied about two hours of actual acting time; but the audience was quite willing that these actual two hours should be regarded as representative of

twenty hours. In other words, the Greek audience accepted the convention of a condensation of time in the ratio of ten to one. Early in the course of *Ædipus, the King*, a certain shepherd is sent for, and he appears upon the scene not more than half an hour afterward, although in reality he could scarcely have been found in less than half a day; but this compression of time, in a narrative that was logically continuous, did not insult the imagination of the ancient audience.

The Elizabethan drama did not even attempt to restrict itself to a ten to one ratio in dealing with the element of time. In fact, the majority of the extant Elizabethan plays exhibit no conscious time-scheme whatsoever. The compositions of this period were probably acted without any intermission; and they were constructed, not in a limited number of acts, but in an unlimited number of scenes. At any moment, the dramatist could change the place and time of his story by the simple expedient of emptying the stage and repeopling it with other characters; and the poets of the period availed themselves easily and eagerly of this license. In consequence, it would be exceedingly difficult to compute the precise number of days that are assumed to have elapsed between the first scene and the last of *Hamlet* or *As You Like It*, for example. The truth is that such a computation never occurred to the winging mind of Shakespeare. It was not at all necessary for him to work out a time-scheme of Hamlet's trip to England or to estimate the exact duration of Rosalind's wanderings in the Forest of Arden. The stage for which he built his dramas was incapable of keeping a strict account of either place or time.

The time-scheme of the drama became

a little more restricted in the plays of Molière, and of his many imitators throughout the eighteenth century; but, even in this period scarcely any account was taken of the time required for the actions of the leading characters off the stage. Throughout the history of the drama, the handling of the category of time has been inextricably intertangled with the handling of the category of place. In the eighteenth century, a room was represented by a back-drop and wings; and an actor left the room by walking through the walls. In such a play as *The Rivals*, a character walked bodily out of the story when he left the stage, and he did not again enter into the narrative until he was once more needed on the scene. What he had been doing in the meantime, and how many hours were required for this activity beyond the limits of the stage, were not accounted for in the subsequent spectacle of narrative. The play concerned itself solely with those events that happened to the eye within the limited compass of the two hours' traffic of the stage.

But the modern drama, with its precise insistence upon localisation in place, assumes an equally precise insistence upon localisation in time. Whenever an actor makes an exit from a modern box-set, the audience demands to know whether he is going into an adjacent room or quitting the house; and this demand requires an explanation of how he occupies himself throughout the period that intervenes before his reappearance on the scene. Thus, the physical conditions of the modern theatre impose upon the playwright a new unity of time by demanding an accounting of the actions of his leading characters not only on, but also off, the stage.

"THE SPY"

This unity of time is very skilfully achieved in *La Flambee*, a three-act drama by the Belgian playwright, M. Henry Kistemaekers, which is now being presented in New York with the altered title of *The Spy*. The story

happens at a house-party in a baronial chateau. The action opens after dinner on a certain evening and closes at nine o'clock on the following morning; and the structure is so continuous that the movements of the leading characters are accounted for through every hour of the night. After reading or seeing the play, we seem to have experienced not only those incidents which happened on the stage but also all the other incidents of the story which happened off the stage between the acts. The narrative progresses even more vigorously when the curtain is down than when it is up.

La Flambee signifies a fire that is burning low but may at any moment be fanned into a flame. Lieutenant-Colonel Felt has apparently lost the love of his wife, Monique, because of a series of misunderstandings; and she is on the point of seeking a divorce in order to marry Marcel Beaucourt, a young minister of state. But a sudden terrible crisis in her husband's fate makes her realise that she has loved him all along; and, returning to her allegiance in her husband's hour of need, she renounces her relation with Beaucourt.

This is the theme of the play; and it should be noted that the theme is psychological. But in order to create a sufficiently emphatic crisis in the husband's fate, it was necessary for the author to involve him in a melodramatic mesh of incidents. With admirable art, the play is so planned that the melodrama happens off the stage between the acts and only the resultant psychological reactions are exhibited in the acted moments of the story.

Felt is deeply in debt; and a certain foreign banker named Glogau has bought up all his notes. Glogau is present at the house-party; and after the other guests have gone to bed he makes it clear to Felt that he has him absolutely in his power. He is about to make a proposition to help the soldier out of his difficulties when, fearing that he may be overheard, he starts upstairs and says that he will continue the conversation in



"THE SPY"—ACT II

"Monique now rises to the crisis and thinks of a plan to save her husband. His nerves are so shattered that she does not tell him what it is; but, picking up a candelabrum, she leads her husband through a door into the dark room where the dead body lies."

Felt's room ten minutes later. At this point the curtain falls.

The action is resumed at one A. M. in the bedroom of Monique. Her husband, pale and trembling, comes to talk with her. He tells her that he has killed Glogau. The foreign banker had disclosed himself as the secret agent of a hostile government, and had offered to release Felt from his debts if the latter would betray to him the plans of an important fort on the frontier. Aghast at this proposal, the loyal soldier had seized him by the throat and strangled him.

Monique now rises to the crisis and

thinks of a plan to save her husband. His nerves are so shattered that she does not tell him what it is; but, picking up a candelabrum, she leads her husband through a door into the dark room where the dead body lies. Again the curtain falls.

The action is resumed in the drawing-room at eight o'clock next morning. We soon learn that the body of Glogau has been discovered in his own room, seated at a desk; and it is believed that he must have died of apoplexy while looking over his letters. But the terrible events of the night have drawn Monique very



"THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL"—ACT II, SCENE 1

"The footman has called the nurse a 'two-faced thing,' and has complained that the policeman is 'heels over head' in love with her, and the child now sees the nurse with an extra face at the back of her head and the policeman literally waving his heels aloft."

close to her husband; and, naturally enough, she now turns a cold shoulder to Beaucourt. This psychologic change leads Beaucourt to suspect that Felt is somehow involved in the death of the foreign banker; and, looking at the evidence with the trained mind of a lawyer, he soon convinces himself that his rival is a murderer. He is about to denounce Felt to the police; but the latter, in an intimate confession, man to man, tells him all the facts and asks him what he himself would have done under the same circumstances. Beaucourt is a patriot; and, for the common cause of their country, he agrees to shield the soldier and to confirm the police in their theory of Glogau's death. He shakes hands with his rival and leaves the scene; and Felt is reunited with his wife.

This extraordinary drama is in many ways a masterpiece of art; but the best of all its merits is its uninterrupted con-

tinuity of structure. The dramatist has vividly projected not only the events comprised within the two hours of actual acting time but also the events of the other ten hours that are imagined to elapse between the outset of his story and the end. The melodramatic plot and the psychologic plot are wonderfully synchronised; and the stimulation of suspense by the first two curtain-falls has never been surpassed upon the modern stage.

"THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL"

Scarcely less admirable is the continuity of structure that is displayed in *The Poor Little Rich Girl*, a play of fact and fancy, by Miss Eleanor Gates. The first act happens in the evening and the third act happens on the following morning; and the events of the intervening night are deftly suggested by certain features of a delicious dream that drifts through



"THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL"—ACT II, SCENE I

"She has often heard the big-eared footman accused of 'murdering the King's English'; and she now witnesses a duel in which the footman slays, with a sword that is fashioned like a tongue, a scarlet-coated soldier that looks like one of her own toys."

the mind of the little heroine and that constitutes the subject of the second act.

Little Gwendolyn is seven years of age. She is grievously neglected by her parents, because her father, although he is made of money, is harnessed to his business, and her mother has a social bee in her bonnet and is continually going around. She is turned over to the care of a nurse, a footman, a governess, and half a dozen tutors, who consider her a nuisance and think only of their own concerns.

One evening, when Gwendolyn's mother is giving a formal dinner-party, her nurse wishes to take advantage of the occasion to run away to the theatre with the footman; and she gives the child a sleeping potion to keep her quiet until morning. But she administers an overdose of the opiate; and very soon the mind of the little girl is whirling in a delirious dream. The dinner is inter-

rupted and the guests dismissed; and all night long the doctor who brought her into the world, and who happens to be present at the party, fights for the life of the neglected child. Her incoherent ravings bring her parents to their senses; and the next morning, when the child recovers, there is a very pretty scene in her nursery. Her father resolves to take a vacation from his business; her mother renounces her social ambition; and together they decide to spend a long vacation in the country, where the little girl may play about like other children and recover her health amid natural conditions.

The most interesting passage of this play is the second act, which represents in three successive scenes the wild fancies that drift through the mind of the little heroine during the course of her delirium. The imaginary events of this dream are subtly synchronised with the



"A GOOD LITTLE DEVIL"—ACT III

"As the grown-up hero is waiting in the living-room, his own self of seven years before climbs in through a window and confronts him with the recollection of his fairy-haunted childhood."

actual events of the night it occupies. For example, when the child imagines that she is being carried up a rocky path through a mystic wood, we know that she is actually being carried upstairs from the drawing-room to the nursery.

This dream-passage is also remarkable for its psychologic truth. Innumerable figurative remarks which have been made by her elders in the presence of the little heroine are now interpreted concretely and literally in her fancy. The footman has called the nurse a "two-faced thing" and has complained that the policeman is "heels over head" in love with her; and the child now sees the nurse with an extra face at the back of her head and the policeman literally waving his heels aloft. Her father appears to her in a suit that is made of money, and she sees her mother going around with an actual bee in her actual bonnet. She has often heard the big-eared footman accused of

"murdering the King's English"; and she now witnesses a duel in which the footman slays, with a sword that is fashioned like a tongue, a scarlet-coated soldier that looks like one of her own toys.

This play is very rich in fancy and makes a strong appeal to the sympathy of the spectator. It is subtly humorous and tenderly poetical. It is original in invention and admirable in art; and from every point of view it is the best of all the many plays for children, or about children, which have been produced this year.

"A GOOD LITTLE DEVIL"

A Good Little Devil suffers sorely by comparison with *The Poor Little Rich Girl*, which is in every way a richer and a finer work of art. This fairy-tale in three acts was written by Rosemonde Gérard and Maurice Rostand, the wife and son of the author of *Cyrano*, and has



"A GOOD LITTLE DEVIL"—ACT II

"The fairies are fond of the good little devil because he is in love with Juliet, a little blind girl, who lives not far away and has a garden that the fairies love to haunt."

been adapted into English by Mr. Austin Strong. The main merit of the original text is its brilliant preciosity of verse; and this merit is necessarily discarded in a paraphrase in prose. Divested of the glamour of its merely literary excellence, the story seems deficient in imagination; and not until the last act does the piece disclose a notable idea.

The hero, Charles MacLance, is thirteen years of age. He lives in a little picture-book cottage in Scotland with a horrid old ogre of an aunt. She makes his life miserable by bullying him about; but every night he seeks solace from her persecutions by communing with the fairies. They troop about his bed in the rat-ridden garret where he is confined and bring him messages from his dead mother. The fairies are fond of him because he is in love with Juliet, a little blind girl, who lives not far away and

has a garden that the fairies love to haunt.

But his aunt puts an end to the dreaming happiness of the good little devil by sending him away to the Big Black School at Balahulish, which is kept by the redoubtable school-masters, Old Nick Senior and Old Nick Junior. For two years the little blind girl waits without news of him in her fairy-haunted garden. Then, one day, he breaks out of school with a dozen of the other boys, and comes to Juliet in the garden, and swears that he will love her to the end of time.

Charles is pursued by the two principals and by his aunt; and he is about to be sent back to the Big Black School, when a solicitor arrives from London with the news that his uncle has died and left him an enormous fortune, together with the title of Lord Colinton of Pilrig. Amid the cheers of his school-mates, the



"JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN"—ACT I, SCENE I

"The author has picked out the most interesting incidents in the Biblical chronicle and set them forth with a sumptuous accompaniment of scenery."

hero says good-bye to Juliet and goes away to assume his new station in the world.

Seven years later he is brought back to the little picture-book cottage by the news that his aunt is dying. He is now completely spoiled. He has forgotten all about the little blind girl, and has engaged himself to marry a shallow-hearted beauty of noble name. He swaggers about his old home as if he had never seen it in his life. But as he is waiting in the living-room, his own self of seven years before climbs in through a window and confronts him with the recollection of his fairy-haunted childhood. Overwhelmed by the recurrence of old memories, he resolves to settle down in the little cottage; and, renouncing his titled fiancée, he marries the faithful Juliet and lives happily forever after.

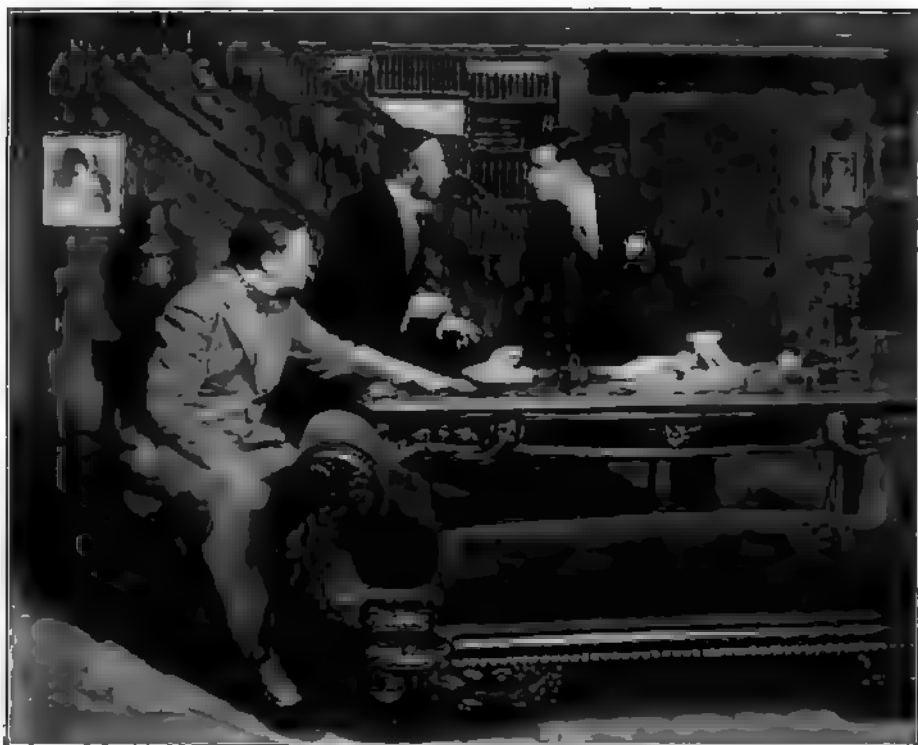
The one big moment in this play is the dialogue in the last act between the

youth of twenty and his own forgotten self of thirteen; but in the first two acts the invention seems a little thin. The piece is prettily fanciful; but, as a whole, it seems deficient in imagination.

"JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN"

Joseph and His Brethren is a panoramic play in four acts and thirteen scenes by Mr. Louis M. Parker. The author has picked out the most interesting incidents in the Biblical chronicle and set them forth with a sumptuous accompaniment of scenery. Some of the details of architecture and of costume are incorrect in archæology; but the spectacle, as a whole, is more appealing than either of its two predecessors on the boards of the Century Theatre.

The history of Joseph is more novelistic than dramatic; but Mr. Parker has succeeded in making genuine drama out of the episode of Potiphar's wife. In



"THE NEW SECRETARY"—ACT II

"The secretary discovers that Garnier is a party to a plot to defraud the family of a large sum of money."

such a moving-picture play as this, no careful time-scheme is required; and the story drifts through many years without arousing a desire to demand a knowledge of what happens in the pauses of the narrative. This type of drama is, of course, an anachronism at the present day; but it is exactly suited to the requirements of the anachronistic auditorium that served as the mausoleum of our hopes for the New Theatre.

"THE NEW SECRETARY"

Le Cœur Dispose, by M. Francis de Croisset, the playwright who dramatised *Arsène Lupin*, enjoyed a long run in Paris; but very little merit is disclosed in the English adaptation by Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox, entitled *The New Secretary*. The piece is a conventional example of the goody-goody type of comedy

that is affected by French authors when they make up their minds to write for school-girls. It is much in the mood of *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*,—a mood that seems a little artificial nowadays.

The new secretary is an ambitious young man who is employed by a wealthy family. He is duly scorned by the proud young daughter of the house, who betroths herself, almost before the very eyes of the secretary, to a certain Baron Garnier. But the secretary discovers that Garnier is a party to a plot to defraud the family of a large sum of money, and quite properly reveals the facts to his employer. Instead of receiving thanks for his fidelity, he is severely reprimanded for transgressing the boundaries of his subservient position. It is, perhaps, his pitiable unpopularity

that makes the heroine ultimately love him. At any rate, having broken her engagement to the Baron, she drifts into the secretary's arms.

"THE UNWRITTEN LAW"

The main defect of *The Unwritten Law*, by Mr. Edwin Milton Royle, is its lack of continuity of structure. The piece is set in a little Western city. A drunken husband named John Wilson deserts his wife and children, and they are befriended by a genial Irishman named Larry McCarthy, who keeps a saloon across the way. Larry is the soul of kindness. In the second act he comes to board with Mrs. Wilson, and agrees to marry her as soon as she secures a divorce.

As soon as the curtain rises on the third act, we perceive that the character of Larry is completely altered. He has become ensnared by a light woman whom he used to love and has decided to desert Mrs. Wilson. We are not at all prepared for this alteration in his character, which is arbitrarily assumed to have occurred between the acts; and at this point the logical continuity of the story

breaks down completely. When Larry violently refuses to marry Mrs. Wilson, she stabs him with a carving-knife and kills him.

At this providential moment her former husband turns up, and, taking the knife out of her hand, surrenders himself to the police. Nothing has been said or shown to account for the movements of the husband throughout the long period of his absence nor to explain why he should reappear at this precise moment. The shock of the murder robs Mrs. Wilson of her memory; but in one of those scenes of hypnotism which occur so frequently on the contemporary stage, she is cast into a trance and made to confess the facts. Several members of the Grand Jury who are present agree that the situation does not warrant an indictment for murder; and both Mrs. Wilson and her erstwhile husband are set free.

This is a very gloomy melodrama; and since it has no theme, the misery that is meted out to the heroine seems to be gratuitously cruel. It is, in several passages, well written; but this minor literary merit does not compensate for its defects of structure.

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In the April BOOKMAN, Mr. Hamilton will discuss "The One-Act Play." The technical problems of this special type of drama will be analysed, and several recent examples of the type will be reviewed. The writer will also explain the business conditions which thus far have prevented the one-act play from assuming in America the importance that it has attained in Europe.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF WILKIE COLLINS

BEING PART OF THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVELIST WITH PAUL
HAMILTON HAYNE, THE AMERICAN POET

EDITED BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE, the American poet, had a wide correspondence with English and American authors of his time, and among the former Wilkie Collins was very prominent, as will be shown through the following hitherto unpublished letters. The correspondence covers the years 1884-1885.

In the spring of 1884, Mr. Hayne, from his home, Copse Hill, near Augusta, Georgia, wrote Collins a letter of congratulation in regard to his work in general, but with especial reference to *The Woman in White*.

In plot and character-drawing, Mr. Hayne considered that book Wilkie Collins's masterpiece, and heartily agreed with the critics who, shortly after the publication of the story, pronounced Count Fosco a unique creation in villainy. In Mr. Collins's cordial response to Mr. Hayne's first letter, it will be seen that he preferred the novel of incident to the story of analysis and trivial detail, and in this preference the American was in entire accord with him. In fact, their literary points of view frequently met—especially in the case of Charles Reade, whom both regarded as an intellectual giant, and among "the last of the Romans" in romance.

Mr. Collins and Mr. Hayne knew each other only through the medium of correspondence, but their genial interchange of ideas at the beginning ripened into a genuine friendship, and continued unbroken until the end, Mr. Hayne dying about six months after the last of the letters here printed. Mr. Collins's first letter is as follows:

90, GLOUCESTER PLACE,
PORTMAN SQUARE. W.
LONDON,
3rd May, 1884.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am sure I need not tell you that your

kind letter has pleased and encouraged me. You are known to me already by name—and your favourable opinion is one of the rewards of my literary career which I honestly prize.

Your estimate of the value of the last new school of novel-writing is my estimate too. We are living in a period of "decline and fall," in the art of writing fiction. To allude to your country alone, when I read for the hundredth time "The Deerslayer" or "The Red Rover"—and when I find myself yawning over the last new work of (let us say) Mr. Blank, the enormous depth of the literary downfall in which I find myself plunged, does really astonish me. In this country, we have lately lost one of the "last of the Romans"—my dear old friend Charles Reade. I look out for the new writer, among us, who is to fill that vacant place—and I fail to see him. Like the hero of old Dumas' magnificent story (Monte-Cristo), we must say to each other: "Wait, and hope." Art, as you have no doubt remarked, is above the operation of the ordinary laws of supply and demand. The influences which produce great—and I will even say good—writers are entirely beyond the reach of human investigation. It may be hundreds of years, or it may be only hundreds of days, before another Fenimore Cooper appears in America, or another Walter Scott in England. I call these two—and Balzac—the three Kings of Fiction.

I am sure I need not say that I shall receive your Poems gratefully, as one more proof of your friendly feeling towards me, and towards my stories.

Believe me with esteem and regard,
Most truly yours,
WILKIE COLLINS.

To

Mr. Paul Hamilton Hayne.

My health varies a great deal. Gout and work and age (I was sixty years old in January last) try to persuade me to lay down

my pen, after each new book—but, well or ill, I go on—and I am now publishing (periodically) a new story, with the quaint title of “I Say No,” which I hope may interest you when it is finished.

There was an interval of several months between Mr. Collins’s first and second letter, which the English novelist fully explains.

He acknowledges the receipt of the edition of Hayne’s Poems, published by D. Lothrop and Company, Boston, in 1882—before the correspondence began—and mentions the verses that appealed to him after a first reading. He also expresses his general likes and dislikes in poetry. Two strong points in this letter are his indignant protest against the literary piracy of certain publishers of that period, and his sympathy with Hayne in the suffering and loss that followed the Civil War.

90, GLOUCESTER PLACE,
PORTMAN SQUARE.
LONDON, W.
16 July, 1884.

DEAR MR. HAYNE,

In one of her letters or her prefaces, George Sand declares that of all the wretchedest forms of mortal weariness the fatigue produced by hard work of the brain is the most complete. My otherwise unpardonable silence offers to you its only excuse under the protection of George Sand. The last ten or twelve chapters of “I Say No” were written without rest—or intermission (except when I was eating or sleeping). And when the effort was over a more prostrate wretch could hardly have been found in all this great city than your friend. But why work at this headlong rate? you will ask. Because, at sixty years old, I have not yet learnt to control the rage that possesses me under a strong sense of injustice—or, in plain English, under a sense of the robberies committed on me, and on my American publishers, by the pirates. Each weekly part of my story was stolen *the day after it appeared* in Harper’s newspaper*—and this in a great

country which recognises the rights of literary property, in the case of its own citizens! The one way of “circumventing” these wretches—and of “helping my publishers round to their money” (in our commercial English phrase) was to get in advance of the printed sheet, and to send the conclusion of the story to Messrs. Harper in manuscript, so that the republication in book-form might appear in the United States before the last weekly parts were published. By this time, no doubt, the book is stolen also. But at any rate the Harpers have had the first of the market!

I should not have troubled you with this little grievance of mine but for one consideration. It explains the delay that has occurred on my part as one of your readers. I could look at your beautiful volume—I could feel sincerely grateful for the kindness which had made this welcome addition to my library—but I was utterly unworthy of your poems, until my mind had rested a little. Only at the beginning of this week have I begun to read you—confining myself at first to the shorter poems. May I pick out my favourites, *thus far*? They are, “By the Autumn Sea,” “The Dryad of the Pine,” and “Love’s Autumn.” These three represent many others in which I find true poetical feeling expressed delightfully in truly poetical language. To my mind, this is a very rare quality in the present time. Affectation of language, and obscurity of meaning—no matter what popular names may be attached to them—always produce the same result, in my case. I close the book, and deny that the writer is a poet. He *must* please me, he *must* excite some feeling in me, at a first reading, or I will have nothing to do with him. All good poetry, I know, improves on acquaintance—but what I insist on is, a favourable impression at starting. Excepting Tennyson (in his shorter poems) I read hardly any modern poetry with pleasure. What I like in your poetry (so far as I yet know it) is—that it makes me feel, and that it has *not* stopped me with detestable doubts whether I do, or do not, understand what you are saying to me. Shall I astonish you if I confess that I read Walter Scott’s poetry with admiration and delight—and shall I add that I believe Byron to be beyond comparison the greatest poet that has sung since

*In order that there may be no misreading of this sentence—Messrs. Harper and Brothers were the legitimate purchasers.—**EDITOR.**

Milton? Now you know what my criticism is worth!

While I am thanking you for your Poems, let me add my thanks for your last letter, and for the enclosure. Absence from London until this afternoon—and the near approach of the post hour—have not allowed me to read the "In Memoriam" to-day. I shall take it with me when I return to the country, and I will with the greatest pleasure offer it to one of the best of *our* periodicals here, as soon as you write again and give me leave to do you this little service. Let me add that the sooner the permission reaches me the better it may be.

I have never read the story by Reade which you mention. To my knowledge, it has not been published yet in England. It will no doubt appear in the forthcoming volume of Reade's short stories. When he made use, in other cases, of French literature, he always obtained the author's permission, and paid for the right of using his ideas. In my opinion, he would have done better to trust to his own invention. He knew that I disliked the idea of his borrowing from anybody—and we never spoke of his literary relations with French writers.

Looking at the pretty little engraving of your home, I wish I could see the home itself. But I don't like to read of those sufferings and losses which you allude to with such admirable patience—and I will not trust myself even to think of your war. There are people who still write, and even talk of "the *God of Battles*." What a gross injustice done to the Devil!

In what you so kindly say of my books, the reference to "Poor Miss Finch" especially pleases me. English readers in general have never done me justice in the case of this story. In Germany, I hear that they go to the other extreme, and rank "Poor Miss Finch" as the best of all my works, with the one exception of "The Woman in White."

This unmercifully long letter must come to an end somewhere—and my paper suggests that it may be in this place. In saying goodbye for the present, let me beg to be kindly remembered to Mrs. Hayne, and believe me,

Always truly yours,
WILKIE COLLINS.

Excuse these wretched slips of paper. My desk is left in the country. I take what I can find, and will appear in a more respectable form next time.

It has just occurred to me to send you a really beautiful photograph portrait taken of me by Sarony of New York—*ten years since*. The more recent portraits, taken in England, are nothing like so good *as works of art*.

The next two letters refer to a poem of Hayne's which Collins tried unsuccessfully to have republished in an English magazine. The poem was in memory of Charles Reade, and had first appeared in *The Independent*, of New York. In his letter of August 18th Wilkie Collins suggests the throwing over of the barriers of formality in their correspondence.

90, GLOUCESTER PLACE,
PORTMAN SQUARE. W.
LONDON,
18th Aug., 1884.

DEAR MR. HAYNE—

No! Let us consent, on either side, to drop formal "Mr."—and begin again.

DEAR HAYNE,

I have been idling on the banks of the Thames—and I have only time enough (before I go away again this afternoon) to thank you for your friendly and interesting letter—and to add that I have sent your "In Memoriam" poem to Mr. Chatto (of the firm of "Chatto and Windus") Reade's publisher and friend. I hope to send you a favourable report in a few days—if Mr. Chatto is in London (in August!). If he is away, I may, very unwillingly, be obliged to trust to your indulgence to excuse a little delay in the arrival of my next letter. We have an African temperature here—and everybody who can get away from London has escaped.

Piles of unanswered letters are on my desk. I have just time enough to beg you to give my kindest remembrance to Mrs. Hayne and to your son, and to say goodbye for the present.

Always most truly yours,
WILKIE COLLINS.

The poem mentioned in this note (September 15, 1885) was a printed

copy of the "In Memoriam" to which reference has been made.

RAMSGATE,

ENGLAND,

15th September, 1884.

I have been for some time past, still out of the reach of letters and telegrams, cruising at sea. This, my dear Hayne, is my only excuse for not having written to you at an earlier date. Even now, I don't write very willingly—for I am sorry to announce that I have failed to induce Chatto and Windus to re-publish your "In Memoriam" verses. The obstacle in the way is "a rule" which forbids them to receive any poetical contributions to their magazines which has been already published elsewhere.

On my return to London, it is needless to say that I shall "try again"—and I sincerely hope with better success. The one difficulty in our way is that English periodicals which are worthy of you—(and I shall take care that you do not appear in any others)—seldom publish poetry for its own sake. Short verses, which fit into half pages, are I am ashamed to say, the verses most generally published. I heard one editor—maddened by a deluge of volunteer rhymes—declare that everything that had ever been said in poetry might have been better said in prose!!! We thought it was a joke and laughed at him. The unhappy man stared indignantly, and appeared to think us an audience quite unworthy of him.

We sail away again in a few hours—and, oh, I have so many letters to write!

With kindest remembrance.

Ever yours,

W. C.

In the communication of January 28, 1885, Mr. Collins writes of his ill health, and thanks Mr. Hayne for a personal tribute in verse, which he evidently valued highly. He concludes his letter by saying he has just drank a health toast to Hayne for January 1st, which was the poet's birthday.

90, GLOUCESTER PLACE,
PORTMAN SQUARE. W.

LONDON,

28th January, 1885.

The bodily part of you, my dear friend,

lives at Copse Hill. That, I don't deny. But the spiritual part of you, I firmly believe, crossed the Atlantic not long since—discovered that I was sorely in want of some encouragement—and sent me, not only the kindest of letters, but a tribute of poetry which I receive as one of the memorable events in my literary life—which I read with admiration—and which I shall remember gratefully to the end of my days.

That middle-age oracle had his reasons for not speaking plainly. He is one of the men whom I hate most—a discreet man. If he had been bold enough to tell the truth, he would have answered you in these words:

"Look here, Paul Hamilton Hayne! The less you say about your friend Wilkie Collins the better. His stars, for the last three months, have given him up as a bad job. He went to sea with the ridiculous idea (at his age!) of restoring his youth. He left his ship with the animal spirits of five and twenty, and the splendid complexion of the days when he was a truly beautiful baby—he returned to London—and the next morning, when he approached the looking-glass to brush his hair and his beard, he perceived a red streak in his left eye. In three days more, his eye was the colour of a (cooked) lobster. The Gout-Fiend had got him. The Gout-Fiend bored holes in his eye with a red-hot needle. Calomel and Colchicum knocked him down, and said (through the medium of the Doctor): 'Wilkie, it's all for your good.' Laudanum—divine laudanum—was his only friend. He got better—then worse again—then better—then worse once more. If you could see him now, writing to you on a foggy London evening, you would find his eye restored at last to its right colour and to its sight, but left so weak that he is obliged to protect it from artificial light (only candlelight) with a patch. There is the sad story of W. C.—and that is why he has not written to you long ago."

The Oracle having spoken, I may end my letter in my own proper person. Let us make believe, as the children say, that it is only the 1st of January—and let me, with all my heart, wish the happiest of new years to you, and to everyone dear to you at home. I could write much more—but I must spare the sound eye (especially after a long day's

work on the first chapters of a new novel) and ask you to consider my letters as periodical publications "to be continued."

Always most truly yours,

WILKIE COLLINS.

I have just seen your postscript—and have just drunk a whole wine-glass full of weak brandy and water (!) to your health and to a long succession of birthdays. Oh dear! I remember the happy time when it would have been a bottle of dry champagne!

The characteristic note (August 17, 1885) enclosed the proof-sheets of "The Ghost's Touch," a short story which deals with the occult, of which Collins was very fond.

He treats that subject impressively in the dream-sequences of *Armada* (the favourite child of his fancy) and far less effectively in *The Two Destinies*, one of his later novels.

90, GLOUCESTER PLACE,
PORTMAN SQUARE. W.
LONDON,
28 April, 1885.

Let me thank you sincerely, my dear friend, for the printed copies of the sonnet which honours and encourages me—and which (far as we are apart in the body) has drawn us yet nearer to each other in the spirit.

We have all been ailing in England during the last two months, suffering under a pestilent East wind—and we are all getting better in the milder weather that has come now. I have been following the general example—and suffering (what is new to me) excruciating neuralgic pains. The warm sun and the remedies have helped me too to get better—and I now confront my unanswered letters and my unfulfilled literary engagements.

You now know why I have been such an ungrateful correspondent—and you will understand why I am obliged to wait a little, before I can write to better purpose and at greater length. With my kindest remembrance to all "at home," believe me most truly yours,

WILKIE COLLINS.

90, GLOUCESTER PLACE,
PORTMAN SQUARE. W. LONDON,
17th August, 1885.

No 1, my dear Hayne, thanks you most sincerely for your last letter, and sends my affectionate remembrances to you and yours.

No 2. Encloses an excuse for not having sent an earlier reply, in the shape of a mad short-story—due to a wild idea of a new supernatural being who should neither be seen nor heard by mortals, but only *felt*—and whose return to earth occurs in the broad sunlight of noon. (N.B. The newspapers here and in the U. S. A. publish periodically on this present August 22nd, on August 29th, and on September 5th. Please keep the proofs at home till these three dates have expired—or the newspapers may complain, and the copyright may be in peril.)

No 3. Reports me, better again, and hard at work on a long serial story—and at my wits' end to find a title.

No 4. Asks for more news from Copse Hill, when you have really nothing to do, on some convenient half hour.

And No 5 subscribes me (is "subscribes me" bad grammar? I only learnt Greek and Latin Grammar at school).

Your affectionate friend,
W. C.

In his final letter to Hayne, Wilkie Collins begins by quoting the last stanza of his friend's poem "A Storm in the Distance," and concludes with an account of his continued bodily ailment. The letter, nevertheless, is sprightly, and emphasises Collins's love for Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, and his admiration of the prose and verse of "the leviathan of literature."

90, GLOUCESTER PLACE,
PORTMAN SQUARE. W.
LONDON,

Sunday 27th Dec., 1885.

"At last the cloud-battalions through long rifts
Of luminous mists retire . . . the strife is done;
And earth once more her wounded beauty lifts,
To meet the healing Kisses of the sun."
Exert your imagination, my dear friend, and please see W. C. in his bed, reading

your fine poem on the storm among the Georgian Hills, reaching the last verse, admiring the charming image in the last two lines—and then seeing through his window a dense dirty dripping London fog, extinguishing all hope of sunlight, and showing nothing but the dim dingy brink-fronts of the opposite houses. Add the dismal tinkling of church bells in a distant street, and the hoarse screeching of a boy selling Sunday newspapers—and you will be prepared to hear that I heartily wished myself in Georgia with my poet and friend. The next best thing was at least to see him in his photograph, and to feel (as I did) by instinct that it must be a good likeness—a more *living* likeness, to my mind, than the portrait in the Poems. I have to thank you for consolation as well as poetry, this time—and of myself I have little or nothing more to say. Good days and bad days (in the matter of health)—every week a number of “The Evil Genius”* (my new serial story) to be written, whether I am well or ill—with publishers and translators waiting for it, in England

and the English colonies, in the United States, in France, Italy, Germany and Holland. “What *must* be done, sir, *will* be done,” old Doctor Johnson said, and said truly, in the last century. I hope you like Doctor Johnson. He is one of my heroes—Boswell’s Life of him is my favourite book—and (to the astonishment of some of the shallow literary men of the present time in England) I persist in thinking his “Vanity of Human Wishes,” and his “lines on the death of Robert Levett” two of the grandest poems ever written.

My best love to all at Copse Hill—and my heartiest good wishes for a happy New Year.

Affectionately yours,

WILKIE COLLINS.

In the forefront, the Gout has given up trying to kill me—and fierce neuralgic pains (really “angina,” but we keep *that* a secret in fear of newspaper reports of my death) have succeeded the Gout. My doctor and I, and “Arsenic,” and “Amyl,” make a good fight of it—and, in spite of the weather, I get better.

THE PUBLISHER'S READER

BY CALVIN WINTER

THE neophyte in literature has much the same feeling in submitting a manuscript to a publisher that a fond mother has in sending her spoiled darling to school. There is vague suspicion that it will not be treated quite kindly, and an instinctive desire to take it by the hand, so to speak, and interview some one in authority, in order to expatiate on its peculiar merits and bespeak indulgence for its faults. All this is as natural as it is mistaken, and explains why many publishing houses have to delegate some one person, armed with the outward semblance of importance, to meet and reassure this importunate class. There comes to mind a certain gracious and tactful young woman in a large New York house who,

*17 numbers finished, and 9 more to be written.

in addition to her duties as general custodian of manuscripts, admits that she has to waste much valuable time in acting as a buffer between loquacious authors and members of the firm. And in this connection it seems worth while to give a word of warning against the folly of trying to forestall or discount the report of the publisher's reader. Publishers are almost unanimous in their feeling that an author's own statement about his book can serve no useful purpose. He has either put what he meant to into his manuscript—in which case the reader will find it—or he has failed to do so, in which case there is small advantage in knowing the nature and extent of his failure. Be satisfied to let your manuscript speak for itself.

When a manuscript has been entered

in the manuscript book, it becomes a number, like a convict or an automobile; and this number remains affixed to it throughout its whole period of probation. The manuscript book, by the way, differs widely in different offices. It may contain merely a laconic note of the dates of reception and return; or, in more methodical offices, it will show the entire history of the manuscript, during every hour of its sojourn; into whose hands it passes, and what was the nature of the opinion in each case. Some houses supplement the manuscript book with a card catalogue, arranged under the names of authors, which serves the useful purpose of automatically checking any attempt to resubmit the same manuscript,—a practice by no means rare, and prompted by the illusive hope that it may be given to a different and more sympathetic first reader.

Every office has its own system of weeding out manuscripts and assigning them for their first reading. The method depends, of course, largely upon the size of the house and the mechanical difficulties presented in handling the mass of material submitted. The ideal condition, of course, would be for the publisher himself to read personally every manuscript submitted, since no one else can know so well as he just what sort of books he is looking for. A member of a New York firm confessed, in a moment of genial expansion, that he was never happier in his life than during the months of the firm's humble beginnings, when manuscripts came in so slowly that he and his partner did all the reading themselves. Such a condition is necessarily transitory; and the need for a first reader becomes imperative, to play much the part that a fuse does in an electric light system, and hold back a large part of the literary voltage. Subsequent readings are a different matter; and it is no exaggeration to say that to-day in three-fourths of the publishing houses and especially in those that are most alive and up-to-date, the members of the firm are, to a large extent, their own second and third readers.

WHO THE READERS ARE

The question not infrequently asked by the outsider is, What sort of a person is a publisher's reader? And at first sight, it seems to be one of the most hopeless questions to answer, for it would be hard to find another vocation in which there is a greater outward dissimilarity. They are of all ages and degrees of training, from the elderly university man, with a lifetime of vicissitudes behind him, to the alert young woman from a country town, equipped with a scant high-school education and a valuable fund of adaptability. In some cases, it is a society woman, whom a sudden shift of fortunes has forced to become self-supporting; or again a man who has graduated from the advertising department into the literary branch. But young and old, men and women alike, they all possess certain qualities in common; they are all necessarily broadly sympathetic, calm and deliberate in their judgments, and wide awake to the possibilities that may be dormant in each manuscript that comes into their hands. Their business is not solely that of establishing literary standards,—although these must be kept in mind,—but of passing upon a business proposition; their duty is not so much to say, this book is bad, as to suggest what might possibly be done to it to make it good. These facts explain why, although several valued publisher's readers are creative writers, with a novel or two to their credit, it is extremely rare to find a critic who succeeds as a professional reader. The critic has trained himself to judge with a certain finality, whether favourably or unfavourably; and he has the right to do this, because he is judging of a thing which has reached its definite and finished form. The publisher's reader, on the contrary, always keeps in mind the possibility of revision; a manuscript is still potentially something in the course of development; the difference is not unlike that between the child and the adult; and the wise publisher's reader is indulgent toward faults, knowing that, as in the case of childhood, a

manuscript may be made to outgrow them.

Naturally, no reader is infallible; and the mistake which every first reader is most carefully warned against is that of letting something really good slip through his fingers. A misplaced enthusiasm, unfounded praise of a book that proves to be mediocre, does no more serious harm than to waste a little time, since no book is finally accepted without many readings, but the first reader's verdict, when negative, is in many cases final. And an incompetent first reader, armed with too much authority, may do a good deal of harm through a long period of time before his incompetence is discovered. Here is the actual experience of one New York house: the manuscript department was largely in control of one young woman; the manuscripts she recommended received a second reading, but all the rest were returned unquestioned. Some of her recommendations were in the nature of over-praise, but on the whole her opinions seemed sane, and in no case was she responsible for books that proved to be actual failures. But at the end of some fifteen months, the manuscript records showed that she had turned down not less than six manuscripts, any one of which the house would have been glad to take, and which, published elsewhere, had subsequently figured in the "best seller" lists.

Another publisher, commenting on the above case, said: "This seems to me an extraordinary and unnecessary case. I do not think that it could possibly happen to us, because of the system under which we work. When I have occasion to employ a new reader, I begin by holding forth in a lengthy disquisition as to just what I want in the form of a reader's opinion. First of all, it must tell me what the book is about, what the author has tried to put into it. I want him to tell me what the book *is*; I don't want to hear what the book *isn't*. He can tell me what his own opinion of the book is, but first of all I want him to give me facts that will enable me to form my own. If he does this, there is no fear

of anything really good getting by us, even if the reader does underrate it." What, in this publisher's opinion, was most essential of all was "thorough team-work" on the part of the whole office staff; a fearless frankness in giving opinions, combined with a readiness to understand one another's tastes and prejudices, and make allowance for them in the final verdict based upon many, and often conflicting opinions.

LETTING PRIZES SLIP

But, notwithstanding this optimistic view, the fact remains that readers do frequently let choice prizes slip through their fingers. It is not so many years since a patient and persistent beginner in fiction steadily bombarded the portals of a certain high-class monthly magazine, only to have his offerings returned to him with the perfunctory courtesy of the rejection slip. At length, to his great surprise, he received one day a letter from the editor-in-chief, expressing cordial appreciation of a story which had been published in another magazine, and begging the author to submit some of his work. And in the sequel, a goodly number of the stories previously turned down by the first reader were published in that very magazine and later brought out in book form by the same house.

It is a curious paradox that the very fact that constant reading of mediocre matter tends to blunt the literary taste forms one of the reader's safeguards against blunders. It is easy to see how this happens. As already said, when a reader thinks a certain book better than it really is, no great harm has been done, because the second or third reader will check his mistake. It is the reader who blindly misses something really good who commits what is irreparable. But, if you question any veteran reader, he will tell you that the more his mind becomes blunted by the endless reading of trash, the quicker he is to grasp at even a gleam of intelligence, while a book that rises above mediocrity becomes magnified into a masterpiece. "I may over-praise," said one Nestor of the profession, "but the

more tired I am, the less danger there is of letting anything good slip by." And in further illustration, he instanced one of his own blunders, a fulsome eulogy of a ponderous and dull historical novel. "The truth is," he said, "I was so sick of fiction that the fact this was almost all history and hardly any story was such a mental relief that it struck me at the time as a very wonderful book."

It is a pity that professional etiquette forbids the mention by name of novels that every one knows and that suffered many vicissitudes and in some cases were saved from rejection by the scant margin of a single voice. One of the best sellers of two seasons ago serves as a case in point. The manuscript was handed over to a certain special reader whose verdict usually carried some weight. He was told that the house so far was divided in its views, with the weight of opinion against it. The next morning, when the reader returned with his opinion, he was met with the words, "I am sorry we troubled you, but we have just written rejecting the book." "Has the letter gone?" asked the reader, "because if it hasn't, I want you to listen to me." It happened that the letter had not gone; but an hour later, another letter went in its place, accepting the book unqualifiedly.

Here is the inside history of still another novel which a few years ago was being read and discussed throughout the breadth of the continent: it had gone to two publishers, been returned by the first without comment, and by the second after a personal interview with the author, who refused to consent to the imposed condition of changing the plot to a "happy ending." Every reader and member of the firm had written favourable reports; the book was rejected on the statement of the head travelling salesman that "it would not sell." A third publisher happened to run across this manuscript reposing on the desk of a magazine editor. A casual question elicited the reply that the editor had read only the first few chapters, but that it was obviously hopeless. The publisher,

happening to know some of the previous magazine work of the author in question, borrowed the manuscript, sat up the greater part of the night in a breathless reading of it, and wrote to the author in post haste, making an offer for the book rights. "But," he says emphatically, "the editor was dead right in his opinion, as based on a reading of the opening chapters. The author had not caught the right stride until about Chapter V, and our only condition was that chapters I to IV should be eliminated."

SUGGESTING REVISION

Probably the most important services rendered by readers of the higher type—and to a large extent, this means members of publishing houses—is in the nature of advice as to revision. Publishers, editors and professional readers are constantly and willingly giving the benefit of their experience to young authors seeking guidance. Here is a striking instance: a woman of unusual discernment, who happened at the time to be reading both for a publishing house and for a magazine issued by it, came across a striking short story of the South Sea Islands, submitted to the magazine by an utterly unknown writer. The workmanship was crude, but the plot was so strong and unusual that the reader wrote to the author, telling him that it was too good to be wasted on a short story, and that he ought to work it over into a novel. As a result, the author, who had had a life of exciting adventures in the Philippines and a rich store of material, put himself under this reader's guidance; a year was spent in remaking the short story into a novel; the reader's verdict was adverse; "perhaps I was wrong," she admitted, "but perhaps the fault is yours; suppose you try again, making such and such changes." Another year passed, and a second time the reader decided against the book. But this time the faults were obvious, and due partly to advice that the reader now recognised was unwise, and partly to the author's misconception of her ideas. A third year produced a work that they

both agreed was good, and that received a cordial endorsement of public approval when the house subsequently accepted and published it.

Attempts at revision do not always have so propitious an outcome. A story of American Indians, written quite from the inside point of view, comes to mind as a striking instance of futile revision. A prominent firm of publishers gave it serious consideration, and after some consultation, their trusted second reader wrote to the author, recommending a certain general scheme of modification, which if successfully carried out, would probably lead to acceptance. When the book came back a year later, alterations in the office staff threw it into the hands of a new reader, who wrote a distinctly hostile opinion. The former reader, under these circumstances, could not get the book accepted, even though the requested changes had been made. The best he could do was to return it, with another suggested line of revision. Before the book came back a third time, the friendly reader had severed his connection with the house in question, and the book was naturally turned down once for all.

Whenever it is possible, a wise reader urges that the revision shall be made by the author himself. And, of course, books possessing anything approaching a distinction of style can hardly be revised in any other manner, without courting disaster. But it is also true that many creditable pieces of literary merchandise have owed a large part of their success to a certain surface polish and a little ingenious carpentry of the plot, made by expert talent, with the author's consent. A striking instance was that of a sensational detective story that made quite a hit in the course of serial publication in a popular magazine; so much so, that a Broadway star entertained the idea of having a play made for him out of it. After reading the story, he gave up the idea, because the hero had no moral motive for his heroic deeds, nothing in fact out of which the actor could create a distinctive character. When the story was

brought out in book form, its publishers turned it over to an expert reader for revision, and he, seeing in it the very fault that the actor had found, supplied the deficiency by creating a lofty moral purpose and rewriting the whole part of the title rôle. When the actor subsequently read the story in its revised version, he almost lifted up his voice and wept, in chagrin over his lost opportunity.

EXTRACTING THE GOLD

It sometimes happens that a really good story lies buried away hopelessly under a prohibitory junkheap of verbiage and irrelevant episode. Such a case comes to mind, in the form of a manuscript that ran to very nearly two hundred thousand words. It was prolix, wearisome, absurd in construction and in characterisation; but buried away under all this mass of worthlessness, it contained just one character that rang true, a unique and poignant study of a little child. Unfortunately, the author was of the type that never can know and never can understand,—and consequently, utterly incapable of doing his own revision; in fact, a half-hearted attempt at alteration resulted in eliminating much of the best material and retaining all the irrelevance and platitude. As a purely business proposition, the cost of extracting the pure gold from the clay by expert help was prohibitive: it was a case of an ore of too low grade to be profitable. Consequently, the one real nugget of talent seems likely to be permanently buried from sight.

But there are other demands for wariness on the part of the professional reader, as well as watching out for dormant genius. The kinds of knowledge demanded of him are of the most motley sort, and often so far outside of his presumed experience that the only wonder is that he does not blunder oftener. Ignorance and dishonesty on the part of authors both offer abundant pitfalls. Here is a suggestive little instance, not very serious in itself, but typifying the sort of blunder that might so easily slip

past an editor. An uncommonly well-written animal story, dealing with a fight to the death between two black leopards, caught the attention of the whole office staff of a certain popular magazine of adventure; it was really a careful piece of work, and, as subsequent inquiry revealed, was based upon many hours of patient study of a lithe and sleek black leopard formerly contained in the zoological collection in Bronx Park. But unfortunately, the misguided author laid the scene of his story in a Mexican forest, and one member of the magazine staff happened to be enough of a naturalist to remember that black leopards, in their native haunts, are never found very far removed from the Malay peninsula.

TRAPS FOR THE CARELESS

A different class of cases, involving deliberate bad faith, is illustrated by the following occurrence: it would be indiscreet to specify the exact nature of the book in question; but it was a pretentious volume dealing with a certain branch of art dear to the heart of collectors,—never mind whether it was antique furniture, or ceramics, or mediæval paintings or old pewter: the fact remains that the text diffused the contagion of true enthusiasm and the plates offered an allurements to awaken envy. The book was on the point of being accepted; indeed, negotiations had proceeded to a point at which retreat was awkward: when one of the readers, who happened to be something of a connoisseur himself, pointed out the one little fact that made all the difference: the whole volume was a cleverly disguised advertisement of one of the biggest houses of its kind in the country; every plate in the book was a reproduction of specimens on sale in its warerooms; and its very index was a sort of trade catalogue.

A kindred case, which might have led to a libel suit, was offered by a certain novel which went the rounds of the publishers a few years ago,—perhaps is still going the rounds. Its scene was laid in a business office, its style was not only readable, but showed an intimate knowl-

edge of the details of the particular business described; it was, once at least, on the point of being accepted. But luckily one of the readers happened to have inside knowledge of a few little facts in real life that enabled him to identify the particular office in which the scene was set, and to point out that every character, down to the stenographer and office boy, was copied straight out of actuality with a literalness that, if published and identified, would have caused no small scandal and possibly a lawsuit or two.

Lastly, a word or two about the greatest tragedy that can befall the manuscript department of a publishing house: the loss of a manuscript. Most houses make it their proud boast that no manuscript has ever been lost by them; and, indeed, final and irrevocable loss is extremely rare. But all houses have had numerous attacks of acute temporary heart-burn, with a complete overturning of the entire office machinery, in a mad and desperate hunt after the mislaid document. One case of a manuscript temporarily astray was, oddly enough, due to the extra precaution taken to prevent this very sort of catastrophe. The house in question was one of those who adopted the additional safeguard of the card catalogue. A young author called to inquire about the long delay in rendering a decision on her story, and was told that it had been returned to her the previous week to her address in Arizona. Absolutely bewildered, she explained that she did not live in Arizona, but within the radius of Greater New York. Forthwith, the card index was consulted and revealed the fact that the manuscript had been submitted twice, the first time more than two years earlier, and from Arizona. The young woman then recalled that she had that year been sent West for several months for her health; and it turned out that without the author's knowledge, her mother had at that time submitted the novel to several publishers, and had forgotten to keep a record of them.

A single case of actual loss has come

to the attention of the present writer. It was several years ago, and happened to one of the largest publishing houses in the country, through the carelessness of a young boy employed to wrap and label the manuscripts to be returned. In some way, two of these manuscripts became confused; and the first intimation that the firm had of the tragedy, was when an irate author wrote to know why some one else's manuscript had been sent him, in place of his own, and what the publishers proposed to do about it. Further inquiry revealed the additional tragedy that the other manuscript had gone hopelessly adrift; and the situation became still more painful when the author avowed his intention to hold the manuscript sent him by mistake, as a hostage, until his own was found. All this is now somewhat ancient history; but there are certain persons connected with the manuscript department of the house in question who to this day do not like to hear the words "lost manuscript" mentioned.

One young woman, with an enviable record for accuracy, when asked whether she could remember of any manuscript having been lost during her tenure of office, replied decisively: "No, indeed, I never have any trouble in finding manuscripts; my trouble is to get rid of them!" And she then proceeded to instance one manuscript which had reposed in the office safe for more than twelve years, and was still waiting to be claimed. "Every month or two," she

added, "when I have a little leisure time I send out a whole batch of letters, begging authors to call for their manuscripts, or asking where they will authorise me to forward them. But usually I get no reply, or else a request to keep the manuscript a little longer, until the author has a permanent address."

All things considered, the publisher's reader is a wholesome influence in the publishing world of to-day. His influence is exerted chiefly in eliminating what is worthless and in raising the whole average standard of the great mass of writings that range from frank mediocrity to something just short of genius. A reader's opinions must necessarily in a measure reflect the standards of the publishing house for which he reads; and here and there we may find a reader whose tendency is to recommend changes of a sort that commercialises rather than improves. But this is the exceptional case. It may be said without fear of contradiction that most publishers and readers to-day are co-operating in an honest attempt to raise the standard. They cannot lose sight of the fact that books are a business proposition as well as an æsthetic delight; but they can, and do, stretch many a point in favour of the finer qualities. As one reader, who happens also to be a member of a firm, expressed it: "If we did not publish at least one or two volumes a year on which we were fully prepared to lose money, we should think there was something radically wrong with us."

THE NEW FLAMBOYANCE AND SOME RECENT FICTION

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

THERE is a new note that is steadily becoming more loudly accented in contemporary American fiction, and that at the same time somewhat baffles definition. It is not an organised movement; it lacks the self-consciousness of a school; it is not localised in plot, or theme, or narrative style, but leaves its pervading stamp upon all three. It is, in short, a kind of new flamboyance, a sort of verbal poster-art, suggestive of standards set by the Sunday supplements. It has come upon us so insidiously, along with the spread of burlesque and moving-pictures, that we have accepted it as a matter of course, hardly conscious of the extent to which the boisterous rough-house of the vaudeville stage and the ephemeral vulgarisms of sporting journalese are apeing the dignity of cloth covers. It is only the reader whose taste leads him to rely for his new fiction chiefly upon importations, who is in a position fully to feel the true nature of the change in question, which is not an infusion of new virility, but something more in the nature of a degeneration. The first thing that strikes such a reader is that much of our new American fiction is crude; the second, that it is a sophisticated crudeness, a deliberate blatancy of colour tones, a calculated coarsening of pen-strokes, an almost audible abuse of

typographical devices, suggestive of the old-fashioned linen picture-book for very young children, with its flare of primary colours and its vociferous columns of long-primer type. And this comparison is founded upon logic: for the modern generation is becoming a generation of spoiled children as regards the play-time books that they elect to read. We have been surfeited so long upon advertising signs, with their unabashed superlatives and clamorous egotism, that the spirit of them has even crept into our narrative prose. In order to be heard, the novelist must strike a kindred note of exaggeration: his characters must over-dress and over-act; and, while masquerading in the name of realism, must undergo unscathed a series of adventures so preposterous that Scheherazade herself would have balked at their narration.

Now, in case of a movement of this kind, it is useless to single out any one writer or group of writers and say: On your shoulders rests the blame! The books of any age are the product of a demand; at the present hour, this new flamboyance is in the air, and the authors who write more quietly are in danger of not making themselves heard. To some extent, it is our magazines of large circulation that are responsible for present conditions. It is the necessity of serving two masters, the magazine public and the book public, that in a measure dictates the ethical and artistic level of our popular fiction. It must have matter in it that will lend itself to effective headlines, and situations that translated into marginal sketches will catch the eye. There must usually be the expected sugar-plum of college athletics, or better still, a league game, with victory for the home team. And through it all must run an under-current of the latest *argot* of the street, the colloquial shorthand of the moment,

Bunker Bean. By Harry Leon Wilson. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Flirt. By Booth Tarkington. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Joyful Heatherby. By Payne Erskine. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Dragoman. By George K. Stiles. New York: Harper Brothers.

The Port of Dreams. By Miriam Alexander. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Frontier of the Hearts. By Victor Margueritte. New York: Frederick Stokes Company.

'Twixt Land and Sea. By Joseph Conrad. New York: George H. Doran Company.

the echo of the latest rag-time refrain,—all of which has the effect of making a book ultra-modern for the passing hour, and hopelessly antiquated in half a decade.

Now, the answer often made to this line of criticism, in the course of argument, is that the present-day movement represents nothing new, but simply a different phase of a process which every generation witnesses anew. Twenty years ago, people will tell you, Rudyard Kipling was "somewhat rowdily"—to borrow Mr. James's epithet—calling attention to himself by an audacity of phrase and vocabulary distinctly startling to the survivors of the Mid-Victorian period. It was Kipling's turn then to be accused of owing his style to journalism,—although, as a matter of fact, the author of *Plain Tales* had no need to owe word or phrase to any one, but was quite capable of coining both as the occasion rose. But the vital difference lies in the fact that the language of the staid English press of the early nineties was academic and impeccable, in comparison to our own journalistic pyrotechnics of the present day. If the same process should continue for another quarter century at the present accelerated speed, a special course, with grammar and lexicon, will be needed for an understanding of the new dialect.

We all know the old, familiar argument about the inspired voice of the public, and how the book that appeals to the greatest number of people must necessarily be the best book. It is a plausible fallacy, when proclaimed with sufficient ingenuity; and it rests on one little foundation stone of truth: a book which has the quality of greatness is a bigger book if it has a universal appeal; because it is always a bigger achievement to accomplish two worthy purposes at once than to accomplish only one. But the wide circle of readers is only an effect, and not a cause, of any book's importance. And the same effect may be produced by quite a sordid book, deliberately appealing to the lower instincts of mankind. If sheer numerical strength

of readers were to be the ultimate test of literary merit, then certain world-famous advertisements must eventually take a high place among the masterpieces of literature.

"BUNKER BEAN"

Out of a small group of this month's novels, there is one in particular which seems to embody most strikingly the significant features of the new flamboyance. This is *Bunker Bean*, by Harry Leon Wilson, issued in an appropriate outside wrapper depicting the hero bending over his typewriter, silhouetted in intensest black against a pale and hazy background, showing in dim, majestic outline the hero's previous incarnations. Now, as we shall presently see, there are certain things in this fantastic book that may be honestly commended, in spite of its obvious absurdities and its somewhat forced humour. Yet the whole impression made by *Bunker Bean* is more saddening than otherwise, if we happen to remember the group of younger writers in which Mr. Wilson originally enrolled himself. The exact date of *The Spenders* for the moment escapes the memory; but it was a close contemporary to Brand Whitlock's *13th District*, David Graham Phillips's *Golden Fleece*, Booth Tarkington's *Gentleman from Indiana*,—the list might be lengthened almost at will,—collectively forming a little widely scattered school, the product of a new earnestness,—the sort of earnestness which inspired the best and biggest of them all, Frank Norris. Mr. Wilson has gone through a number of transitions since he wrote *The Spenders*, and has gained in dexterity of craftsmanship; but to those who happen to remember, *The Spenders* is one of the books to look back to with a sort of saddened pleasure, as to one more tombstone of a literary movement that has passed away.

But, if we forget everything else that Mr. Wilson has stood for, or might have stood for, and consider *Bunker Bean* in the only light that results in fair criticism, the light of the author's own intentions,—let us see what may be said

for and against it, as a piece of popular fiction. In the first place, Mr. Wilson has a rather big thought to express, a theme which, if by no means new, he has at least found a new way of expressing: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Bunker Bean has all his life suffered agonies of self-consciousness and timidity. It has always been acute pain to pass the majesty of the law represented by a policeman patrolling his beat. It is usually easier to walk home than elbow his way into a crowded street car. His soul yearns for stripes and checks of startling pattern, but his courage never rises above clothing of the most neutral hues; and one secret tragedy of his life is that he possesses a flame-coloured neck-tie, purchased in a rare moment of audacity, which reposes close hidden at the bottom of his trunk. The natural fruit of Bunker Bean's chronic cowardice is that, with abundant opportunities, the best he has contrived to make of his life is to be an expert stenographer to a millionaire railway magnate, and to command thirty dollars a week, because he is probably the only living stenographer who can record old Breede's incoherent dictation. He despises Breede in his heart for many reasons, but chiefly for the crime of wearing detachable cuffs; yet he cringes before Breede's keen glance, and avenges himself by recording opprobrious epithets in short-hand, between the lines of the dictated letters. But one day, Bean plucks up courage to consult a clairvoyant, a certain Countess Casanova, who divulges to him the great secret of his Karmic past: in his last incarnation he was Napoleon Bonaparte. This disclosure naturally whets Bean's appetite to learn more about his various incarnations; so the obliging Countess, with the help of a confederate, Professor Balthasar, furnishes him, in exchange for abundant currency, with a fine Karmic genealogy, including a bloodthirsty Venetian Doge, a brutal Roman general, and ending with the first incarnation of all, the last of the "pro-dynastic" kings of Egypt, by the name of Ram-tah. "Can I find him in

the histories?" asks the credulous Bean; and the seer answers, with perfect truthfulness, "You cannot! I am probably the only living man who can tell you very much about him!" Now, it happens that an uncle of Bunker's dies about this time, leaving him a neat little legacy, five thousand dollars, of which Bunker proceeds to pay over to Professor Balthasar, for the purpose of having the mummy of his former self dug up from its ancient resting-place and brought to this country. When an especially clean-looking, high-class mummy arrives, representing the cleverest handiwork of a certain firm in Hartford, Connecticut, Bunker stares long into its painted face, murmurs contritely, "How I have changed!" and forthwith acquires a new audacity, an audacity befitting an Egyptian king, a Venetian Doge, and a Corsican usurper. His career becomes one of meteoric swiftness and brilliance: he defies not only his employer, old Breede, but the whole board of directors of a certain Federal Express Company; he forestalls them at their own game, and in a single transaction clears a neat little profit of \$400,000.00; he wins the love of old Breede's younger daughter, the "flapper," and bears down all opposition from her family; and incidentally, he enjoys one morning of delirious happiness in the company of the "greatest pitcher the world has known." And then, on the eve of his wedding, Bunker discovers, through the agency of a bull-dog with a propensity to worry suspicious-looking objects, the artificial nature of his Ram-tah mummy; and immediately all his fictitious self-confidence deserts him. He manages to get through the wedding service on the strength of numerous absinthe-frappés; but his subsequent wild talk of Corsican usurpers and Egyptian kings convinces the "flapper's" family that he is insane, with the result that father, mother and grandmother all insist upon accompanying the bridal pair to Europe. It is not until he reaches Paris and stands under the dome of the Invalides, looking down at the majestic tomb, that Bunker Bean at last reasons

things out, and realises that Napoleon, like himself, was only "an upstart," but an upstart who believed in himself. "When it comes to that," philosophises Bunker Bean, "if you believe in yourself, you don't need a Ram-tah." And this is how Bunker Bean at last acquires a self-confidence which is destined to last, because it is genuine and not borrowed. Now, no one can say that there is not a certain amount of sound philosophy underlying all this. The chief trouble is that the figures in the story are too grotesque, two suggestive of comic valentines, to be taken seriously. Such an egregious idiot as Bean is pictured to be, with his spineless subservience and his childlike credulity, would have lacked the brains to achieve results, no matter how much courage he might have acquired. The whole episode of the mummy is rank farce-comedy; while the scenes of the wedding, the exceedingly rough and seasick ocean voyage, and the bungling interference of the bride's family, are all a delirious burlesque, from which it is difficult to disentangle any structural intent. And the phraseology of the dialogue needs a glossary. For example:

"You're a king," declared the flapper in a burst of frankness.

"Eh?" said Bean, a little startled.

"Just a perfectly little old king," persisted the flapper with dreamy certitude. "Never fooled little George W. Me. Knew it the very first second. Went over me just like *that*."

"Oh, I'm no king; never was a king; rabbit, I guess. Little old perfectly upstart rabbit, that's what."

"What am I?" asked the flapper pointedly.

"Little old flippant flapper, that's what! But you're my Chubbins just the same; my Chubbins!"

"THE FLIRT"

It seems only natural to take up next the latest volume by Booth Tarkington, whose name in a literary way has been more or less closely associated with Mr. Wilson. *The Flirt* is a story which the present reviewer has read with genuine

enjoyment,—a good deal more enjoyment than were furnished by some of Mr. Tarkington's earlier volumes; it contains a number of people that you cannot very well keep yourself from liking; and one young woman to whom the title of "flirt" does scant justice, because it seems a pale, colourless, inadequate sort of word, beside her personified heartlessness. The setting is one of those middle-west towns with which Mr. Tarkington has previously made us familiar; the immediate interest of the narrative concerns just one particular family, the Madisons; and within this family circle, the younger daughter, Cora, reigns supreme. The Madisons are in rather straitened circumstances; so much so that summer vacations are a thing undreamed; a guest at dinner offers crucial problems; while no amount of ingenious refurbishing can make the family wardrobe otherwise than shabby,—all with the exception of Cora. When she wants guests to dinner, they invariably stay, regardless of the panic that reigns in the kitchen; her taste in dress sets a standard for the community, and her delicate, rose-like beauty casts a glamour over faded, cracking walls and rickety furniture. And the light of this beauty she is complacently willing to shed, throughout endless idle hours, upon anything and everything masculine that comes her way, untroubled by the knowledge that mother and sister are patiently slaving at household tasks, and father racking his brains to know how he is to pay for the new party dress that must be finished for next Thursday. And the only person in the whole household who dares to voice his disgust at the monumental selfishness of the girl is her small brother, vociferous of tongue, impudent of phrase, maddeningly tantalising by the devilish ingenuity with which he breaks in upon her side-piazza tête-à-têtes with ambiguous innuendoes. Now, at the moment of the story's opening, Cora's known victims are three in number: Ray Vilas, whom she has definitely cast aside, and who is rapidly drinking himself to death, in conse-

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quence; Wade Trumbell, plodding, prosperous business man, whose chief pleasure is to hear himself talk, and who hitherto has not succeeded in getting so much as a word alone with Cora; and lastly, Richard Lindley, who, in common with the rest of the community, believes that she is engaged to him,—but of this Cora has her own reserve opinion. And suddenly a new factor appears on the horizon, a certain Valentine Corliss, who for the first time in fifteen years treads again Corliss Street, named after his grandfather, and wends his way to the old Corliss mansion, to pay his respects to his tenants, the Madisons. Corliss has acquired, through long years of foreign travel, a certain mannerism, a supple grace of body and Gallic flattery of speech that dazzle Cora with the charm of the exotic and the unknown. To the perspicuous reader, the man has from the first moment a suspicious sleekness of word and manner that bode no good; and the moment he begins to show his cards and explain the nature of his errand to his home town, we scent the traditional stage villain in him. Surely, Mr. Tarkington might have found some other swindling scheme a little less preposterous than a fictitious tract of rich oil wells in the heel of Italy, belonging to a non-existent Neapolitan prince, eager to finance a company on a large scale, and unwilling to admit his fellow-countrymen to the secret. It is here that Mr. Tarkington's theatrical instinct led him astray. On the stage you can do this very thing: you can introduce a piece of roguery so barefaced that the audience instantly scents the trick, yet complacently accepts the credulity of the victims in the play,—because the audience hears them told and sees them believe. But in a book it is a different matter; the reader has time to use his common sense, he is not misled by the double hypnotism of eye and ear at the same time; and consequently he knows that sane, clear-headed business men could not have been for an instant cajoled by such a flagrant bunco game. After all, a swift exchange of cable-

grams could have pricked the bubble within twenty-four hours. However, the exigencies of Mr. Tarkington's plot demanded that the bait should glitter temptingly, and that several hesitant victims should nibble doubtfully at it. Cora is destined to hold the balance of power, and she throws it all into the scale of Corliss. A cruel scene with her father, which almost costs the gentle old man his death, wrings from him a reluctant consent to let his name be used as president of the new company; Lindley's love for her is the handle by which his life savings are swept away; and even Vilas, in his mad infatuation, contributes the remnant of his fortune, thereby planning a trick to test the honesty of Corliss's enterprise. The end of this involved situation does not altogether carry conviction: How far Cora stoops to folly, before learning the full extent of Corliss's rascality and his lengthy criminal record in foreign lands, is left euphemistically vague; but evidently she cloaks open scandal by her sudden elopement with Trumbull. Corliss meets retribution at the muzzle of Vilas's pistol, and Lindley finds a belated happiness in marriage with Cora's sister, who has patiently and hopelessly loved him from their first meeting. Mr. Tarkington never can wholly resist a touch of melodrama in his climaxes. And while he has in the main escaped the taint of the new flamboyance, yet its influence is felt in a certain pervading exaggeration. The old father and mother are a degree too gentle; the incorrigible younger brother, too impossibly obnoxious, the villain too smooth of speech, the whole community too credulous to seem like actual human beings. In one and all of the parts the actors are good, but they have put on too much make-up, and perhaps have over-emphasised their lines.

"JOYFUL HEATHERBY"

Joyful Heatherby, by Payne Erskine, is a volume likely to incur disaster by trying to achieve two things at once and falling between the two extremes. In the first half, it is a delightfully quiet

type of story that traces its ancestry to Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman and Alice Brown, and that hardly gets a fair hearing in these more vociferous days. And then all of a sudden the scene of action shifts to New York, and plunges us into a wild series of adventures among artists' models and victims of the white slave traffic, ending with a distinctly mussy sort of suicide. The heroine of the title rôle is a gentle, dainty little specimen of rural innocence, and when Mark Thorn, a New York artist, comes across her grandfather's cottage in the course of his aimless wanderings, a pretty and harmless idyll follows, that is none the less pleasant reading, even though the situation has been worn somewhat threadbare. Joyful's family are fisher folk, from father to son, for generations; her father was drowned, as many another man of the family was before him; and since that day her grandmother has never been quite rational, but is subject to strange fits of silent brooding, especially when the grandfather's great love of the sea lures him out upon it for a day's fishing. The tragedy of the fisherman's wife is worked into the warp and woof of these chapters with a rare poignancy. When the inevitable catastrophe comes one stormy night and the grandfather fails to return home, and the crazed old woman wades out into the ocean to seek him, Joyful, left friendless and without money, comes to New York and ignorantly finds herself swept into the unknown paths of the tenderloin district. Of this part of the book, down to her most unlikely marriage with Thorn the artist, it seems a waste of time to speak. The opening chapters had possibilities, which the author deliberately spoiled further on. The Quaker-like sobriety of the first half of the story tagged on to the new flamboyance of the closing chapters produces an effect as bizarre and incongruous as the court jester's traditional suit of motley.

"THE DRAGOMAN"

Here is still another current volume that suffers from over-straining after ef-

fects: *The Dragoman*, by George K. Stiles. The whole theme, setting and incident are audacious; and the highest praise that can be bestowed is that for the most part the author succeeds in carrying conviction, thanks to an obvious knowledge of native manners and customs. The hero is one John Randall Harrison, whose father was once an Anglo-Egyptian dignitary of high rank, and who himself, from childhood, has grown up among the natives, knowing familiarly all the dialects of the desert and all the traditions of the Musselman creed. He is an adept at native disguises and has made the four pilgrimages enjoined upon the faithful, undetected. At the opening of the story he discovers that a vast and long dreaded uprising of the fanatical tribes of the upper Nile districts is about to occur; and the weapons for the purpose are actually on their way up the river, ostensibly destined for legitimate ends, and sanctioned by documentary permits bearing the government seal. Accompanying this shipment are a certain American, Hilken, and his daughter, Elizabeth. It is partly love of adventure, partly the charm of a pretty face, partly also for the reason that fate plays into his hands by making the dragoman of the expedition bear a marvellous resemblance to himself, that Harrison puts his head into as formidable a trap as the blind fanaticism of barbarians could devise, when he makes way with the legitimate dragoman, Kris Constant, and undertakes to fill his rôle. It is impossible, in brief space, to do anything approaching justice to the tensivity of suspense, the grimness of detail that pervade this story; a mere hint will suffice to suggest its flavour. The real dragoman, left bound and gaged many miles down the Nile, succeeds in overtaking the boat and smuggling himself on board; and when in the middle hours of a stifling night he appears in Harrison's stateroom, self-preservation makes his death inevitable. But here was Harrison handicapped with a dead body which must immediately be disposed of, yet cannot be removed from the state-

room without detection. Now, it chances that in this stateroom is a mummy-case, with a genuine and authentic mummy inside. It is an unpleasant but not lengthy task to reduce this mummy to fragments and eject them through the tiny porthole; it takes longer and is more unpleasant to embalm the dead dragoman, performing what crude butchery is needful, by the light of an evil-smelling oil lamp, and with the help of a pail of tar and the mummy bindings. The episode reminds one of the closing lines of Kipling's story of "Bimi." "There were things in that room that it was not good for a man to look at." How Harrison, impersonating Azar Hazim, Prince of Konia and head and front of the whole uprising, saved the two Americans from a dozen deaths, how he escaped unscathed from under the very downpour of the upper cataract, how he found the most sacred of all Moslem relics, the emerald crescent with the diamond star; and how he eventually quelled the rebellion and brought the woman of his choice through fire and pestilence, back to safety, is all told in a series of word pictures which are undeniably flamboyant to a rare extent,—but with this important difference: that the scenes and incidents described are by their very nature aflame with local colour; and the danger usually incurred by authors is to fail to do justice to the tonal scheme, rather than overdo it,—while in the present case, the author has struck a very creditable medium.

"THE PORT OF DREAMS"

The Port of Dreams, by Miriam Alexander, need not detain us long. It is simply one more example of the conventional historical romance, the general theme in this case being one of the numerous attempts by the united efforts of France and Ireland to restore the Young Pretender to the English throne; while the specific note is the latent cowardice of a certain soldier of fortune, John Clavering. This man has feared, all his life, that sooner or later his nerve

will fail him, and at some crucial hour he will disgrace himself. But even he failed to foresee the extent of the disaster, or to realise himself such a craven as to desert his sovereign at the crucial hour, when victory was hanging in the balance. Of course, there is a love interest, in the shape of a brave and loyal Irish girl, Kathleen Desmond, who loves Clavering in ignorance of his cowardice, and cruelly insults faithful, generous Denis O'Gara, whom she believes to be the craven who deserted his post. Clavering is arrested by the British and condemned to death, but is saved by O'Gara, who dies in his stead; and Kathleen, learning the truth, still keeps her troth to the coward, because she is unwilling to let O'Gara's sacrifice prove in vain.

"THE FRONTIER OF HEARTS"

There is nothing flamboyant about *The Frontier of Hearts*, by Victor Margueritte, notwithstanding that it deals with situations involving some of the deepest anguish that can befall mankind. It is a peculiarly poignant study of the problem of intermarriage between persons of different nationalities: in the present case, between a Prussian physician and a French girl. The details are all ingeniously chosen so that, without doing violence to probabilities, the keenest possible strain shall be put upon both parties to the contract. The marriage takes place shortly before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war; the young couple happen to have returned from a short stay in Germany for a visit to the bride's family; the young husband is peremptorily recalled and assigned for military duty with his regiment; the wife, who is soon expecting the birth of her child, cannot follow him at once, and as one cause of delay after another arises, it ends by her not returning at all. Then comes the bitter time when the invading Prussians are quartered at the house of the young wife's family, and as chance will have it, her own husband comes into her presence in the form of one of the conquerors. There is a neat and impressive accumulation of little de-

tails, some of them trivial in themselves, but taken altogether, like the relentless and steady fire of musketry that eventually breaks down resistance. The end is a foregone conclusion: each heart realises that peace may be secured only by a parting of the ways and a withdrawal behind their respective frontiers. And at the end, there is a clever bit of symbolism suggesting that even the most clearly defined frontier is not a guarantee of perpetual peace: there is their child. And although they make a pact that for a certain period he shall remain with the mother, and later go to the father, each in turn has an unexpressed and treasured hope: "I shall make him a Frenchman!" says the mother, and "He will be a Prussian like myself!" hopes the father, while the reader sees in him only the seed of future discord.

"'TWIXT LAND AND SEA"

When it comes to Joseph Conrad, there are only two classes of readers: the enthusiasts and the utterly indifferent—there is no middle ground. Yet even his staunchest admirers felt a half-acknowledged disappointment in some of his later volumes, because Nihilism and dynamite seem so incongruous to this veteran man of the sea. That is why his new volume, containing three new tales of exotic lands and waters, with the old-time flavour of the infathomable mystery of nature and of the human heart, bring with them a thrill of the old enthusiasm. One would gladly have abundant space in which to revel in a lengthy exposition of each of these three stories, between which choice is difficult; but since the space at disposal must limit us to only one, the choice may as well fall upon "A Smile of Fortune," to which the author himself has given the advan-

tage of first position. It is typically Conrad in its sustained note of subtle implication; he suggests so infinitely more than he actually says. Strip the story of this glamour of suggestiveness, and you have a sordid tale of a corpulent, plodding ship's chandler, in a jumping-off place of civilisation, who once in his life had a romance, deserted an equally commonplace wife, and made a scandalous spectacle of himself by following a notorious and vulgar circus rider over the better part of two continents. And when at last he came home, the Mrs. Grundys of the island could not forgive him, because he brought the circus rider's child home with him; and later still, the smouldering embers of scandal flamed up again, when the dying circus woman drifted to his shore and, cursing him to the last, was tended with what help and comfort he could give her. The immediate story, however, has to deal chiefly with the girl, living a recluse life, never venturing beyond the walls of her father's grounds. It is evident that the father would give much to see her respectably married; it is equally evident that his attentions to the captain who narrates the tale are dictated by a hope that here at last is the man for whom he and his daughter have both been waiting. And in the brief awakening of the girl from hopeless apathy, we get a prophetic glimpse of a long and predestined martyrdom. But once again the reviewer is left with the feeling that Conrad always leaves, a regret at having made the futile effort to do justice to him at second hand. Here is one of the few living novelists who know precisely what they are trying to do, and who remain untouched by the taint of the new flamboyance.

SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

BURTON E. STEVENSON'S "THE HOME BOOK OF VERSE"*

THE criticism of an anthology is generally an attempt of no very estimable value. For that personal preference which, after all, determines the choice of the anthologist must equally direct the judgment of the critic; and the comparison of their opinions as to whether this poem should be left out or that included presents therefore a mere dispute over indisputable taste. But the case of Mr. Stevenson's volume is unusual in that he proposes not a choice but a collection of the best short English poems from the time of Spenser, both classical and popular: emphasising especially the lighter forms and the work of living poets; and including such diversities as the *Lycidas* of Milton, the dialect poems of Mr. Daly, and the limericks of Edward Lear. He modestly hopes that no really great poem of recent years has been omitted; and assumes in effect the inclusion in a single volume of a complete library of English Lyric. One may pause to admire the modern bookmaking which comprises upward of three thousand poems in a volume neither uncomfortable to the eye nor too heavy for the hand; and proceed without irrelevance to observe the several kinds and values of anthologies which are here incorporated into one.

The scope of all such collections may fairly be divided between the *Parody Anthology* of Miss Carolyn Wells, the already classic *Golden Treasury*, and the egregious five-foot bookshelf of Dr. Eliot. Parodies are in their very nature fugitive and anonymous: blushing unseen among the more legitimate productions of their authors, and not to be sought through any reference to the celebrities which they burlesque. Not many, for example, recognise in Mr. Kipling a

*The Home Book of Verse. By Burton Egbert Stevenson. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

genius for verbal mimicry; or remember that the mannerisms of Browning have been exquisitely satirised by Swinburne. Many delicious parodies, moreover, are the casual inspirations of authors otherwise unknown. The collection of parodies, therefore, fills a real want, glean- ing into one sheaf the forsaken wisps of many a harvest. And a like want may be filled by any bringing together of a special type of poetry; such as hymns or songs or society verse or poems of childhood.

A similar but more difficult service is performed by collecting, without distinction of kind, the best of such poetry as uncollected would be difficult of access. This most common form of anthology makes by far the severest demand upon its compiler; his erudition must be familiar with buried treasures; and his personal taste, that first impertinence and last resort of the anthologist, wholly conformable to the common pleasure. He must teach obediently, opening avenues down which we will choose to look; agreeing with our estimate of what he rescues from our oblivion. *The Golden Treasury* is well named; for only gold will everywhere pass current, and only things inconvenient to acquire are counted treasure. Of course, the best collections of this kind contain many poems as familiar as "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes"; because this familiarity is of their making; and but for anthology we must have burrowed for it among the profundities of Ben Jonson. The precise value of all golden treasures is to supply what every one may prize from sources which every one should not be expected to possess. In so far as their selection displays peculiar taste, they confuse into the classified type of anthology first mentioned; and in so far as they condense the necessities of ordinary culture, they sink into that popular thing which is popularly stigmatised as "canned literature."

Of this last it is rather difficult to de-

wise a rational defence; and it will be more so to place in any other category the collection of favourite pieces from works which it is disgraceful not to read entire. Only the patient need wade through Wordsworth, only the scholarly through Ben Jonson; a taste of each will serve; but he who deals thus with poets in general need not pretend to a taste for poetry. The attempt to represent truly any author by the means of excerpts remains inherently futile: merely another form of our favourite endeavour to cheat the gods. Nothing for nothing is the law; and at the end of all sophistries, a man's reading amounts to no more than he has read. To achieve without trouble would seem vain enough; but what shall be said of him who would be pleased without experiencing pleasure?

That these different kinds of anthology should in actual cases overlap is seldom wholly avoidable; and Mr. Stevenson, taking all anthology to be his province, has in some sort combined the virtues and the faults of all. The reproach of the last-mentioned order he can hardly avoid, in the very nature of his undertaking. Something may be said for the convenience of having Gray's *Elegy*, *The Rubaiyat*, *Locksley Hall* and the *Allegro* and *Penseroso* at once under one's hand; but the intent to provide a substitute for literacy, as it is here plainly apparent, is no less plainly to be condemned. It is not to be hoped that any one volume should comprise all our best short poems; and were this impossibility accomplished, each reader would still raise the issue of personal preference over some favourite included or omitted. To debate such instances would be easy and unprofitable. The catholicity of his scheme has aided Mr. Stevenson in the difficult business of adjusting his own taste to the general desire; for amid such mass and diversity of material, the most capacious reader must find not only reasonable satisfaction, but many pleasurable discoveries. As a treasury, the book contains much gold and somewhat more that glitters; while as a special collection, it comprehends many types in one: at once

a Mother Goose, a pocket Hymnal, a ballad-book and a Ladies' Garland. One may doubt the wisdom of emphasising authors now living or still under copyright. Greater poets are caricatured by representation where lesser ones perish for want of it; and only settled reputations are independent. The omission of such names as H. C. Bunner and Stephen Phillips cripples the modern portion of the work. That the just profits of a writer should be secured to his estate is no reason for permitting the prejudice or cupidity of publishers to trifle with his fame. But explanations which excuse the compiler do not improve the volume: the fault is there; and some one should have evaded or avoided it. The *Home Book of Verse* is, in sum, an achievement both new and useful, and, it is to be hoped, unique; for although one such compendium may be a valuable convenience, a second must be at best superfluous. Mr. Stevenson has probably succeeded as well as any one man could do. For the only perfect anthologist is Tradition; the only perfect Anthology is that one whence we derive the name; and the perfection of these lies very possibly in the circumstance that whatever they omit has been irrevocably forgotten.

Brian Hooker.

II

ANATOLE FRANCE'S "AT THE SIGN OF THE REINE PÉDAUQUE"*

AT last we are to have an English version of the writings of Anatole France, now that he is nearly seventy years old, and has for over a generation been proclaimed by critics in all parts of the world as the foremost French man of letters of the day. Meanwhile, dozens of his lesser contemporaries have secured an English text. Despite the fair success of Lafcadio Hearn in rendering *The Crime of Sylvester Bonnard* into English, the admirers of Anatole France

*At the Sign of the Reine Pédauque. By Anatole France. Translated by Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson. With an introduction by W. J. Locke. New York and London: John Lane Company. 1912. Pp. 272.

have recoiled from the delicate and difficult task of translating him until a short time ago, when the present series was undertaken. The publishers have wisely re-issued the Hearn version along with these new texts. To what extent France has lost his savour in this new version of *La Ratisserie de la Reine Pédauque* it would take a better linguist and a better Anatolian than the present reviewer to decide, but a comparison of Mrs. Jackson's text page by page with the original proves it to have been executed with fidelity and good taste. It is not her fault if in our sprawling tongue some of the simplicity and finality of the original is lost.

It is surprising to find Mr. W. J. Locke's introduction a mere eulogy in general terms without one word as to the peculiar relations of his own work to that of Anatole France. Mr. Locke quite obviously and notoriously owes his literary life to France. Much of Mr. Locke is only France expanded, expurgated, platitudinised, sentimentalised and supplied with mannerisms. How he could write that introduction without making any acknowledgment on this point and without any reference to certain conspicuous identities and derivations it is hard to understand. Surely he need not have been ashamed of his origin. Nobody blames him for borrowing from France in plot, characters and ideas or even for trying to reproduce that intimately personal thing, his style. "It is a style," says Mr. Locke, "in which beauty and irony are so subtly interfused as to make it perhaps the most alluring mode of expression in contemporary literature." It was excusable therefore, that he should try and help himself to it. However, Mr. Locke may have thought the matter well enough known to go without saying.

Whatever one may miss of France in the English text of *La Reine Pédauque*, he will find there very much alive in one of the most delightful characters in contemporary fiction, namely, that famous combination of rascal and saint, M. L'Abbé Jérôme Coignard, defined by

some as the Gallic Falstaff. Not a very accurate definition, it would seem, for on the one hand the Abbé lacked the flesh and the fun and the robust intellect of Falstaff, and on the other he was above all a man of God and invariably won back all that he lost to the devil. Falstaff feared for his soul and died thinking the red in Bardolph's nose was the approach of hell-fire. But the Abbé, after each sinful pleasure of the flesh, bought the pleasures of the spirit by repentance. He died in the odour of sanctity.

It is to be observed, my son, that the greatest saints were the penitents, and as repentance is in proportion to the fault, in the greatest sinners is found the stuff of the greatest saints. I could illustrate this doctrine with a great number of admirable examples, but I have said enough to make you understand that the primary substance of saintliness is concupiscence, incontinence, every impurity of the flesh and spirit. It needs but, having collected your material together, to work it up according to the theological art, to shape, so to speak, into the form of repentance, which is the affair of years, of days, and sometimes of a single moment, as may be seen in the case of perfect contrition. Jacques Tournebroke, if you have well understood me, you will not wear yourself out in wretched efforts to become an honest man, according to the way of the world, but you will apply yourself solely to the satisfying of divine justice.

There are plenty of charming rogues in fiction, but you will find few of them who put the righteous so thoroughly in the wrong as the Abbé Coignard. Virtue according to him is a mundane luxury, difficult to attain, but dangerous to its possessor, giving him a conceit of himself, hardening his heart. It does not befit the humble Christian to pursue virtue, for that is to pattern himself after a mere passing moral fashion and to neglect God. There is an impiety in thinking the Church cannot save you, no matter what you do. Therefore, go the ways of the flesh, gathering the material for repentance. And on this firm theo-

logical basis of M. Abbé is a thief, spender, liar, libertine, glutton, drunkard and traitor, everything but a hypocrite. He is always ready to admit his sins and to prove how necessary a part they are of his candidacy for redemption. And despite his squalid adventures, the cudgellings he deservedly receives, the exposures and disgrace, he is never by any chance either mean or ridiculous. There seems not the slightest inconsistency in his pupil's narrative, which while writing him down an utter scamp comments upon him as a saint.

But none, to my thinking, equals in genius the good master I had the misfortune to lose on the Lyons road; none recalls that incomparable elegance of thought, the sweet sublimity, that amazing richness of a soul always overflowing and pouring forth like the urns of those personified rivers one sees in marble in the gardens; none offers me that inexhaustible wellspring of knowledge and morals where I had the happiness to slake the thirst of my youth; none gives me even the shadow of that grace, that wisdom, that vigour of thought which shone in Monsieur Jérôme Coignard. Him I hold for the kindest soul that ever blossomed on this earth.

C. M. Francis.

III

GENERAL JUBAL A. EARLY'S "NARRATIVE OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES"*

THAT a man who was graduated from West Point and had served in the Seminole and Mexican wars was well equipped to write as an expert of the portion of the Civil War in which he was engaged, would have been conceded by all. That a man who actually opposed secession until his own State had passed the ordinance of secession should hold himself above public clamour and popular passion was to have been expected. But that at the close of a long conflict in which he was almost con-

*General Jubal A. Early. Autobiographical Sketch and Narrative of the War Between the States. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott.

stantly in camp or field or hospital—a conflict as fierce in vituperation as in actual encounter—such a man could set down amid the wreckage of his cause, his State, and his home, and write the story of that war in a calm spirit, for the most part undisfigured by passion and uncoloured by prejudice, is amazing. It stamps General Early as a rare and notable soul.

He claims for his narrative the sole merit of truthfulness. But the mere fact of a narrative conceived in such a spirit must give it far more merit than this. Besides the weight and fascination of all personal utterance upon great achievements, especially when delivered with an air of moderation and exactness, here is an utterance that is as clear and downright and as blunt as Cæsar's. Indeed, the book is in Cæsar's temper. Beyond seeing cause enough for the failure of the South in the tremendous odds it had to face, he does not engage in speculation; he states only what he saw and did, for the benefit of the future historian.

General McClellan, he thinks, was by long odds the ablest commander the Northern forces had in Virginia. But McClellan wrote patent absurdities about his campaign before Richmond when he said that his army of 105,000 men had to face one of 180,000. That the Confederate government, with its limited means, its blockaded ports, its population of less than six million, could assemble this enormous army to meet only one of several large armies of invasion was ridiculous; and if it could have got the men, where were the arms to come from? The truth is that in McClellan's campaign the armies were more nearly equal than they ever were again. McClellan was always, on paper, egregiously overestimating his antagonist. General Lee reported forty thousand men at Antietam, and General Early gives detailed reasons for thinking it only thirty, but McClellan reported to Congress that the enemy numbered almost one hundred thousand.

When it was discovered after Gettysburg and Vicksburg that exchange of

prisoners was more favourable to South than to North (since all of the Southerners were in arms and no more could be drafted), President Lincoln refused to allow exchange or to recognise parole—hoping, furthermore, that the guarding and sustenance of prisoners would prove an extra embarrassment to the South. This was warfare, and General Early says no more in censure than that it was against all civilised precedent. But, he says, if it is charged that our prisoners suffered, who is responsible for that suffering? Was it to be expected that we should turn our prisoners loose to fight against us again? Or that men reduced by the acts of a foe to the very verge of starvation and nakedness should treat their prisoners better than they could treat themselves—especially while their wives, children, mothers, and sisters were starving? Many a time he, a brigadier-general and not a private, went for two days on a small uncooked piece of bacon and a biscuit. Why should the fare they got habitually—when they were lucky—be regarded when furnished to a sick or wounded Federal as evidence of a barbarous purpose to cause his death? Why, too, should a barefoot soldier—and they were all barefoot—hesitate to strip the shoes from the feet of his fallen enemy to enable him to go on with the task of recovering his own? It was the policy of the North to circulate reports of the ill-treatment of imprisoned, wounded, and dead, in order to secure a heartier support at home and more obstinate resistance at the front. This, too, is warfare; and against this policy he has nothing to say. But now that the war is over, it is well to allow those passions to subside by which the North was intoxicated in the existence of actual hostilities. Yet all those devices which were resorted to during the war to fix upon us the stigma of barbarous treatment of the prisoners in our hands, are still (about the year 1870) kept alive by the press.

This book is a great achievement for any man and a distinct contribution to history.

A. de Vivier.

IV

IGNATIUS BALLA'S "THE ROMANCE OF THE ROTHSCHILDS"*

BECAUSE the magic of new wealth is constantly dangled before his eyes, the average American has come to believe that his countrymen have a monopoly on millions. To be sure we have had many an over-night mining Cræsus, to say nothing of the gilded achievements of that line of valiant money princes that ranges from the first of the Astors down through John D. Rockefeller. But most of our financial captains operated in a restricted sphere; there was nothing of the kindling vision of a world-wide domain about them. Their only contact with the larger affairs of state was to influence legislation or to corrupt the official.

It is only when you turn to such a romance as the Rothschilds present that you get the true proportions of the great money drama, and it is as fascinating in its detail, as thrilling in its suspense and as vivid in its panorama as the most stirring play that the imagination ever projected. For here is the real epic of financial supremacy; the story of the billion bulwarked autocracy whose sceptre has been gold; whose royal decree has been the bank-note; whose weapon has been credit. Their clients have been kings and princes; they have held the balance of war and peace; across their desks have passed the destinies of nations. When the final money-muster of the world is taken this family will stand out as the most amazing example of the attainment of enormous wealth. It has been achieved by shrewd speculation, perseverance, and fraternal unity aided by circumstance and wit.

Most people are familiar with the principal facts in the Rothschild story; how old Maier Amschel Rothschild laid the foundation of the great banking system in the little house with the red shield in the Jewish-street of Frankfort; how he called his five stalwart sons to him

*The Romance of the Rothschilds, by Ignatius Balla. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

on his death-bed and admonished them to be true to the law of Moses; remain united to the end; heed the counsel of their mother and to intermarry; how, like Napoleon distributing states to his brothers and marshals, he parcelled out the five financial capitals to his boys, and how they and their children's children kept the faith.

Mr. Balla rehearses most of this story, giving practically all the well-known Rothschild anecdotes and some that seem to be new. He tells, among other things, what appears to be a fresh and illuminating story about the wife of the founder of the line who is only known in history as a sweet-faced, pious old lady, very orthodox in religion, who refused to leave the old house even after her sons were barons and the friends and associates of kings. One day a Frankfort woman came to her in great distress.

"War is breaking out," she moaned, "and they will take my only son, as I cannot pay the money to release him from military service."

The aged Jewess smilingly consoled the distressed mother with these words:

"Do not be afraid; there will be no war. My sons will not provide the money for it."

This little anecdote is very significant of the immense power that the Rothschild wielded all over Europe.

Mr. Balla devotes much space to Nathan Rothschild, founder of the English house, hero of that oft-repeated story of Waterloo, for it was he who capitalised the defeat of Napoleon, hurrying to England post haste from the battlefield, the only messenger, for the moment, of Wellington's triumph. But, as everybody knows, he kept the secret to himself, gave the impression of defeat; and in the depressed and panic-stricken market garnered in the great group of securities which rose like magic the next day with the authentic news of the overthrow of the Corsican. He cleared a million pounds from this coup.

There is one new anecdote of Nathan. It concerns an operation performed on him by the famous surgeon Liston. Af-

ter the ordeal, which the banker bore without a murmur, he said to the medical man:

"Now, I suppose you expect me to pay you for the pain you have caused me. There you are mistaken. I will pay you nothing—but I ask you to accept this little memento."

With these words he handed the doctor a night cap. Liston, knowing the peculiarities of his eminent patient, accepted it without a word and put it in his pocket. In the round of visits he forgot all about his strange fee. But that night when he took it out of his pocket he heard a rustling sound, and on examining the cap he found that it contained a thousand pound note.

The freshest contribution, perhaps, so far as human interest material is concerned, that this book makes to the literature of the Rothschilds concerns Baron James, the youngest of the original five sons, who established the French branch at Paris. He was a rare and picturesque character and gifted with a sense of humour. He liked the company of literary men, and Heinrich Heine was his friend and companion.

Heine has described a visit to the banker which throws an interesting light on his personality. The poet says: "When the baron is in good mood he tries to give expression to his overflowing humour in verse. On this occasion he was particularly successful with his verse. He could not, however, find a word to rhyme with 'Constantinople,' and scratched his head as all poets do when they cannot find a word. As I am a bit of a poet myself I ventured to observe to the baron that possibly a Russian 'sable' (zobel) would rhyme with Constantinople. This did not please him, however. He declared that England would never forgive him and it might lead to a European war, which would cost the world much blood and tears, and cost him a lot of money."

Baron James, it appears, was very proud of his relations with Heine. He liked to have the poet radiate his humour at his dinners. But on one occasion he

was disappointed. The banker wanted the poet to shine on this particular evening, but he was singularly silent.

"What is the matter?" asked the Baron. "You are usually so gay and full of witty remarks."

"Quite right," responded Heine, "but to-night I have exchanged views with my German friends and my head is fearfully empty."

Baron James had many interesting adventures outside the pale of finance. The famous painter, Eugene Delacroix, struck with the banker's features, asked him to pose as a beggar in rags. The idea appealed to Rothschild and he consented. The next day he repaired to the painter's studio, attired in a costume suitable to the posing. One of the artist's pupils opened the door, and looking compassionately at the poor beggar, gave him a small coin.

The next day a flunkey, wearing the Rothschild livery, appeared at the lodgings of the pupil with the following note for him:

DEAR SIR:

You will find enclosed the capital which you handed me yesterday at the door of M. Delacroix's studio with the interest and the compound interest on it—a sum of ten thousand francs. You can cash the cheque at my bank in the Rue Lafitte whenever you like.

BARON JAMES ROTHSCHILD.

All the Rothschilds seemed to have had a rare sense of humour and withal a fine regard for courtesy. It is told of stout old Anselm, who succeeded his father in the Frankfort house, that he once paid Thorwaldsen the finest compliment ever bestowed on him. The sculptor was the guest of a large company. When Rothschild entered and beheld the fine presence of the maker of the famous "Lion of Luzerne" he said:

"You look so handsome, sir, that one would think you had made yourself."

One day a hungry wit wrote Baron Anselm as follows:

"Herr Baron, send me a thousand gulden—and forget me."

Baron Rothschild sent the money with the witty reply:

"I herewith send the sum you ask—and I have already forgotten you."

Wherever you turn in the record of the Rothschilds you see behind the glitter of their marvellous financial performance the soul and sense of real men. It was old Baron Solomon Rothschild, head of the Vienna house, who originated a story, much quoted and adapted in this country. It appears that he had a son who was one of the "gilded youth" of the town. One day the Baron had occasion to go somewhere in a hurry, and he took the first public carriage at hand. It happened to be the vehicle that his son frequently used. The cabby looked forward to receiving a fat tip. What, then, was his surprise to receive the precise fare for the journey and not a penny more. The coachman made a wry face and stood looking at the coin in his hand.

"Isn't that the correct fare?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, the fare is correct," muttered the driver, "but the young baron would have given me three or four times as much."

"Indeed," answered the Baron; "but you see my son has a wealthy father, and I have not."

Like all rich men, the Rothschilds were constantly annoyed by people who sought "tips" or openings for members of their family. The first of the English Lionels got the best of one importunate lady whom he met at a dinner. She asked the question point blank:

"What do you think is the best business for my son to take up?"

The Baron thought for a moment and then answered:

"Well, madame, in my opinion, selling matches is a very good business—if there is enough of it."

It was Nathan Mayer Rothschild—that same hero of Waterloo—who made a celebrated quip at the expense of a royal personage. This personage needed money, and of course he went to the Rothschilds. Nathan was busy writing at his desk, and he simply nodded and said, "Take a chair." The visitor sat

for a while; then he arose, and with some dignity remarked:

"Sir, do you know who I am? I am Prince Blank."

Without looking up, the old Baron swiftly said:

"Take two chairs." Then he went on with his writing.

In this record of the Rothschilds you find the thrill of great event; the glamour of court and cabal; the ever dazzling light that beats about the money throne. No world family has yet registered the peculiar achievements of the Rothschilds, for they have defied all traditions by continuous intermarriage; they have perpetuated the mighty oligarchy that grew out of speculative adventure; more significant than all this, perhaps, they have maintained through five generations the integrity and genius of the founder of the line.

Some day the really big and profound study of the Rothschilds will be produced. It will be a chapter of world statesmanship in addition to being a golden legend. Meanwhile, Mr. Balla's book is satisfying and interesting.

Isaac F. Marcossou.

V

DE MÉNEVAL'S "JOSEPHINE"*

THE idea of writing a biography of Josephine which should be her justification occurred to Baron de Méneval on account of his having come into possession of numerous letters written by her daughter, Queen Hortense, and her grandchild, who afterward became Napoleon III. He thought the accounts of her were much distorted, thanks to the shameless falsehoods circulated in the beginning; and these letters had convinced him that she was neither selfish nor perverse, but rather Napoleon's good genius. It seemed suspicious that with all the people eager to repeat harm of her, her reported infidelities were never attached to a local habitation and a name. The letter which Napoleon wrote her after

*The Empress Josephine. By Baron De Méneval. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

the divorce wherein he paid so great a tribute to her qualities should silence her detractors unless they were willing to admit him the blindest as well as the most accommodating of husbands. All her life he wrote her fondly and intimately. After ten years of marriage one would not expect the passionate letters of the first Italian campaign, but they still continued endearing. After the ceremony of her "self-abnegation" he visited her or wrote in consoling terms every day for a month; and thereafter, except for one letter about her extravagance, he never expressed dissatisfaction with her. The idea of the divorce seemed to have been only part of his obsession of consolidating the throne, and his tender personal treatment of her when the question was finally broached is supported by documentary evidence. Her attitude in his adversity shines brilliantly against that of Marie-Louise. Josephine envied her the right of following him into exile—a right which Marie-Louise never claimed—and she would probably have obtained permission to do so had not death cut short her weary days. To the last she remained dignified and charming and sweet-natured. One does not claim that she was exempt from weaknesses, says her latest biographer, but in spite of her admitted volatility of temper she played the part of a devoted wife and no one has ever denied that she brought up her children admirably.

André Théry.

VI

W. L. GEORGE'S "UNTIL THE DAY BREAK"*

WITH remarkable vividness Mr. George has traced* the career of Israel Kalisch, his red-headed Jewish hero, from the lanes of Cracow to a violent death in Piccadilly. In the course of his short life Kalisch sees many places and the representatives of many nations; all of them Mr. George is able to describe with familiarity and power. At times his local geography may be eccentric—as when,

*Until the Day Break. By W. L. George. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

on the occasion of a New York dock strike, the police achieve the somewhat unlikely feat of driving the strikers "off West Street into the back lanes of the Bowery"—but such slips do not materially impair the value of the pictures. A much more serious weakness lies in the extent to which Mr. George has surrendered himself to the jargon of Anarchy. In consequence, Israel, the red-headed boy fiddling through the streets of Cracow, Israel the violinist of a shabby Buda-Pesth restaurant, is a far more living figure than Kalisch, the unwashed philosopher, steeped in the literature of social revolt.

For Kalisch belongs to that school of heroes in fiction who absorb all learning with the avidity of a dry sponge sucking water. In this respect, indeed, he rivals Martin Eden himself. All is grist that comes to his mill and it is all ground by him into the pure flour of Anarchy. Ultimately he collects about him in London, a group of equally devoted adherents to the Cause, whose unsavoury deeds and words occupy the latter portion of the book. The sessions of this little club are calculated to convince the unphilosophic reader that in order to prepare the world for a better order it is desirable to be dirty and essential to be rude. These two qualities all the members possess abundantly, but in the end their only accomplishments are the betrayal of the least harmful of the lot and the slaughter of Kalisch and the woman who loved him.

It is scarcely probable that Mr. George himself expects the average "bourgeois" citizen to feel great sympathy with this group of Terrorists he has drawn in such detail. Such a reader will be left unmoved by the fiery speeches scattered so profusely through

the volume; his inherited belief that murder is murder and law a necessity will not be shaken by the social dogmas laid down so glibly by Kalisch and his companions. It is much more likely that this cocksureness will merely irritate him and he will regret that there is not more of human nature and less of fallacious political philosophy in the book.

For Mr. George unquestionably has the gift of description, not only of places but of men. Kalisch, egotistic, self-confident, fearless, making his way from Galicia through Hungary to starve and fight in New York, is an impressive conception. It is only when he has ceased to be an individual and become the Apostle of the Cause that he ceases to be interesting, for now the author deals no longer with a man, but with a theory. "I am not," Kalisch is made to say, "a man to whom pleasure matters;" and despite much vague talk about them, he is not, also, a man to whom love or beauty or the other things for which men live and die matter. He is merely a fanatic in a cause with which few can feel even remote sympathy. In consequence the story that is built about him appears barren and purposeless.

It is, of course, impossible to argue here the truth or falsity of Anarchy as a means of social redemption. But it is equally impossible not to regret greatly that Mr. George has elected to plunge his readers into an atmosphere which for the vast majority can be nothing short of incomprehensible. Fiction is a poor vehicle for the promulgation of complex philosophic ideas and in this case the attempt so to use it has resulted in the waste of ability and material sufficient for the making of an excellent, moving, human story.

Edward Bedinger Mitchell.

INCARNATION

BY STEPHEN HENRY THAYER

Ye have, erewhile, beheld the virgin fold
Of leaf within the bud, in maiden spring—
A pallid emerald shyly opening;
And embryo within the cloistered wold,
Like timid captive shrinking from the cold;
Ephemeral as the birdling's unfledged wing
Ere yet was there the happy heart to sing—
Foretoking the springtide's sun and mould.
So, close embosomed in the bud, is hid,
Until the ripening dawn, Love's lavish dower;
Then, charged with its dear, immemorial thrill,
By some ecstatic energy 'tis bid
To blossom—to evolve its priceless flower
And steep the heart with rose and daffodil!

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of January and the 1st of February.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
2. Joyful Heatherby. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
4. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
5. The Lost World. Doyle. (Doran.) \$1.25.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
2. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. The Little Grey Shoe. Brebner. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.

5. The Night Riders. Cullen. (Jacobs.) \$1.25.

6. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction Bridge of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

JUENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Island of Beautiful Things. Dromgoole. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Martha-by-the-Day. Lippman. (Holt.) \$1.00.
6. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
3. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.25.
4. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
5. The Reef. Wharton. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
6. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Main Currents of Modern Thought. Eucken. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
3. Pictures of the Panama Canal. Pennell. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
4. The Introduction to a New Philosophy. Bergson. (Luce.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Greyfriar's Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. Æsop's Fables. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
2. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.25.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.
4. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. Joyful Heatherby. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
3. Americans and Others. Repplier. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.10.
4. Pictures of the Panama Canal. Pennell. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.
3. Wings and Stings. Daulton. (Rand, McNally.) 50 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.

2. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.25.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.
4. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
6. The Place of Honeymoons. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
2. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
5. Ranching for Sylvia. Bindloss. (Stokes.) \$1.30.
6. Joyful Heatherby. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
2. A Wanderer in Florence. Lucas. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.
3. In the Courts of Memory. Heggermann-Lindencrome. (Harper.) \$2.00.
4. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Secret of Clan. Brown. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
2. Boy Scouts of Berkshires. Eaton. (Wilde.) \$1.00.
3. Young Continentals at Monmouth. McIntyre. (Penn.) \$1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.
3. The Honourable Mrs. Garry. De la Pasteur. (Dutton.) \$1.35.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
6. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
2. This, That and The Other. Belloc. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

3. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
4. The Story of a Roundhouse and Other Poems. Masefield. (Macmillan.) \$1.30.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
2. Corporal Cameron. Conner. (Doran.) \$1.25.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. A Wall of Men. McCarter. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
5. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
3. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) \$6.00.
4. The Story of a Roundhouse. Masefield. (Macmillan.) \$1.30.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Nancy Lee. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.20.
3. The Mountain Divide. Spearman. (Scribner.) \$1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
4. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.

5. Joyful Heatherby. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. Smoke Bellew. London. (Century Co.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.30.
3. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Revell.) \$1.25.
4. The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
5. George Helm. Philips. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Lucky Pehr. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.50.
2. Easter. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.50.
3. The Quiet Courage. Appleton. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.00.
4. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre of Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Chatterbox. (Dana, Estes.) \$1.25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
3. Martha-by-the-Day. Lippman. (Holt.) \$1.00.
4. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. Joyful Heatherby. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Blue Bonnet's Ranch Party. Elliott. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Quarter Back Reckless. Williams. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
3. Change Signals. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Heroine in Bronze. Allen. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
4. Charge It. Bacheller. (Harper.) \$1.00.
5. The Reef. Wharton. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
6. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Rolling Stones. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
2. The Daughter of Heaven. Loti. (Duffield.) \$1.25.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
4. Human Confessions. Crane. (Forbes.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. A Texas Blue Bonnet. Jacobs. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 40 cents.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Voice. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.00.
2. The Outpost of Eternity. Hamilton. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
3. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) \$1.35.
4. Friar Tuck. Mason. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.35.
5. When Dreams Come True. Brown. (Fitzgerald.) \$1.25.
6. Martha-by-the-Day. Lippman. (Holt.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
3. The Potato. Grubb. (Doubleday, Page.) \$2.00.
4. Sun Yat Sen. Cantlie and Jones. (Revell.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Nancy Lee. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.20.
2. The Boy with U. S. Fisheries. Wheeler. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.35.
3. With Carson and Frémont. Sabin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
2. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.

4. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
6. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) \$6.00.
4. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.30.

JUVENILES

1. Uncle Peter-Heathen. Stapp. (McKay.) \$1.00.
2. The Kewpies and Dotty Darling. O'Neill. (Doran.) \$1.25.
3. Silver Fox Farm Series. Otis. (Crowell.) \$1.20.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. Joyful Heatherby. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.
3. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
4. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
6. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.
4. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Typhoon. McConaughy. (Fly.) \$1.25.
6. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. A Montessori Mother. Canfield. (Holt.) \$1.25.
2. Humanly Speaking. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. The Woman Movement. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
4. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. Atlantis. Hauptmann. (Huebsch.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Abe Martin's Almanac. Hubbard. (Abe Martin Pub. Co.) \$1.00.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
3. The Call of the Carpenter. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. Christianizing the Social Order. Rauschenbusch. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Mermaid's Gift. Brown. (Rand, McNally.) \$1.25.
3. Crofton Chums. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Education of the Will. Payot. (Funk and Wagnalls.) \$1.60.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
3. Everybody's St. Francis. Egan. (Century Co.) \$2.50.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Change Signals. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. My Robin. Burnett. (Stokes.) 50 cents.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Heart of an Orphan. Mathews. (Fitzgerald.) \$1.00.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
3. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. This Stage of Fools. Merrick. (Kernerley.) \$1.20.
5. The Heroine in Bronze. Allen. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
6. Rolling Stones. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Art. Rodin. (Small, Maynard.) \$7.50.
2. Poems and Prose Dramas. Moody. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$3.00.
3. Introduction to Metaphysics. Bergson. (Putnam.) \$1.00.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.25.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
3. The Heroine in Bronze. Allen. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.35.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
4. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. The Upas Tree. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.00.
6. Out of the Wreck I Rise. Harradan. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.
5. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Dragoman. Stiles. (Harper.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
5. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) \$1.35.
6. Atlantis. Hauptmann. (Huebsch.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
3. In the Courts of Memory. Hegermann-Lindencrone. (Harper.) \$2.00.
4. Sun Yat Sen. Cantlie and Jones. (Revell.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Kewpies and Dotty Darling. O'Neill. (Doran.) \$1.25.
2. Mother Goose in Holland. Post. (Jacobs.) \$1.25.
3. Billy Pop-gun. Winter. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.00.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
2. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.25.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. The Pictures of Polly. Courtney. (Harper.) \$1.00.
5. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
6. The Reef. Wharton. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
2. The Letters of George Meredith. (Scribner.) \$4.00.

3. The Three Brontës. Sinclair. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$3.00.
4. The Last Leaf. Hosmer. (Putnam.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Tale of Mr. Tod. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
3. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
4. Nonsense Novels. Leacock. (Lane.) \$1.00.
5. The Dragoman. Stiles. (Harper.) \$1.30.
6. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
3. Cobb's Anatomy. (Doran.) 70 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Peter Rabbit Books. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.30.
5. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
6. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Maidens Fair. Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) \$3.50.
3. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) \$6.00.
4. Just So Stories. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
3. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.

2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.30.
4. The Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.25.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Old Time Belles and Cavaliers. Sale. (Lippincott.) \$5.00.
2. The Sunshine of Life. Woolard. (McCormick Press.) 50 cents.
3. General Jubal A. Early. (Lippincott.) \$3.50.
4. What All the World's a Seeking. Trine. (Crowell.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Lieut. Ralph Osborne. Beach. (Wilde.) \$1.50.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. An Island Secret. McAllister. (Dana, Estes.) \$1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
4. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
5. Ranching for Sylvia. Bindloss. (Stokes.) \$1.30.
6. Joyful Heatherby. Erksine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
2. The Land of Footprints. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. Woman in the Making of America. Bruce. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Polly. Wilkinson. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
2. Boy Scouts of Woodcraft Camp. Burgess. (Penn.) \$1.00.
3. The Lucky Sixpence. Knipe. (Century Co.) \$1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Joyful Heatherby. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
2. The Red Hand of Ulster. Birmingham. (Doran.) \$1.20.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

4. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
5. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.
6. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. The South Pole. Amundsen. (Keedick.) \$10.00.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
4. The Flowing Road. Whitney. (Lippincott.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Master of the Oaks. Stanley. (Revell.) \$1.25.
5. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
6. The Lost World. Doyle. (Doran.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.30.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
6. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Gill.) \$1.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
3. The Montessori System. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
4. Fifty Years in Oregon. Geer. (Neale.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Chatterbox. (Estes.) 90 cents.
2. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.
3. Army Boy in Pekin. Kilbourne. (Penn.) \$1.20.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.35.
2. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
6. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
3. The Flowing Road. Whitney. (Lippincott.) \$3.00.
4. Panama and the Canal To-day. Lindsay. (Page.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
4. Joyful Heatherby. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
5. The Little Grey Shoe. Brebner. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
3. In the Courts of Memory. Hegermann-Lindencrone. (Harper.) \$2.00.
4. Lincoln's Own Story. Gross. (Harper.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.35.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.
4. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. Friar Tuck. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Daughter of Heaven. Loti. (Duffield.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.
3. The Upas Tree. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.00.
4. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.00.
6. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
3. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
4. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
3. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

2. Auction Bridge. Montgomery. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
3. Fine Points of Auction Bridge. Irwin. (Putnam.) \$1.00.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Nora Square Accounts. McKinley. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Mother West Wind's Animal Friends. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.
3. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
4. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) \$1.35.
5. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) \$1.20.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Star-Treader. Smith. (Robertson.) \$1.25.
2. Woman in the United States. Constant. (Robertson.) 80 cents.
3. San Francisco. Purdy. (Elder.) \$2.50.
4. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Betty Wales Series. Ward. (Penn.) \$1.20.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
2. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
6. The Heroine in Bronze. Allen. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. Rhymes of a Rolling Stone. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.00.
4. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Azalea. Peattie. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.00.
3. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.30.
4. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
2. A Montessori Mother. Fisher. (Holt.) \$1.25.
3. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
4. Fine Points of Auction Bridge. Irwin. (Putnam.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy with U. S. Fisheries. Wheeler. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.50.
2. Just So Stories. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) \$2.50.
3. Peggy Owen and Liberty. Madison. (Penn.) \$1.25.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

FICTION

1. Joyful Heatherby. Erksine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
5. The Lapse of Enoch Wentworth. Curtis. (Browne.) \$1.25.
6. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Westminster Co.) \$1.25.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (McLeod.) \$1.35.
3. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
4. The Long Patrol. Cody. (Briggs.) \$1.25.

5. Sunshine Sketches. Leacock. (Bell and Cockburn.) \$1.25.
6. Black Creek Stopping House. McClung. (Briggs.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Rhymes of a Rolling Stone. Service. (Briggs.) \$1.00.
2. Reminiscences of Cartwright. (Briggs.) \$3.00.
3. Public Men and Public Life in Canada. Young. (Briggs.) \$4.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.30.
3. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
4. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. The Return of Peter Grimm. Belasco. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann the Iconoclast. (Herz.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
3. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
4. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
3. By-Paths of Collecting. Robie. (Century Co.) \$2.40.
4. Americans and Others. Repplier. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.10.

JUVENILES

1. The Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Old Mother West Wind. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st on any list receives	10
" " " 2d " " " "	" " " "	8
" " " 3d " " " "	" " " "	7
" " " 4th " " " "	" " " "	6
" " " 5th " " " "	" " " "	5
" " " 6th " " " "	" " " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.....	232
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25	204
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.....	200
4. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.....	111
5. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.....	94
6. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.....	84

THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

APRIL, 1913

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

A great part of the Chronicle and Comment of our May issue will be devoted to new authors, above all to authors whose first books are appearing on the publishers' lists for the spring and early summer. We are not introducing these authors as the Hardys, Howellses, Barries, Kiplings of to-morrow, but we venture the prophecy that at least one or two of these newcomers will, a few short years hence, be very much in the ranks of the "arrived." At that future time we hope to be able to pick up the issue of this BOOKMAN for May, 1913, with somewhat the same feeling that we take up a yellowed theatre programme of yesterday, and see in an obscure corner, playing an insignificant part, the name of a dramatic star of the first magnitude.

• • •

While there have been exceptions, as a general rule we try to confine comment to writers who have done something that is fairly worth while. At that we have not entirely escaped the criticism of giving undue attention to literary Mayflies and will o' the wisps. But consider this situation. A literary magazine that recognised only masterpieces and geniuses of the first order would soon grow exceedingly limited. A steady diet of Meredith, and Kipling, and Maeterlinck, and Hauptmann would be a substantial diet, but it would not be long before it began to pall upon the reader's palate. Then,

too, despite all the resounding literary allusions to the good old days, the brave old days, there never was a time when the scribe of the second flight, yes, and of the third flight, deserved so much attention—when he has written so well. The present age may not be producing a dozen *Esmonds* a year, but its ephemeralities are immeasurably above, in invention and handling, the ephemeralities of any other period in history.

• • •

Two or three years ago there appeared a novel which, while it achieved only a fair amount of material success, left a very decided impression upon the persons who happened to read it. That book was *Predestined*. The story described with grim realism the gradual disintegration of the character of a young man in New York City, under force of circumstance and heredity. *Predestined* was Mr. Stephen French Whitman's first novel, and after its publication Mr. Whitman went to Italy to live. There he found the scene for the first part of *The Isle of Life*, his new novel, which begins in the atmosphere of modern Roman society, but is shifted to a little lawless Mediterranean island near Sicily. Mr. Whitman is a Princeton man of the class of 1901. He began his literary career on the humorous paper of the undergraduates, *The Tiger*, which he edited in his senior year. After leaving the

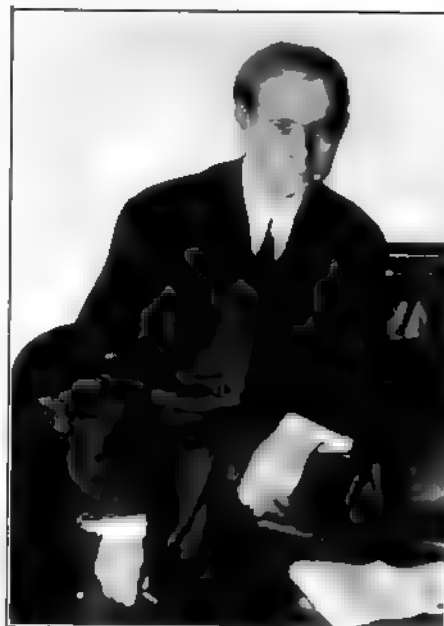
University he went to the *Evening Sun* of New York as a reporter, but was soon lured away from straight journalism into the writing of fiction.

• • •

Recently, in speaking of his first connection with literature, as editor of the *Princeton Tiger*, Mr. Whitman remarked upon the fact that the same old jokes had the habit of coming back from year to year with striking regularity. His theory is, that the succeeding college generations, taken as a whole, closely resemble one another, and that each year the same recurring incidents of college life have the same effect upon minds of the same sort. "There was the one about wearing paths on the campus, I remember," says Mr. Whitman. "You know that one which comes with the spring and the Keep Off the Grass sign-



STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN



ARTHUR B. REEVE

and derives its mirth from the idea of a path as a costume? Some time back in the early youth of the *Tiger's* existence a student thought of that line, and every year the little stranger was welcomed home again. I used it, of course, just to keep up the good old custom. And I suppose they are re-writing it again this spring."

• • •

Another writer from the Alma Mater of our President is Mr. Arthur B.

Reeve, whose *Craig Kennedy* stories have proved unusually popular in serial form. A

new volume of these stories under the title of *The Poisoned Pen*, has just been issued. Mr. Reeve, who is now thirty-three years of age, was educated in the public schools of Brooklyn, and there, during his high-school course, he really began his literary career by being one of the editors of his school paper, *The Recorder*. Then came four years at Princeton, where he continued his literary work in a desultory way by con-

tributing to the *Princetonian* and the *Nassau Literary Magazine*. But it was during that time that he gained his knowledge of science, for, as he says himself, he studied at Princeton, "pretty nearly everything that had an 'ology' on the end of it." After graduating from Princeton he entered the New York Law School, where he became greatly interested in criminal law!—another step in the preparation for Craig Kennedy!

• • •

Of a type of writing man that grows less astonishing and unfamiliar every day is Mr. John J. Underwood, the author of *Alaska, An Empire in the Making*. He is a practical miner, an explorer, and an adventurer in the remote places of the earth. His first *wanderlust* took him to the Coolgardie gold fields in western Australia, where, after many reverses, he became a government dispatch carrier, and at the same time acted as correspondent for Australian and English newspapers. Then the gold-field fever took him to Alaska at the time of the first wild rush into that country. He became a prospector and miner with varying fortunes, between times serving as a mail carrier during the terrible Alaskan winter, and also as a special United States Deputy Marshal. At one time he owned the world's farthest north newspaper, the *Council City News*, which sold at twenty-five cents a copy, with ivory, furs, and gold dust as acceptable mediums of exchange.

• • •

A close friend of Mr. Underwood is Governor William Sulzer, of New York State. The Governor has made fourteen trips to the Territory, where the town of Sulzer is named after him, and first met Mr. Underwood several years ago, when the latter was prospecting and investigating an alleged gold strike on the Anadir River. They travelled back to Nome together, and became firm friends. Two years later the two met in Washington, and the then Congressman showed his northern acquaintance the sights of the

city. "How do you like our town?" asked the Congressman. Underwood stared at the solid masonry of the build-



J. J. UNDERWOOD

ing. "Well, Bill," he ventured, "it looks like a permanent camp, all right."

• • •

In the career of Jeffery Farnol, now in the full flood of success and material prosperity, there were the lean years. After studying in Germany to be an engineer, and taking an art course at the South Kensington Museum in London, he decided he wanted to write, and came to America

The Lean Years



JEFFERY FARNOL

to try his fortunes here. Even in his earliest work there was the note of a certain distinction, but for some reason or other it did not hit the popular taste. There is a story of his, and a good story too, approximately twenty thousand words in length, which he was very glad to sell in New York for seventy-five dollars. While he was trying to dispose of *The Broad Highway*—ac-

cording to a publisher's statement before us one hundred and forty thousand copies of that book have been issued—and it is in its fifteenth printing—he supported his family by painting scenery at the Astor Theatre, New York. To the writing of his new novel, *The Amateur Gentleman*, Mr. Farnol devoted the best part of two years. He is a night worker. With a pot of tea at his elbow he starts



KATHLEEN NORRIS AND HER SON FRANK

in writing in his den at the top of the house about midnight, and by dawn he is usually winding up a new chapter. If he is not satisfied with his labours, the following night he rewrites.

...

Seven years have elapsed since the San Francisco Earthquake. The memory of it is brought back vividly in the following account of her first story, written by Kathleen Norris, the author of *Mother*,

The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne, and Poor Dear Margaret Kirby.

For the very first story that I ever sold to an Eastern magazine I have a curious sort of affection; it was several years in struggling to reach the public eye, and perhaps it blazed a trail for all the others, for there was no trouble at all in placing them, when it was once safely accepted and printed. When people congratulate me upon the suddenness with which I broke into the various magazines, I always have a wholesome memory of

my first effort, and its lingering life-in-death for more than four years.

It was written immediately after, and as a sort of result of, the big California earthquake. Six of us, brothers and sisters, were living in a big country house in Mill Valley at the time, about an hour's trip away from San Francisco, and although we had the full terror of the awful forty-seven seconds, and had china broken and pictures smashed, and our chimneys brought down in masses of bricks in the garden, we had no fire,—and the fire, in the city, was what added the real horror to the whole event. Friends began to stream over to our valley as soon as they could get coal-barges or lumberships to bring them out of the burning city, and for several weeks a varying number of us lived in the garden, and cooked on an out-of-door stove that had been built in the woods near the house.

Among the very first of the arrivals was an enterprising, long-haired youth, with well-known literary aspirations, to whom the brilliant thought had occurred that in this calamity was the opportunity for which we had all been longing; no Eastern editor could possibly resist articles and stories sent straight from the scene to which the eyes of all the civilised world were turning in pity and sorrowful interest. Every one with even a faint leaning toward literature began to scribble madly; the earthquake was on Wednesday. By Saturday, to my personal knowledge, a dozen articles were on their way to New York. James Hopper's story was one of these, and the account by Cecil Chard, in *Harper's Weekly*. The photograph of the long-haired young man himself, seated and writing at a typewriter amid the cinders falling in Union Square, appeared with his story in one of the monthlies—*The American* or *Everybody's*, I think, but cannot quite remember.

Mine alone was returned. My only refuge was to say, as I did at once, that my particular style did not adapt itself very well to a mere recital of facts, my realm was fiction, pure and simple. I withdrew from the circle of exulting writers, and pounded out my first story, *What Happened to Alanna*, and sent it, in turn, to a representative half-dozen of the magazines. It came back regu-

larly, with printed slips, so I gave up fiction, and went into Red Cross work, and then settlement work, after the fire, and finally into straight reporting.

But after our marriage, nearly four years ago, my husband found the unfortunate story, and liked it, and sent it privately to about twenty editors, even to daily papers. When he added these twenty dismal failures to its already humiliating history, it seemed to me that we had given *What Happened to Alanna* a reasonably fair trial. However, Mr. Norris was not as sensitive about it as I was, he took his alphabeted list of the magazines that had refused it, and began the whole process over again.

It went out in duplicate, and this time the two editors who got it both wanted it, and other editors, when *Alanna* made her bashful little bow through the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, more than two years ago, wrote and asked about her. And since then it has all been plain sailing; extremely delightful and well worth the long wait.

But I never again have used the "material" supplied by the earthquake, and I don't believe I ever will!

...

Mr. Eden Phillpotts, whose talent finds its happiest opportunities in the diverse characters and rugged circumstances of Dartmoor, has written another novel, which he has had in mind to write for twenty years, entitled *Widcombe Fair*. In this "modest comedy," as he terms it, he brings out that genial aspect of the people of the moor which has perhaps not been very evident in his earlier works, treating of that romantic region. *Widcombe Fair* will be published in this country early in April.

...

Speaking of that corner of England which is so closely associated with Mr. Phillpotts's work, a surprising number of England's greatest sons, statesmen, inventors, explorers, theologians, artists and men of letters own Devon as their birthplace.

**Phillpotts's
New Book**

**Men of
Devon**



EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Sir Walter Raleigh, Miles Coverdale, the Coleridges, the Froudes, Keats, and Blackmore are but a few of the personages whose early years at least were spent in this county, according to Francis Gribble, who in his forthcoming book, *The Romance of the Men of Devon*, takes up the towns of Devon one

at a time, and discusses the distinguished men who belonged to them. The book is described as not professing the completeness of many county histories; the object has been to select for treatment those names that are most typical, most interesting, most provocative of curiosity.



A REPUTED BIRTHPLACE OF RUDYARD KIPLING

It is a far cry from the sedate and more than middle-aged gentleman who lives at Rottingdean Yesterday's Kipling and writes occasional fastidious stories somewhat in the manner of Henry James, back to the flamboyant youth who fired our imaginations fifteen years ago. But every now and then there is something to recall yesterday's Kipling. For example, the other day we came across the accompanying illustra-

tions in a recent issue of the *London Sketch*; and with the pictures there came to mind the sub-editor at Allahabad, slipping furtively into the paper, between advertisements and reading matter, those verses that, within a few years, were destined to ring round the world. Kipling somewhere wrote an account of the scribbling of those verses, and of his great shock when he learned that a sub-editor is paid, not to write verses, but to subedit. Neither his chief nor the manager



THE ACTUAL BIRTHPLACE OF RUDYARD KIPLING, A SMALL HOUSE ON THE SITE NOW OCCUPIED BY THE BOMBAY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

The house referred to in the first photograph as a reputed birthplace of Rudyard Kipling is the smallest there seen, just behind the "ticca-gharrie" which is driving up the street. The site of the actual birthplace is shown, in the second photograph, by Director Burns (in white), of the Grammar School, who says: "While Mr. Lockwood Kipling held the post of Modelling Professor in Bombay, his son, Rudyard Kipling, the well-known writer, was born in a small house in the compound in which the school now stands."

was greatly in sympathy, and for approval Kipling had to turn to Rukn-Din, the foreman of the paper. He was a Muslim of culture. He would say: "Your poetry very good, sir; just coming proper length to-day. You giving more soon? One-third column just proper. Always can take on third page."

And in this manner, week by week, my verses came to be printed in the paper. I was in very good company, for there is always an undercurrent of song, a little bitter for the most part, running through the Indian papers. Sometimes a man in Bangalore would be moved to song, and a man on the Bombay side would answer him, and a man in Bengal would echo back, till at last we would all be crowing together like cocks before daybreak, when it is too dark to see your fellow. And, occasionally, some unhappy Chaaszee, away in the China ports, would lift up his voice among the tea-chests, and the queer-smelling yellow papers of the Far East brought us his sorrows. The newspaper files showed that, forty years ago, the men sang of just the same subjects as we did—of heat, loneliness, love, lack of promotion, poverty, sport, and war.

...

A writer in the London Academy rather astonishes us by referring to Kipling's "A Matter of Fact" as a ghost story. Ghost Stories "The Phantom Rickshaw," "My Own Ghost Story," and even "The End of the Passage" may be so classed, but the inclusion of "A Matter of Fact" leads to the impression that some one must have been filling Mr. E. Beresford Chancellor, M.A. with some strange misinformation. Certainly none of the three journalists of the tale can be classed as a spectre, nor the captain, nor any of the crew, nor the sea serpent, "blind, white, and smelling of musk." But if Mr. Chancellor has not read "A Matter of Fact," perhaps he has read Bulwer-Lytton's "The Haunted and the Haunters," which he very justly characterises as the masterpiece in this *genre*. But we think he is wrong when he says that Bulwer's

story has become either forgotten by the present generation, if it be not wholly unknown.

...

We extend the heartiest good wishes to the recently organised The Authors' League of America, and hope that the new society may achieve all kinds of admirable reforms.

We look forward hopefully to that golden time when author and publisher will be in absolute accord, when there will be no more misunderstandings, when the profits of both will be vastly increased, and when everybody will be perfectly satisfied. The Authors' League of America may contribute to bring about that happy era. Certainly its prospectus is impressive. The names of the members of its Council are in the main very dignified names. In its expression of its aims and aspirations it is fair speaking but—in this matter we hold a brief neither for the author nor for the publisher—it seems to present just one side of the story.

...

In the opening sentence of the two pages devoted to explaining the needs of such an organisation the prospectus of the Authors' League of America points out that "the writer, owing to his temperament, his lack of business training, and his frequent isolation from other members of his profession, is especially unfitted to drive a good bargain with those who buy his manuscripts." When we read that and then turn back to the list of thirty names two pages before we cannot feel profoundly touched. This is not flippancy. Seriously we regard those men and women as very good business men and business women indeed whose knowledge of the business of publishing, its risks and its profits, is quite as sound as that of the average publisher. The prospectus goes on to say that the writer "after he has mastered his art has to learn the trade of making his work remunerative." We respectfully submit that, with a few exceptions, after a writer has thoroughly "mastered his art,"

he usually has very little more to learn. Our decided impression is that the unfortunate tendency of the day is for the writer to study the trade of making his work remunerative first, with the mastering of his craft as a second thought.

• • •

In the matter of most of the evils pointed out in the prospectus—indefiniteness as to second serial rights, book rights, dramatic rights, foreign rights and moving picture rights,—and the re-selling of a manuscript by the magazine which originally bought it—we are in thorough sympathy with the Authors' League of America. Any movement designed to straighten out tangled knots and throw clear light on what is obscure must be commended. But if the society aims at enforcing one kind of contract in every agreement between author and publisher, it is making a mistake, and a mistake that will work injury to the kind of author the society professes to want to help more than to any one else. Mr. A. B. C., to indicate in that way any one of several men whose names appear in the Council of the new organisation, may sell his next novel under a contract which is rigidly just to both author and publisher. A similar contract between the same publisher and Mr. X. Y. Z., the author of a first book, or of two other books that sold approximately seven hundred and fifty copies each, would be outrageously unfair to the publisher, and to disseminate the idea that Mr. A. B. C.'s contract is the right kind of a contract is likely to work serious harm to the author who has not yet arrived. Recently we have heard of several cases of perfectly equitable contracts offered by reputable publishing houses to unknown authors being returned with the brief comment "terms most unsatisfactory." Furthermore, we think we have seen a connection between this discontent and a general impression which has grown out of the activities of the League.

• • •

For the sake of those very persons whose interests it aims to advance we

hope that the Authors' League of America will go a step farther and, in defining the author's rights, define also his responsibilities. In the first place, every member of that Council knows perfectly well that in seven out of ten cases the lion's share of the net profits of a best seller of to-day goes to the author and not to the publisher. That is a simple truth that should be disseminated just as widely as any of the abuses to which the prospectus calls attention. Also if publishers have often been guilty of sharp practice there have been cases where the writer himself has been far from scrupulously fair, times when he has shirked his duties and not been overmuch ashamed of it. Then, too, there is that little paragraph in the prospectus asking, "How long can an editor keep a manuscript before deciding upon it without redress from the author?" That, too, deserves a footnote. Is the manuscript solicited or unsolicited, and what constitutes a reasonable amount of time? The organisers of the Authors' League know perfectly well that eighty-five out of every hundred unsolicited contributions to publishing houses and magazines are absolutely unavailable. They know that at considerable expense a publisher receives, considers and returns these. Consequently, in strict fairness they should be quite explicit on this and similar points if they wish to avoid stirring up unrest and a sense of personal wrong in the minds of the eighty-five per cent. of those who cannot write and never will be able to write against the publisher at whose hands they have received, as a rule, a consideration which they would not be likely to receive in any other line of business activity.

• • •

Here is a story which has been told in the *BOOKMAN* before. Against the wall of one of the rooms of the Authors' Club of New York there hangs an eighteenth century print. This print is entitled "Author and Publisher." The publisher lolls in a great arm-chair, the personification of arrogance and material prosper-

ity. The author stands, hat in hand, emaciated and ill clad. One evening, some years ago, a certain member of the House of Harper was noticed standing before this print, studying it intently. Finally he was heard to mutter: "Outrageous! Perfectly outrageous!" "What is outrageous?" some one asked. "Why," replied Mr. Harper, pretending to misunderstand the purport of the print, and not at all ill pleased at the opportunity of thrusting at what he regarded as the reversed conditions of the present day, "just see how shamefully the fat author is bullying the lean publisher." As we say, we have told that story before. But somehow it comes to mind as we turn

over the pages of the prospectus of the Authors' League of America.

• • •

An anecdote concerning Mark Twain that Albert Bigelow Paine seems to have overlooked in his *Life* is related by Weedon Grossmith in his new volume of reminiscences entitled *From Studio to Stage*. Grossmith was responsible for bringing about a reconciliation between Mark Twain and the French humourist, Max O'Rell. One day in 1895 the actor was smoking in the lounge of a hotel in Broadstairs, England.

Who should suddenly appear before me with extended hand but Max O'Rell, with



A FIVE MINUTES' SKETCH OF WEEDON GROSSMITH BY CARUSO

the usual remark when one man meets another at a seaside hotel, "What are you doing here?" as if one was there under false pretences. I explained I was "resting," which is English for "an actor out of work." Max O'Rell told me he was lecturing throughout England and was delighted at the success he was having.

During our conversation to my astonishment who should enter the lounge but Mark Twain. I jumped from my seat and grasped him firmly by the hand, welcoming him to England and exclaiming, "Who do you think is here? Max O'Rell!"

Twain looked a little embarrassed and replied, "I don't think we know each other."

"Very good," I said, thinking he was pulling my leg, "then I'll introduce you. Max O'Rell, permit me to introduce you to Mark Twain from the other side of the pond. He writes books! Twain, this is Max O'Rell. He lectures as well as writes books," and then I laughed at my own joke.

They looked at each other for a few moments without speaking or moving, and I began to realise that something was wrong and that I had somehow put my foot in it, when simultaneously they extended their hands and Twain said, "Grossmith's done it!" and Max O'Rell answered, "And a good thing too!" and they shook hands most heartily.

They told me they had quarrelled some years before about a trifling matter and had been estranged ever since. They both seemed delighted to put an end to their grievances, and I never saw two better friends, and need hardly say how delighted I was that my apparently tactless behaviour had been the means of their burying the hatchet and renewing their old friendship.

...

On one of his visits to New York Weedon Grossmith was lunching with John Drew and Mrs. Drew. The American actor had not been in England for two or three years, and was very anxious to hear of numerous friends of his at the Beefsteak Club of London, of which he was a member.

"How is Col. So and So?" he would ask.

"Alas!" I had to reply, "he died nearly a year ago."

"That's bad; and how's dear old Johnnie?"

"Ah, he's gone also," I answered.

"And how's that lively peer, Lord —?"

"Oh! he passed away three months ago."

At last Drew paused and with a very serious face said, "Say, Weedon, isn't there any member of the club only seriously ill?"

...

When Weedon Grossmith deserted the studio for the stage he played first with Rosina Vokes, and then, after a time, went with Henry Irving to take the part of Jacques Strop in *Robert Macaire*. The rehearsals were unusually trying, but the monotony was broken by an incident.

Irving would say: "Now, my boy, just try and concentrate your attention, if you can for a while, and follow my instructions. Whenever I bluster as Macaire you must always echo me. See! imitate me. Do you understand? No; I see you don't. You're not listening, my boy."

"Yes, I am, Mr. Irving," I feebly replied.

"Then use your brains," he said. "Now, you understand, you've got to imitate me. That's simple enough, isn't it? I'm the swaggering thief; you are the timid, contemptible thief; but when I swagger you must swagger too—you must imitate me."

He meant of course that I was to copy the swagger. I wish I had understood his meaning.

"Now, then, are you ready?" he shouted loudly. "Good! We don't want to stop the rehearsal again."

I plead guilty to giving a mild imitation of the great actor and was preparing my feeble mimicry when Irving, as Macaire, got into position, banged the table with his stick and shouted in the words of the play, "Hi, landlord, landlord; why the devil don't you bring some refreshment for myself and my noble friend the marquis?" "Go on," he said to me aside; "go on!"

I rushed at it, hit the table, and gave them my regular, conventional back drawing-room imitation of the great man himself. Jogging my head and waving my hands in the air, I shouted, "Hi, hi—er—er—landlord—er—er—why the devil—er—er—er—don't



ARTHUR PINERO'S ORIGINAL DRAWING FOR LORD TWEEENWAYS IN "THE AMAZONS"

you bring—er—er—some—er—er—refreshment—er—for—my—er—self and—er—er—er." I never got any further.

Fifty people on the stage collapsed—some with fear, others with laughter. Never had such a thing been known within the sacred walls of the Lyceum. The late Harry Love-day, the stage manager, turned pale with fright; the great chief glared at me for a moment with his eyes dilated and then gave me a push, saying, "Stupid fellow!" He practically pushed me off the stage.

• • •

Sir Arthur Pinero appears once or twice in these pages. After *Aunt Jack* had finished its run at the Court Theatre, London, the next play to be produced was Pinero's *The Cabinet Minister*. Grossmith was naturally anx-

ious to know if the new play would provide a part for him, and at Mrs. John Wood's suggestion went to see the playwright at the latter's home in St. John's Wood Road.

Pinero said he feared there was no part for me, but having been prompted by Mrs. John Wood, I asked if there wasn't the part of a money-lender in the play that might suit me. But Pinero answered there was such a part, but it was intended for Jack Clayton, and should be played by a big man. I was very obstinate, and said that the money-lenders I had met professionally and otherwise were mostly *small* men, and proceeded to give him my idea of how I should play and dress the up-to-date West End money-lender. I noticed, during my description, he never moved his eagle eyes from me, and

they seemed to bore through me like a gimlet. "Very well," he said at last, "come down to-morrow and have a try! Rehearsal at eleven sharp." I left the house with the firm intention of holding on to him, like the Old Man of the Sea, and never letting go till I had played the part, *which I did*.

...

It is a wise press agent who knows the progeny of his own typewriter. Not long ago the publishers of *Stover at Yale* sent out the following news note to an editor of a prominent New York paper:

How News is Made

The Austin Statesman notes editorially that following the recent agitation against college fraternities, secret societies have been abolished in two of the Southern States by act of Legislature, and that in Arkansas, also, a serious attempt has been made to get rid of them. In this connection, it is interesting to note that Woodrow Wilson's activities as president of Princeton were very much along the lines of the campaign carried on by Owen Johnson last spring by the publication of his *Stover at Yale*. Another coincidence connecting the two men is that the secretary who was with Mr. Johnson while he was writing *Stover* has now become Mrs. Woodrow Wilson's social secretary."

This note was re-written and printed by the paper as follows:

"As a result of the recent agitation against school and college fraternities engendered by Owen Johnson's *Stover at Yale* secret societies have been abolished in two Southern States by an act of legislation. An interesting coincidence in connection with the fact that Woodrow Wilson's attitude as president of Princeton corresponded with that Mr. Johnson has shown is that the author's secretary, who was with him while he was writing *Stover at Yale*, has now become the social secretary of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson."

It was copied broadcast, often with modification. The last seen of it was in the *Atlanta Constitution*, perhaps the most prominent Southern paper, where it brazenly stalked under this disguise:

ABOUT LITERARY PEOPLE

As a result of the recent agitation against school and college fraternities, engendered by Owen Johnson's *Stover at Yale*, secret societies have been abolished in ten (sic) Southern States by an act of legislation."

...

The London *Outlook*, discussing Mrs. M. M. Crawford's *The Sailor Whom England Feared*, calls

Paul Jones in Fiction

attention to the numerous appearances of Paul Jones in works of fiction. "Thackeray in *Denis Duval*, Fenimore Cooper in *The Pilot*, Dibden in a blood and thunder melodrama, the elder Dumas in the sensational novel he called *Captain Paul*, have all in turn contributed to make the world believe that America's first and most famous admiral was, in sober seriousness, the swashbuckling adventurer, swaggering bully, and successful pirate portrayed in the numberless ballads, chap books, and caricatures which the memorable sea fights between the *Ranger* and the *Drake* and the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis* gave rise to." As to matter of fact the legends that made Paul Jones the bogey of the English nurseries of 1780-1790, as Napoleon Bonaparte was the bogey of the next generation, were quite groundless. For example there was one very popular picture in England showing the ferocious Paul, adorned with an enormous pair of jet-black whiskers, in the act of "Shooting Lieutenant Grub for Endeavouring to Lower the American Flag to the *Serapis*, Captain Pearson, off Flamborough Head, Sept. 1779." The blood-curdling details in the text are solemnly vouched for "as coming from the most undoubted authority, that of Lieutenant William Grub's widow." As a matter of fact the only Grub on the roster of the *Bonhomme Richard* was "Beaumont Grub, midshipman," and as it happened Midshipman Grub was "absent and not in action."

Last month we were re-telling some anecdotes of the elder Dumas from Madame Judith's *Autobiography*; here is another from Jerome A. Victorien Sardou

Hart's recently published *Sardou and the Sardou Plays*. When Sardou was a young playwright the only influential man he knew in Paris was Dumas the elder. One day Victorien said to him: "Won't you give me a letter of introduction to Scribe the playwright?" "Scribe?" said the great romancer, "who is Scribe? I never heard of him." Sardou sighed, and determined to see Scribe without the letter. So he called at his house that very day, and was at once received. "Pardon my intrusion," said the young playwright, "but I had expected to bring a letter of introduction to you from M. Alexandre Dumas, the celebrated romancer." "Dumas?" interrupted Scribe, "I never heard of him; who is Dumas?"

• • •

In his prefatory note Mr. Hart speaks of Sardou's troubles at the hands of translators. Most of the versions made in English from Sardou's plays have been so freely "adapted" as to depart widely from the original. *Dora*, for example, was turned into *Diplomacy*; the scene was transferred from France to England; the diplomatic intrigues of the German Foreign Office were replaced by Anglo-Russian plots concerning the Russo-Turkish War; two strangers in the French play were made blood brothers in the English version; many other changes were made. So with *Divorçons*, and with others of Sardou's plays: the alterations in unauthorised versions were so numerous that he complained bitterly.

• • •

In his habits of living and methods of work Sardou was most methodical. When in Paris he rose early, and between half past seven and eight was at his desk, where he remained at work for two hours. Like many French men of letters, he wore easy garments while working, attiring himself in a loose woollen suit,

slippers and a velvet cap. His day's work at Paris did not include writing. He preferred while there to do only preliminary work, as he did not find the environment of Paris favourable to composition. The actual writing he did at his country place at Marly. As a result not only of his talent as a playwright, but also of his tact as a business man, Sardou's earnings were large. He often received for his plays over 250,000 francs a year. For a single play he frequently received in the first year 150,000 francs. His more successful plays, such as *La Tosca* and *Madame Sans Gene*, netted him over half a million francs apiece.

• • •

In a recent article on Charles Reade Mr. Lewis Melville recalls Reade's "account with literature," *Reade's Account* which the novelist drew up in 1851. Reade was then thirty-seven years of age and his had indeed been a stern apprenticeship.

Item.—My family had brought me up, and educated me, till I was sixteen.

Item.—I earned my demyship, eighteen pounds a year, at seventeen.

Item.—At twenty-one I obtained my fellowship, beginning at two hundred and fifty pounds per annum, and ultimately rising to six hundred and fifty.

Item.—Eighteen years devoted to the study of dramatic art.

Now let us see what I had gained for this outlay.

Item.—*Ladies' Battle*, nil.

Item.—*Masks and Faces*, half of one hundred and fifty pounds; seventy-five pounds.

Item.—From Bentley, for book of *Peg Woffington*, thirty pounds.

In all, one hundred and five pounds. That is to say, about half-a-crown a week for eighteen years—not enough to pay for pens, ink and paper, leaving copying and shoe-leather out of the question.

Although Reade is hardly remembered by the present generation except as a novelist, almost all of his first work was done for the stage. His first success was

Masks and Faces, written in collaboration with Tom Taylor, and produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, in the winter of 1852. Later Reade turned the play into the novel known as *Peg Woffington*. It was not till 1855, when he was past forty, that he turned seriously to novel writing. In August, 1855, a great sensation was created in England by the trial and conviction of Lieutenant William Austin, Governor of Birmingham jail, for cruelty to the prisoners in his custody. Reade was appalled by the revelations, and made a study of the conditions of prison life. Very dissatisfied was he with what he learned, and he wrote *It is Never Too Late to Mend* to expose the abuses of the system.

...

Reade was now fairly launched upon his career as a writer of fiction, and he published in rapid succession *The Course of True Love Never Did Run Smooth* (1857), *Jack of All Trades* (1858), *The Autobiography of a Thief* (1858), *Love me Little, Love me Long* (1859), and *White Lies* (1860). *The Cloister and the Hearth* appeared in 1861, and two years later *Hard Cash*, in which he exposed the danger to the community of sanctioning private lunatic asylums. Of his later books, *Griffith Gaunt* (1865), was violently attacked by those whom Reade denounced as "prurient prudes"; and *Foul Play* (1869), which dealt with the scuttling of ships by owners desirous to draw the insurance.

...

Reginald Wright Kauffman, whose new novel, *Running Sands*, has just been published, told interestingly of one significant period of his career as a social reformer in the introduction to *The Girl That Goes Wrong*. After some years of work in other cities, he rented rooms in a tenement house of the East Side of the City of New York, and there he and his wife went to live. They embarked on this work with a capital of less than \$75, and relied for their support on the returns

from casual contributions to magazines. Twice, because of arrears in rent, they were served with notices to leave. In one tenement they occupied a place on the top floor. It was called the model tenement, but a generous hole in the roof supplied a constant pool of water, with results that proved nearly fatal.

I protested. No repairs were made. I stopped paying rent. The agent came to the house and sent up word that he wanted to see us. As it happened that I had been hurt in a little affair the night before, I returned a message to the effect that if he wanted to see me he could climb to the seventh story.

The agent climbed and arrived panting and furious. He was a thin, sleek man in a comfortable fur coat. When I explained my trouble, he laughed.

"Why," he said, "any roof is likely to leak. I have a leak even in my own home right now."

"All right," I answered, "I'll trade you residences."

He did not accept my offer.

...

In time Mr. and Mrs. Kauffman came to know well the women whom they were studying. They knew them as friends.

In one place, when we had, which was rarely, more money than we thought we ought to carry about with us into dives, we gave it for safe-keeping to a woman that had served two terms as a pickpocket. In all the cities where I studied, when there was more cash than could be immediately used—which was less than often—I could always lend it to the girls, with the absolute certainty of repayment. And, go where we would, when we were in need of more money than we had on hand—which was the most frequent situation of all—we could borrow small amounts from these women. From positions of such intimacy I studied the problem before me in all its phases—in houses, flats, tenements, and in the darkened streets and doorways; from the places patronised by clubmen to those patronised by sailors, peddlers, and thugs—and although we found that conditions were in some degree worse in such cities as New York and



REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

Philadelphia than in certain other towns, that difference, when it existed, was always one of degree and never one of kind.

• • •

At St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, Reginald Wright Kauffman was for three years editor of the school magazine, in direct succession to Marion Crawford, Owen Wister, and Arthur

Train. But Kauffman's editorship ended abruptly when he printed an appreciation of Hardy's *Jude the Obscure*. After a brief career at Harvard he attempted to study law, but soon turned to journalism. His first position was that of reporter on the *Philadelphia Press*, under the regime of Charles Emery Smith, when the work on that paper of Stephen Crane and



THE LATE JOAQUIN MILLER

Richard Harding Davis was still remembered. Later, in 1904, Mr. Kauffman became associated with the staff of the *Saturday Evening Post*. There he was in turn a manuscript reader, a "copyist," editor, and the writer of most of the epigrams published under the title of "Poor Richard, Jr.'s Philosophy." He left the *Post* to become critic of the *Philadelphia North American*, and then started out as a free lance.

...

Thomas Maitland Cleland, the designer of our new BOOKMAN cover, has

made recently what is undoubtedly the first piece of illumination in the brown, gold chiaroscuro style in the correct manner of execution, since the artists of the Italian Renaissance. It was done for the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts of New York City in the resolutions acknowledging the gift of Francis L. Leland to that institution. It took five months to execute, as much of the remarkably delicate linework was done under a magnifying glass. Mr. Cleland, who is still a young man, has long been known as the foremost master of typographic design in this country, and his work in this field recently received notable recognition in the recent Anniversary Printing Number of the *London Times*.

...

The late Joaquin Miller—the cumbersome Cincinnatus Heine which his well-meaning parents

Joaquin Miller bestowed upon him has in England long been lost in kindly oblivion — was one

American who did not disappoint Englishmen. He soon found that in the appearance of a poet from one of the Western States of the United States they expected something out of the usual, and he gave it to them. He clothed himself in a sort of Wild West costume that the English recognised at once as being the real thing, and soon all literary London was talking of the new poet. His social

success, like that of Buffalo Bill later, was astonishing. He was the hero of the clubs, and was handing down jewelled duchesses to dinner. In time some Oriental potentate or other, even more picturesquely garbed, came to town and took his place as the reigning exotic favourite. But Joaquin made what publishers call a "following" in England, and this stood him in good stead during the rest of his poetical career. But even before he found out the value of a strange attire for advertising purposes Joaquin Miller's English experiences had been unusual. The year 1870 found him kneeling at the grave of Robert Burns. Then he lived at Camberwell, because Browning was born there; then at Hemmingford Road, because Tom Hood died there.

...

Olive Tilford Dargan, whose new book of poetic dramas, *The Mortal Gods and Other Dramas*, has

Olive Tilford just been published by Dargan Charles Scribner's Sons, was born in Grayson

County, Kentucky, and went to the public schools, in which her father and mother were continuously teachers, until she was ten years old. Then, with her parents, she moved to the town of Dono-phan, Missouri, where she stayed for four years. But at the age of fourteen she herself became a teacher in the backwoods of northwestern Arkansas, a region of hills and streams. Through these years she had always hoped for a college education, but when she became eighteen her mother died; her father, now an invalid, returned to Kentucky, and her chance seemed lost. She was determined, however, and finally obtained a Peabody Scholarship, which took her to the University of Nashville, Tennessee. Two years later she was graduated, and went back to teaching, this time in Missouri and then in Texas. But her appetite for education was strong, and she found means to take a year at Radcliffe in 1894 for the study of English and philosophy. A year later she turned

again to teaching, and got a place at the Acadia Seminary, Wolfville, Nova Scotia. Later she worked as a stenographer in Boston, and then married a young South Carolinian, a Harvard student, whom she had met while at Radcliffe. Not long after she went to New York, and bent upon her literary work, remained there for some years. She is at present travelling in Europe. In all these years of varied occupation she has also engaged herself in the production of poetry.

...

A good translator is so rare, that when one is found, it would be both unfair

and unwise to withhold

Teixeira de full meed of praise.
Mattos

Consequently we take
this opportunity to al-

lude to Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mat-
tos, who is best known probably as the



OLIVE TELFORD DARGAN



ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS

official translator of the works of Maurice Maeterlinck. The demands on Mr. de Mattos's time at the present are so great that, as he does all his work by hand, he finds it necessary to begin at four o'clock in the morning, instead of at five, as was his habit until the end of last year. He is now engaged in a sweeping translation of the works of J. H. Fabre, the naturalist; in revising a novel of life in the Court circles in The Hague by the Dutch novelist Louis Couperus; in translating Maeterlinck's new volume, *Our Eternity*; in translating Madame Maeterlinck's novel, *The Choice of Life*, and her monumental essay on Helen Keller, and in translating Maurice Leblanc's latest novel in the Arsène Lupin series. Sandwiched in between these are translations of a volume of sketches written in the West Flemish dialect, and Peter Rosegger's Styrian Sketches, with an occasional official translation undertaken for the Dutch Government.



ANNE WARNER FRENCH

Anne Warner French, for a decade one of America's most prolific authors, who died recently at her home in England, Anne Warner French aged forty-four, was born and educated in St. Paul, Minnesota. *A Woman's Will* ranks as the first of her books, although it was really the third, being preceded by a family genealogy, published in

1892, and a tiny travel volume, printed two years later. It was her *Susan Clegg* stories that caught the public attention. With these stories—*Susan Clegg and her Friend Mrs. Lathrop*, *Susan Clegg and a Man in the House* and *Susan Clegg, Her Friend, and Her Neighbours*—she attained a place in the little circle of American woman humorous writers who have achieved distinction.



EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

CONFESSIONS OF AN ALBUM

ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

BY LAURA STEDMAN

IN TWO PARTS—PART I

THE public has always been more or less interested,—usually more,—in the habits, private opinions, and peculiarities of its authors, especially when they are "off duty." The press agent assures us of that. And even more convincing is an artist's daily mail, when during the year there is scarcely an intimate question which is not asked, directly or indirectly.

Bayard Taylor cites an eager listener stealing behind Washington Irving and Fitz-Greene Halleck at an evening party to overhear them discussing—Shoe-leather! To which may be added the picture of that impressionable, young woman who, at a dinner seated next to

Lord Tennyson, waited for him to break forth in some divine utterance,—“The Poet’s eye, in a fine frenzy rolling.” The first courses passed in silence; then to the wrapt young ears came the words: “I like my beef in chunks, how do you like yours?”

Looking at the other side of the picture, Sidney Smith, Dean of St. Paul’s, must have been somewhat horrified, if not amused, at a certain young girl’s interpretation of the quality of his wit, and of his discretion, when upon the completion of his solemn “grace” at a dinner, she cried out—“O, Mr. Smith, how awfully funny you are!”



LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

If it is disappointing to discover that artists are as human as less deified beings, it may well prove disconcerting to the artist to find that his personality is of far more importance, surely of greater moment, to his dear public, than his sublime art itself. There was one quaintly enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Stedman, who, upon making a pilgrimage to his home, was less interested in his books or pictures or other treasures than in the desire to know whether "the poet wore pajamas or a night-shirt."

Back in the sixties, when sentimentalism still had its day, and civilisation was young enough to find time for the art of correspondence, artists were franker in their letters—perhaps with one another—certainly delighted the more in confiding to each other their opinions and aspirations. In his *Echo Club* papers, with their famous parodies, Bayard Taylor has chronicled the "Diversions" of a little band of brilliant young authors, who passed many a Saturday evening by "talking shop" in their own ingenious way. Another far simpler form of "di-

version," of a somewhat later period, was the *Mental Photograph Album*, now antique, although modern echoings are still heard in an occasional interviewer's column. Opposite pages of the *Album* held a place for the real photograph, and a list of questions, which the victim might answer jocosely or seriously, or in both veins, according to his humour. But, as somewhere it is said, in attempting to conceal one reveals his thought, so behind the cynical, or flippant, or apparently foolish answer, there often lurks an earnestness betraying unsuspected glimpses of character. When to the question, "If not yourself, who would you rather be?" Ambassador Choate, bowing to his wife, quickly replied—"Mrs. Choate's second husband," the charm and gallant wit of our beloved statesman was never more delightful, nor his domestic felicity complimented in a happier way.

When King Edward, then the Prince of Wales, retorted that his "favourite occupation" was improving his mind, it was accepted as a delicious bit of impu-



KATE FIELD

dence, whereas, at present, we would more likely consider it a sober statement of fact.

But when reflecting upon the reason why the name of Martin Farquhar Tupper—he of amazing rise and decline—should so frequently occur in the answers given in this article, it may be timely to recall that speech, reported to have been made at a public function in New York, when he exclaimed: "America, be not afraid, *I* will protect you!"

Among the first to enter the Confessional is Richard Henry Stoddard. How rare a poet! On the night of April 16, 1870, he describes himself as *Writist*, which covers poet, author, critic, editor, journalist, Custom House and Dock Department servant, and so on. Not to forget that the lad who had welded the iron at a blacksmith's forge, in mature years moulded poems of the most delicate texture.

It is fitting that his *Photograph* should



RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Nowadays, by a hundred public ways we know much more about one another than in the naïve '60's and '70's, when private confidences were liberally indulged, but when self-exploitation was without toleration. Yet with this easy public information comes a difficulty in observing our unconscious prey; therefore, the following confessions of forty years ago, made for amusement's sake alone, may be not unwelcome. They are chosen from a *Mental Photograph Album* owned by my grandfather—Edmund Clarence Stedman.

lead off, for after their close friend Bayard Taylor, Mr. Stoddard was the first poet whom Mr. Stedman knew. He was the older and accepted singer, who, in 1860, patiently examined the manuscript of Mr. Stedman's first little book, *Poems: Lyrical and Idyllic*, and advised his friend, Mr. Scribner, to publish it. "My boy," said Mr. Stoddard later, "I understood your genius from the start." The mutual friendship deepened with the years, until both knew that it would endure, despite silence, or misunderstandings, or the grave itself. And, at

the last, when blind and deaf and dazed, bereft of wife and son, Mr. Stoddard lay dying, it was the man whom as a youth he had encouraged who sat beside his bedside far into the night.

To turn back the years to 1870, when gayety dwelt in the hearts of both, Mr. Stoddard writes that his favourite colour is *Mouse colour*.

Flower? *"A violet, by a mossy stone."*

Tree? *The Gallows Tree.*

Object in Nature? *The Sea.*

Hour in the Day? *"'Leven O'clock."*

Season of the Year? *Autumn.*

Perfume? *50 cents.*

Gem? *Gem of the Antilles.*

Style of Beauty? *Circassian.*

Names, Male and Female? *Pericles and Aspasia.*

Painters? *Fra Lippo Lippi and Wm. Blake.*

Musicians? *Those who play the D——l.*

Piece of Sculpture? *Almost any bust.*

Poets? *Nat' Lee, Martin Farquhar Tupper, Walter Whitman, Esq.*

Poetesses? *Mrs. Hemans, Miss Landon, Mrs. Sigourney.*

Prose Authors? *Dr. Cummings, Dr. Holland, and George Bancroft.*

Character in Romance? *Sir Charles Grandison.*

In History? *Ravillac.*

Book to take up for an hour? *Mrs. Leslie's Cook-Book.*

What book (not religious) would you part with last? *The Book of Days.*

What epoch would you choose to have lived in? *The era of good feeling.*

What is your favourite amusement? *Eating, Drinking, Smoking, etc.*

What is your favourite occupation? *Giving my days and nights to solemn thought.*

What trait of character do you most admire in man? *The Art of Borrowing.*

What trait of character do you most detest in each? *Ill-nature.*

If not yourself, who would you rather be? *"Brick Pomeroy."*

What is your idea of happiness? *An extra green-back "X."*

What is your idea of misery? *To be in debt for board.*

What is your bête noire? *Corns.*

What is your dream? *Love's young dream.*

What do you most dread? *Bores.*

What do you believe to be your distinguishing characteristics? *Largeness of heart and greatness of mind.*

If married, what do you believe to be the distinguishing characteristics of your better-half? *Love of approbation.*

What is the sublimest passion of which human nature is capable? *Avarice.*

What are the sweetest words in the world? *Kiss me, quick.*

What are the saddest words? *The whiskey's out!*

What is your aim in life? *Aimez-vous!*

What is your motto? *Nil desperandum.*

Mary Mapes Dodge! What magic is in the name for every grown-up so fortunate as to have been raised on that delightful magazine for young folks—*St. Nicholas*, which Mrs. Dodge edited for over thirty years with a rare knowledge of the wants of a child of any age. Then there are her own books, especially her little classic, *Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates*, published in 1865, and ever since adored, not only by English-tongued children, but by boys and girls in Holland itself, and in France, Germany, Russia, and so many other countries, into whose language it has been translated. And yet she had not seen—Holland!

It was in her young widowhood, sometime in the sixties, that whimsical, sunny, loved and loving Mary Mapes Dodge walked straight into the heart of Mr. Stedman's home, where she remained to be cherished by three generations.

In July, 1871, she writes that she prefers *crimson*.

Flower? *Lily of the Valley.*

Tree? *Elm.*

Object in Nature? *The World.*

Hour in the Day? *Sunset.*

Season of the Year? *Autumn.*

Perfume? *Violet.*

Gem? *Sapphire.*

Style of beauty? *Albino and Aztec.*

Names? *They know.*

Painters? *Ary Scheffer. Nearer by: Gifford, Hart, Vedder, Boughton.*

Musicians? *The birds before breakfast.*

Mendelssohn after supper.

Piece of sculpture? *Venus of Milo.*

Poets? *W. S., Tennyson, Morris, Emerson, Hood.*

Poetesses? *Mrs. Browning, Jean Ingelow, and Mrs. Browning.*

Prose Authors? *Thackeray, Emerson, and a dozen others "too tedious to mention."*

Character in Romance? *Froude's Henry the Eighth.*

In History? *Alfred the Great.*

Book to take up for an hour? *Emerson's Essays.*

What book (not religious) would you part with last? *This, if I were E. C. S.*

What epoch would you choose to have lived in? *The present.*

Where would you like to live? *Just where I do live.*

Favourite amusement? *That depends.*

Occupation? *Earning a living.*

What trait of character do you most admire in man? *Goodness of wisdom.*

In woman? *Wisdom of goodness.*

What do you most detest in each? *Detestableness.*

If not yourself, who would you rather be? *Don't know. Would have to step outside to inquire.*

Idea of happiness? *Procrastination.*

Of misery? *Its consequences.*

Bête noire? *A precocious child.*

Dream? *A sunny old age.*

What do you most dread? *Tupperism.*

Your distinguishing characteristics? *Not knowing them quite, not caring to name them if I do know them.*

The sublimest passion? *Indignation-in-August, thermometer at 93°.*

The sweetest words? *"Love one another."*

Saddest words? *Loved one another.*

Aim in life? *To live really.*

Motto? *"Heaven helps them as helps themselves."*

It may have been during one of her frequent visits to New York that Boston's sweet-voiced poet and author, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, gave her impressions. The friendship dates back many years, when, as she says, Mr. Stedman was good to her first book, *This, That, and the Other*, written when she

was only eighteen years old. "It is the simple truth that no one was ever so good to me before. . . . You have been my dear friend, dearer and ever dearer as the years speed on." Her fine appreciation was shown in many tender acts of friendship, to which a long correspondence testifies. Those to whom Mrs. Moulton gave of her singularly affectionate nature will recognise the sincerity of her answers. *True blue* is her favourite colour, and her flower—*Heliotrope*.

Tree? *Pine.*

Object in Nature? *The sea.*

Hour of the Day? *Twilight.*

Season of the Year? *October.*

Perfume? *Violet.*

Gem? *Opal.*

Style of Beauty? *Blonde.*

Names? *Pet names.*

Painters? *Fancy and Hope.*

Musicians? *Sweet singers of minor strains.*

Piece of sculpture? *Venus de Milo.*

Poets? *Browning and Tennyson.*

Poetesses? *Christina Rossetti and Mrs. Browning.*

Prose Authors? *Thackeray and Emerson.*

Character in Romance? *Becky Sharp.*

In History? *Abraham Lincoln.*

Book to take up for an hour? *Emerson's Essays.*

What book (not religious) would you part with last? *Mother Goose.*

What epoch would you choose to have lived in? *1900.*

Where would you like to live? *In New York.*

Your favourite amusement? *Fishing.*

Occupation? *Dreaming.*

What trait of character do you most admire in man? *Courage.*

In woman? *Tenderness.*

What do you most detest in each? *Falseness.*

If not yourself, who would you rather be? *The Queen of Hearts.*

Idea of happiness? *To be loved.*

Of misery? *Not to be loved.*

Bête noire? *Work.*

Your dream? *"Oh had we some bright little isle of our own."*

Dread? *Dying.*

Your distinguishing characteristics? *Folly and frankness.*
 Of your better-half? *Simplicity, because I am his wife.*
 The sublimest passion? *Forgiveness.*
 The sweetest words? *Come to breakfast.*
 The saddest words? *"Too late, too late, you cannot enter in."*
 Your aim in life? *To enjoy myself.*
 Motto? *Never say die.*

Another victim is Richard Watson Gilder, whom Mr. Stedman met in the office of the *Newark Daily Advertiser*, which was owned by Mr. Thomas T. Kinney, the stepson of Mr. Stedman's mother. At that time, Mr. Gilder was one of its reporters and correspondents. Later he became its managing editor. In 1868, when only twenty-four years old, he resigned his editorship, and with Newton Crane, as joint editor, founded the *Newark Morning Register*. The following year he was made the assistant editor of *Hours at Home*, a monthly journal in New York. A year later, when *Scribner's Monthly*, afterwards the *Century Magazine*, was launched, its proprietors purchased *Hours at Home*, and Dr. J. G. Holland selected Mr. Gilder as his associate editor of the *Century*. And we know how at Dr. Holland's death Mr. Gilder succeeded to the editorial chair, which he nobly filled until his own death. We further know Mr. Gilder as a lyrical poet, and with other and civic interests, but in 1871 he had yet to publish his first volume of poems.

Mr. Stedman also was living then in Newark, and many an evening brought Mr. Gilder to Mr. Stedman's library to confide his poetical and literary aspirations, for he had early recognised that his somewhat older friend abounded in heart interest for any poet, be he great or small. Often the young man was accompanied by a tall, eager girl—his talented sister, Miss Jeannette L. Gilder. And whatever wise counsel and sympathy Mr. Stedman gave to them, he was repaid by their fine enthusiasm and the friendship which was his thenceforth. It was probably on one of these evenings—

for the date is June, 1871—that Mr. Gilder made his *Mental Photograph*.

He declares that his favourite colour is *Crimson*; flower—*Geranium*; tree—*Poplar*.

Object in Nature? *Pretty girl.*
 Season of the Year? *The beginning of each.*
 Perfume? *The Pines.*
 Gem? *Pearl.*

Style of Beauty? *Brunette.*

Names? *R. W. G.—Unknown.*

Painters? *Moran, Turner, Vedder, Gerome, and the old boys.*

Musicians? *Too many to mention.*

Piece of sculpture? *Venus of Milo.*

Poets? *STEDMAN, Tennyson, Morris, Shakespeare, Rossetti.*

Poetesses? *Browning, Howe, Ingelow.*

Prose Authors? *Hawthorne, Macdonald, Dickens, Carlyle.*

Character in Romance? *Jane Eyre.*

In History? *Mrs. Jarley.*

Book to take up for an hour? *Scribner's Monthly.*

To part with last? *Scribner's Monthly.*

What epoch would you choose to have lived in? *The Christian Era.*

Where would you like to live? *At home.*

Favourite amusement? *Joe Jeff.*

Occupation? *Going to bed.*

What trait of character do you most admire in man? *Manliness.*

In woman? *Womanliness.*

What do you most detest in each? *Deceit.*

If not yourself, who would you rather be? *Joe Jefferson.*

Idea of happiness? *Endless Rip Van Winkles.*

Of Misery? *No Rip nor Jarley.*

Your dream? *"I've dreamed of sunsets when the sun supine."*

Your dread? *MSS.*

Your distinguishing characteristics? *Pure cussedness.*

Of your better-half? *Reserve and Steadfastness.*

The sublimest passion? *Indignation.*

The sweetest words? *Words never said.*

The saddest words? *Words said.*

Aim in life? *To make others appreciate.*

Motto? *The Latin of Labour is Prayer.*

Next flashes brilliant, bonny, versatile Kate Field, who, as Mr. Stedman has

said, coquetted, and something more, with literature, art, lecturing, criticism, and the drama, touching nothing which she did not adorn, and going nowhere that she did not win to herself hosts of friends. But if she had one love more than another, perhaps it was for the stage, which was not unnatural from early associations, for her father was Joseph M. Field, the actor and dramatist.

It was at the New Year of 1873 that Mr. Stedman resolved to consecrate the following twelve months to his literary life. Accordingly, he took his family from the suburbs to New York, when followed a happy season of work, and a notable one among the *literati*. It was just at this time, at a lecture given by his comrade since their war-days—Mr. John Hay, that Mr. Stedman met Miss Field. Shortly afterward she became a European correspondent of the *New York Tribune*. Some years later she opened her Co-operative Dress Association on Twenty-third Street, New York City. This adventure was uniquely daring, and not without certain perplexing results. In 1889, Miss Field established at Washington, D. C., *Kate Field's Washington*, which one friend, at least, found to be the brightest weekly that he received. Indeed, from their original meeting, Miss Field was an intimate in Mr. Stedman's home, and if her career was somewhat fitful, Mr. Stedman was always her stanch adherent, even when she had not followed his advice.

Kate Field's *Mental Photograph* bears the date, 1874. Her favourite colour is *Couleur de rose*.

Flower? *Of Chivalry.*

Tree? *Of Knowledge.*

Object in Nature? *Object of Interest.*

Hour in the Day? *Dinner.*

Season of the Year? *Season of all nature.*

Perfume? *New Books and Footlights.*

Gem? *Gem of the Ocean.*

Style of Beauty? *Beauty of expression.*

Names? *Of those I love.*

Painters? *Those who paint the truth.*

Musicians? *"Great Nature's happy commoners."*

Piece of sculpture? *Self-made man.*

Poets? *Those whose lives are poetry.*

Poetesses? *"No such a person."*

Prose Authors? *The Authors of my being.*

Character in Romance? *Sidney Carton.*

In History? *Jeanne D'Arc.*

Book to take up for an hour? *Stedman's Poems.*

What book (not religious) would you part with last? *Book of Nature.*

What epoch would you choose to have lived in? *After the Invention of Immortality.*

Where would you like to live? *In a castle in Spain.*

Favourite amusement? *Doing as I please.*

Occupation? *Amusing myself.*

What trait of character do you most admire in man? *Manliness.*

In woman? *Womanliness.*

What do you most detest in each? *The reverse.*

If not yourself, who would you rather be? *Somebody else.*

Idea of happiness? *Being thoroughly myself.*

Of misery? *The reverse.*

Bête noire? *Mental Photographs.*

Your dream? *That's telling.*

What do you most dread? *Most things.*

Your distinguishing characteristics? *E. C. S(tedman) says loyalty.*

Those of your better-half? *For further particulars inquire of the dim future.*

The sublimest passion? *Giving up what we would die for.*

The sweetest words? *Those never spoken.*

The saddest words? *It never can be.*

Aim in life? *To find out why I was born.*

Motto? *Accept the inevitable.*



PICNIC OF BERLIN POETS AT SCHLACHTENSEE, JUNE, 1865

Drawing by L. Loeffler. Reproduced by permission of the Märkische Museum

1. G. HESKIEL. 2. FANNY LEWALD. 3. LOUISE MÜHLBACH. 4. BETA. 5. A. MÜTZELBURG. 6. O. ROQUETTE. 7. TH. FONTANE. 8. A. STAHR. 9. E. KOSSAK. 10. C. HEIGEL. 11. BRACHVOGEL. 12. J. RODENBERG. 13. A. VON WINTERFELD. 14. RUD. LÖWENSTEIN. 15. E. DOHM. 16. MAX RING. 17. B. AUERBACH. 18. H. WACHENHUSEN. 19. H. SMIDT. 20. A. GLASBRENNER. 21. D. KALISCH. 22. SPIELHAGEN

LITERARY BERLIN

BY AMELIA VON ENDE

THE time when the official capital of a country, presided over by an intelligent sovereign and patron of arts and letters, was the centre of the people's intellectual activities, seems to have passed away with the passing of patriarchal royalty and the magnificent Mæcenas type of old-time monarchy. The modern spirit of democracy tends toward decentralisation. Still Berlin has time and again been and in a way is to-day Germany's literary centre. There lingers the tradition of the great Frederick, of the poets of the Fatherland whose stirring songs roused the dormant patriotism of the peo-

ple at the coming of the Corsican superman and of the salons of Henriette Herz and Rahel Varnhagen, where met the philosophers and literati of a hundred years ago. There in the "Weinstube" of Lutter and Wegner, long passed away, met the romantic Bohème, spellbound by the personality of E. T. A. Hoffmann, poet, musician, artist and eccentric, whose fanciful tales inspired not only Offenbach and a score of French writers, but whose Kapellmeister Kreisler was immortalised by Robert Schumann in his *Kreiseriana*. There also some decades later was the "Tunnel," a circle of which

Theodor Fontane was perhaps the last and most eminent survivor. A brilliant life it was, throwing its radiance far and wide over that part of Europe which, though divided into almost two score little principalities, was one by race and tongue. In that past of Berlin's literary supremacy was born the spirit of keen-edged, trenchant criticism, which is thoroughly Berlinian and gives to the products of its literary world a pungent flavour of its own.

Alas! the glory that came to Berlin when the victors of Sedan entered the gates of the erstwhile capital of Prussia, found no higher immediate expression than the Siegesallee, that thorn in the flesh of every German whose ideal of art is not officially inspired and sanctioned. The millions handed over by the defeated arch enemy did not build temples of peace and enlightenment. The wealth acquired by needless bloodshed brought with it a delirium of material success, and the ideal aspirations of the ancestors were forgotten in the attempt to impress the world with the power of the newly welded nation. The men most read and most talked of at that time were, perhaps Fontane and Spielhagen excepted, types of that brilliant cleverness which seems to thrive best in a new metropolis. There were irrepressible *raisonneurs* among them, smart and sharp at retort like the born Berliner, with more than a touch of world-wise cynicism. A characteristic figure was Paul Lindau, who belittled the only great achievement of the decade, Wagner's work at Bayreuth. The theatres were rigid in antiquated classicism or living on the crumbs of the French repertory or growing rich by melodrama and farce. Oscar Blumenthal, the stupendously prolific, began alone or in partnership to flood the dramatic market with food for the masses, and even America profited or suffered from the overflow. Whoever then looked about for the great man the great moment had produced was bound to be disappointed.

The generation that grew up when the glamour of conquest had faded had heard in the cradle the echoes of the glo-

rious event and wanted to see the heroes it had produced. Everywhere at that time, in countries then considered inferior in the scale of culture, Scandinavia, Russia and even defeated France, giants were dominating the intellectual horizon. The youths that entered upon the heritage of the triumph of Sedan were disillusioned. Upon their ears the message of Nietzsche fell with a commanding ring. They saw their fatherland in the attitude of Fafner in the Ring of the Nibelung: "I lie and possess—let me sleep," and they set out to rouse it. From their homes in the various provinces of the empire they flocked to the capital, with its more catholic atmosphere and its larger economic possibilities, to seek elbowroom for the development of their personalities and to inaugurate an intellectual revolution.

Among those who cherished this exalted ambition were Heinrich and Julius Hart, two brothers of good Westphalian stock. Their modest rooms in the Gertraudenstrasse became the hotbed of new ideals of life, art and letters. The Harts enjoyed already a little income from their work, and made their less fortunate colleagues welcome to every available corner convertible to sleeping purposes; likewise to the last loaf of bread and chunk of cheese in the larder. Here all the enterprises of the new generation had their inception: the revaluation of critical standards, of the drama, of fiction and poetry, according to a scientific reading of life. The first collective utterance of this youth, the anthology *Moderne Dichtercharaktere*, published in 1885, contained the names of Heinrich and Julius Hart, Arno Holz, Otto Erich Hartleben, Wolfgang Kirchbach, Wilhelm Arendt, Ernst von Wildenbruch, Karl Henckell and Hermann Conradi. It has earned its place among the historical documents of the period not only by its selections, but especially by its two prefaces, in which Henckell and Conradi outlined the aims of the new school. In his *Revolution der Literatur* Karl Bleibtreu, with the ready invective of the born Berliner, flung the critical gauntlet into the

face of conservatism. The "Freie Bühne (Independent Theatre) became one of the paramount issues of the campaign.

The first battles were indeed to be fought upon the stage. The seriousness and sincerity of Wildenbruch had set him apart from the popular playwrights, but the narrow range of his national loyalty separated him from the youth engaged in iconoclastic raids upon time-hallowed institutions. Ludwig Fulda, too, a poet and scholar of catholic taste, whose translations of Molière, Beaumarchais, Rostand and others rank highest in the German book-world, was an independent link between the old and the new. He did much by his own plays to stem the tide of the Blumenthal-Kadelburg flood: some of them, like *Das verlorene Paradies* (*The Lost Paradise*) have been played in English and many others are known to the audiences of the German theatre in America. Dr. Fulda is also remembered by his lectures under the auspices of the Germanistic society. His contemporary, Hermann Sudermann, who in his *Ehre* (*Honour*) seemed to voice the growing secession from traditional ideals, was at first considered one of the young rebels. But although his *Katzensteg* (*Regina*), *Heimat* (*Magda*), *Es War*, *Morituri* and other works seriously or jestingly arraigned one of the bogeys of the past, "honour," and fairly represented the heretical attitude of the present, he failed to follow the straight line of their logic and to frame their radical conclusions, and was soon dropped by the new school. A subject of violent polemics he has become, even men not identified with the "young," like Maximilian Harden, being among his opponents. But Herr Sudermann is in a position to be little worried by his recent failures: surrounded by his family—there exists a photograph of himself, wife and two daughters, which is the very embodiment of good old-fashioned domesticity—either in his residence in the Grunewald or in his castle Blankensee, he has ceased to rant about the vulgarisation of dra-

matic criticism and lets well enough alone.

II

The young generation found Berlin an unfavourable field for attempts to live their new life, and repaired to the suburbs. In a garret in Schmargendorf, half starved and half-frozen, Arno Holz and Johannes Schlaf declared that "art is nature minus x " and as "Bjarne P. Holmsen" published that first specimen of German naturalism, *Papa Hamlet*. Gerhart Hauptmann paid tribute to the influence this work had upon him by dedicating to "Holmsen, the consistent realist," his first play: *Vor Sonnenaufgang* (*Before Sunrise*), which like *Friedensfest* (*Festival of Peace*) and *Ein-same Menschen* (*Lonely Lives*) was written at Erkner and discussed with congenial friends like Wilhelm Bölsche. This son of gay Cologne, who had made his debut in fiction and criticism, had settled in Friedrichshagen near the Müggelsee and become a nature-writer without parallel in his own peculiar way. His friend Bruna Wille, monastic philosopher and poet, also lived there, and under Bölsche's hospitable roof met a cosmopolitan group of moderns conspicuous at that time—Ola Hansson and Laura Marholm, Stanislaus Przybyszewski, an erratic personality writing both Polish and German, John Henry Mackay, a Scotchman by birth, the biographer of Stirner, Richard Dehmel, who is considered Germany's greatest poet of the present, and others. The brothers Hart had bought a former sanitarium at Schlachtensee, and with their immediate friends established "Die neue Gemeinschaft," an experiment in "consistent communism," which ended in bankruptcy in purse and ideals. What abysmal distance separates the innocent bucolic picnic of the Berlin poets of 1865 from that pathetic effort at primitive simplicity of the poets of the century's end!

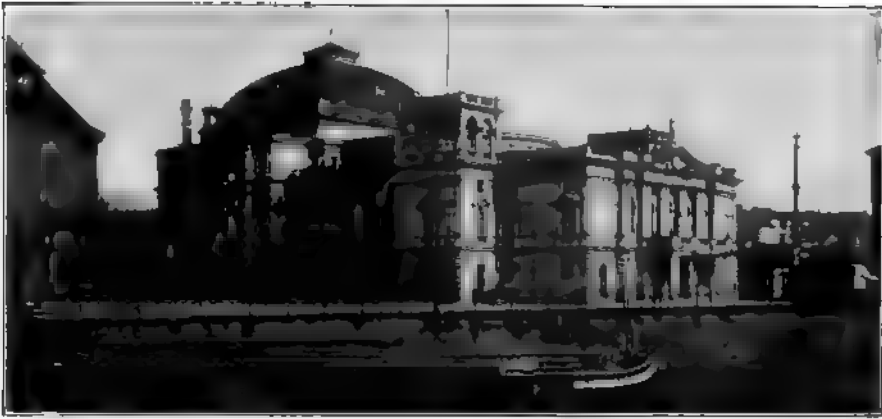
The performance of Gerhart Hauptmann's *Vor Sonnenaufgang* at the Lessingtheater in Berlin in 1889 was the

epoch-making début of Young Germany before the public, prepared by reading the play for clamorous demonstrations *pro* and *con*. They culminated in a grotesque incident: at the moment when a child is born behind the scenes, a seat-holder in the parquet rose and frantically waved an obstetrical instrument! The war of words which broke out in the press was fierce. But words are powerful weapons when wielded by men like Maximilian Harden, perhaps the most fearless in the phalanx of fighters that perpetuate the tradition of the irrepressible Berlin *raisonneur*, and a brilliant stylist besides, by Arthur Kerr, who applied the critical scalpel in the columns of the *Neue deutsche Rundschau*, or by the late Leo Berg, the caustic satirist. In the pages of *Die Nation* appeared at that time the inimitable literary *feuilletons* of Felix Poppenberg, the one man in Germany whose prose suggests Gallic grace and elegance. Berlin became the arena, where the old and the young, and the many factions into which they themselves were divided, fought out their differences of opinion or their personal animosities.

It would be interesting were a Metschnikoff to look into the relation between the storm and stress of such periods and longevity. For it is surprising how many men of that time were called away before their race was run: Hermann Conradi, Heinrich Hart, Otto Erich Hartleben, Wolfgang Kirchbach, Ernst von Wildenbruch, Leo Berg, Ludwig Jacobowski, Otto Julius Bierbaum, Dr. Theodor Barth, founder of *Die Nation*, and others. Wilhelm Holzamer, too, one of the most sympathetic personalities among the poets, whom the writer had met a few years ago at the home of Karl Henckell, then a resident of Berlin, is no more. A man of few words he seemed, pale, thoughtful, perhaps conscious of the short time allotted to him. His wife, Nina Mardon, a fascinating woman of an exotic type, still lives there and has recently edited some posthumous volumes of fiction and verse, that will keep alive his memory for some time.

Friedrichshagen is still the home of Bölsche and Wille, where the writer met them one May day not likely to be forgotten. There was much good cheer at the dinner at which Frau Bölsche was the hostess and the group, about the table was enlivened by the presence of the children, healthy, bright youngsters, who were evidently not brought up in the rigid discipline of old Germany, but rather in the spirit of Ellen Key. A walk along the Müggelsee followed, through the pines, under which was conceived the hopeful philosophy of Wille's *Einsiedelkunst in der Kiefernheide* (*Hermit Art of the Pine Heath*), a volume of verse unique by its reading of life and its freedom from formalism. The conversation brought out what the writer had suspected from long acquaintance with the works in which Bölsche, in an admirably flexible prose, chats about the universe and interprets its secrets: that the source of his art is his keen intellectual grasp and scientific enjoyment of nature, rather than a personal intimacy. That differentiates him from our American nature-writers, who may *know* nature less scientifically, but *live* it more directly. The evening spent at the home of Wille and his wife was one of reminiscences. The writer had first read his verse in a little German weekly published in Detroit by Robert Reitzel, with whom it died. Before any of the big German dailies took notice of their existence, this catholic appreciator of literary quality had introduced to his modest flock of readers the Harts and the Hauptmanns, Bölsche, Wille, Henckell, Mackay, Liliencran, Dehmel, Ada Negri and many others. The voice of a nightingale in the garden lent a note of sentiment to the mood of the moment, as the guests silently emptied their glasses in memory of the one German-American who had a distinct literary individuality.

One of the most highly rated novelists of Germany, Clara Viebig, as true a child of the Rhine as Bölsche, has since her marriage to her publisher, Fritz Theo. Cohn, who is also a literary worker, made Berlin her home. The



THE LESSINGTHEATER, BERLIN, WHERE, IN 1889, THE PRESENTATION OF HAUPTMANN'S "VON SONNENAUFGANG" MARKED THE DÉBUT OF YOUNG GERMANY

writer had been in correspondence with her since the appearance of her novel *Das tägliche Brot* (*Our daily Bread*), which has since been translated into English, and which treats with a sympathetic understanding and with a well-tempered realism servant-girl life in the capital, and was received by Frau Cohn in her beautiful home in Zehlendorf. She made a very pretty picture on the crocus-dotted lawn of her garden, in which she takes great pleasure. Captivating by a simple

womanly charm and an unaffected manner, she makes a visitor feel at home. She presented her son, a young boy just struggling with his Latin, and when Herr Cohn joined the family group it was evident that she thoroughly enjoys her home life. Her social position and her reputation as novelist, dramatist and reader—she has a well-cultivated and finely modulated voice—offer great temptations, but the society of the capital seems to have little attraction for her.



OLD BERLIN

During the St. Louis exposition the writer had met the Kirschner sisters, Marie, the artist, and Lola, the writer, better known under her pseudonym, Ossip Schubin. The acquaintance was renewed in Berlin at one of their "at homes," frequented by representatives of art, music, letters and aristocracy. Ossip Schubin is a curious compound of conservatism and unconventionality. She was rather bitter in her condemnation of

erings as one finds in her salon. That afternoon there was an abundance of famous names and imposing titles; but the centre of attraction was Countess Arnim, the Elizabeth of the German garden. The Kirschner sisters were closely identified with the launching in Berlin of the Lyceum Club for women, founded upon the model of the London club.

III

At a garden party of the Lyceum Club were present many men and women prominent in the literary life of the capital. Germans engaged in intellectual pursuits have long been credited with contempt for the conventions of clothes, and the women especially have the reputation of being bad dressers. It is most interesting to notice the progress of that country in the evolution of taste. No long hair, flowing ties and other "trade-marks" were to be seen among the men, no disregard of æsthetical canons of dress among the women. There were many picturesque gowns, primarily the outgrowth of dress reform, but artistically applying the classical and the renaissance lines, that have since been adopted by Paris fashion. Not a few of the women succeeded in giving their costume the *cachet* of individual expression, and some, like Else Oppler-Legband, the decorator, and Dr. Gertrud Bäumer, the philologist, were really a pleasure to behold. Surely a meeting of the Lyceum Club should dispel the fiction still cherished by some German misogynists, that women who write or paint must be ugly!

One striking figure attracted the writer's attention, and before long the slender little old lady with a head framed in silver curls, dainty as a figure of Meissen porcelain, was recognised to be Marie von Olfers, one of the few survivors of the past generation. Years of wholesale reading of the current literary products have not effaced the impression of her novel *Eigentum*, now perhaps out of print, that fascinating record of a sensitive romantic soul shrinking from the materialisation of modern life. There were Wolfgan Kirchbach and his wife,



WILHELM BÖLSCHÉ

some modern literary tendencies, yet she thoroughly enjoys George Bernard Shaw! She said that she had studied singing with the great teachers of the continent, until her voice was gone, but undoubtedly she owes to those years of apprenticeship her insight into the musical temperament, which she so strikingly portrays in *Boris Lenzky*, *Asbein* and other stories of musicians. Hardly less remarkable are her types of Austrian nobility, and all her stories are distinguished by a certain nervous vitality. She is as brilliant a talker as she is a writer, and seems born to be the hostess at such gath-

Marie Louise Becker, a poet and novelist now living in Paris; there was Gabriele Reuter, who since the success of her novel, *Aus guter Familie*, has developed into one of the strongest portraitists of modern woman, and there was also Franziska Mann, Germany's most sympathetic reader of the child-soul. The writer's neighbour at the tea-table was Dr. Max Meyerfeld, who had been in America and seemed well-informed, but, contrary to the custom of his countrymen, has not given us a book of American impressions. He is Germany's foremost translator and interpreter of modern English writers, having done no little pioneer work in introducing Oscar Wilde, George Moore, J. M. Synge, John Galsworthy and others. He has recently attracted attention by a play of his own, *Robert Anstey*, which has been translated into English by William Archer, and the hero of which is Oscar Wilde.

Franziska Mann is one of those writers who either find no understanding at all or arrive at once at a sort of personal relation with their readers. *Könige ohne*



Portrait by Becker and Maass, Berlin

FRANZISKA MANN

Land (Kings without a Kingdom), though of less direct appeal than the precious little book *Wege Hinauf (Upward Paths)*, which has become a guide and counsellor to many, had established such a bond of sympathy and made the writer regret not to have met Frau Mann during her visit to America. The brief talk at the club revealed a personality, wholesome, well-poised, and of rare inner harmony. Frau Mann's interests are wide, but seem to crystallise about child-welfare. Her fame as a writer is likely to rest upon her stories about children, real, living youngsters, among which may be classed her latest novel, *Frau Sophie und ihre Kinder*, tracing the life of a young grandmother who sacrifices all personal desires for the sake of her daughter's orphaned children. Wherever Frau Mann touches upon the relation between the adult and the child, she seems to attain the poetic consummation of the pedagogic theories of Ellen Key, of whom she is a warm admirer.

Frau Gabriele Reuter was long identified with the literary life of Berlin, and



GRFTE MEISEL-HESS

received the writer in the apartment she occupied with her young daughter until their recent removal to Thun in Switzerland. She is a sympathetic talker, and having the gift of drawing out her guest, there was no lack of topics of mutual interest. She is familiar with the writings of Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman, and has also kept track of our recent literary development, being especially interested in the work of Mrs. Wharton. Frau Reuter is a woman of distinguished bearing: her statuesque figure and her handsome head, crowned by a wealth of silver hair, leave an impression not easily forgotten. The writer saw her again at a public discussion of the problems touched upon in Frenssen's *Hilligenlei* (*Holyland*). The meeting, which had to be repeated to accommodate the crowds clamouring for admission, was presided over by Dr. Helene Stöcker, a writer



DR. OSCAR BLUMENTHAL



DR. MAX MEYERFELD

who has almost exclusively identified herself with the movement called "Mutter-schutz," which in the interest of humanity, the elevation of morals and the propagation of the race, demands legal protection for girl-mothers. The speakers were Frau Reuter and Frau Minna Cauer, the latter a champion of woman's rights and editor of a magazine devoted to the cause.

Of the young men who had come to Berlin in the storm and stress of "Young Germany," Dr. Caesar Flaischlen, a Sueden by birth, has maintained a singular independence. The writer had first been attracted by his *Martin Lehnhardt*, a play treating the well-worn topic of youth struggling for a faith and a love of its own choice with an admirable freshness and originality. Some stories and poems, and the unique semi-autobiographical document in prose and verse,

"Jost Seyfried," proved him one of the sanest and strongest individualities of his generation. This long-distance impression was confirmed by a conversation with the author some years ago, in the course of which he, too, like so many of Germany's writers, showed a deep interest in Whitman. The writer had a delightful visit with Dr. Fleischlen and his wife on the day of the eclipse last April, watching the progress

of the earth's shadow across the sun's disk from their windows in the Kurfürstenstrasse. An idealist with a lot of practical good sense, Fleischlen is not a man to be caught in the swirl of cult and fads continually springing up in Berlin. He



A BOHEMIAN CORNER

summarised its present condition in the term "Verlotterung" (depravity), and declared the grotesque excrescences in art and letters—the futurists were holding an exhibition called "Der blaue Reiter" (The Blue Horseman)—symptoms of general decadence. He admitted that competition was forcing upon German publishers commercial standards which are changing the character of intellectual life. Wor-

shippers of nature in a modest way, Dr. Fleischlen and his wife have a curious window-garden, in which they grow slips and seeds brought home from their summer travels. But a residence in the country is something he will not



Portrait by Emma Liebman, Berlin.

GEORG HERMANN

indulge in until he feels like retiring from the arena of active life to enjoy well-earned rest.

The author of the most widely discussed and most highly praised novel of last year, *Die Intellektuellen*, is an Austrian by birth, who has made Berlin her home—Grete Meisel-Hess, in private life Frau Gellert. Previous correspondence with her led to a visit, which was prolonged to four hours, for her freedom and ease of manner rapidly established an understanding and brought out mutual interests that made for a familiarity reached only after some acquaintance.



MAXIMILIAN HARDEN

Her conversation has a fascinating sparkle and is rich in suggestion. It is the spontaneous expression of an immensely productive mind and of a large horizon. Ideas come to her easily and in profusion, but she has learned to hold them in leash. She has had university training and studied under the eminent psychologist, Professor Freud, and can quite naturally turn from science to fiction and even to poetry. Since the publication of *Die sexuelle Krise*, which is now being trans-

lated into English by Dr. Eden Paul, and which even in Germany, where the adherents of Ellen Key number by thousands, is credited with a far more solid scientific foundation than *Love and Marriage*, she has written *Die Intellektuellen*, a volume of short stories, poems and scores of magazine articles on a variety of subjects. She admits her dual nature, which on the one hand obeys the voice of imagination and makes her write as by intuition, and on the other hand traces that intuition to its ultimate logical end and enables her at any stage of the mental process to apply critical analysis. Combining a scholar's mind with an artist's temperament, a magnetic speaker and a personality of great feminine charm, she is altogether one of the most interesting women in Berlin to-day. She thoroughly enjoys the electrifying friction of wide-awake minds like hers engaged in watching a new culture in the making, and is an especially valuable factor in the propaganda for "Mutterschutz" (Maternity Protection) which seems to enlist in its ranks the best minds of the nation, regardless of sex.

IV

For Berlin is indeed, as she has pictured it in her novel, the centre of power, brutal betimes, but one that stirs to action, the market for the dreams and the imaginings bred in human brains, as also the caldron fermenting and overflowing with strange new fads and cults. One of the latter is the renaissance of paganism, and one of its prophetesses is the much-talked-of Baroness von Preuschen, poet, artist, reader and traveller. In her home at Lichtenrade she holds symposia, at which she receives in Greek costume and tries to reproduce the atmosphere of ancient Greece. The writer had known of her since the sensation which her painting "Mors Imperator" made in Berlin many years ago, had read her verse, which has colour, strength and sweep, and her stories, which have little merit, and had seen much of her during her visit to America. Walking up the main street of the pitifully new and conven-

tional suburb, it was difficult to imagine it a proper setting for her experiment. As the pseudo-classic "Tempio Hermione" came into view, standing wind-swept and forlorn in a neglected garden, with not even a background of pines to relieve the monotony and sterility of the landscape, it recalled one of those pathetic remnants of the Columbian Exposition which for many years graced the sands of Jackson Park. Some "Berliner Rangen" (young hoodlums), who had watched the stranger, brought forth the caretaker with the information that the owner was absent on a new trip to Asia, her favourite stamping-ground.

There are many salons of that kind in Berlin, for the intellectuals of the German capital profess or affect many creeds, religious, social and political, philosophical, metaphysical and æsthetic. Nor is an invitation to those salons needed to get a glimpse of that curious world which, when its interests are literary, swells the ranks of first-nighters at the "Schauspielhaus" or the Lessing-theater, and otherwise meets in the favourite cafés. One of these is Café Josty, on the Potsdamer Platz, in the heart of the business district and within easy reach of the newspapers and publishing houses. Further up-town, in a residential neighbourhood with a fair sprinkling of foreigners of divers intellectual professions, is the Café des Westens. Its character varies with the time of the day, becoming more and more interesting as the evening advances. For there appear the late "Arrivals," in the limelight of success, be it in letters, music or art, shedding their radiance over the many vegetating in obscurity. Initiated and outsiders, masters and disciples, sit about the tables designed by Ottomar Begas. Maidens in picturesque mediæval gowns and hiding their ears under the coils of hair, which in Munich are called "Schwabinger Schneckerl," look languishing or spiritual, and women in some stunning creation, which is the *dernier cri* of Paris fashion, triumphantly sweep through on their way to a late supper. Here are

represented all cliques and coteries, are discussed all fads and are tried the latest poses.

Great as is the number of writers living in and about Berlin, few of them are Berlin born. Of the older generation there are only Blumenthal, the playwright, Marie von Olfers and Hedwig Dohm, the novelist and *doyenne* of the woman's rights movement. Even Dr. Julius Rodenberg, for over half a century identified with its leading maga-



DR. LUDWIG FULDA

zines and still editing the *Deutsche Rundschau*, is only an adopted son of Berlin. Of the younger generation there is Dr. Felix Poppenberg, the essayist, whose recent volume, *Maskenzüge*, shows such an admirable blending of German feeling with French form, that it is difficult not to believe him to be descended from some Huguenot refugee of Old Berlin. There are Hans Land, novelist and dramatist, associated with the People's Stage; and Dora Duncker,



THE CAFÉ JOSTY



CAFÉ DES WESTENS. BUFFET AND GOBELIN ROOM

whose stories deal with types and phases of Berlin life. Finally there is Georg Hermann, the man who has most deeply sounded the genuine Berlin soul—that of the cultured middle-class of the mid-century, pictured in the unforgettable characters that live in the pages of *Jetechen Gebert* and *Henriette Jacoby*; that of the common people of to-day in *Kubinke*; and that of the intellectuals of the present in *Dr. Herzfeld*. These books breathe the very spirit of the place: the Kurfürstendamm, with its new wealth; the Thiergartenviertel, with its old wealth; and the Friedrichstrasse, where rich and poor, native and stranger, study life from its seamiest side. Now and then a son of Berlin becomes a deserter. Bleibtreu has moved to Zurich, and Georg Hirschfeld, who when hardly more than a boy, was hailed as a possible rival of Gerhart Hauptmann and has since known nothing but failure, lives near Munich.

But for every individual Berliner who leaves his native hearth there is a score of men and women from other parts of the empire and from other countries where German is spoken who take up their residence in this arena of personal and national ambitions, where the man or woman with a message appealing to the newly quickened race-consciousness finds as ready response as the one who startles by some new stunt of style. Here the author of the *Tagebuch einer Verlorenen*, the sensational success of a few years ago, Frau Margarete Böhme, found the material for her *Apostel Dodsenschaft* and for the story translated

into English—*The Department Store*. Here in the great market for modern art—a French art critic recently told the writer that Germans are the patrons and purchasers of cubism—live the great art critics of the country, Karl Scheffler and Julius Meyer-Graefe. In this international atmosphere thrives the work of translators and critics like Dr. Karl Federn, a most sympathetic interpreter of Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman and the author of an authoritative work on Dante, translated into English; here also lives Hedwig Lachmann-Landauer, who has done into beautiful German the verse of Poe and Wilde and of French and Hungarian poets. Here live the author of *Old Heidelberg*, Wilhelm Meyer-Förster, and the novelists Holländer, Tovote, Kretzer and Kurt Aram, who tells of his American trip a year ago in his book *Mit hundert Mark nach Amerika*.

For these modern Berliner are great travellers; if they have not their villas in the Tyrol, like Fulda, or in Silesia, like Bölsche, Mackay and others, the summer finds them indulging in the racial *Wanderlust*, and they are at home everywhere—in Tunis and in Turkestan, in Saragossa and in Stockholm, and even—with reservations—in what they persist in calling "Yankeeland." But the summer over, they are back on the banks of the Spree, in the furnace in which are forged the lightning shafts that send their flashes far and wide over the empire and beyond. For have they not their Maximilian Harden and their Max Reinhardt?



THE GRUB STREET PROBLEM

BEING A CONSIDERATION OF THE SCRIBE AND THE COST OF LIVING IN VARIOUS PERIODS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART II. IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME

THE general increase of commercial and industrial activity, together with the decay of the baseless tradition that interest was reprehensible (Shakespeare by no means shared his Antonio's prejudice against "usury," and Henslowe charged about forty per cent. a year for his little transactions with his actors and dramatists); the introduction of bullion from America and from the plunder of Philip—led to a great rise of prices in Elizabeth's later days. As trade grew more sophisticated, too, prices were often artifi-

cially boosted. In 1590, for instance, the owners of the New Castle coal-pits combined and raised the price of coal from four shillings to nine a chaldron. Apprentices who had been bound in the Queen's first decade for ten pounds, writes Harrison, now received from twenty to a hundred. "There is not anything belongs to housekeeping but it is a triple charge over what it was." Nevertheless, Harrison says that money was everywhere plentiful. "Where a farmer at an ale-house used to be unable to show

as much as a shilling, now—although rents have risen ten or twenty-fold—he has six or seven years rent in hand besides plenty of good furniture.”

The wages of an able seaman under Henry VIII, says Froude the historian, had been sixpence a day or, calculated in meat, drink, and clothing at the prices of the beginning of the century, equal to six shillings of our money. Out of this he found his own living. But as the purchasing price of money began to fall, the government began to supply his rations. In 1585 the sixpence tried by the same standard was worth but three shillings. The sailor received in money sixpence and eight pence a month and an allowance of “good and seasonable victuals.” The estimated cost of each man’s daily meals ranged from four pence to seven pence, according to the fluctuation of prices.

Henry had fixed the price of beef and pork at a halfpenny a pound, of mutton at three farthings, of the best pig or goose in the market at four pence, and of a chicken at a penny. Goodman Fields (where long afterward was built the little theatre at which Garrick first appeared) was part of a farm from which Stow fetched in his youth “many a halfpenny worth of milk, and never less than three ale-pints for a halfpenny in summer nor less than one ale-quart in winter.” The highest price at which the best French and German wines might be sold was eight pence a gallon, and the Spanish and Portuguese at one shilling. All these prices—as we shall see—had more than doubled toward the last of Elizabeth’s reign.

Henry had not fixed the rents, but one may gather from private testimony that they were exceedingly reasonable. “My father,” says Latimer, “had a farm of three or four pounds a year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men and a hundred sheep and thirty cows. And he kept me at school and married my sisters with five pounds apiece. And all this he did of the said farm.” From this one may estimate what would have been the rent

of a cottage on that farm. Gray’s Inn was granted by Henry to the law students at its original rent of something over six pounds and a half. “My father,” says Stow, “had a garden in Throgmorton Street, where many fair houses are built, for which he paid six shillings sixpence a year rent.” The Rose Estate on the Bankside, with two gardens, where the Rose Theatre was built, was let at seven pounds a year. Rents, thus, had been very cheap; but even if they had risen by Shakespeare’s time as much as Harrison says (which is, of course, most unlikely!) they were still far from high. Elizabeth let a farm of four hundred acres in Ebury Square for twenty-one pounds a year; and the rent of the best shops in the Exchange was four and five pounds a year. The house Alleyn lived in cost him ten pounds rent. A glover’s house with yard was three pounds a year and a pair of two shilling gloves. A tenement of “two lowe roomes with a piece of land under the parlour windowe” brought forty shillings.

Rent and food being considered then, it would appear that elderly people whose income had not increased correspondingly had much right to complain bitterly toward the end of Elizabeth’s reign of the increased cost of living. Money had just about halved in value. But we should make a mistake to associate with such wage-earners the professional literary men. Their rate of payment had not been established under the previous purchasing value of money. Not only had it come into being under the new conditions of living, but it seems—with the increased demand for their commodities and the increased machinery of distribution—to have steadily risen a little in advance of the steady depreciation of money. Six pounds had been the average price for a play in the nineties; in 1602 it had risen to eight; a decade later it had doubled and even trebled.

FOOD

The best gauge of the actual price of food in the latter days of Elizabeth can

be drawn from one of the state orders for army rations. It provided for one pound and a half of good wheaten bread for one penny or one pound and a half of good white bread for one penny halfpenny—the materials, quantity and quality, and the manner of making stipulated in each case. A wine-quart of Double Beer was to be brewed for a half penny and one of Strong Beer for three farthings. If the price of malt should go up, the beer is allowed to be "smaller (the document gravely cracks a smile) by water, the brewer's friend for gain." The common soldier had a half-gallon of double beer a day; the superior soldier a half-gallon of strong beer. They both had one and a half pounds of the same kind of beef ("oxen fat and good") rated at one penny halfpenny the pound; or one pound of mutton ("sheep fat and good") rated at twopence, but of this the superior soldier received half a pound more; or one and one-fourth pounds of pork rated at three halfpence for the common soldier, and one and seven-eighth pounds at the same rate for the superior soldier. Butter was rated at twopence one farthing a pound, and cheese at twopence. One pound of each was given to a mess of four common soldiers daily, and one and a half pounds of each to a mess of four superior soldiers daily. For his diet, lodging, and washing, the common soldier paid two shillings eight pence a week; the superior soldier paid four shillings. For his diet alone, the common soldier paid three pence halfpenny a day or two shillings a week, and eight pence a week for his lodging and washing; the superior soldier paid five pence three farthings a day or three shillings four pence a week for food, and eight pence a week for lodging and washing. That is to say, Henslowe was in the habit of paying for one play a sum which would maintain one superior soldier thirty weeks or one common soldier forty-eight weeks. Nor was the fare stinted. Apparently from the specifications it was all of the best, and the quantity sufficient. Froude says that

the English soldiers owed their reputation as the best fighters in Europe to the abundance in which they lived. The same state document from which these figures are taken provides for the maintenance of twenty-five men employed in the provision stores and houses, at three hundred and two pounds, one shilling, eight pence a year—two pounds and odd pence more than Shakespeare is said to have received yearly from the Globe theatre alone.

The prices Elizabeth offered to pay for her army rations seem to have prevailed in the general markets of London. The bakers had to bake farthing white, halfpenny white, penny white, halfpenny wheaten, penny household, and two penny household loaves; "and none of greater size, the time of Christmas being excepted." Though the butchers were forced by law to make considerable reduction to poor people, the ordinary price for meat was what Elizabeth paid. Three days a week and odd days throughout the year were fast days, and fish was cheap. Stow says of the Thames, then a clear and sparkling stream, "What should I speak of the fat and sweet salmon daily taken in the stream, and that in such plenty (after the time of the smelt is past) as no river in Europe is able to exceed it? And albeit it seems from time to time defrauded in sundry wise of her large commodities by the insatiable avarice of fishermen, yet this famous river complaineth commonly of no want." Imported articles, however, were rather expensive. Sugar—of which the Elizabethans were extravagantly fond in their wine—was in 1615 a shilling a pound; nutmegs four shillings a pound; pepper two shillings, and ginger one. But most imported articles were subject to wide fluctuation on account of capricious trade restrictions. In 1587 sugar sold for four pence and for two shillings sixpence a pound.

The prices at the taverns *à la carte* bore, if one may judge from some of the articles, about the same relation as now to those commodities in the market. An itemised Friday's dinner at a high-class

tavern is as follows. "A side of habdyn and another, of green fish, 14d.; four playse, 12d.; two whitinges, 8d.; conger, 8d.; butter, 4d.; lettise for sallett, 2d.; a pynt of wint and another of claret, 6d.; sugar, 2d.; a pound of butter, 4d.; for dressing the fish, 8d.; oyle and sugar for sallett, 2d.; more for butter, 2d.; a pound of candles, 4d." A certain rich man in straits for ready money, but with appearances to keep up and courtier besides, one Darrell by name, who was significantly termed "Wild," has left us a most circumstantial account of his expenditure. He laid out for his dinners all the way from three shillings to fourteen—feeding himself and probably his half-score serving men, since he habitually used a pint to a quart of claret but a great deal of beer. His most expensive dinner—consisting of several meats, peas, strawberries and cream, oranges, two shillings worth of confections, and cherries at twenty pence—cost, with beer in abundance, only about one shilling sixpence a head. Once he bought a barrel of beer for four shillings, and paid for a supper of six three shillings. Thus it may be seen that one could eat very well *à la carte* or at home for very little money. Capons, however, seem to have been curiously high; and Darrell often speaks of paying two shillings twopence for them—a fancy price occasioned apparently by fashionable demand. Mistress Quickly's price of two and six to Falstaff was, therefore, not much of an overcharge even if the Boar's Head, being disreputable, was a much cheaper tavern than where Darrell would put up. One may guess that the flush author went in heavily for so superior and expensive a dish. A newly paid playwright "with good capon lined" might easily convince himself of his superiority, when he saw, at a table near by, a thrifty attorney contenting himself with beef or mutton.

Tavern food would of course cost more than the same fare cooked at home, but particularly was this so in Elizabethan times. The taverns, fleeced right and left by petty officials, had to re-

imburse themselves as they could. Few people, however, ate at home. The sudden shift from agriculture to manufacture about the middle of the Queen's reign, together with the disappearance under the Reformation of the ancient system of religious hospices, seemed responsible for the sudden leap of the inn-keeper into a position of importance. Everywhere taverns and ale-houses increased enormously. "If the guest will eat with the Host or at a common table with others," says Fynes Moryson's Itinerary in 1617, "his meat will cost him sixpence; but if he will eat in his chamber, he commands what he will." The Ordinaries were meals at which each guest paid a fixed sum and sat at the same table. They were served at taverns or at places exclusively for the purpose. They seem to have been at all prices, and the regular mode of dining during the season. There was the twelve-penny ordinary, "where came old justices of the peace and young knights," the sixpenny ordinary, the three-penny ordinary, "where went poor lieutenants and thrifty attorneys." The typical dinner was meat, poultry, game, and pastry. For the price of a pamphlet, which took Nash a day and a night to knock together, and for which there seems to have been abundant demand, he could dine forty times with justices of the peace and one hundred and sixty times with young professional men making their way in the world. One pamphlet a month would feed him for a year at the first place and one in four months would feed him for a year at the second—with plenty of good English beer to drink. The three-penny ordinary should have furnished its patrons with the wholesome and abundant dinner of the common soldier—that is to say, with a pound or so of beef or mutton, bread and butter, cheese and plenty of beer. "Heretofore hath been much more time spent in eating and drinking," says Harrison, "now each one contenteth himself with dinner and supper only." Dinner was a very substantial affair and took place just before noon. At the fashion-

able ordinaries, the guests sat around gambling and drinking until it was two o'clock, and time to go to the theatre. "From eleven until one the idler eats," wrote Davies, "then sees a play till six, and sups at seven;" and a Dutchman who visited London thought that idlers were plentiful.

LODGING, DRESS AND OTHER LIVING EXPENSES

We may judge by the eight pence a week which the soldier paid for his lodging and washing, that the price of lodgings in London was not high. Also, it is to be noted that though the common and superior soldier had different food, their lodging was at the same rate. From this we should gather that there was no difference in furnishings, and perhaps may assume that a difference was not demanded. Indeed, the English of all conditions were very simply lodged, and their household furnishings were of very little importance. Spanish visitors in Mary's time record their astonishment at the inferiority of the houses. This refers to the furnishings rather than to the structures themselves, as great sums were lavished on the erection of the buildings and on their repair; and their durability has since been proof that it was money well spent. But even the best houses and inns were furnished barely and poorly (though it must gratify a national boast to remember that there was always a large store of linen!). The plate and household stuff of a man with sixty-three cattle, fifteen horses, and seven score sheep was inventoried at only eight pounds. Thus, since little money went out in furnishings, the price of lodgings even for the better class of lodger—when the annual rent of the Globe theatre was but fourteen pounds ten shillings, and when Richard Burbagh charged only forty pounds a year for Blackfriars, which he leased to a man in 1600—is likely to have been scarcely larger than that of the soldier's. A roof and a bed seemed to satisfy the average man; indeed, there are indications that one-sixth of a bed was enough.

As for the weekly washing of a gentleman—one who lived simply, it is true, but kept up appearances at court—"Wild" Darrell's washing for three months cost him seventeen shillings five pence, including fourteen pence for a tablecloth and fourteen napkins—and he seems to have been exceptional in changing his shirt every other day at the least. When he had "Anthony's four shirts" washed, it cost him twelve pence. Thus we may perhaps put down three pence as the price of laundering a shirt—which seems a bit steep unless it was somewhat elaborate. Either it had a great many frills to starch (and starch, having just come on the market, was expensive) or the soldier who paid eight pence for lodging and washing over all did not have but one shirt a week in the wash. In this case he would only have been following the fashion, for the Elizabethans solved the high cost of washing in a very simple manner.

It cost Darrell sixpence to mend his shoes and twenty pence to buy a pair outright, and mend at the same time his hose. Mending another pair of shoes cost him five pence. Making and washing a pair of sheets and hemming cupboard cloths took eighteen pence. For common wear he had a suit of plain fustian with silk buttons, and for court two doublets and cloaks lined with taffeta. The six and a quarter yards of fustian in his plain suit cost him four shillings eight pence; and three and a half yards of white fustian cost him two shillings eight pence. Thus a gentleman might have dressed himself decently, though probably without any of the fripperies and fopperies in which the time delighted, for one pound a suit; and even rich people do not seem to have had over two or three suits at once. For his two-pound pamphlet, then, Nash could have got together a very respectable wardrobe. Also it would have been very durable, for stuffs lasted a long time and stood a great deal of mending. In an age which expressed itself in dress with almost as much frenzied completeness as it did in drama, one could lay out any sum what-

ever upon his back, but this moderate-minded gentleman of the court seems to have confirmed the testimony of the Duke of Wirtemberg that one could dress himself inexpensively. "The skin of the best wethers and sheep," wrote Frederick after his visit to England in 1592, "is worth about twelve pence and a pound of wool about twelve pence."

During James's reign we have also some accounts of the prices of materials for gentlemen's clothes. These being of the best quality were of a kind which, it is presumed, need not have been worn by an author seeking to make both ends meet. Fustian for lining was a shilling a yard; watchet velvet a guinea a yard; rich taffeta ten shillings a yard. A handkerchief (probably laced and embroidered) one shilling twopence; a ribbon to tie a girdle sixpence; a waistband three pence; one pair of Spanish leather shoes three shillings sixpence. There is also an account left by a man who might have been in precisely the same position of some of the authors about the theatre. For purposes of his own he was aping the rich. Generally practising economy and of a very saving nature (in which he seems to have been unlike any of the playwrights except Shakespeare) he was led into many extravagances in the society of well-dressed young roysterers on whom he preyed. He mentions mending slippers, hose, doublet, and gloves, and putting on new bands and ruffs to old shirts—for trifling sums. But some expenses were far beyond his means. "Dressing his hat, with the lining one shilling; a horse two pounds; keeping the same at grass twelve pence the week; riding hose six shillings." His total expenses during a year's consorting with dissipated courtiers that they might borrow money of him, was seventy pounds. Shakespeare on his income of at least four times this, might have cut quite a dash with the young gentlemen of the court and still have money to buy every year one of the best houses in Stratford, as he did in 1597, for sixty pounds.

If a man wanted to cross the river by rowboat or take a longer ride on the at-

tractive Thames, there were watermen with two thousand boats at his service. With such competition the rates could not have been high. "Wild" Darrell was in the habit of paying eight pence for a boat to the court and back again, and this probably included most of his servants also. To be ferried across the river, if one didn't want to take the bridge, was only a trifle. If an author had to go out of town (though the journeys of authors seem to have been all the other way) he need by no means be put to the expense of hiring a horse or conveyance of his own. The carriers who at stated days from stated inns went all over the kingdom with letters and goods, were in the habit of taking a passenger. It was rough riding, to be sure, but even the Queen, hardened by perpetual progresses, complained in her upholstered coach of being bruised from head to foot.

Darrell's "sundries account" is of special interest in calculating an author's expenses. Candles were always four pence a pound. For "paper and parchment" he jots down eight pence, for a quire of paper twopence, for ink and a glass twopence. Four entries are for tobacco—a quarter of an ounce ten pence, an ounce five shillings, one-half pound thirty shillings, four tobacco pipes two shillings. By 1614 tobacco was probably cheaper, since in and near London there were then seven thousand tobacco shops. Yet it might still be expensive if one wanted to patronise an aristocratic shop where courtiers loitered and gossiped. "Some gentlemen," wrote King James in his *Counterblast Against Tobacco* (though probably with that wilful exaggeration moralists always adopt in describing the evils against which they are declaiming!), "bestow three or four hundred pounds a year on this precious stink. Is it not a great vanity that a man cannot heartily welcome his friend but straightway they must be in hand with tobacco, for it is become a point of good fellowship?"

The professional literary man would have been as likely as anybody to sport

all the points of good fellowship, but he could scarcely have consumed in smoke what seems, for the necessities of life at least, to have been a sufficient income. The price of tobacco in the London streets could not have been as high as the King was willing to make it out to be in shops patronised by the court, or such a vast number of shops could not have found the sale profitable. Rather does the number indicate an increasing cheapness after Darrell's time—a most likely thing of course. Besides, as almost from its introduction the common people had smoked, there must have been many grades of tobacco.

As for other luxuries in the way of amusements, on which the Elizabethan author might spend his money, there were plenty. And as it was the fashion of authors to deride the follies of the time, of course they had to know what they were talking about. Bear-baiting and fence-play cost, according to Stow, as much as a theatrical show—one penny at the gate, another for entry to the scaffold on which the spectators stood, and a third for "quiet standing" or sitting. Wrestling and other athletic contests were exhibited at the bear-gardens, doubtless at the same prices. The prices of better accommodations in the theatres much increased as time went on; but as the accommodations at these shows remained about the same, it is not likely that the prices were much raised. The cockpits may have charged more, since they were patronised by richer people. Besides the sports for which entrance prices were paid, there were, of course, bowls and cards and dice to spend money on. Gambling seems to have been universal and incessant. "It is a singularity in the nature of the English," wrote Fynes Moryson, who prided himself on having used a sharp pair of eyes throughout Europe, "that they are strangely addicted to pleasure above all other nations"; and he found them more open-handed also. Perhaps, then, this is the secret of the perpetual poverty of the playwrights.

The complaint of the older genera-

tion that the younger is playing skittles with pristine simplicity, is scarcely more to be trusted than the perennial complaint of authors. The increasing comfort of the younger age is ever denounced by the older as degeneracy. A Scotch warrior sternly upbraided his son for effeminacy when the young man upon the march made a pillow for his head out of a snowball. In Elizabeth's later years there were men who bitterly berated the time because it was substituting a bolster for the log of more manly sires. Nevertheless, when writers, however backward-looking, marshal figures and items in their arraignment of a luxurious generation, they are entitled to belief. All the Elizabethan writers spoke of the unparalleled sumptuousness of dress. When Harrison mentions the great cost spent upon adorning the body and the little upon adorning the soul, he may be uttering but the typical grandfather's lament; but when he begins to itemise, he puts the matter on another basis.

Men and women nowadays, he begins, all worry the tailor and pay all that they have to spend. "At this day men of mean rank wear garters and rosettes for their shoes of more than five pound price, and scarves from ten pounds apiece to thirty or more. No workman [once] knew how to make a wrought waistcoat worth five pounds, although at this day many milliner shops are stored with rich and curiously embroidered ones of ten, twenty, and forty pounds. Breeches and stockings for citizens were once of plain cloth and sewed as if they were all one piece, now extravagance is everywhere." The extravagance of Elizabethan dress, indeed, both in its physical and moral dimensions, has rarely been equalled. The inflated garments were out of all proportion both to the bodies and the incomes of the wearers. Only people with an income of over two hundred pounds might legally wear velvet or embroidery, yet a foreign visitor in 1592 said that women who had not a piece of dry bread at home wore velvet in the streets. The only way people could

afford to indulge their taste in dress was by having few clothes at a time. An age which lengthened the handles of spoons in order to navigate them safely over the huge outstanding ruffs in which it delighted is likely to have pursued the fashions with a zest no less than that of our own, which has so far only talked of widening doorways to admit ladies' hats and of lowering car-steps to accommodate the hobble-skirt; but at least we have (as yet) contented ourselves with wearing only one pair of gloves at a time. Elizabethan fashions in clothes were for everything which used up a vast variety and quantity of material and afforded an anchorage for innumerable ornaments and decorations. That lady who wore three pairs of gloves, one over the other, was only a more picturesque illustration of the senseless rage of the time for display in dress.

The magnificence of the costumes of the actors in the theatre was proverbial. Henslowe paid thirty pounds for the dress of the heroine in *A Woman Killed With Kindness*. The sharing-actor seems to have strutted in fine clothes off the stage as well as on. This was probably one of the reasons why to become successful on the stage was popularly recognised in Elizabeth's day as the quickest way to wealth. Furthermore the management would doubtless have expected its sharing-actors to dress well, as a means of advertisement. Shakespeare, too, had no doubt set all actors and playwrights to hoping for a profitable acquaintance at court also; and who would be a fine bird always seeks fine feathers. It could hardly fail to be expected of the actors, for business reasons, that they would cut a dash; and they must have been the chief daily associates of the playwrights. All the conditions of their life would certainly throw them in each other's company. Ben Jonson's gibe to Dekker that he was sometimes seen in shabby clothes may easily have meant that the playwrights, like all the rest of the Elizabethan world, especially that part of it which had contact with the court,

spent habitually more money upon their backs than they could afford.

TAVERN LIFE

Even the most strait-laced or the most thrifty actor and professional author (if there were any such) must have found himself willy-nilly involved in tavern-life. The first set of playwrights—Nashe, Greene, Marlowe, and the rest—dissipated away their lives in the taverns; the later ones—men of higher repute and social position—must, to a larger extent than has been credited, have dissipated in the same place their not insubstantial earnings. Less than has been fancied did either set drink for the purpose of forgetting their poverty. Gross feeding and drinking were everywhere the rule in Elizabethan and Jacobean England. The "large tabling and belly cheer" was noted by all strangers. The Spanish visitors who marvelled at the bareness of the houses were equally amazed at the abundance of the table. The two gluttonies, however, did not necessarily go together—in fact, heavy drinking was not at that time encouraged at meals. And as people seem to have eaten very little at drinking bouts, it was possibly because they had discovered that they could make a better job of each separately. The menus of the day read like inventories of provision shops. "For a family not too large," says Gervase Markham, "sixteen dishes of meat and sixteen dishes of salad and vegetables would, *if properly distributed*, be sufficient." For sweets of all kinds there was a perfect rage. "As for drinking, it was considered by all Continentals a characteristic English vice. "A hundred times a day," wrote one, "the English say 'I drink to you.'" Harrison mentions sixty-six French wines, thirty-six Spanish, and several home-made. Elizabeth's wine trade fetched three times as much as her grandfather's, and the importation of sack and canary was one of the most lucrative trades. Relatively the prices of the fiery Mediterranean wines which had bounded into favour among the rich and were supplanting

A Study of the Old "New Women"

the French clarets, were high; and it is these wines of which we hear so much in the famous drinking bouts of the playwrights. The two gallons of sack which Falstaff drank one evening at the Boar's Head cost (Elizabethan prices, of course) five shillings eight pence. This would have paid the entire living expenses of a common soldier for two weeks and bought him one hundred and twenty quarts of double beer—enough, in all conscience, for him to have got just as gloriously drunk on.

It must also be borne in mind that the actor and playwright who were forced to spend so much of their time at the tavern, found there an unusually demoralising atmosphere. The tavern, thanks to its being grafted systematically by petty officials, was more or less forced to dishonest practices and to fleecing its customers in less disguised ways than in their charges for food and drink—which, indeed, seem on the whole to have been reasonable. There were few taverns, as a consequence, which were not clearing-houses for the under-world, and the headquarters of tricksters and sharpers who were encouraged rather than otherwise by the landlord. Rough houses were they, too. How high conviviality habitually boiled may be gathered from the rules of the Apollo Club at the noisy Devil Tavern, number two Fleet Street, which its president, Ben Jonson, had written and posted over the fireplace: No fighting was to be tolerated, no

glasses or windows broken, and no tap-estry torn down!

The besetting sins of the players—luxury, extravagance, intemperate living, and a love for fine clothes and display—are constantly spoken of; and the playwright was necessarily his boon companion. Both, for business and social reasons, must constantly have wooed the society of theatre-loving courtiers, who sported the same weaknesses. Thus the frailties of his associates are likely to have been his frailties also. Add to that likelihood, the persistent arrogance of the writer's belief, never more arrogantly exhibited than in the Elizabethan and Jacobean age, that the world owes him not only a living but a better one than the average person because his wares are better—and it is not difficult to imagine where the rather substantial earnings of playwright and pamphleteer went to. In view of the salaries which were paid other people and of the cost of living in that day, one must come to the conclusion that the authors found it temperamentally easy to echo the words of Nashe's scurrilous pamphleteer Ingenioso. "Little knows the world," says that gentleman complacently, "what belongs to the keeping of a good wit in waters, diets, drinks, tobacco, and so forth. It is a dainty and costly creature; and therefore I must be paid sweetly. Furnish me with my money that I may put myself in a new suit of clothes."

A STUDY OF THE OLD "NEW WOMEN"

BY EDNA KENTON

IN TWO PARTS—PART I

WE are just beginning—thanks largely to Dora Marsden and *The Freewoman*—to perceive what the New Woman actually is, and what logically she is to be, and to many, even of the moderns, the realisation of her is draped about with mourning and with portending thunder

clouds. For change, except to a fiery few, is always a doubtful good, and Ibsen's doctrine that a woman, even though she be a mother, belongs primarily to herself—Nora of 1879 walked out of her doll's house a woman "new" enough to do *The Freewoman* criticisms of H. G.

Wells's latest novels!—crashed across Europe and into the America of the early '80's as hideous, unholy, blasphemous preachment.

That women should refuse to be any longer servants to men, before God, or in the eyes of Nature; that they should affirm their energies must be devoted first of all to the development of their own personalities and the advancement of their personal aims; that they should, taking into account only their own need for a new freedom of self-expression, not only not regard society, but should set deliberately about the task of changing it to lessen friction upon and opposition to their new demands—all this tends toward the actual creating of "something new in the world" that cannot be left unrecognised and that is to be analysed indifferently, very badly, and now and then excellently well for years to come. The dance is already on; the Ann Veronicas and Julia Frances and Olivia Lattimores and all their sisters are springing from the spawning presses, not spontaneous creations, however, but daughters of a normal maternal pedigree, for the New Woman has been in poetry and drama and fiction for close to sixty years; at her worst portrayed according to her decade's definition of her; at her best that real sort to whom neither society's attitude nor her creator's conscious or unconscious point of view matters, whose only concern is her own attitude toward life and herself.

True to the most modern definition today, the grandmother of them all is little, brave, ugly Jane Eyre, who, in 1847, walked deliberately out of the old world of human females into the new, almost uninhabited world of women. The first of the rebels, she has remained almost the finest of them all. She could walk through any of Mr. Wells's pages and be more serenely rebellious than any one of his ultra-modern, fine young women. Tagged an inferior in a social order whose rigid backbone was made up of caste vertebræ, reared under a family and school régime calculated to reduce a czar to a whimpering slave, she evolved,

before Tolstoy, and practised it more sanely, the pure doctrine of non-resistance, which rightly comprehended is the very essence of rebeldom. More than most men and women—the Henley doctrine is faulty at best—Jane was captain of her soul. Had Rochester been a different type of man, his mad wife would not have mattered to Jane. Given him, the most modern of Jane Eyre's granddaughters could do no less—or no more—than walk out of his house. Jane knew where she stood; she knew too that England must breed another race of men to give her her fitting mate in freedom. Jane Eyre faced the great social injustice of caste and for herself conquered it. She denied religion as it was preached to her. She listened as calmly and with far less inner heroics than any Yellow Aster or Ann Veronica to a man's honest story of his past. She was independent economically, mentally, spiritually; in a word she achieved emancipation. Jane Eyre was a fine anarchist, and the logical fictional result of what Mary Wollstonecraft had lived and written, of Mary Godwin's proof that she was her mother's daughter, of Lady Norton's appeal to the Queen in behalf of the enslaved women of England. For nearly half a century before Jane's creation all her rebeldom was in the air that swept over English meadows and hung heavy over London.

The year that saw the publication of *Jane Eyre* saw also Tennyson's *The Princess*—an interesting coincidence of subject merely. For Tennyson's New Woman was not nearly so dynamic—indeed, she was not at all dynamic; her views upon her "rights" and her plans to achieve them were alike faulty. After the good old ideal she innocently rebels and ultimately submits. There are a few lines with a fairly modern ring to them—Tennyson is almost pre-Weiningerian in his visioning of the evolution of the sexes:

The man be more of woman, she of man.

And he makes the Princess's conqueror say:

We two will serve them both in aiding her—
Will clear away the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up but drag her down—
Will leave her free to burgeon out of all
Within her—let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn and be—
All that harms not distinctive womanhood.

The last line betrays the mid-Victorian male, and shows he does not mean one-half of what he seems to have said before. He then lapses into the perfect mould of Victorian manners and morals with:

Until at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words.

But this is true, that by 1847, in England, the New Woman was sensed as "good copy" for poet and novelist alike.

Three years later, in America, Hawthorne published *The Scarlet Letter*, a novel that dealt with a Continental subject and a universal theme in a New English manner. Hester Prynne is not a New Woman, but she does say, in a burst of Hawthorne's maddest modernity, that in some brighter period, when the world should have grown ripe for it, a new truth would be revealed that would establish the whole relation between men and women on a surer ground of mutual helpfulness. Still possessed by the concept of some vicarious Christ who was to do all the experimenting and bear all the woe, she felt the apostle of the coming revelation must be a woman indeed, but one lofty, pure, and beautiful. Hester Prynne, after a lifetime of hideous submission to the social code, had not learned—and neither had Hawthorne—that it is not one but millions of experimenters with ideas and deeds that advance the world and change relationships of people and things. *The Scarlet Letter* should hardly be mentioned here except as an instance of America's first serious consideration in fiction of an unspeakable social injustice to women, and a timid voicing of a hope for some far distant and properly moralised "revelation."

Hannah Thurston is a curious old novel of the early Woman's Rights move-

ment in America. In it Bayard Taylor endeavoured to depict the social unrest of the '50's over suffrage, free love, spiritualism, and the like, but without the attitude of the open mind, and it may be stated at the beginning that Hannah, a Quakeress demanding the vote along with the bloomed "Bessie Stryker," was used as an argument to stem the tide of Susan B. Anthonyism that had begun to seep through the country.

Hannah has renounced marriage in order—in order!—to advocate woman's right to the ballot. "She had had her girlish dreams, but the next birthday was her thirtieth, and she had already crossed in resolve that deep gulf in a woman's life." She is "a pure woman"—fifty times over—this to counterbalance her all but indefensible immodesty in addressing public meetings in the cause of suffrage. One of her speeches deserves to be quoted; in it she cites Semiramis, Zenobia, Jael, Judith, Sappho, and Hypatia as stirring examples of feminine achievement. Woodbury, who might be termed a good Rochester, falls slowly in love with Hannah and loans her *The Princess*. Also he too, later, "confesses"—to nothing. Rochester, the famous "bad man" of this era, is honester, admits more and admits it more humanly. Jane too was more honest before masculine revealings than Hannah, being as frankly interested and as frankly undismayed as are all women of a type intelligently sympathetic enough to invite frank speech from men. Hannah, however, is a prig who will sacrifice herself and a million innocents to whatever notion she might call a "principle." She succumbs to Woodbury's cold intellect, which she defines as "the product of a wide experience," and then she explains man's tendency to seek experiences and woman's lack of them as "a radical difference in the intellects of the sexes." Her mother's dying wish "forces" her into marriage with Woodbury, who leaves her "her freedom of action" even to public speaking. It is now that she finds "her independence her chain." She passes her days "in trying hungrily to discover the wishes her hus-

band will not utter." Finally she realises she has denied herself "the holiest joy of love—self-sacrifice!" That it is in union and not equality of the sexes—whatever that means—that social happiness is to be found. And seeing nothing of comradeship, only battle and dissension, in any development of her own individuality, she succumbs. The "sex against sex" idea, something that until the last decade has permeated too strongly the feminist movement, fills this curious old book. Hannah, called the New Woman of 1850, is in reality nothing but the old, old woman with the suffrage bee. There are those of her to-day—too many of her.

One of the first masculine-brained women in fiction—and she because of her lack of beauty and feminine charms was denied love and marriage by her creator—was Marion Holcombe in Wilkie Collins's *The Woman in White*. Marion has bravery, resource, discretion, a head that she uses expertly, a denial of "the inevitable," and a beautifully natural method of approaching men on humanist topics. That she was resented by most of the male characters in this book of plot rather than character is not to her discredit, but their own showing up. Collins seems to admire her, not as a woman, but as a human being. Perhaps in making her as sexless as he did, he was merely concerned with her humanness rather than her femaleness. If this is true, it marks an interesting advance. But he lavished all the old embroidery upon Laura, the beautiful, fainting Laura, own sister to Amanda of Dunreath Abbey.

By the '70's women were regularly admitted to the medical schools, and of course began to appear in fiction. Charles Reade, in *A Woman Hater*, presents Rhoda Gale, an essentially combative creature whom he carefully calls "Doctress Gale" all through. Except for the fact that she is among the first of women physicians to appear in fiction she amounts to nothing. Mark Twain's *The Gilded Age* contains Ruth, another "female doctress," who in the final chap-

ter surrenders "all" for love. In *Dr. Breen's Practice* Howells treats rather unsympathetically a very unsympathetic young "doctress," who takes up the study of medicine as a cure for an unfortunate love affair, and who is a standing type of New Englandish, moralistic narrowness at its worst. It had not occurred to the world at large by 1875 that a woman could have education, experience, travel, wide acquaintanceship, a career, love, marriage, and children without "breaking down," or neglecting her church- and state-ordained "duties." The woman doctor became all too soon a type as firmly imbedded in the canons of fiction as her brother doctor, who in most novels to-day preserves all the traditions of the Greek Chorus.

For a generation Jane Eyre remained the one essential rebel in feminist literature. But with the early '80's three others appear to stand beside her. Over in Norway, in 1879, *A Doll's House* is played and, as Huneker puts it, "That slammed door reverberated across the roof of the world, and not over the knocking at the gate in *Macbeth* was there such critical controversy." For the first time a woman unmistakably, for the good of her own soul, turns her back on all her "duties" and joins the hedonists. She casts away self-sacrifice forever and seeks instead self-development. No delayed translation could matter with a play of this epochal sort, and England and America got Nora's rebeldom quickly. Only a little later came *The Story of an African Farm* and *Diana of the Crossways*.

Lyndall, that sombre creature of the African farm, is a rebel of the revolutionary type; she knows not one jot of Tolstoyism and never finds Jane Eyre's serenity. Out from her starved childhood she lays hold upon life with naked hands and soul and body. To Waldo, the stolid boy who worships her, she says, "What a woman would be she cannot be, because she is a woman. There is no one to help her; she must help herself. She must be content to wait long before she gets her feet upon the path. If she

has made blunders in the past, if she has weighted herself with a burden that she must bear to the end, she must bear the burden bravely and labour on. There is no use in wailing and repentance here—this life is too short. By our errors we see deeper into life—they help us. If she does all this, she must succeed at last. Men and things are plastic; they part to the right and left when one comes among them moving in a straight line to one end."

She faces the urgent problems of religion, of sex, of social injustices. She refuses to marry her stranger, but she goes away with him deliberately and bears him a child. He, however, is not "something nobler, stronger than I, before which I can kneel down." By so much Lyn is bound to the wheel of the old ideals—this because she has never found outlet for her surplus energy in work that interests her, and therefore seeks expression in worship—that poor escape for so much wasted human strength. She loses her life, but she has lived it, and this in itself for women spells essential revolt. Even though she has not lived it joyously, though her freedom was always bitter, that is due to unsatisfying conditions and environment rather than to temperament or fault.

For the modern humanist *Diana of The Crossways* is tarred ever so slightly with the brush of mid-Victorianism, although it is rightly placed with the essentially rebelistic books of the nineteenth century. At least Diana's epigrams are flaming torches to the free-woman's path, and if Diana herself does little besides leave her husband and sell a secret the cause of her inaction may be quietly and considerably laid to Meredith's essential conventionalism. The book is pierced on every page with splinters off the tree of feminism, and in the setting down in pregnant phrase of axioms not then so commonplace on the individual woman's right to her life and her liberty the book served in-

valuably the feminist movement—far more in phrase than in the creation of Diana, who, in all truth, is not what amid all the super-Meredithian glitter of this book she seems to be. *An Amazing Marriage* is not nearly so feminist, but Carinthia, a creation ten years later, is many more times a rebel than Diana could ever be.

At last, however, this text for the doctrinal instruction of women was being preached: "Self-development is better than self-sacrifice." How tremendous a space of spiritual evolution this covers can be hardly realised—until to-day in some deadly group of mentally inactive conventionals one faces again the old fetich of self-sacrifice as a standard of conduct and grapples once more with the remnants of a strength that once was stronger than all the world.

Lyn's code, developed on that African farm, goes even deeper: "There is no one to help her; she must help herself. By our errors we see deeper into life—they help us." And this: "If she has made blunders in the past, if she has weighted herself with a burden which she must bear to the end, she must bear the burden bravely, and labour on."

But we are close to the decade in which a brighter doctrine than Lyn's bitterly brave one is to be preached to women. "Self-sacrifice as a pattern for their lives has been thrown onto the outer dust heap. Repentance as an aftermath to women's experiences is to go with it. Lyn voices the new feeling slightly and bitterly. With the final decade of the nineteenth century, the one that saw the great first wave of feminist fiction and plays, discussion of "the woman question" has reached a stage where frank facing of her greatest problem is to be avoided no longer, and amid the din of Yellow Asters and Dodos and Mrs. Tanquerays, this new note in a novel and in a play is struck ringingly.

SOME MODERN FRENCH ETCHERS

BY CLEVELAND PALMER

READERS of the Goncourts' wonderful portrayal in *Manette Salomon* of Parisian artists' life under the Second Empire, will remember with what passion the painter hero, Naz de Coriolis, balked by the failure of his pictures in his ambition to achieve a great career, turned to etching, and found in the semi-mechanical methods of that art a sort of anodyne for his black mood of bitter disillusionment and intense despair. The brief passage in which his feverish activity is described is a veritable dramatic compendium of the art of etching. It "took possession of him with its interest, its passionate absorption, the forgetfulness which it induced of everything, of his meals, of his cigar, the species of temporal effacement which it effected in his life. Bent over his plate, he passed whole days in scratching the copper, in discovering, under the cuts and scratches, the red gold of the stroke in the black varnish. And it was, as it were, a momentary suspension of his life, this soothing surcease of cerebral excitement, this species of congestion produced in him by his aching eyes, this void which he felt in his brain instead of grief."

Then, when the plate was finished, there was "the biting, that work of the acid which, according to the degree, the temperature, the operation of unknown laws, a chance, a hazard, succeeds in making or spoiling the plate, in creating or in destroying its character, in deepening or in deadening its style—this biting made a profound appeal to his emotions by its mystery and by its magic chemistry. He became utterly oblivious of himself when, leaning over the ruddy fumes, the air-bubbles breaking on the surface, he followed in the mordant bath the changes of the copper, as it became bleached and pale, the green foam that frothed along the lines traced by the point. And as soon as the plate was relieved of its varnish, smeared with essential oil, "he made mad haste to the printer's.

"There . . . in a room full of a white daylight, from whose ceiling hung on strings woollen strips for printing, before a press with great wheels, in the silence of a workshop where the only noise was the dripping of water which wets the paper, the rocking of a copper plate, the pulsations of a wooden clock, the strokes of a hot-press being turned, he felt a veritable anxiety to follow the blackened hand of the printer-inking and charging his plate on the wooden block, wiping it with his palm, plugging it with gauze, lining it and gauging it with Spanish white, passing it under the roller, locking up the form, turning the wheel and returning it. He was profoundly preoccupied by the result which, at this turn of the wheel, was to decide the fortune of his design. While the proof was still wet, he snatched it from the hands of the workman.

"And always he went from the printer's with a sort of prostration, a physical and moral exhaustion comparable to that of a gambler after a night of play."

How carefully, in order to write this description, must the Goncourts have read Maxime Lalanne's famous treatise on the subject, and consulted their expert etcher-friend, Félix Bracquemond, on each detail of the processes involved! How often, too, they must have watched, breathless, the latter at his prestigious labours, and accompanied him to the establishment of the great printer, Delâtre, who proved plates for Meryon, Whistler, and all the other brilliant etchers of the era! Aside from the somewhat exaggerated motivation of the scene for purely literary purposes, the passage is doubtless as technically sound and as psychologically true as these two maniacs of realism and impressionism could make it. But it is more than that. It is historically significant as well, and it is highly characteristic of the two brothers that they should not have set out to portray the life and interpret the

soul of a French painter in the middle of the nineteenth century, without giving him at least some trace of that passion for the *eau-forte* which was shared by so many of the great painters of the period. Nor is it, again, merely a matter of chance that they should have made Coriolis gain his instruction in etching from an imaginary Barbizon painter named Crescent. For it was to the actual artists of that group, Jacque, Rousseau, Daubigny, Millet, Corot, that etching owed its revival in France, just as in England, as we have seen, it owed this in large part to the Norwich painters.

Mr. A. M. Hind, in his *Short History of Engraving and Etching*, assigns to Rousseau a position somewhat similar to that occupied by Crome, "the advance made consisting in a return to the spirit of the Old Dutch masters." But in France, where the assimilation of this spirit was much more complete from the first than in England, the advance was correspondingly more marked and significant. So that, although the English etchers preceded the French by a generation, the latter, when they began, so far outstripped the former in a thorough realisation of the aims and methods of etching, that they became the real inaugurators of the modern movement as a whole. Indeed, it required their active influence to revitalise the English revival, to correct its tendencies, and to impel it onward in a path from which it had deviated through too direct a rivalry with painting.

Members of the Barbizon group were, of course, like the Norwich men, primarily painters, but, unlike these, they were able, when they dropped their brushes and took up their needles, to forget their palettes, and to think of tone in terms of line. Herein lies the secret of their superiority as etchers, and the reason for their superior significance in the history of etching. However little satisfied we may be with the etched work of Corot as compared with his painting, his slightest sketch on copper retains for us, nevertheless, a distinct charm of its own, generally just because it is so slight;

because the artist, delicately perceptive of the limitations of line, has not attempted to compete with the magic resources of his flowing pigment; and because, content to record a mere fleeting impression in the simplest and most summary terms, he has succeeded in giving us a profoundly personal record of himself.

But neither Rousseau, Corot, nor, we may add, Millet, although his plates occupy an important place in his work, is the representative etcher of the Barbizon school. This place must be reserved for Charles Jacque, who differed from the others in that he was pre-eminently an etcher, and to whose individual efforts the revival was very largely due. At a time when lithography was the accepted process for making prints, Jacque proved by his experiments the advantages of etching as an autographic method when delicacy and subtlety of line were desired, and it was through his influence that Millet was led to adopt it. The relations between the two artists were very close, and Mr. Robert J. Wicken- den, who was acquainted with many of these "Men of 1830," has told in a recent article on Jacque (*The Print-Collector's Quarterly*, Vol. II, No. 1) how the friends came to stumble together by accident upon the little village on the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau, which has given its name to one of the most important schools of modern art.

The revolutionary period of 1849, and the cholera invasion from which Jacque had suffered, decided them in their plan to leave Paris, and as Millet had a few hundreds of francs in hand . . . he joined forces with Jacque, and off they started for Fontainebleau with their families. Jacque said he had heard of a place somewhere near there of which the name ended in "-zon," though he could not remember the rest. After wandering in the forest for some time they came across a woodcutter, who replied to their inquiries that Barbi-"zon" might be the name. Jacque's enthusiasm was unbounded, and he broke out with "That's the place; I told you, Millet, we should find the promised land!"

They went to Barbizon with their families and soon settled in peasants' houses,—Millet for the rest of his life,—and both men here found the material and surroundings their tastes and art required.

They had met for the first time only

the year before, and Mr. Wickenden suggests that Jacque's etchings and studies of country life, added to his advice, may have strengthened the determination of Millet, then occupied with mythological nudes, to devote himself wholly to



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

EDMOND DE GONCOURT. BY FÉLIX BRACQUEMOND

This is one of the greatest portraits in engraving. It has unusual interest because of the close personal relations between the artist and the famous novelist who describes the operations of an etcher in his and his brother's story of Parisian artists' life, "Manette Salomon."

rustic subjects. He accurately indicates the essential difference between the two men, however, when he points out that "Jacque's point of view tended toward the incidental and anecdotic, while Millet's art was always more subjective in character." Jacque's was thus the slighter, though wholly charming talent, the spirit of which has never been better expressed than by Mr. Charles Blanc in the following sentences:

What distinguishes it (Jacque's work) is the penetrating poetry of his landscapes, the intimate charm of his farms, of his *cabarets*, of his depiction of peasant manners. In this respect he represents and sums up, in his little prints, our whole modern school of landscapists and familiar painters . . . Where he reaches the very height of his charm is in his *auberges*, his farmyards, his landscapes; in these one breathes the peace of the fields, the happiness of the village, the agreeable and wholesome odour of haystacks. To look at these ravishing etchings is to be reminded inevitably of college vacations passed in the country.

Jacque began to show his etchings in

1841, and in 1889 he won at the Exposition Universelle the Medal of Honour for his large plate, "La Bergerie Béarnaise." So his active career as an etcher, not counting his earliest experiments, which go back ten years earlier, covers a period of nearly half a century, during which he produced a vast number of prints and developed several styles or manners. A number of artists greater than Jacque have employed the etching needle in modern times, but few, if any, have surpassed him as an *etcher*; while, as a pioneer and innovator, he holds a place of the greatest importance in the history of the art. That is why we have said so much about him here, although he scarcely comes within the scope of our immediate subject. Its limitations forbid us to do more than mention the name of Daubigny, who comes second to Jacque in etching fecundity among the men of the Barbizon group; of Adolphe Appian, the pupil of Daubigny and Corot; or of Alphonse Legros, of whom, however, in his relation to the revival of etching in England, we spoke in the preceding article. In his sympathies and in his



Courtesy of George Busse,

JARDINS DES LUXEMBOURG. BY EUGÈNE BÉJOT

choice of subjects this etcher is closely related to Jacque and Millet.

But we must pause for a moment over Charles Meryon, who, while the main revival of etching was going forward among the Fontainebleau artists, their friends and their disciples, was blazing a way for himself and publishing his astonishing series of 'Eaux-Fortes sur Paris.' These have caused Meryon to be recognised not only as the greatest French etcher of the nineteenth century, but as

one of the three supreme masters of the medium, having as his only rivals Rembrandt and Whistler. The poet Baudelaire first won recognition for the work of this ex-naval officer, who was the son of an English physician and a Parisian ballet dancer and who, after a heartrending struggle with poverty and insanity, died at Charenton in 1868. He suffered from delusions in which he imagined that Edgar Allan Poe was a fictitious personage created by his enemies in order to tor-



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

LA BERGERIE BÉARNAISE. BY CHARLES JACQUE

This etching, which is sometimes considered Jacque's masterpiece, was made when the artist was past seventy, and won the gold Medal of Honour at the Paris Exposition Universelle, 1889.

ment him. Thus he believed that "The Murders of the Rue Morgue" contained references to his own private life and misfortunes, and proved it to Baudelaire by several correspondences, including the fact that he himself had made an etching of the Morgue in Paris! This magnificent work of art is but one of a dozen masterpieces that make of architecture the medium for the expression of the most profound moral emotion, the wildest imaginative fantasy, all as if by magic, for there is not in his consummate draughtsmanship the slightest tendency toward distortion, exaggeration, or over-emphasis.

With Meryon, as a lover of Paris,

though with perfect poise and sanity, and with nothing more weighty in his work than a high charm of grace and elegance, is Maxime Lalanne, who really brings to a close the first great age of French etchers. By them the art was practised as a pure linear technique, applied primarily to the suggestion of form, and only secondarily to the representation of colour, tone and texture. After 1860 or thereabouts these became more directly ends in themselves, and men like Buhot, Jacquemart, and Bracquemond appear above all as remarkable virtuosi, skilled in the attaining of any desired effect by the resourceful employment of a variety of means. Buhot excelled in the



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

LA MORGUE. BY CHARLES MERYON

subtle poetry of atmosphere; Jacquemart, in the refinements of still life, reproducing a great number of art objects from the collections in the Louvre; and Bracquemond in the delineation of birds in a manner that closely suggests the Japanese method of treating similar subjects in a different medium. And this is the one vital criticism that can be made of these artists, namely, that it is not always apparent why etching is employed

by them for purposes where another way of working would arrive at the same result with a far less expenditure of effort. Why laboriously multiply lines to represent an object when these lines, in order to represent it properly, must be brought so closely together that they cease to exist individually as lines, but tend to merge together in a mass? Still, when one sees the silvery grays and the glossy blacks of Bracquemond's bird-plumage,



Courtesy of George Busse

"OH! LES FLEURS! NOUS ADORONS LES FLEURS!" BY LOUIS LEGRAND

The point of this social satire lies, of course, in the feudal castle in the background, which has now passed into the hands of the *nouveaux riches*.



MISS LORA. BY EDGAR CHAHINE

Courtesy of George Busse

one cannot quarrel with the way the thing is done, and can only admire its tactile truth, its rich and lustrous beauty.

Bracquemond is still living and the etcher who, it is said, was taught his art by Daubigny, has transmitted the tradition of his teaching to the man who easily stands first among the active French etchers of to-day. Indeed Auguste Lepère is one of the noblest etchers produced in France during the whole period of the revival, and the high place which he is at present accorded will, we think, tend to become even higher with the passage of time. It may at first seem odd that an artist who is a true painter-etcher, and represents a return to the linear ideals of the Barbizon leaders, as well as of the men of the second generation like Appian, Lalanne, and Legros, should have been the pupil of such an ultra-refined technician of surfaces as Bracquemond. But it is possible to learn one's craft from an elder contemporary with-

out at the same time being influenced by his artistic tendencies, and this is the case with Lepère. Bracquemond is above all a master-craftsman. It must be remembered that tracing lines upon the covering of the copper plate is only one part of the etching process. Another, and in some respects a more important part, since the weight and quality of these lines depend entirely upon it, is the biting. Bracquemond, who bit many of Corot's plates for him, is a supreme expert in the manipulation of the mordant, and it is doubtless on this side that Lepère owes most to his instructor.

At all events Lepère himself shows remarkable skill in the biting of his own plates, and it is, above all, to the boldness and vigour with which he handles the acid to secure splendid and poetic effects of light and shade, tone and colour, foreground and distance, that his work owes its surprising vitality. His landscape is veritable dramatic landscape in



PORT DE LA MEULE. BY AUGUSTE LEPIÈRE

Courtesy of George Busac



LE PORT AU BOIS À TROYES. BY S. LEHEUTRE

Courtesy of George Busac



THE MARKET. BY L. BROUET

Courtesy of George Busse



THE MARKET HALL. BY EDGAR CHAHINE

Courtesy of George Busse

which the forces of nature are, as it were, personified and endowed with an emotional life of their own. In this respect, Lepère's work reminds us of Meryon's, as it does also, paradoxically, by virtue of the fact that, so far as external form is concerned, there is the same carrying on of the classic tradition by the one artist as by the other. Lepère, in his feeling for formal design, as well as in his sentiment of space and of massive grandeur, often suggests Claude Lorrain, just as Meryon, in his noble and restrained treatment of architectural subjects, suggests Canaletto and Piranesi. Not that either is in any sense an imitator, and the classicism of Lepère, in which Miss Elisabeth Luther Cary finds, at times, something of the true pagan spirit of antiquity, makes Legros's correctness and elevation seem a little cold, Lalanne's grace and elegance a trifle flat and insipid. In short, Meryon and Lepère combine classicism and romanticism in a single synthesis, and transcend all attempts at classification by any of the ordinary categories that imply a narrow and exclusive opposition of qualities. Perhaps both may be described in more modern critical language as "symbolists," in that, apprehending common reality with a singular spiritual intensity, they have the power to make us see the thing in itself, be it landscape or architecture—and Lepère has essayed the latter as well as the former—as a projection of their own consciousness.

But if these two artists have much in common on the side of poetic penetration and imaginative power, their mood is by no means the same—there is little tragic gloom in any of Lepère's plates—and their manner of working is altogether different. It is curious that Meryon, who never drew with anything but a needle, should have used this quite as if it had been a burin or graver, laying his line with almost mechanical regularity, while Lepère, who was originally an engraver (on wood) and took up etching relatively late in life, should work with even greater freedom than Claude himself. But sensitiveness to his medium is one

of the foremost characteristics of Lepère, and the wood or metal seems to impart to his hand the secret of its most intimate mastery. To compare one of his woodcuts with one of his etchings of a similar subject—trees, for example—is to receive a lesson in the significance of style in art that a whole volume on the subject could not make more clear.

Lepère has also imitated the Japanese in colour prints from wood blocks, that make the elaborate coloured etchings at present so popular in France look vulgar and tawdry. It is impossible to speak here at any length of this phase of the subject, though there are probably more men working in colour in Paris to-day than in black and white. But with the exception of Raffaelli, who keeps closely to line, most of these men are not pure etchers, since they make important use of aquatint, mezzotint, and other tonal processes, just as in the previous article we saw that one school of English graphic artists, from Turner to Sir Frank Short, has supplemented the bare etched outline with work of the rocker.

Even artists who employ black and white for the most part, occasionally introduce a note of colour, as, for example, Paul Helleu, who is given to tinting the lips and hair of what have been accurately described as his "brilliant but empty" portraits of fashionable beauties, and his numberless imitators naturally follow, and even outdo, him in this dubious device. The same is true of Louis Legrand, a master of expressive draughtsmanship in drypoint, whose penetrating studies of vicious psychology in slum children has made Sir Frederick Wedmore compare him with Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, but whose wider popularity is doubtless in large measure due to his satiric vein, and to his piquant impressions of Parisian improprieties. He also, from time to time, attempts a depiction of the life of the labouring classes, and one large plate of this character, showing an *ouvrier* in the act of embracing his wife and child at the end of

the day's work, was purchased by *Jugend* and reproduced as a cover design. Doubtless it gave much pleasure. But, for our part, when Legrand abandons the sketch, and essays, with the aid of aquatint and colour to become a complete picture-maker, he gives the unpleasant impression of modelling his figures out of some sort of soft putty. Steinlein and Forain have also executed some etchings, though, so far as we know, no work of theirs in this manner has been seen in this country.

Indeed very few recent French etchers are adequately represented here either in the shops or in the solander boxes of collectors. An exception may be noted in the case of Mr. George Busse, a New York dealer who has faith in the future of the French school in America, and who has many portfolios filled with examples of the work of its leading representatives. To him we are indebted for most of the illustrations for this article. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has recently held an exhibition of the etchings by Besnard, who is best known by his painted portraits and by his splendid wall decorations in colour. In order to secure in black and white some of the vibrant, glowing, quality of his impressionistic canvases, Besnard invented that coarse, and apparently careless, style of etching which has since been cultivated with such effect by Anders Zorn.

But there is at least one other French etcher of to-day whose name is beginning to be mentioned more frequently. This is Eugène B  jot. Like Meryon and Lalanne, this artist is a lover of Paris, and among his most familiar prints are two views, the one long, the other upright, of the Luxembourg Palace and Garden. It is impossible to deny that these, like his other plates of a similar character, have a certain elegance in their light scheme, which gives something of the feeling of radiant Parisian sunlight, and in their insistence only on the essential outlines of architecture. But it is equally impossible not to feel that the method of elimination is carried too far—reduced too much to a formula—and that it rep-

resents a somewhat shallow decorative convention rather than a serious attempt to study nature and to seize the inmost soul of a subject. Nor is B  jot's draughtsmanship sound or interesting enough to justify this manner of treatment. His line is hard, literal, and lacking in personal quality,—except for certain pot-hooks which have become a mannerism with him in the ripples of water, etc.—and he has little skill in the rendering of tree forms. Foliage, for example, he generally manufactures as a black mass, content to secure from it some positive contrast to the light values of his architecture. In short, his etching aims almost entirely at effect, and impresses us with little sense of sincerity or of solid accomplishment.

Very different is the work of Chahine, an Armenian by birth, who in whatever he does shows himself not only the brilliant executant, but the profound student, the alert and sympathetic observer. It is said that before his marriage he devoted himself almost entirely to portraits of women,—one of which we reproduce herewith in order to show that it is possible for the French etcher of to-day to treat such subjects with a certain psychological finesse—but that immediately after his marriage he dropped this genre abruptly and turned to architectural subjects and to scenes of the Paris streets. While he gives to the former a poetic quality quite lacking in B  jot's dry, untemperamental, rendering, it is in the latter, as in the plate entitled "The Market Hall," which we reproduce, and in which the scene seems absolutely alive, that, in our opinion, he finds fullest opportunity for the expression of his peculiar powers. They are even more those of the imaginative artist than of the linear poet and the psychologist—whether of women or of architecture—and one of his plates is like a page torn from the work of a brilliant story-teller and stylist, Anatole France, or Maupassant.

In his feeling for dramatic action, in the vitality of his figures, and in the mobility of his groups and masses, Chahine suggests Lep  re, who makes impor-

tant, if subsidiary, employment of human factors in the landscape and architectural subjects that constitute his special field. Here, perhaps, his closest competitor is the dry-point artist, Leheutre, whose relation to the older man is in a sense that of Muirhead Bone to D. Y. Cameron. Leheutre, indeed, has much of the former's precise and delicate draughtsmanship, though his line is even finer, and though his surfaces are apt to have a silky texture that is absent from the more vigorous and virile work of his English contemporary. One would say that Leheutre's style was perhaps too refined for a robust Anglo-Saxon taste, were it not for the curious fact that his work actually has closer kinship in many ways with the historic dry-point tradition of English etching than with the pure linear methods of the earlier Frenchmen. There are bits in the foregrounds of several of his etchings that might have been executed by Sir Seymour Haden. He is a master of misty effects and of planes that recede until the objects contained in them seem on the point of disappearing magically in the distance.

Latenay is another landscape etcher whose work, both in black and white, and in colour, is highly prized in France to-day, while Dauchez and Eugène Delâtre, son of the famous printer of etchings, have also received important recognition. Lhermitte, whose plates deal with the same range of peasant subjects as his better known paintings, seems, through the pictorial elaboration of his method, to continue the important nineteenth-century French tradition of reproductive, rather than of original, etching, although, as a matter of fact, he works directly from nature. And then there is Charles Huard, with whom we are more familiar as an illustrator of

books about New York, Paris and Berlin, written by his wife, the daughter of Francis Wilson, and who is now engaged in illustrating an important new edition of Balzac printed at the Imprimerie Nationale. As an etcher he limits himself largely to impressions of ships and sailors.

For final mention we have reserved L. Brouet, a young artist who has rapidly worked his way to an important place among modern French etchers, and who promises even more than he has already accomplished. Like so many men since the revival of etching, he has returned to Rembrandt for inspiration. But unlike most of these, it is not Rembrandt the landscape etcher, but Rembrandt the summary draughtsman of figures in salient outline, that Brouet has studied with especial care. In the "Market," which is reproduced, as well as in "The Antiquary's Shop," and a number of other similar plates, the suggestion of the great Dutch artist's style is striking. And yet there is no mere servility of imitation, but a fresh, vivacious, and imaginative, rendering of scenes from real life. How much he has improved in certainty and in simplicity of technical expression, by this study, may be seen by comparing any of the etchings of this series with such a plate as "The Cozy Corner," showing an old woman in an interior, with its look of a rather fumbling reproduction of a wash drawing, its lack of any fine linear quality, and its free use of the roulette. Another striking Rembrandtesque work of Brouet's is a mezzotint entitled "A Jewish Family," with its mysterious atmosphere and its bold pattern of light and shade. In short, Brouet is an artist from whom notable things may be expected in the future.

SHAKESPEARE HIMSELF

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

I

THAT our information about Shakespeare himself and about the facts of his life is as meagre as it is, may be a benefit to his fame, since our interest is now never distracted from the writings of the author to the doings of the man. Not a few poets, more particularly Shelley and Musset and Poe, have suffered an obscuration of their reputations by the very excess of our information in regard to relatively unimportant episodes of their biographies. In default of a surplussage of obtruding facts about their careers Sophocles and Shakespeare and Molière abide our question; and we are forced to focus our attention steadily on their writings.

Only a very few of the plays of Sophocles survive, but it seems probable that we have the most of his masterpieces in a text that is now fairly satisfactory. Molière was persuaded at last to issue his comedies himself, although one or two of his least valuable pieces have failed to come down to us. Shakespeare, however, did not himself publish any single one of his tragedies or comedies. Such editions of his more popular plays as were printed during his lifetime were unauthorised by him; and apparently they were all of them piratical publications, mere catch-pennies, hastily made up from shorthand notes taken in the theatre or clumsily pieced together from the memories of disloyal performers. It was in self-defence against a similar piracy of the *Précieuses Ridicules* that Molière was compelled to publish that comedy contrary to his own wish, for he declared in his preface that he had no desire to issue it as a book, being amply content with the success it had attained when performed as a play.

Under the English law as it was then, Shakespeare had no redress against the pirate-publishers, and we can only regret

that their predatory enterprise did not move him to anticipate Molière's procedure and to send forth himself complete and corrected copies of his manuscripts as the plays were actually acted in the theatre. Despite Ben Jonson's assertion that Shakespeare "never blotted out a line," it seems to be fairly certain that he was in the habit of working over his plays and of amplifying them, perhaps for successive revivals and as the membership of the company was modified. At least we are justified in believing this from the fact that *Hamlet* is far too long for the two hours' traffic of the stage, and that therefore the whole text, as we have it now, could never have been delivered at any single performance.

Shakespeare, however, failed to publish his plays himself, whatever his reasons may have been, whether a desire to keep the true manuscripts in the sole possession of the company in whose takings he was a sharer or a disdain for any other appeal to the public beyond that of the playhouse. In those days dramas were held only doubtfully to be literature; and even in his ambitious youth Shakespeare had sought literary reputation only from his narrative poems. Even the sonnets were not published by him or by his authority. "Venus and Adonis" and the "Rape of Lucrece" were printed with scrupulous scrutiny of the proofs; and the purity of the text of these narrative poems is in flagrant contrast with the corruption of the text of the First Folio edition of the plays, issued seven years after his death. Although we may find profit in a study of the unauthorised quartos, the First Folio is and must be always our authority, in spite of its haphazard compilation and of its numberless blunders. So far as we can guess it was printed mainly from the manuscripts in the theatre, probably mangled by casual omissions and by cuts

carelessly made to meet the exigencies of performance and possibly contaminated also by occasional alterations and additions.

Certain of the plays are divided into five acts in the First Folio, although no act division has been indicated in such quarto piracies as have preceded them; but we do not know whether or not this division into acts was due to Shakespeare or to Heming and Condell, conforming to a later fashion established by Ben Jonson. Certain acts of certain plays are further subdivided into scenes; and again we are left in uncertainty whether or not Shakespeare had anything to do with this; it is now generally believed that he was in nowise responsible for it. The First Folio also contains a few precious stage-directions and indications of stage-business, often omitted or changed in our snug modern editions, but invaluable as evidence of the stage-conditions to which the Elizabethan playwright had perforce to conform. While the division into acts and scenes, wherever it is attempted, is probably the work of the misguided editors, the stage-directions are almost positively due to the dramatist himself; and they therefore serve to bring us a little closer to him. The devoted zeal of a host of later editors and commentators has purged the text of the obvious misprints and has elucidated the meaning of many obscure passages. These editors have, however, allowed themselves the liberty of cutting up the acts into a succession of scenes, in accord with the several places where they supposed the action then to take place; and in so doing they have created a misleading and unnecessary confusion. But when all is said and when all allowances are made we have little reason to quarrel with the situation in which we find ourselves now when we set out to see for ourselves just what it is that Shakespeare did. There may still exist a few seeming inconsistencies and a few apparent contradictions, there may be painful gaps in our knowledge, but these are only few and they are not important. After all, we have the plays, even if the

text is not as solidly ascertained as we could wish; we have the histories and the comedies and the tragedies; and they speak for themselves, alike on the stage and in the study. While we may not be possessed of all we want, we have all we need. We can weigh the plays themselves, and we can ask ourselves what manner of man he was who composed them. As Emerson asserted, "Shakespeare is the only biographer of Shakespeare"; and "we have really the information which is material, that which describes character and fortune, that which, if we were to meet the man and deal with him, would most import us to know."

II

"In all countries and in all ages a really fine play must be a rarity," so Lewes declared, "since it is a work which of all others demands the greatest combination of powers. It is not enough for a man to be a great poet, a great inventor, a great humourist, it is not enough for him to have insight into character, and power of representing it in action, it is not enough for him to have command over brilliant dialogue and striking situation—there must be added to these a peculiar instinct for dramatic evolution, a peculiar art of construction and *ordonnance* which will combine all these qualities so as to meet psychological and theatrical exigencies. To be able to invent a story is one thing; to tell it dramatically is another; and to throw that story into the form of a drama is a third and still more difficult achievement."

That Shakespeare possessed the peculiar quality of the playwright is generally acknowledged; and it is proved by the fact that his best plays still keep the stage after three centuries. That he did not always exercise this peculiar quality is more frankly admitted of late than it was a few years ago; and his occasional failure to exercise it is proved by the fact that more than half of his plays have been unable to maintain themselves in the theatre. He could climb to the lofti-

est summits of poetry with Sophocles, and he could also rival the cleverest ingenuities of playmaking, such as are revealed by Scribe and Sardou, even if he does not always trouble himself to attain the deft adroitness of these latterday craftsmen of the theatre.

Sometimes he takes an unworthy story and fails to tell it dramatically. Sometimes he leaves loose ends, like the unmotivated jealousy of Philip in *King John* and like the promised retaliation upon mine Host of the Garter in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Sometimes he credits his characters with his own foreknowledge and lets Malvolio act as though he believed Olivia to be in love with him before the character is told of it, as he also permits Oberon to anticipate the result of a blunder that Puck is to commit later. Sometimes he puts beautiful speeches into the mouths of uninspired characters and noble thoughts into the mouths of base creatures. He causes his villains to proclaim their own wickedness to the spectators, so that the least attentive of the groundlings might not be in doubt as to their future misdeeds.

Always does he conform to the traditions and the conventions which the Tudor theatre had inherited from the mediæval stage. The convention of the mysteries permitted several distant places to be set in view simultaneously; and therefore Shakespeare puts the tent of Richard III by the side of that of Richmond. The tradition of the moralities authorised formal disputations; and Shakespeare permits one character to state a case with eloquent amplitude to be answered with ample eloquence by his opponent, hanging up the action, it may be, but providing the actors with the opportunity for oratory and gratifying the spectators with the vicissitudes of debate. And as on the mediæval stage the action was presented on a neutral ground, which might be anywhere and which was identifiable as a specific place only when there was a necessity for localising it, so Shakespeare lets his story ramble through space, pausing for description only whenever there was need for letting us know

where his characters are supposed to be. This was proper enough on the platform-stage of the Tudor theatre; but it is not a little awkward to adjust to the picture-frame stage of our modern playhouse.

But even when the playwright is lax in his practice the poet rarely slumbers. It is true, as Professor Bradley has pointed out, that there are "passages where something was wanted for the sake of the plot, but where Shakespeare did not care about it or was hurried" and "the conception of the passage is then distinct from the execution, and neither is inspired." And the British critic appends the apt comment that Shakespeare was "the greatest of poets when he chose, but not always a conscientious poet." Professor Bradley here suggests the distinct difference between Shakespeare on the one hand, and on the other devoted technicians like Milton and Pope and Tennyson, who are never neglectful of the connecting links and who are always scrupulous to bestow all possible finish even upon the least important passages. They are conscientious artists always, and Shakespeare, greater than any of them when he exerts his full power, is occasionally disdainful of the meticulous care which they never failed to give. He exhibits a lordly carelessness as to the logical sequence of his figures of speech; and he does not hesitate to talk of taking up arms against a sea of troubles and of seeking the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth. An affluent genius is likely to overflow with spontaneous images sometimes inconsistent. The truly great poet is not always a stickler for the niceties of metaphoric propriety and he takes no pride in echoing the boast of an accomplished craftsman like Théophile Gautier that his similes were always in accord with one another.

His style is not learned or conscious like Vergil's; rather is it instinctive like Goethe's, with little or no mannerism. His mastery of rhythm is marvelous; he abounds in fancy; and he can be superb in imaginative energy. In the most careless of his plays, the least plausible in

story, the most loosely jointed in plot, the most perfunctory in character, the poet is continually coming to the aid of the playwright; splendour of speech dazzles us and for the moment even blinds us to the deficiency of structure. With effortless ease he illuminates his nouns with the unforeseen but inevitable adjectives; and "one sentence begets the next naturally; the meaning is all inwoven," as Coleridge said. "He goes on kindling like a meteor through the dark atmosphere."

Like Molière, he never forgets the actors, and his speeches are all framed for oral delivery. The lines, however full they may be, are clear also; and the meaning constructs the rhythm. As Emerson pointed out, we have only to read for the sense, and we find ourselves in possession of the metre. Indeed, the ineffable beauty of many of his noblest passages can be fully appreciated only when they are apprehended by the ear; the eye alone does not capture all their charm.

His poetry is sustained and nourished by his comprehensive capacity for observation and reflection, two qualities rarely conjoined in equal degree. In addition to shrewd sagacity and buoyant wisdom, there is, as Bagehot pointed out, "a refining element of chastened sensibility which prevents sagacity from being rough, and shrewdness from becoming cold." His attitude toward life, toward his fellow-man, toward the insoluble problems of existence, is always healthy and never morbid. He is steadily sane, rarely bitter and never desperately misanthropic. "All through his works," to cite Bagehot once again, "you feel you are reading the popular author, the successful man; but through them all there is a certain tinge of musing sadness pervading and as it were softening their gaiety." However little he may have esteemed his plays, it is obvious that he enjoyed composing them. They have the spontaneity of creation joyously accomplished without fatigue and with profound satisfaction. Coleridge even went so far as to suggest that there are "scenes and parts of scenes, which are simply

Shakespeare's disporting himself in joyous triumph and vigorous fun after a great achievement of his highest genius."

III

The lyric mood of etherealised idealism often points to despair; but Shakespeare has ever a vigorous grasp on the wholesome realities of life. However much he may soar aloft, he can always recover his firm footing on the soil. He has a human earthiness, such as we discover also in Montaigne; and this helps to keep his vision clear and large. He disdains the pettiness of so-called poetic justice, dear to Samuel Johnson and other narrow critics of the past. The innocent Ophelia and Desdemona die through no fault of their own; the deceived Othello kills himself; the insane Lear flickens out and the wicked Macbeth is killed. Shakespeare's good characters are often made to suffer, and like Cordelia they are sometimes dismissed to death, even if they have been allowed to survive in the story from which Shakespeare is taking his plot. His bad characters sometimes escape without punishment; and on occasion they may even be married off—Proteus and Claudio and Angelo—dismissed to matrimony without even rebuke. Shakespeare has no word of reproach for Jessica's unfilial despoiling of Shylock or for Hamlet's wanton murder of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Mediæval as he often is in his dramaturgy, he was never tempted to preserve the expositor who exists to point the moral of special deeds. He never preaches; and in no one of his plays can we discover any attempt to prove any thesis in the domain of ethics. He is never attracted to any anticipation of the modern problem-play. We can point out often didactic passages here and there in his plays, the advice of Polonius to Laertes, for example, and the counsel of the Countess to Bertram; but these are only apt restatements of the eternal commonplaces of conduct, sometimes warranted by the situation itself and sometimes thrust in for their own sake, be-

cause Elizabethan audiences had a strange relish for sermons. These passages of overt didacticism are infrequent and insignificant—at least, they do not represent Shakespeare's attitude toward the larger questions of morality.

This attitude, never defined by himself, has been stated fairly enough by Goethe. "I have never considered the practical result of my works. I am inclined to believe that they have done good, but I have never aimed at that. The artist is called on in his writings only to realise his idea. He takes on what aspect he may in the imagination of men; and it is for them to extract the good and to reject the evil. It is not the artist's duty to work on the conscience. He has only to express his own soul." Shakespeare has a soul to express, a soul far too large for the confining theory of poetic justice or for the needless task of declaring in set phrase the moral that may be drawn from his works. But the moral is there to be drawn by all who take the trouble to think. Shakespeare's ethical doctrines are not formulated into precepts; they are not condensed into a code for instant quotation; but they exist, none the less, and they are unmitigably sound. Shakespeare does not believe that morality is something that can be put into a play; on the contrary, he holds that it is something that cannot be left out. With him, as with all true artists, morality is part of "the essential richness of inspiration," to borrow again the apt phrase of Mr. Henry James. He is everywhere moral and profoundly moral, because like Sophocles he sees life steadily and sees it whole.

He does not condescend to a rivalry with the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* or even with the author of *Daniel Deronda*. His plays are not competitors of the tendency-novels. His ethics are implicit rather than explicit; and we must discover in his dramas our own morality, each of us for himself. That is to say, he has as many morals as his plays have spectators; and we can find support in them as we can in the spectacle of life itself. His morality is not to be sought

in specific instances, rather is it in the temper of the whole, in the sanity and the serenity with which he sets mankind before us as he sees it. His ethical influence is persuasive and abiding; he strengthens and he uplifts; he is never relaxing and emollient. He forces us to face the facts of life and to see ourselves as we are. By the conflicts he sets before us on the stage he nerves us for the struggles of existence. He himself is on the side of the angels, even if he is ever reminding us of the gorilla which lurks within us, the ancestral gorilla, selfish and bestial, avid of lust and of blood.

The outlook of Sophocles is sadder than that of Shakespeare, and the outlook of Molière is far more sharply limited. By the very fact that Shakespeare's imaginative energy is superior to Molière's, his morality is at once richer and sterner. While it is not austere like that of Sophocles, it is not content to accept the precepts of the tolerant and disenchanted man of the world, with which Molière is satisfied. Shakespeare is larger than either the great Greek tragedian or the great French comedian; and because he himself is larger so is his moral vision also at once broader and more penetrating.

Samuel Johnson, holding that "it is always a writer's duty to make the world better," decided that Shakespeare is often derelict to his duty since "he sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct that he seems to write without any moral purpose." And here, for once, Johnson is right; Shakespeare does write without any moral purpose. What the narrow-minded critic failed to see is that the ultimate morality of a writer does not depend on his purpose but on his truth to life, and therefore finally on the sincerity of his vision. The corrective for this petty criticism of the eighteenth century is to be found in the ampler view never better stated in the twentieth century than by M. Jusserand. "For compelling hearts to expand, and making us feel for others than ourselves, for breaking the crust of

egotism, Shakespeare has among playwrights no equal. The action on the heart is the more telling that with his wide sympathies, the poet discovers the sacred touch of nature not only in great heroes, but in the humblest ones; not only in ideal heroines but in a Shylock whom we pity, at times, to the point of not liking so completely 'the learned doctor from Padua,' 'even in the poor beetle that we tread upon,' and we get thinking of its pangs 'as great as when a giant dies.' The fate of a Hamlet, an Ophelia, a Desdemona, an Othello, carries, to be sure, no concrete moral with it; the noblest, the purest, the most generous, sink into the dark abyss after agonising tortures, and one can scarcely imagine, what, being human, they should have avoided to escape their memory. Their story was undoubtedly written without any moral purpose, but not without any moral effect. It obliges human hearts to meet, it teaches them pity."

IV

In spite of the fact that it may be better for Shakespeare's fame that we have so few details about his life and his personality, we cannot help regretting that we do not know more about the man himself; and we are tempted to pore over his works and to peer into them in the vain hope of catching sight of their author. Emerson, for one, was satisfied with the information which the plays supplied; and he asserted that "so far from Shakespeare's being the least known, he is the one person, in all modern history, known to us. What point of morals, of manners, of economy, of philosophy, of religion, of taste, of the conduct of life, had he not settled?" On the other hand, M. Jusserand contends that "few dramatists have allowed less of their personality to appear in their works. What is mirrored in Shakespeare's plays, apart from all that is eternal in them, is his time and his public, much more than his own self."

Yet these diverging opinions are not irreconcilable. Even if we had not exter-

nal evidence we should be justified in feeling that Ibsen had in a measure identified himself with Stockmann and that Molière was of a jealous temperament, because jealousy is the theme of a large proportion of his characters. Even if no single passion recurs again and again in Shakespeare's plays, we can seize on a few at least of his dominant convictions; and even if there is in all his pieces no single figure for whom the playwright finds a model in himself, we may believe that we can catch successive glimpses of the author in the sympathetic portrayal of the young Romeo, of the more mature Hamlet, and of the tolerant Prospero. Beyond this we cannot go, for the dramatist does not put himself into his plays even if he cannot keep himself out of them altogether. It is the function of the playwright to take himself out of the way and to let his characters speak each in his own fashion. No dramatist has ever drawn on his own early experiences as amply and as openly as the novelists have often done, as Dickens did in *David Copperfield*, Thackeray in *Pendennis* and Mark Twain in *Tom Sawyer*; and there we have one of the fundamental differences between the art of the story-teller and the art of the playwright.

As a result of this professional attitude and perhaps also of a personal reticence peculiar to Shakespeare, we do not know his religion or his politics. We are in doubt whether he was a Roman Catholic or a Protestant, although we have some basis for believing that he did not like the Puritans, a lack of liking natural enough in a man practising a profession which the Puritans abhorred. There is little or no evidence that he had ever thought seriously about politics, although we can discover in his dramas a contempt for mob-rule and a conviction that a firm yet liberal government is best for the state. At least, the York-Lancaster histories and the Roman plays seem to reveal Shakespeare's appreciation of the immediate disadvantages of the disorder due to instability and to a doubtful succession to the throne. But if his religious beliefs and his political convictions are

not clearly revealed to us, there are other beliefs of his and other convictions which do not admit of doubt.

He is ardently patriotic, for one thing, rejoicing that he was an Englishman and proud of the deeds of his fellow-islanders. Yet he is emphatically a landman, with no liking for the sea, having ample realisation of its dangers and scant appreciation of its beauty. He places high value on friendship between men. He has little feeling for home-life, for the intimacy of the hearth. He dislikes scolding wives; he warns men against marrying women older than themselves; and although he gives us many noble portraits of women he has not a single line in praise of the sex itself. Yet he apparently held that the average woman would make a good wife—at least, we may infer this, since the bad wives who appear in his plays are very few indeed; even some of his bad women are good wives. From the frequency with which his women do not wait to be wooed, falling in love at first sight and frankly encouraging the men they have singled out, we may deduce Shakespeare's opinion that women are readier to take the first step in love making than is ordinarily supposed. Apparently also Shakespeare did not despise a man who was attracted toward a woman primarily because she was wealthy.

If a truly great man is to be known by his contempt for money and for death, then we should be obliged to deny greatness to Shakespeare. His plays confirm what we know also from legal documents, that he had a proper regard for money. And passage after passage suggests that he had a shrinking horror of death, or rather of the corruption of the charnel house. Each of us can decide for himself the precise weight to be attached to the significant fact that Shakespeare is abundant in his references to sleep and endless in his eulogy of it. Equally significant are the frequent passages in praise of music from which we may deduce the opinion that Shakespeare himself delighted in it.

He is constant in belauding the horse,

but he has never a good word for the dog, which he seems to have detested and despised. He has a distaste for both schools and schoolmasters. He also dislikes boy-actors, the rivals of his own company. He cannot contain his contempt for foppish courtiers, snobs and flunkies, never neglecting an occasion to jibe at them and to hold them up to scorn—just as Molière was forever girding at the kindred marquises who infested the court of Louis XIV. On the other hand, like Molière again, he has a high respect for kings, merely as monarchs. As might be expected naturally, his mind is much occupied with the theatre and especially with actors; and he is prone to use figures of speech drawn from the vocabulary of the stage even when these are quite inappropriate to the person who utters them. Characters as dissimilar as Richard III, Hamlet and Othello draw unhesitatingly upon the technical terms of the contemporary English theatre; and Cleopatra shrinks from the prospect of being inadequately personated by a squeaking boy.

On the other hand he has scarcely a figure of speech drawn from the vocabulary of dramaturgy, that is to say, his plays prove that he was a player but they proffer no evidence that he was a playwright—except their own existence. From the infrequency of allusion to books and authors, we may infer that Shakespeare was not at all bookish as Ben Jonson was. Evidently he was not a great reader, using books rather as tools for his immediate purpose than as friends for constant intercourse. He shows none of the predilections of a scholar; even if he had small Latin and less Greek he always goes to the nearest translation of the classical authors. And even if he could read French, as M. Jussérand maintains and as seems more probable now that we know him to have resided in the house of a Huguenot, still he approaches Montaigne in Florio's captivating translation.

He was not bookish and he was not literary in his tastes, so far as we can judge from his works. Apparently he is

wholly free from vanity founded on anything he had written for the stage. In the final twenty years of his life he makes no effort to come before the public as a man of letters. He seems to be like Scott in having no regard for literature as a high vocation. He writes plays as Scott writes novels, because that is the work nearest to his hand. Like Scott again he does not hold himself called upon always to do his best and always to make his work as good as it could be made. He is not incessant and conscientious in striving to attain perfection; and he attains it only now and again. He enjoys what he does, no doubt, but does not overvalue it, and as Sir Leslie Stephen suggested he holds that "the de-

feat of the Armada was a more important bit of work than to amuse the audience at the Globe." Yet he is ever interested in amusing the audiences of the Globe, partly because it is always interesting to do that which we know we can do well, and partly because of the solid reward to be reaped by success. To him as to Scott the life of a man of letters is less alluring than the life of a country gentleman. And how it was that a man of these tastes and of these beliefs should have written *Hamlet* and *Othello*, the *Merchant of Venice* and *As You Like It*, the Falstaff plays and the plays from Plutarch must ever remain one of the insoluble mysteries of genius.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF LEONARD MERRICK

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

SOME one has said that when in doubt as to a plot it is necessary only to rewrite the story of Cinderella. Certainly that is what Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has been doing for years with decided success. Leonard Merrick has done it at least once delightfully in the little story that he calls frankly "The Prince in the Fairy Tale." If the present writer wished to be sure to find a sympathetic reader for Mr. Merrick's work this is unquestionably the story which he would select as a first offering. At times the work of Leonard Merrick invites the charge of cynicism, but the "Prince in the Fairy Tale" is as wholesome and sympathetic as anything in fiction. It is the story of a nice English girl, Rosie McLeod, who is trying to learn to paint, and living with an older woman in rooms up ninety-eight stairs of a dingy house in a dilapidated court in Paris. It is an exceedingly virtuous Paris that Rosie McLeod knows:

I have never seen a city that opens its eyes so good-humouredly as Paris. In pictures it is always shown to us at night with its myriad lamps shining, or in the afternoon when it is frivolous, and its fountains flash; but, in my own little unimportant opinion, if one would know Paris at its sweetest and its best, one should get up very, very early, and behold it smiling when it wakes to work.

Humble as are the circumstances of Miss McLeod and Miss Niblett they seem absolutely opulent in comparison with those of their American neighbour with the exceedingly shabby clothes. But this American soon begins to play a conspicuous part in their daily existence, carrying up their water buckets, volunteering countless little attentions, and prating gaily of poverty and Bohemianism. There comes a day when Rosie bravely but in dire embarrassment begs him as a great favour to accept a small loan. The offer is laughingly refused, but paves the way to a more romantic

request on his part, and the young English girl and the dilapidated American student become engaged despite the warning of Miss Niblett that they are both taking a most improvident step.

So far Cinderella. Now for the Fairy Prince. The impetuous lover tells of a party to which he is planning to take them. The day arrives, bringing with it many mysterious surprises. First a box labelled "Frills for the Fairest" and containing a dress—a most wonderful dress. Then another box, "Suede for the Sweetest" filled with gloves of a kind that come from only one shop in Paris, and that are famous the world over. Then a package marked "Bonds for the Best," which when opened discloses a rope of pearls fit for an empress. Then the lover himself, perfectly attired, to conduct them down the ninety-eight steps, and hand them into a handsomely appointed brougham.

"Not mine," said the Man of Mystery, "I assure you. Hired!"

"Like your clothes?" I flashed.

"Much more so," he said serenely. "Would you prefer the windows up or down, dear?"

"Either," I said, "if you'll tell me where we're going."

"Why, to the party," he replied; "I thought you knew."

"You don't ask me to believe we're going to a student's supper, dressed like this?"

"Well, no," he said. "I guess we'd be a trifle overpowering, eh? But I never told you it was a student's supper. That student was an invention of your own."

We rolled along luxuriously. To my bewilderment, it seemed that all the capital was astir that night. Crowds, crowds everywhere in the brilliant streets—Paris was a panorama of lights and faces. After a while we began to move more slowly, other vehicles impeding us. I could hear the jangling of horses' bits, the orders of the police.

"We're drawing close," said my lover.

The clatter of hoofs was to right and left of us now. From the window I saw the glare of carriage lamps, caught glimpses of great ladies' gowns and jewelled heads. The brougham swung through gates into a courtyard.

"We are there," said my lover.

I stood on the steps of a palace. On either side of me soldiers were drawn up, startling, spectacular. Music swelled through the doorway. Flunkeys bowed at our approach.

"Where have you brought me?" I whispered. "Whose house is this?"

"He's called the President of the French Republic."

Of course, all along the shabby lover has been the son of an American multi-millionaire, playing at poverty in Montparnasse, and in speaking of so good a story it would be hypercritical to offer the objection that even the son of an American multi-millionaire would hardly find it quite so easy to secure invitations for a ball at the *Élysée*.

But if Leonard Merrick likes best to write of the glamour of Bohemia he is not blind to its tragedy and its pathos. Take, for example, the story entitled "The Back of Bohemia." A young English painter meets in Paris the girl who has been a comrade of his boyhood days. A few formal calls and he is head over heels in love. Then one evening he chances to stumble against an elderly gentleman in a boulevard café. It is his own father with great news to tell. Two sudden deaths have made the father a peer of England and the son the heir to great wealth. Every bar to complete happiness and the realisation of his fondest dreams seem to be removed. But the back of Bohemia is to be reckoned with, and in bitter anguish of soul he goes back to his miserable attic and the squalid, vulgar, raucous-voiced English wife that he had married a few years before in a mistaken spirit of boyish chivalry.

Or take "Little Flower of the Wood." To the English visitors the story is told by Janiaud, the old absinthe drinker, who sips his glass of green poison, and dreamily tells the tale of the shabby little restaurant known as the *Loup Blanc* and its surprising prosperity. Years before the hostelry had been on the verge of failure. But one night the reigning dancer of the moment, known as "the Little

Flower of the Wood," took it into her pretty capricious head to forsake the glittering restaurants of the boulevards and the Bois and dine at the Loup Blanc. She went, accompanied by a train of admirers, was enraptured with the place, and from that night dated the establishment's good fortune. Two years pass. Little Flower of the Wood is no longer the reigning queen. Her health is shattered, her purse depleted, and the warm sun of the Riviera can do no more for her. She will go back to Paris to die. One night she finds her way up the hill of Montmartre to the Loup Blanc. No one recognises in the broken and shabbily dressed woman sitting at a table in the shadow the Parisian stage idol of other days. She cannot afford to pay for the supper prescribed by the rules of the house, and the waiters are about to eject her when she tells the proprietor who she is, and the latter gallantly invites her to stay as his guest. The final touch is typically Leonard Merrick. One of the listeners asks where Little Flower of the Wood is living.

The poet shrugged his shoulders. "Is there no satisfying you? You asked me for the history of the Loup Blanc; and there are things that even I do not know; however, I have done my best! I cannot say where the lady is living, but I can tell you where she was born." He pointed, with a drunken laugh, to his glass: "There!"

II

You have reached the age of seven and thirty, in the life of the cultivated man the second and perhaps the most vital period of his romance. Youth is still there, and with it the memory of another and remote youth. With Béranger you muse on "Les braves jours qu'on est bien à vingt ans;" with Thackeray you say, "To drain all life's quintessence in an hour, give me the days when I was twenty-one"; with Longfellow you recall "The wharves and the slips, and the sea tides tossing free; and the Spanish sailors with bearded lips, and the beauty

and mystery of the ships, and the magic of the sea." It is all so distinct, that earlier youth, and the years have passed so swiftly. In memory it is so easy to recall the old thrills, the old aspirations, the old loves, the old pangs of pleasure and pain. But to seek out those ghosts of the past, and to try to reanimate them—may not that be the mistake? That, in brief, is the story of Conrad Warri-ner in Leonard Merrick's *Conrad in Quest of his Youth*. The Fates have taken him out of England and brought him back at the age of thirty-seven in a position of comfortable affluence. Old recollections thrill within him. He will find again the scenes of his days as an art student on the left bank of the Seine; revivify the old loves of his boyhood; in a word he will go in the quest of his youth.

Now with a beginning like this the rest of the narrative is, in a general way, obvious. The search will bring much disillusion and some compensation. The cousins with whom he romped in his infancy on the shores of Sweetbay have become conventional Londoners, and having rashly accepted Conrad's invitation to visit him for a time at that watering place, soon find excuses to carry them back to town. Never mind, thinks Warri-ner, there was Mary, that slip of a girl whom I adored when I was twelve years old; I shall find her. After a series of Quixotic adventures he does so; to be confronted with a heavy, simpering, and intolerably vain woman, wearing a vivid silk blouse, and a string of sham pearls, and answering to the name of Mrs. Barchester-Bailey. Then comes to Conrad another memory, a memory of an adventure in Rouen, when he was seventeen, that is curiously and innocently suggestive of an episode in Maupassant's *Notre Cœur*, a memory of chypre, and of a woman named Joan Adaile. Again he starts in pursuit, this time to find disillusionment in a manner that is somewhat less humiliating. Finally Conrad learns the lesson that the past is irrevocable, that there "is no way back to Rouen," and finds a new life and inspira-

tion in his adventures with a company of stranded strolling players, and in the companionship of a kindred spirit. He makes the great discovery—that a man is young as often as he falls in love.

In many respects *Conrad in Quest of His Youth* is Mr. Merrick's most characteristic book. Even those who contend that the field of his artistic success is confined to the short story and regard his attempts at more sustained writing as comparative failures make an exception of this tale. In *Conrad* more than anywhere else may be found expression of the author's impressions of life in general and womankind in particular. For example, the following:

A woman isn't her age, or herself; she is what she makes us feel—like art, and nature, like a musical phrase, or a line of words, like everything of suggestion and mystery. The woman her husband hates and her lover adores, is an equally vivid personality to both men. That to herself she is vividly a third character makes no difference to the view of either of them.

Contrast this with his classification of the other sex which Mr. Merrick ascribes to the poet de Fronsac in the story of "The Fatal Florozonde."

"There are three kinds of men," explained the poet. "Class A are the men to whom women inevitably surrender. Class B consists of those whom they trust by instinct and confide in on the second day; these men acquire an extensive knowledge of the sex—but they always fall short of winning the women for themselves. Class C women think of merely as 'the others'—they do not count; eventually they marry, and try to persuade their wives that they were devils of fellows when they were young. However, such reflections will not assist me to finish my causerie, for I wrote them all last week."

III

A man who for the past ten or fifteen years has been practising story spinning with great popular success—beyond mentioning the fact that he is the historian of a certain country somewhere in the southeastern part of Europe, not to

be found on the maps, but still widely known as Graustark, no clue to his identity will be given—ventured the opinion the other day that the finest of all the short stories of recent years is Leonard Merrick's "The Bishop's Comedy." Without going to the lengths of endorsing that opinion the present writer is led by it to select "The Bishop's Comedy" as the tale with which to bring these random impressions to an end. The Bishop of Westborough has written a comedy and made the acquaintance of the accomplished actress Miss Kitty Clarges. He is young for a Bishop, his features are classical, his carriage dignified, and while in his life he has never said anything noteworthy, he has voiced the sentiments of the unthinking in stately language. A chance remark of Miss Clarges, uttered thoughtlessly, brings from the Bishop a confession of his authorship, and soon he is visiting the lady daily, and reading to her from his play. She had no illusions in the matter, she realises its utter mediocrity, but she reflects that a practised hand might knock the comedy into something like shape and that the Bishop's name on the bills would be well worth having. The result of this close association is obvious. His Lordship is early a victim to the fascinations of the pretty actress, but what is more or less astonishing, she falls desperately in love with him, or rather with the great man that she imagines him to be. They confess this mutual infatuation, and the Bishop casuistically persuades himself and her that instead of following the natural course of separation, it is his highest duty to share her struggles—to solace and sustain her. In his words, they have a mighty battle before them, and as comrades they must fight, side by side, till they win.

But one day Miss Clarges is startled by a note from the Bishop's wife asking the actress to receive her upon a matter of the utmost importance. The first impulse is to be "out," the second to telegraph to the Bishop for advice. Finally she decides to receive the wife, and at the hour appointed there comes a timid

little woman, dowdily dressed, who "looks as if she lived in Tunbridge Wells." Without visible anger the visitor explains that she has inadvertently read letters that leave no doubt of the affection existing between the actress and her husband, and begs Miss Clarges's help. If Miss Clarges will only listen—

"What for?" explained Miss Clarges. "What's the use of my listening? Even if I promised you not to see him again—I wouldn't promise it, but if I did—would it make him any fonder of *you*? Do you think, if I lost a man, I should beg the other woman to give him back to me? I should know she couldn't do it; I should know I might as well beg her to give me back—my innocence. And I shouldn't reproach her, either! I'd reproach myself! I should call myself a fool for not holding my own. Woman like me *don't* lose the man they want—we know how easy it is for him to leave us, and we take the trouble to keep him. It's you good women who are always being left; after you've caught the man, you think you've nothing more to do. Marriage is the end of your little story, so you take it for granted that it *must* be the end of his. The more you love him, the sooner you bore him. You go bankrupt in the honeymoon—you're a back number to him before you've been married a month—he knows all your life, and all your mind, and all your moods. You haven't a surprise to reserve for him—and then you wonder he yawns. Great heavens! To hold a man's interest, show him your heart, as you put out a tape measure—an inch at a time. I adore your husband; I venerate him! My guilty love has made me a purer woman. You can't realise that—I don't expect you to realise it! but surely you must know that—

if you wept and went down on your knees to me—I couldn't say, 'Because the right's all on your side, he shall never think about me any more?'"

But the actress has entirely misunderstood the object of the visit. What the wife wants is for Miss Clarges to tell her what she finds in the Bishop to love. She will be thankful for some explanation, for being shown some merit, some spark of talent, or wit, or humour, something to make his pretensions less intolerable. All her life she has tried to think of him as a great man. But the years have left her only with the conviction that he is very dull. Miss Clarges is a brilliant woman. Perhaps her cleverness has found some stray virtue that the wife's earnest search has not brought to life. "Help me to see it!" she begs. "Think how he wearies me—tell me what the virtue is?" The actress's humiliation is complete. To hear that she has idolised a man whom this little provincial in last year's fashions disdains as a bore, robs her of speech. Later, after the interview is over, she tries to persuade herself by turns that Mrs. Meadows is a fool incapable of appreciating her husband, and that she is a diplomat scheming to disenchant her with him. Both endeavours are unsuccessful. So when the Bishop next proposes to visit her, Miss Clarges tells him she will be lunching out. A few days later she writes that unforeseen circumstances deny her the hope of producing his comedy. His urgent letter of inquiry is unanswered. When he calls for an explanation she is "not at home."

To suggest that everybody loves a mystery until it is solved is not enough to explain the amazing hold that the fate of Edwin Drood, the hero of Charles Dickens's unfinished novel, has had on the popular imagination since Dickens's death in 1870. Was Drood murdered? Who was Datchery? How was the story to end? These are three of the most fascinating questions in literary history. Perhaps the fact that, as some one has said, Dickens was entering a new field, writing "not his tenth novel, but his first detective story," will go far toward explaining this astonishing interest. The problem of Edwin Drood is a particularly live topic to-day. Within the past year it has been responsible for several books issued in England. The BOOKMAN in May will offer an American's solution from the pen of Mr. Burton Egbert Stevenson, who, as our readers know, is amazingly good at solutions.

THE ONE-ACT PLAY IN AMERICA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

I

THE development of the drama is conditioned, more than that of any other art, by the economic principle of supply and demand. No considerable number of playwrights will devote their energies, in any period, to writing a type of play that is seldom or never called for in the theatre of that period. At the present time, for instance, it would be a waste of labour for an author to construct a play in two parts, of five acts each, to be played upon successive evenings, because, according to our present social custom, it would be impossible to persuade any audience to attend the same play two nights running; yet this form was frequently employed in the Elizabethan period (as in the case of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great*) and again in the Restoration period (as in the case of Dryden's *Conquest of Granada*), and even so recently as 1873 it was used by Henrik Ibsen for his "world-historic drama" entitled *Emperor and Galilean*. What these playwrights were allowed to do, in other ages, by the custom of the theatre, our own authors are forbidden to attempt to-day.

But the main point to be observed is that the custom of the theatre is a variable thing, and that just as certain forms may be allowed to lapse from usage in any period, so also is it possible to call other forms into active exercise by the incentive of a general demand. The structure of the drama is determined mainly by the social habits of the theatre-going public. Such apparently minor matters as an alteration of the dinner-hour, for example, may necessitate a revolution in the dramaturgic methods of a nation. In its original form, *Hamlet* was written to be played at three P.M. and to continue until evening; but the piece is now too long to be exhibited in its entirety before an audience that dines late and prefers to go to the theatre after

dinner. If Shakespeare were writing this tragedy to-day, he would feel impelled to tell his story in two hours, and he would probably feel forced to alter the superb opening of the drama in order to discount the inevitable interruption imposed upon contemporary playwrights by the discourtesy of tardy diners.

Thus far, the theatre-system in America has discouraged the composition of the one-act play, and the managers who regulate our theatres have steadfastly refused to be persuaded that this interesting type of drama would be welcomed by any considerable proportion of the theatre-going public. But the managers are by no means always right in their estimates of what the public does not want,—a fact that is indicated not infrequently when some adventurer among them achieves an emphatic success by a daring departure from established customs. The one-act play is so worthy in itself, as a medium of artistic expression, and the cultivation of this form would be so helpful to the cause of our dramatic art in general, that it is desirable that we should examine carefully the present attitude of the public and the managers, with a view of asking whether it would not be possible, without running counter to the present social customs of our public, to encourage the development of this special type of drama.

There are, generally speaking, only three ways in which the one-act play can be afforded a professional production. First, it may be exhibited in vaudeville, as part of a continuous performance whose other features—like acrobats, trained dogs, and song and dance "artists" who can neither sing nor dance—reveal no relation whatsoever to the art of the drama. Second, it may be presented in a legitimate theatre as an adjunct to a longer play,—either as a curtain-raiser or as an after-piece. Or third, it is possible to make up a special evening's

bill by presenting three or four one-act plays together. Let us examine in turn the conditions which surround each of these opportunities in America to-day.

The demand for one-act plays in our thousands of vaudeville theatres is nothing short of enormous; and yet this demand, as at present regulated, is not of a sort to encourage sincere artists to write for these theatres. The reason is that, whether rightly or wrongly, our vaudeville managers seem to have made up their minds that their audiences have no brains. They have apparently decided that only two types of dramatic sketches can successfully be presented to fifty-cent audiences,—first, comic skits whose humour is purposefully crude and is achieved mainly by means of horse-play, and, second, mechanical melodramas whose action is so full of sound and fury that they bear no reference to life. It would be difficult to persuade an earnest dramatist to waste his energy in writing either of these types; and, judging from most of the sketches that are presented in these theatres, the managers do not even attempt to enlist the services of authors who can think and write.

No experience could be more depressing to any intelligent person than to spend six successive evenings in six different vaudeville theatres in New York. The experiment, if attempted, would probably result in suicide on Sunday. But as our hypothetical person of intelligence was kissing his assembled family a last farewell, he would wistfully be moved to wonder whether the vaudeville public really is so empty-headed as the vaudeville managers presume. Undoubtedly they reason that, since the public fills their theatres, they must be giving the public what it wants. But does it follow, necessarily, that the same public would not also fill their theatres if they gave it something better? There are millions of people in this country who can afford only fifty cents for entertainment, but who, feeling that entertainment is an imperative necessity, must spend their fifty cents for whatever the

vaudeville managers are willing to set before them. They suffer from a tragic need of laughter; and the fact that they laugh easily at a clown whose clothes are too big for him does not at all indicate that they would not also laugh eagerly at the whimsicalities of Mr. Barrie. In many of our minor cities the best theatre is a vaudeville theatre; it is patronised by the best people; and we must therefore accept as a logical inference the supposition that the audience is more intelligent than the show. But this inevitable supposition amounts to a *reductio ad absurdum*; for surely the only motive that can be adequate to allure an intelligent person to the theatre is the desire to encounter an intelligence more able than his own. The few good one-act plays that have been produced, in recent years, in vaudeville—like *Madame Butterfly* or Mr. Barrie's *The Twelve Pound Look*—have been accepted with enthusiasm by the public of the cheaper theatres; and it would seem obvious to a logical mind that it would pay the vaudeville managers to supply their public with other plays of this high order of artistic merit. But the hardest thing to teach any theatrical manager is the advisability—from the standpoint of mere business—of looking up to the public instead of down upon it; and, solely because of this fact, our vaudeville theatres at the present moment, in spite of their enormous need, offer small encouragement to the composition of worthy one-act plays by earnest artists.

Let us turn our attention, therefore, to the second possibility,—the possibility of presenting one-act plays in conjunction with longer pieces. This possibility is habitually realised in London,—but with unsatisfactory results. In London, the normal dinner-hour of the aristocracy is eight o'clock; and it is therefore impossible to raise the curtain on the chief play of the evening until nine. But since the pit and gallery are unreserved, these sections of the house are filled before eight o'clock by people who have often stood in line for hours. Since it is necessary to entertain these humbler patrons until the

hour when the aristocrats are ready to stroll into the stalls, it is a custom in the London theatres to put on a one-act play as a prelude to the main piece of the evening. But, in their choice of these curtain-raisers, the London managers seem influenced by a depressive sense that only the less important part of the audience will see them; for seldom are these one-act plays more meritorious than those which are presented in our cheaper theatres in America. On the occasion of my last professional visit to London, I must have seen over thirty curtain-raisers; but none of them was sufficiently impressive to linger in my memory. Here again we have an instance of an opportunity that has been thrown away because the managers have chosen to look down upon their poorer patrons.

The custom of using curtain-raisers is not common in New York, for the reason that the dinner-hour is set sixty minutes earlier than in London, and that the entire audience is willing that the curtain should be rung up at twenty minutes after eight—provided, of course, that everybody be allowed the boorish privilege of coming late. In practice, a successful British play which, in London, was begun at nine o'clock, is begun in New York at twenty minutes after eight and is padded out with unnecessary intervals between the acts. By this process, the American manager makes the piece apparently fill the evening and spares himself the expense of preceding it with a curtain-raiser.

An habitual attendant at the New York theatres cannot avoid wondering at the meekness with which the public tolerates this padding. A play that has been announced for eight twenty will actually be begun at eight forty; and, after every act, fifteen, or often twenty, minutes will be wasted in an *entr'acte*. The manager is satisfied if he can contrive to defer the final curtain-fall until a few minutes before eleven; and he will subsequently state that there is no demand for one-act plays, because the public is unwilling to come to the theatre before eight twenty and insists on being let out at eleven. He

will tell you about the large proportion of the theatre-going public that has to catch suburban trains; but he will not listen while you count up the time that has deliberately been thrown away between the acts. Here again it must be evident that an opportunity is being wasted, and that the attitude of the managers cannot honestly be accepted as an indication of any real lack of interest, on the part of the public, in the production of one-act plays.

But let us turn now to the consideration of the third possibility, which is the most promising of all. In many of the best theatres of Europe it is customary to present an evening's bill that is made up of three or four one-act plays; and there seems to be no logical reason why a similar experiment should not be successful in America. Last autumn, Mr. Charles Frohman attempted, in London, to make an evening's entertainment out of three one-act plays, by three of the most eminent of English dramatic authors,—Sir Arthur Pinero, Mr. J. M. Barrie, and Mr. Bernard Shaw; and the venture failed merely because Mr. Barrie's play was the only one of the trio which evoked the approval of the public. The example of the Grand Guignol in Paris has been, perhaps, too often cited. The policy of this little theatre is based upon the proposition that a shock, to the nerves or to the conscience, which would be unendurable if protracted through three acts, may safely be effected in the sudden, brief compass of a single act. Most of the plays exploited at the Grand Guignol have, therefore, been sensational. The authors of these little dramas have combined to exhibit lurid glimpses of life in a Chamber of Horrors; but our loitering and huge and kindly life can really be considered no more as a chamber of horrors than as a vale of tears. The Grand Guignol has shut out from its range of vision the most enjoyable detail of human life,—for it has shut out joy.

In Germany, the one-act play is considered more seriously than in France. A typical instance is the evening's entertainment devised by Hermann Suder-

mann with the title *Morituri*. This bill consists of three distinct one-act plays which are related to each other only by the circumstance that, in each of them, the leading character is condemned to inevitable death within twenty-four hours and is so situated that he cannot possibly confide his doom to any of the other characters. Such an entertainment as this is eagerly received by the public of the German nations.

In the English-speaking countries, the only company which has committed itself to the policy of regularly presenting three short plays in a single evening is the company of Irish Players of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. It is a significant fact that this company has repeated its success at home in its several appearances at the Court Theatre in London, and also in the theatres of Boston, Chicago, and New York. Instead of offering a repertory of two or three four-act plays, this company presents a repertory of no less than thirty-four brief compositions, in any of which its members are prepared to appear at an hour's notice. It is not difficult to estimate the opportunity that is afforded, by this policy, to the rising dramatists of Ireland. When I expressed surprise to Lady Gregory, the benign and motherly patron of the Irish Players, that one of their most able authors, Mr. St. John G. Ervine, was only twenty-six or seven years of age, she answered with a smile, "That isn't young for us." By this repertory system the young author is encouraged to try his hand at one-act plays and is enabled to achieve a reputation in his 'prentice years.

Lady Gregory herself—perhaps in consequence of the demand effected by the policy of this very company—is one of the most accomplished artists in the one-act form now writing in the English language. Her brief dramatic anecdotes rarely attain the tensity that is expected in a full-length play; but they are deeply human in sagacity and broadly generous in humour. They remind us a little of the one-act plays of Molière; and their unassailed success upon the American stage leads us to question if

our managers have not been near-sighted in shying away from the production of such amiable compositions in the past.

This article, necessarily, is written before the opening of the Princess Theatre in New York,—a small house whose policy is to be modelled after that of the Grand Guignol. Four one-act plays, by different authors, have been announced as the first bill at this theatre; and it is to be hoped that this experiment in production will succeed.

The only point that may be advanced against a compound theatre-bill of this sort is the point that is commonly brought forth by publishers to explain their hesitance in bringing out a volume of short-stories. It may be urged that it is difficult for an audience, in the brief space of two hours and a half, to shift its sympathy several times from one set of characters to another. This seems, indeed, to constitute a real objection to the compound bill. Especially when the successive plays are to be performed by the same company of actors, it is difficult for the auditors to forget the first piece in time to deliver themselves completely to the second. Yet this theoretical objection has not made itself apparent in the practice of the Irish Players; and where so much may be gained by the adoption of the European policy of the compound bill, it would seem captious to insist upon what, after all, must merely be a minor point.

II

It would seem, from the foregoing considerations, that the present prejudice in America against encouraging the composition of the one-act play is lacking in logical foundation. But we must now consider the more important question whether the one-act play, if properly encouraged, would prove itself worth while. To this question the only answer must be emphatically in the affirmative.

From the merely practical standpoint, the development of the one-act play is desirable, for two very different reasons. In the first place, a broad market for the

one-act play would afford our rising authors a needed opportunity for the exercise of their preliminary efforts toward the broader craft of dramaturgy. At present, our magazine system affords our future novelists an opportunity to test their talents in the cognate art of the short-story. The short-story, to be sure, is distinct from the novel not only in magnitude but also in method; but a training in the one type is the best of all exercises to fit a young author to adventure on the other. To prove this point, one need only cite the instances of Hawthorne and Daudet. But at present our incipient dramatists are afforded no opportunity to exercise their wings in swallow-flights; and this fact militates strongly against the general effectiveness of our dramatic art.

As much time is required to write a single four-act play as to write half a dozen one-act plays. In the case of a new author, his ambitious four-act play will probably be bad; but if he could spend the same time in working out six little dramas in a single act, it is probable that one of them at least might be worthy of production. Those who have at last succeeded in a difficult art are likely to forget the terrible necessity of encouragement to those who still are striving; but one success in six brief efforts must mean more to an aspirant than the failure of a single more ambitious effort. Hence, in order to encourage the authors of a younger generation, it is tremendously desirable that we should put in common practice the policy of producing one-act plays.

But, of course, it may be questioned whether or not it is the business of the manager to encourage the efforts of the rising generation. Looking at the matter merely from the financial standpoint, this question must be decided emphatically in the affirmative. It is true, at any time, in any art, that "the old order changeth, yielding place to new"; and, in the theatre, that manager is most sure of making money who can hitch his wagon to the rising star of an author of real promise. It would, therefore, be profit-

able for our managers to establish a training-school for the talents of potential dramatists; and the most efficient training-school would be a theatre devoted to the production of one-act plays.

In the second place, a more general composition of one-act plays would offer our amateur actors a more easy opportunity to exercise their talents. The production of the average drama of ordinary length requires an expenditure beyond the means of amateurs; but the majority of one-act plays may be produced at very small expense. Of course, the question may be asked why the guardians of our dramatic destiny should trouble their minds at all to consider the demands of amateurs; but the answer is very simple. From the professional standpoint, the advantage of amateur acting is that it fits the amateur performers for a more comprehensive enjoyment of the achievements of the professional theatre. The surest way to teach a boy or girl to appreciate the artistry of the sonnets of Rossetti is to encourage the student to write sonnets of his own. His efforts will probably be bad; but the mere exercise of his otherwise unrewarded attempts will prepare him the better to appreciate the achievement of the few great artists who have succeeded in the endeavour which has proved itself beyond his reach. To encourage amateur acting is to prepare an audience for the keen appreciation of the professional theatre; and any policy that meets the needs of amateurs should therefore be encouraged.

III

✓ But, apart from these immediate considerations, it must be maintained that the one-act play is admirable in itself, as a medium of art. It shows the same relation to the full length play as the short-story shows to the novel. It makes a virtue of economy of means. It aims to produce a single dramatic effect with the greatest economy of means that is consistent with the utmost emphasis. The method of the one-act play at its best is similar to the method employed by

Browning in his dramatic monologues. The author must suggest the entire history of a soul by seizing it at some crisis of its career and forcing the spectator to look upon it from an unexpected and suggestive point of view. A one-act play, in exhibiting the present, should imply the past and intimate the future. The author has no leisure for laborious exposition; but his mere projection of a single situation should sum up in itself the accumulated results of many antecedent causes. The piece should be inconclusive, and yet pregnant with conclusions. The playwright should open a momentary little vista upon life, and then—with a sort of wistful smile—should ring the curtain down. The one-act play, at its best, can no more serve as a single act of a longer drama than the short-story can serve as a single chapter of a novel. The form is complete, concise, and self-sustaining; and it requires an extraordinary focus of imagination.

In view of the technical difficulties of this artistic form, it might be questioned whether we are equipped with the necessary talent to achieve a literature of one-act plays, even if our managers could be persuaded to offer due encouragement to the composition of this type of drama; but to this question, once again, the only answer must be in the affirmative. It is undeniable that any of our established dramatists could write a one-act play if the policy of our theatres should encourage him to do so; and it is scarcely less deniable that acceptable one-act plays might be written, under the stimulus of due encouragement, by any of the large army of authors who now contribute meritorious short-stories to our American magazines. There can be no question that we possess the talent; all that remains requisite is a theatrical policy that shall call our latent talent into active exercise.

IV

This general situation leads us to attach an especial importance to Mr. George Middleton's publication, in two

volumes, of a dozen one-act plays.* All of these little pieces are admirable in technique: they are soundly constructed, and written in natural and lucid dialogue. Mr. Middleton has produced more than half a dozen full length plays in the professional theatre, and such noted artists as Julia Marlowe and Margaret Anglin have appeared in dramas of his composition; and in these more literary efforts, he reveals at every point the aptness of the practised playwright. These little plays were written for the stage, and would act even better than they read; and yet they disclose a meditative and unhurried analysis of life that is hardly to be expected in the usual and hasty dramas of Broadway.

The six plays in Mr. Middleton's very recent volume, called *Tradition*, are no better than their predecessors in technical expression; but they disclose in their content a more matured outlook upon life. These six plays, though totally different in subject-matter, reveal an underlying unity. Each of them deals essentially with woman—and with modern woman in relation to our modern social system. Woman is, at present, a transitional creature, evolving from the thing that man considered her to be in the far-away period of wax flowers and horse-hair furniture to the being that man considers her about to be in the unachieved, potential future; and Mr. Middleton has caught her in this period of transition and has depicted her, under many different lights, coloured with her virtues and discoloured with her faults. Space is lacking for a detailed analysis of each of the six plays in the volume called *Tradition*; but this little passing tribute must be paid to an author who has dared to analyse, in many moods, the diverse and fluctuating personality of the woman of to-day. These diminutive dramas are

*Embers: and Other One-Act Plays. By George Middleton. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1911.

Tradition: and Other One-Act Plays. By George Middleton. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1913.

sound in conception and truthful in detail; and, though it might be contended that the author has confined his attention to women who are—to quote the current adjective—"queer," it must be admitted that he has sounded to the depths the souls of those eccentric and extraordinary women whom he has chosen to depict.

Several of these diminutive dramas have been already acted; and most of the one-act plays included in Mr. Middleton's previous volume, entitled *Em-*

bers, have been produced, at one time or another, in America or England. From our present point of view, it is most impressive—apart from the inherent merit of these little plays or works of art—that Mr. Middleton has successfully broken ground, as a pioneer among us, in the general cause of the composition of the one-act play. It is to be hoped that his achievement will encourage others of our playwrights to exercise their talents in this hitherto neglected form.

. . .

We have planned for early publication in the BOOKMAN a short series of articles under the general title "When They Were Twenty-One." We confess to being rather "keen" on that title. The aim of the series is to deal with the early days of American men and women of letters who have since "arrived," the days of happy struggle and fine aspirations. The first paper is to appear in our May issue. It deals with the San Francisco group, and is written by Mr. Bailey Millard. We recently wrote to Mr. Millard asking him to outline the scheme of his article. His reply was so comprehensive that we print it just as it stands: "The article will tell of the cowboy and school-teaching days of Edwin Markham; of Gertrude Atherton as a sentimental girl, haunting the old missions; of Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs as a kindergarten teacher in the Tar Flat district; of Eleanor Gates as a struggling newspaper reporter; of Bret Harte as a tax collector and shotgun messenger on a stage coach; of Henry George as a visionary young man in a small public office, dreaming out his "Progress and Poverty," with more of poverty than of progress; of Joaquin Miller as a dweller among the Modoc Indians and as a struggling lawyer; of Charles Warren Stoddard as a wanderer in the South Seas; of Frank Norris as a bone-breaking football hero and a very bad artist; of David Belasco as a playwright and stage manager in the old Baldwin Theatre; of Ambroso Bierce as an aspiring newspaper paragrapher; of Jack London as a tramp and voyager, and of Herman Whitaker as an underpaid grocer's clerk.

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In the May issue of the BOOKMAN we plan to print the first of the series of articles entitled "The Literary Baedeker." These papers will attempt to show how the American traveller in Europe can best devote a part of his time to the great monuments of enduring fiction. The first article will deal with "London and Rural England."

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The concluding instalment of Miss Laura Stedman's "Confessions of an Album," to be printed in the May BOOKMAN, will deal with the avowed preferences and dislikes of Bayard Taylor, Kate Field, W. J. Linton, Martha J. Lamb, and others of the Stedman circle.

LYRES AND LAUREATES

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

IF talk about poets and poetry is to be taken as in any degree indicative of a vital interest in the art, it will have to be admitted that America to-day is more nearly on the verge of a revival than it has been within the memory of the present generation. Even in a Presidential year poetry has managed to attract to itself no small share of continuous attention, and for one reason or another poets have been almost as conspicuously in the public eye as politicians.

Indeed, the Progressive Party, with its reassembling of the scattered forces of New England—that is to say, ethical—idealism, seems to forecast the appearance once more of the old type of poet-politician of which Lowell and Whittier were our principal representatives in the past. We do not mean merely the singer who deals from an isolated position of vantage with the moral issues involved in public affairs, although the threatened violation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty has brought forth a startling crop of rhymed anathemas to show that the spirit which inspired Mr. Gilder and Mr. Moody is by no means moribund. We refer more specifically to the Tyrtæus who attaches himself to a particular party and furnishes the martial music for the forward movement of its glittering hosts against the powers of darkness.

We need not dwell upon the significance of the spectacle of a humanist scholar, the author of a small body of verse of rich Renaissance colouring, breaking bounds to write a Convention hymn or ode that was used at Chicago last summer. But it was certainly amazing to find Mr. George Sylvester Viereck arrayed on the same side, and writing for all the world like a Covenanter, in the following fervid vein concerning the mystical warfare waged by the forces of good and evil:

Apocalyptic thunders roll out of the crimson East:

The day of Judgment is at hand, and we shall slay the Beast.

What are the seven heads of him—the Beast that shall be slain?

Sullivan, Taggart, Lorimer, Barnes, Penrose, Murphy, Crane.

Into what cities leads his trail in venom steeped and gore?

Ask Frisco, ask Chicago, mark New York and Baltimore.

Where shall we wage the goodly fight, for whom unsheath the sword?

We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord!

Professor John M. Manley, in his introduction to the recently published *Poems and Plays of William Vaughn Moody*, remarks that "much has been written about Puritan and Cavalier in the history of this country, but it is all fallacious; their ideals were, except superficially, the same; you had only to scratch a Cavalier ever so lightly to find below the surface a Puritan in full theological panoply." We have always suspected the same to be true of the distinction between Pagan and Puritan in English poetry. Certainly Swinburne, whose early verse was a protest against nothing so much as his own ingrained spiritual convictions, had much more in common with Milton than with Baudelaire, whose colouring in turn was completely Catholic. And now the same thing becomes clear of Swinburne's most enthusiastic admirer in this country.

What! the apostle of Paganism, the vigorous polemical opponent of Puritanism, himself turned Puritan? Alas! it needed but little "scratching" to show this sheep in his wolf's clothing, this convinced supporter of the old Hebraic scale of moral and spiritual values, in the passionate Protestant against artificial and arbitrary concepts of vice and virtue! Or is modern Paganism to be

limited exclusively to sexual passion, and is the plenary indulgence granted to the prostitute to be refused to the corrupt politician?

It is singular that while Mr. Viereck, who belongs to New England neither by birth nor by inherited tradition, is thus engaged in reviving the Puritan spirit in American poetry, the one real representative *de la vieille souche* whom we still possess, should be preaching in a poem with the Nietzschean title, "Beyond Good and Evil," a spiritualised form of Pagan immoralism:

When we dare neither to loose nor bind,
 However to us things appear;
 When whatsoever in others we find,
 We shall feel neither shame nor fear;
 When we learn that to love the lowliest
 We must first salute him our peer;
 When the basest is most our brother,
 And we neither look down on nor up to
 another,—
 Then the end of our ride shall be near.

Thus writes Professor Woodberry in what is by no means the most poetical passage of a highly imaginative recital of a soul's ride through the dark night of interstellar space. It has a strangeness of glamorous suggestion, and a note of pulsating passion, that constitute a new and striking element in much of this writer's recent work. The hurried movement of the metre is attuned to the flashing hoof-beats of his real, yet fantastic, steed which, bearing him swiftly across the sands of the African desert, suddenly rises and mounts the thin ether of daring affirmations.

Both this poem and Mr. Viereck's are included in *The Lyric Year*, where

*The Poems and Plays of William Vaughn Moody. With an introduction by John M. Manly. Two volumes. Vol. I: Poems and Poetic Dramas. Vol. II: Prose Plays. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1912.

A Day at Castigiovanni. By George Edward Woodberry. Three hundred copies printed for the Woodberry Society at the Merrymount Press. New York. 1912.

The Kingdom of All-Souls and Two Other Poems for Christmas ("Beyond Good and Evil," "What the Stars Sang"). Three hun-

they well exemplify the diversities of that "Time spirit" which the editor, Mr. Ferdinand Earle, claims to have made the touchstone for his selection. Whatever its defects in plan and in execution, this volume, which is, we believe, to become an annual *salon des poètes*, constitutes the most important event of the year from a purely literary point of view. So, at least, it is doubtless regarded by the hundred successful applicants at its portals, though the balance of the two thousand bards who submitted a total of ten thousand poems may hold a somewhat modified opinion of its importance. Two thousand poets! No wonder that a competitor who submitted a threnody wherein he mounted over this country as a "songless land," had his poem returned to him without other comment than a heavy black-pencilled mark of interrogation placed opposite the line in question!

One reason—perhaps the principal one—for the widespread publicity received by *The Lyric Year*, was the prize competition connected with it. For if there is any one thing that the American public loves it is such a contest, no matter about what. Here the size of the prizes added an extra *éclat* to the occasion, and aroused keen speculation as to the probable winners of first award of five hundred dollars, and of the two minor awards of two hundred and fifty dollars each. With the outcome there is little cause to quarrel. For if the three prize poems are not absolutely the best in the book, they are certainly among the best, and quite worthy of the honour they received. Mr. Orrick Johns's "Second Avenue" is an eloquent and well-sustained, if somewhat hecti-

dred copies printed for the Woodberry Society at the Merrymount Press. New York. 1912.

The Lyric Year. One Hundred Poems. Edited by Ferdinand Earle. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. 1912.

Madrigali. By T. A. Daly. Pictures by John Sloan. Philadelphia.

A Study of Francis Thompson's The Hound of Heaven. By Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S.J. New York: John Lane Company. 1912.

Romance, Vision, and Satire. English Alliterative Poems of the Fourteenth Cen-

cally heightened, elaboration of the thought contained in Moody's "Gloucester Moors":

To be out of the moiling street,
With its swelter and its sin!
Who has given to me this sweet,
And given my brother dust to eat?
And when will his wage come in?

The personal note is largely suppressed in Mr. Johns's poem, however; there is in it a less agonised sense of outrage and, also, it would seem, less pre-occupation with purely human suffering, than with the sinister splendour of the spectacle—an indifference apparently due to a superior confidence in destiny.

Mr. Johns, who is a very young poet, and whose home is in St. Louis, was practically unknown before he received his award. But the winners of the two inferior prizes, Mr. Thomas Augustine Daly and Mr. George Sterling, are familiar figures in contemporary American literature—the former through his de-

lightful verses in the dialect of New York's Italian quarter, many of which appear in his new volume, *Madrigali*; the latter principally through a single poem, "The Wine of Wizardry," whose sheer exotic verbalism scarcely merited the praise which Mr. Ambrose Bierce and others have bestowed upon it. The poems of both these writers have in common a certain excess of intricate imagery which tends at times to obscure their meaning. Mr. Daly, in "The Thrush," seems to reveal the influence of Francis Thompson, whose tardy acceptance—not by Catholic poets, who, from the first, found in him leadership and inspiration, but by the Church itself, which repelled him in his lifetime—is shown by a Jesuit Father's recent "Study" of his "Hound of Heaven." Mr. Sterling, in his "Ode for the Centenary of the Birth of Robert Browning," shows marked growth in the use of figured speech for expressive purposes. The movement of the poem is majestic, the

tury. Newly rendered in the original metres by Jessie L. Weston. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1912.

Poems and Ballads. By Hermann Hagedorn. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1912.

Uriel and Other Poems. By Percy MacKaye. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1912.

The Green Helmet and Other Poems. By William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1912.

The Story of a Round-House and Other Poems. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1912.

The Buccaneers. Rough Verse by Don C. Seitz. With frontispiece and decorations by Howard Pyle. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1912.

The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse. Chosen by Arthur Quiller-Couch. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1912.

Songs from Books. By Rudyard Kipling. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 1912.

Echoes from Vagabondia. By Bliss Carman. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. 1912.

The Roadside Fire. By Amelia Josephine Burr. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1912.

Rhymes of a Rolling Stone. By Robert W. Service. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 1912.

The Wind on the Heath. Ballads and Lyrics. By May Byron. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1912.

Cowboy Lyrics. Roundup Edition. By Robert V. Carr. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. 1912.

The Lure of the Sea. By J. E. Patterson. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1912.

Poetical Works of Robert Bridges. Excluding the Eight Dramas. Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press. 1912.

The Youth Replies: and Other Verses. By Louis How. Boston: Sherman French and Company. 1912.

Egypt. And Other Poems. By Francis Coutts. New York: John Lane Company. 1912.

In Other Words. By Franklin P. Adams. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 1912.

Desultory Verse. By La Touche Hancock. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. 1912.

On the Tibur Road. A Freshman's Horace. By George Meason Whicher and George Frisbie Whicher. With a Letter in Verse by Ellis Parker Butler. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1912.

The Mortal Gods. And Other Plays. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1912.

Nimrod. A Drama. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. 1912.

imagery is at once massive and mysterious, and in the opening lines of the second strophe:

But now in dreams of day I see thee stand
A grey, great sentry on the encompassed wall
That fronts the night forever,

there is what seems to be an intentional reminiscence of the opening scene of the *Agamemnon*, as translated by Browning.

But having paid respects to these prize poems and acknowledged their merits, we must register our opinion that *Renascence*, by Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay, is a very much more remarkable production than any of them. In his introduction, Mr. Earle points out that work by women "constitutes more than forty per cent. of this collection," in view of which we agree with him that the fact—if it is a fact—that "current verse is more masculine," is curious—has, indeed, all the air of a paradox. Does he mean to imply, however, that women, as well as men, share in the tendency toward an increased "virility," and does he regard this phenomenon with complacency? For our part, we prefer that women should write like women, and that is why we are particularly attracted to Miss Millay's poem, in which a note of ecstasy akin to the rapturous mood of that beautiful mediæval poem, "Pearl," admirably rendered by Miss Jessie L. Weston, in her *Romance, Vision, and Satire*, is not unmingled with a touch of true feminine hysteria. The first section, with its generalised landscape in

Porzia. By Cale Young Rice. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 1913.

Jack —: One of Us. A Novel in Verse. by Gilbert Frankau. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1912.

Masterpieces of the Southern Poets. By Walter Neale. Leather. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. 1912.

Ultima Veritas. And Other Verses. By Washington Gladden. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.

New Poems. By Dora Sigerson Shorter. Dublin and London: Maunsel and Company, Ltd. 1912.

Villa Mirafiore. By Frederic Crowninshield. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1912.

the visionary Celtic manner, is particularly striking, and suggests those etchings by D. Y. Cameron described by Mr. Cleveland Palmer in a recent number of the *BOOKMAN*, where "a band of sable shore parts the luminous pallour of sea and sky":

All I could see from where I stood
Was three long mountains and a wood;
I turned and looked another way,
And saw three islands in a bay.
So with my eyes I traced the line
Of the horizon, thin and fine,
Straight around till I was come
Back to where I'd started from;
And all I saw from where I stood
Was three long mountains and a wood.
Over these things I could not see;
These were the things that bounded me;
And I could touch them with my hand,
Almost, I thought, from where I stand.
And all at once things seemed so small
My breath came short, and scarce at all.

But, sure, the sky is big, I said;
Miles and miles above my head;
So here upon my back I'll lie
And look my fill into the sky,
And so I looked, and, after all,
The sky was not so very tall.
The sky, I said, must somewhere stop,
And—sure enough!—I see the top!
The sky, I thought, is not so grand;
I 'most could touch it with my hand!
And, reaching up my hand to try,
I screamed to feel it touch the sky.

This is very naive, but it is its naiveté that is its charm. Moreover, though its

The Mythological Zoo. By Oliver Herford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1912.

Idylls of the South. Mrs. Bettie Keyes Chambers. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. 1912.

Horizon Songs. By Grace Duffield Goodman. Boston: Sherman French and Company. 1912.

A Little Book of Verse. By Leila Peabody. Boston: Sherman French and Company. 1912.

The Dance of Dinwiddie. By Marshall Morston. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company.

The Gold. By Bessie L. Russell. Boston: Sherman French and Company. 1912.

The Star-Treader, and Other Poems. By

manner is childish, its point of view is not that of the child who, contrary to the common conception, seldom has the imagination to make such flights or to comprehend them. Miss Millay's poem was read to one little girl who is fond of making verses herself; and when the last line quoted was reached, she showed how literally she had taken it all, by saying, "But of course it wasn't the sky, it must have been the ceiling!"

There are other poems in the book that deserve notice for one reason or another. Among them may be mentioned "To My Vagrant Love," by Eloise Briton, as an unusual instance in contemporary English verse of that frankness in physical passion which so pervades the work of women writers in France to-day; "To Robert Browning," by Witter Bynner, which inspired "Punch" with a series of delicious parodies (the large number of poems about Browning is, of course, due to the recent celebration of that poet's centenary); "Golden-Throated Pastoral Horn," by Grace Hazard Conkling, whose dangerous facility does not dim the impression she gives of real stylistic distinction; "The Glimpse," a lyric of considerable dignity and restraint, by Louise Ayres Garnett; "The Merciful Ensign," a piece that Stephen Crane might have written, but that he would not have written in verse, by Hermann Hagedorn, whose latest volume, *Poems and Ballads*, scarcely brings the fruition of his early promise, "Martin," by Joyce Kilmer, who lightly etches a subject that Mr. E. A. Robinson—his name is missed with that of more than one other admir-

Clark Ashton Smith. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. 1912.

Idylls Beside the Strand. By Franklin F. Phillips. Boston: Sherman French and Company. 1912.

The Spirit Prospero. And Other Poems. By Frederick Brooks Lindsey. Boston: Sherman French and Company. 1912.

A Child's Glimpse of God for Grownup Children. By Ethel Blackwell Bobinson. Boston: Sherman French and Company. 1912.

Three Visions and Other Poems. By John A. Johnson. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company.

Songs Under Open Skies. By M. Jay

able poet, in the table of contents—might have treated in his closer line manner; "The Unknown Lovers," by Louis V. Ledoux, who sounds a classic, or at all events, a Parnassian, note in a volume which leans strongly toward the realistic and romantic; "Saturnalia," by Ludwig Lewisohn, a "neo-pagan" who imports a certain foreign influence; "O. Henry," by Nicholas Vachell Lindsay, who absurdly compares that writer to Sir Philip Sidney, but whose little portrait is not lacking in truth and tenderness; and "The Sibyl," by Percy MacKaye, the principal abuser of the free ode form for occasional purposes in this country.

We confess we do not like this poem, but it gives us an opportunity to record the fact that its author has recently published a book entitled *Uriel*, containing a group of these public and memorial performances, among which we much prefer the shorter, regular pieces, such as the charming sonnet to Ellen Terry, and "The Bard of Bouillabaisse," an exceedingly clever brewing in the bowl of Thackeray's own ballad, of a new broth which is the essence of his sensibility and of his art:

"A hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes."

(Such is his ballad recipe:)

"This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is."

Hotchpotch of *all* sorts—such as well
Souls with the garlic and the pepper,
A sort of savoury broth or paste
Of lover, liar, hero, leper:

He taught us—for *ourselves* the taste!

"He Whom a Dream Hath Possessed," by Shaemas O'Sheel, evokes a Flannery. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company.

June on the Miami. An Idyl. By William Henry Venable. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company.

The Leprechaun. By James T. Gallagher. Boston: Sherman French and Company.

Christmas Praises. And Other Poems. By George E. Ackerman. Boston: Sherman French and Company. 1912.

Leaves from the City Beautiful. By Amelia M. Starkweather. With a few selections written for special occasions by Jacob F. Starkweather, her husband. Boston: Sherman French and Company. 1912.

veritable dream atmosphere by its delicate playing upon vowel and consonantal harmonies; "America," by Herman Scheffauer, is another poem that shows a specifically foreign influence, here apparently through the Belgian Verhaeren; "Caliban in the Coal Mines," by Louis Untermeyer, has a striking image that has already made its fame and the poet's fortune; and "A Ritual for a Funeral," by Ridgely Torrence, has a quality of art, in the organisation of sounds to make of them no less than of the words themselves a subtle instrument of speech, that lifts it quite above all the other verses in the volume in this respect.

But although there are thus many interesting and even beautiful poems—and the list might be considerably extended—it must be admitted that the impression produced by the collection as a whole is one of mediocrity. This is doubtless due in part to mechanical difficulties. Even if America had a much more important and highly developed native school of poetry than it actually has at present, one hundred poets would be a large number to bring together on even an approximate level of equality. The editor, finding himself severely handicapped by the plan as announced and therefore not to be departed from, must in the end have been obliged to admit many poems simply to fill up. But this will not account for everything. In the absence of many well-known names, one suspects that there may have been refused many better poems than some of those given a prominence to which they have no possible claim. It is not that these are in all cases bad poems. But they are often trivial and commonplace, and it is difficult to see in them that "special distinction" which, according to the editor, has made him prefer them to "mere technical performances." These, as a matter of fact, are plentifully represented in imitations of Poe, Whitman, Yeats, and other poets.

The Lyric Year is by no means the only effort that has been made during the past year to "uplift" American poetry. Two magazines have been

started for the exclusive cultivation of the Muse, one in Boston, the other in Chicago. The latter is copiously endowed, a fund of five thousand dollars a year for five years having been raised for its maintenance, and prizes have been established to reward the best work that appears in its pages. It is not closed to the work of foreign writers, and has recently printed a group of poems by William Butler Yeats, whose recent volume, *The Green Helmet*, shows a decided growth of the intellectual, at the expense of the sensuous and emotional, elements in his work. *Poetry*, which is the name of the Chicago magazine, has also retained the services of Mr. Ezra Pound to provide notes on European aspects of the art—and Asiatic, also, for he has recently given an account of the work of the Bengali poet, Rabindranath Tagore, who, translated by himself into English, seems to have afforded the sensation for the literary season in London.

That city (which also has its new *Poetry Magazine* as well as poetry shop and a salon for poets) changes its lions rapidly. Last year it was John Masefield, who still continues to concentrate a considerable share of attention—an animated discussion has been going on in English reviews as to whether or not he is to be regarded as a poet—although the centre of his cult has been shifted somewhat to this side of the Atlantic. A new volume of his work has recently appeared. It is called *The Story of a Round-House*, but the real title of the principal poem is "Dauber." It is the account of a poor boy who, wishing to become a painter of ships, goes to sea with his box of colours, and suffers the insults of his rough companions of the "round house" (forecastle) until he proves his manhood in wild work up aloft while rounding the Horn. It is really rather a descriptive and psychological, than a narrative, poem, and the sympathy with which Mr. Masefield studies the moral states of his humble hero, suggests such a prose poem as Joseph Conrad's rhapsody, *Youth*. "Dauber," too, would be better in prose,

for the descriptions, whether of the ship itself, of the sea, of the sudden onslaught of the storm, or of the sailors' fierce and protracted struggle with the elements, are too detailed, too realistic, for poetry. And yet there are many readers who, having no particular taste for the finer forms of the art, welcome Masfield for this very reason, just as they welcomed Kipling before him—because he makes of poetry something very like rough, rugged, but; at the same time, ornate, picturesque, prose. Indeed, Masfield is the logical successor to that writer who, as it were, presents a cross-section of his lyrical touch in *Songs from Books*; and the numerous short poems in the volume having to do with the Spanish Main—its piratical memories are also celebrated by Mr. Don C. Seitz, in *The Buccaneers*—might almost justify us in dubbing him the "Kipling of the Caribbees," if he did not seem to have an equal fondness for chivalric sentiment and other forms of romanticism, including, of course, that of real life.

Included in Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's excellent *Oxford Book of Victorian Verse* is Masfield's short lyric called "Cargoes," which begins

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white
wine,

and recognise in it the rhythms of Meredith's "Love in a Valley." This was Kipling's trick—to fill old metrical bottles with the new wine of his own inventions—though he practised the art principally on Swinburne. Sir Arthur's new anthology would deserve more than passing mention if there were room in this article, for it brings together a great body of modern verse not easily accessible in other ways to American readers, and shows great taste in selection. Its weakness is in its representation of American poets who might better have been omitted altogether. That it is absolutely up to the moment, is indicated by the fact that it includes Richard Middle-

ton, the young poet who committed suicide in Belgium last summer because he could not, like Mr. Alfred Noyes—who has been lecturing in this country, and whom the BOOKMAN has picked as a possible candidate for the laureateship—make a living out of poetry.

Speaking of laureates, one wonders who would be chosen to fill this position if it were created in America. Doubtless Dr. Henry Van Dyke or Mr. MacKaye. The former is one of the very few poets—not more than two or three—who, now that Mr. Gilder and Mr. Stedman are dead, are left in the American Academy of Arts and Letters. On the whole it cannot be said that there is much more of a place for the poet at present in American society than there has been at any time in the past. Recognition usually comes to him late, when it comes at all, unless he has first attained eminence in other ways, like Dr. Van Dyke; has received foreign recognition, like Mr. Pound, and like Joaquin Miller (who died only the other day) before him; or makes himself generally useful at official functions, like Mr. MacKaye. (There still seems to linger a superstition that it is necessary to have a poem read at a flag-raising or an unveiling, just as it is to have a corner stone to fill with rubbish in every public or semi-public building.) Whether any of the efforts instanced on behalf of poetry will succeed in changing the status of the poet, remains to be seen. Meanwhile he by no means seems depressed or discouraged by the situation. He has formed a society of his own—"The Poetry Society of America"—where he can hear his own verses read with those of his fellows, and when he cannot get a publisher to bring out his book, he publishes it himself at his own expense.

By far the greater part of the books of verse that appear are published in this way, which needs only a little more open acceptance to make it here, as in Paris, the one right and logical procedure. As it is, the ambition to be recognised by the big publishing houses and the big

magazines, must exercise a certain commercialising influence upon poetry, or at least encourage a marked imitative tendency, as in our native fiction, which has to follow certain lines to be successful. This would appear to account for the persistence of certain types of sentiment, of fondness for certain themes or subjects, as well as for stereotyped forms of imaginative expression. For instance, Stevenson set the fashion for open air and the pleasures of pedestrianism. Hovey and Carman in their *Vagabondia* books, to which the surviving member of the firm has recently added an *Echoes from Vagabondia*, spiritualised this aspect of life—gave it that sentimental religious note which poetry must have in America. Moody made it cosmic, so that the feet of the new vagabond might lead him along the starry lanes of the universe. And now perhaps more American poets see life after the manner of Miss Amelia Josephine Burr, in *The Roadside Fire*, like a "broad highway," than through any other image. Another phase of the same sentiment, though brought back a little closer to common reality, is seen in the title and in the contents of Robert W. Service's *Rhymes of a Rolling Stone*. Mr. Service is a Canadian poet, so with vagabondage in the more general sense, he combines that particular form of it which is known as Imperialism. This is celebrated under its historical aspect of sea-roving, not only by Masfield, but by Mr. J. E. Patterson, in his *The Lure of the Sea*, and by an English woman poet, Miss May Byron, whose most vigorous lyrics in *The Wind on the Heath*, are "The Ballad of London River," "The Pageant of Seamen," and the "Ballad of Foul-weather Jack."

Amid much that is rather conventional and commonplace in form and inspiration, not a little verse that is fresh, original and interesting, in one way or another manages to get itself printed both here and in England. Perhaps the poets of the latter country show more finish and refinement in their work than do our own, though it would probably be nearer the truth to say that these accomplishments are merely more often

found there in conjunction with high spiritual qualities than among us. Also in England there is a greater fondness for artistic experimentation. There are, for example, Robert Bridges's essays in classical prosody, now first collected in the new Oxford Edition of his poetical works. And yet we pick up a little book by an American poet, Mr. Louis How, with the attractive title *The Youth Replies*: and find it full of experiments in metre and form, as well as of a fresh half-romantic, half-ironical, tasting of life, that reminds one, at whatever distance, of Jules Laforgue. Here, what the New York *Evening Post's* art critic speaks of, in connection with the "Post-Impressionist" art exhibition as "technical," as opposed to "spiritual," ineptitudes, do not spoil the pleasure of a real lover of poetry, who might find the more polished exercises of an English poet, Mr. Francis Coutts, in his *Egypt*, a shade too even and unenterprising. Nor is the American poet afraid to speak his mind right out in the meeting-house of the Muses, as witness Mr. Frederic Crowninshield, in *Villa Mirafiore*, who, seeing a pretty girl of the type, doubtless, that adorns our magazines, is led to exclaim:

"Not that fair damsel would I take to wife
Though fresh as opalescent dawn she be!"

A more dubious aspect of American poetic enterprise is suggested by the five odes of Horace, well, and not unhumorously, translated by Mr. Coutts. For a long time, and beginning with Eugene Field, it has been a favourite diversion of American newspaper poets to travesty Horace, and turn him into our current slang. Why they should choose this particular poet who, above all others, was master of a pure and graceful diction, for such a purpose, is hard to imagine, unless it is that the very strangeness of the contrast lends piquancy to the proceeding; although it must be admitted that there is a liveliness in the fancy of the Latin poet, and a vivacity in his expression, that is singularly modern and even American. Doubtless, when he once got over the shock,

Flaccus would be the first to find amusement in the liberties that have been taken with his lines by Mr. Franklin P. Adams in the latest collection of his newspaper waifs ("waifs" no longer, since the newspaper poet to-day prudently garners his daily offerings—see also La Touche Hancock's *Desultory Verse*), *In Other Words*. Probably he would realise that he had no just cause of complaint, but that on the contrary, he was merely witnessing the fulfilment of his wish that his work might become *perennius ære*. (Perhaps it will even outlive the American variety.) In another book, devoted exclusively to this form of entertainment, *On Tibur's Road*, by G. M. and G. E. Whicher, a variant is furnished by translating half a dozen odes in the manner of as many famous English poets. One, the parody of "Vitas Hinnuleo," as it might have been written by Mr. Wordsworth, soars far above the rest, and will bear quotation:

I met a little Roman maid;
She was just sixteen (she said),
And O! but she was sore afraid,
And hung her modest head.

A little fawn, you would have vowed,
That sought her mother's side,
And wandered lonely as a cloud
Upon the mountain wide.

Whene'er the little lizards stirred,
She started in her fear;
In every rustling bush she heard
Some awful monster near.

"I'm not a lion: fear not so;
Seek not your timid dam."
But Chloe was afraid, and O!
She knows not what I am:

*A creature quite too bright and good
To be so much misunderstood.*

This is altogether worthy of Mr. Owen Seaman. And as from such heights the drop to poetic drama would be too great, we prefer not to risk it. It is a form that, since its revival, has fallen into hopeless mechanism; and, with the arrival of Mr. Masefield, seems likely for a while to give way, in whatsoever partial popularity it has enjoyed in book form, to the long verse narrative. So far this has found but a single important practitioner. But he is bound to have rivals and imitators before long. Already Mr. Gilbert Frankau has sought, in his *Jack—: One of Us*, to rewrite *Don Juan*, quite oblivious, apparently, as have also been the reviewers, of the fact that Richard Hovey once went so far as to write a whole canto of a similar poem and publish it in an American magazine. One couplet only remains with us:

For Eleanor—her Christian name was
Eleanor—
Had twenty-seven different kinds of hell in
her.

This, on the whole, is rather superior to anything in Mr. Frankau's production, either as humour or poetry.

PAST PERFORMANCES AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

THERE are two widely different attitudes which a reviewer may take toward a book, each equally legitimate and equally conducive to fair treatment: first, that of judging a book on its own intrinsic merits, apart from all outside considera-

tions; and secondly, that of viewing it in the light of the author's past performances, as a single stone in the slowly built edifice of his life work. In literature, as well as in architecture, the importance of sound foundations depends upon the

weight they are to sustain: and that is why, in the case of solid scientific works, monumental histories, the last word in chemistry or biology or linguistics, it is well-nigh impossible to lose sight of the author's previous achievements, because it is these that entitle him to speak with the voice of authority. But with purely creative work it is different, and the worth or cleverness of a play or a novel whose province is first of all to entertain, is quite independent of the literary quality or the commercial success of what the same author wrote eighteen months ago. Of course, there are just a few novelists the sum total of whose works forms a background so conspicuous to the public eye that no reviewer could quite ignore it without danger of making himself absurd: it would be incongruous to treat a new volume by Mr. Howells or Mr. James without reference to what they stand for in contemporary letters, or to criticise the latest stories by Mr. Kipling as though unaware that such a book as *Plain Tales from the Hills* was ever written. But aside from these few highlights in fiction, what the reading public wants to know is, not whether a given book is a shade better or a degree worse than its last season's predecessor, but whether it in itself is worth reading or not,—and this fact can for all practical purposes be conveyed either by the absolute or the comparative method.

And yet the serious-minded critic, with an honest concern for the future welfare of fiction, will never be satisfied to judge even mediocre novels in this detached fashion. He will always try to keep in mind, even if he does not transfer the thought to paper, just what each author whom he reviews has done in the past, what he has seemed to be trying to do, and what forward or backward movement his latest volume shows. For instance, in reviewing Mr. H. G. Wells's latest serious study of the advanced woman of to-day, he will not let himself forget that Mr. Wells for many years was known to the world as a sort of English Jules Verne, a little more scientific and logical in method, yet quite as fan-

tastic in results. He will remember that most authors have committed youthful indiscretions and had their temporary aberrations, their wanderings from their true path. And in the light of these facts, he will not be satisfied with merely pronouncing a verdict of good or bad: he will go a step further and point out, in the light of past performances, why a particular book is either slightly better or distinctly worse.

The serious critic cannot get away from this attitude of mind, even if he should wish to do so. It is his habit to watch certain authors from year to year, building high hopes upon some of them, eying askance certain others, and reaping an annual harvest of surprises and disappointments. In some ways, a really good first book is the most unalloyed of all pleasures that can come to a reviewer. It has the double delight of present satisfaction and future promise. The books that are to follow it will never again bring that same thrill of discovery, the sense of having stumbled upon a vein of unknown worth. A second book almost always brings disillusion; the possible genius turns out to be only a modest talent, and not always a talent that can be relied on to keep a fairly sustained level of quality. And this is why few professional reviewers can glance back over a score of years without a number of pangs at the memory of abandoned altars that they have from time to time erected to false gods.

The present writer remembers but few of his early enthusiasms that did not sooner or later bring disillusion. Zola was conspicuous among these rare exceptions. His first acquaintance was made at the early age of fourteen; and from that date no one of his annual volumes was ever missed, down to the day of his death, and only one, *Le Docteur Pascal*, caused a brief wavering of allegiance. In the Continental schools of fiction, one name after another came to swell the select little list of writers who could be relied upon not to disappoint; but in England and America such names were few and far between. Hardy, indeed,

was a big, sombre, soul-satisfying exception; Henry James never really disappointed, and Mr. Howells could be relied upon for a milder form of satisfaction, until in the ripeness of years his vein ran thin. But it is among the younger writers, those that, one by one, flashed into sight with the sudden brilliance of a new star, that have brought the most disappointments. Did we not see Mrs. Wharton for once lose her magic deftness in the heavy pedantry of *The Valley of Decision*? Maurice Hewlett forsake his wizardry of verbal tapestries and turn Meredithian? Joseph Conrad desert the quarterdeck and roll lumberingly down London lanes, in the wake of anarchy and crime? And these have luckily been only temporary aberrations, wrong turnings from a road that otherwise runs straight. But the number of careers that opened with the brilliant promise of a first book, and then came to nothing at all, would take too long to count. And it is a question which is sadder: where a book of such hopeful possibilities remains without a successor, or where its author settles down into a rut of prolific and hopeless mediocrity.

"ONE WOMAN'S STORY"

It happens this month that there are an unusual number of interesting volumes by authors whose past achievements are of some importance: authors of such rank as Robert Herrick, May Sinclair and W. B. Maxwell, who demand thoughtful consideration even when they go astray. Of these, the new volume by Mr. Herrick seems to demand first place, less for its own sake than because it represents a most hopeful reversion to the author's earlier manner. In order to appreciate just what this means, it is necessary to recall quite briefly the general tendencies shown by Mr. Herrick through his somewhat uneven progress from *The Gospel of Freedom* to *A Life for a Life* and *The Healer*. From his very first pages, it was obvious that Mr. Herrick was a disciple of the French school; it was not merely that he unhesitatingly handled themes and situa-

tions which a decade ago were largely avoided in American fiction, but he treated them with a wholesome sanity and fearlessness, and with a clear-eyed understanding of men, and more especially of women, that stamped him as a worthy pupil of Bourget and Marcel Prévost. Little by little, we watched him reaching out for a wider canvas, a more ambitious theme: and this he finally found in *Together*, that remarkable prose epic of American marriage, which, with all its crowded, motley throngs of wedded lives, is nevertheless so structurally coherent, and so elemental in purpose. One was tempted to say that, for sheer technical skill, for his understanding and application of the best Continental methods, Mr. Herrick stood for the hour at the head of his own generation of American novelists. And then a curious thing happened: he seems to have passed through some sort of a mental and moral revolution, and to have decided deliberately to discard the methods under which his laurels had been won, and work out something new and different, impregnated with a symbolic mysticism. In *A Life for a Life* we see this new spirit rampant; it introduces us into a world of unrealities, inhabited by creeds and philosophies and economics, rather than by living, breathing human beings. Mr. Herrick's interest in sociology and metaphysics and kindred sciences crowded out his interest in the individual man and woman; and the closing scenes of that misguided volume leaves an impression of our having glimpsed a group of abstract virtues and vices, straight out of a morality play, gyrating in a lurid chaos. Even the author himself seems to have felt that there was something radically wrong with this book, for he tried, in a half-hearted way, to escape from the new influences, in his next book, *The Healer*. But here again what he had to preach was obviously of far more importance to him than the handful of human beings whose little lives gave him his text. It began to look as though Robert Herrick had hopelessly lost his way, and that one more sane,

brave, strong influence in American fiction had permanently ceased.

But now, quite unexpectedly, Mr. Herrick has reverted to his old manner, his old clearness, his old admirable technique. *One Woman's Life* is as simple and clear-cut as *The Gospel of Freedom*, and better and stronger by all that fifteen years of earnest work imply. There is no unnecessary crowding of the canvas in this relentless picture of the woman with social ambitions; we see only within the immediate radius of the circles in which Milly Ridge successively moves. And yet Mr. Herrick conveys his central thought as clearly and emphatically as though he had shown us a hundred Milly Ridges, all selfishly fighting their remorseless fight to get everything for nothing. Woman, says Mr. Herrick, is what the social conditions of the present age have made her, a born grafter; wealth, social position, the champagne sparkle of life, and with them equal rights of suffrage and equal pay: these are what the modern woman wants, and she wants them without giving an equivalent. To Mr. Herrick, the whole economic question regarding woman is exceedingly simple: let a woman, he says, take the trouble to master some one trade or business in the thorough way that a man must master it, so as to make herself really valuable, and there will be no more question of inferiority of sex. The trouble, he insists, is that most young women seek employment simply to tide over the months or years while they are looking for a husband, and their hearts are not in their work. And to drive home his point, he shows us the opposite type to that of the Milly Ridges, in a poor maimed and disfigured girl, one Ernestine Geyer, who had been as thoughtless as any others until one day a tub of boiling water in the laundry where she worked destroyed the usefulness of her right arm and leg. Thereupon, seeing herself hopelessly shut off from marriage, Ernestine went to work to make herself efficient, and in a few years we see her installed as superintendent of the laundry on a high salary,

methodical, energetic, indefatigable, a human machine, knowing no interests apart from the daily task. Of Milly Ridge's career it is unnecessary to speak here in detail; it is just the story of an average young woman, born with the instinct of a social "climber," and aided by a magnetic personality. Without money or position, and handicapped by an unpresentable father and grandmother, she climbs steadily and surely, making everything and everybody serve as a stepping-stone for her ambition, and partly through intuition, partly by sheer luck, protecting herself from dangers that she scarcely surmises. And then, on the brink of a brilliant marriage, she revolts against her own creed, breaks with the wealthy suitor, marries instead an impecunious newspaper cartoonist, and recklessly spends an opportune legacy in a two-year honeymoon in Paris. This is the one impulsive act in a lifetime of consistent and monumental selfishness, and the death of her overworked husband and the wreck of Ernestine Geyer's hardily amassed savings are two of the sinister milestones on her road to final triumph. Stated thus baldly, the story may seem to lack distinction. What makes it count as one of the rather big novels of the year is the remorseless truth of its portrayal, the unmistakable little gestures and tricks of speech, the thousand and one luminous touches that make Milly Ridge a personality as well as a type,—and what is more, one of those personalities in fiction that refuse to be forgotten. She belongs in the same portrait gallery with Robert Grant's Selma White and Mrs. Wharton's Lily Bart.

"THE COMBINED MAZE"

Miss Sinclair is one of those writers who, in the light of past performances, has steadily strengthened a conviction that she will be remembered as the author of just one volume that really counts. Even *The Helpmate*, which if it had come from an unknown writer would have been a very creditable foundation stone on which to build a reputation, is simply not in the same class with

The Divine Fire, either in bigness of conception, or in fineness of execution. But suddenly, when we had quite given up hope that she would ever again do anything capable of reawakening the old thrill, here comes *The Combined Maze*, as an object lesson in the danger of forming premature judgments. It would be overpraise to say that this new volume is as big or important a novel as *The Divine Fire*; but the difference this time is in degree and not in kind. In order to explain, not only the symbolism of Miss Sinclair's title, but the general nature of her theme, it is necessary to set forth quite briefly one of the opening scenes of the book. The setting is London,—the cockney London of underpaid clerks and over-worked shop girls, with which Miss Sinclair has more than once proved her familiarity. Now, there is just one clean, wholesome influence in the lives of this working class—namely, a certain sort of co-operative club where, for mere nominal dues, these young men and young women can get what is otherwise hopelessly beyond their reach: a well-equipped gymnasium, spacious swimming tanks, and a respectable gathering place in the evening which would otherwise be spent in questionable music halls or bar-rooms. Now, at stated intervals, there is one function which is the big event of this club: the gala night when the gymnasium is thrown open to both sexes, and the young men and young women, in the freedom of their gymnasium suits, go through various competitive exercises, and end with a most elaborate manœuvre, marching, wheeling, counter-marching, and all the time interweaving and disentangling the many brilliant coloured ribbons which they trail. It is this exercise which bears the name of *The Combined Maze*; and Miss Sinclair wishes to symbolise by it the real manœuvres which destiny works out with actual men and women, bringing certain ones without warning into sudden contact, parting them again with apparent finality, only to swing them around a circle and reunite them once again in the inexorable weaving of the web of life.

And the human pawns in this game of fate know no more of the pattern they are weaving than the light-hearted young men and women of the gymnasium. Such is Miss Sinclair's starting point; and she proceeds to show what befell a certain young man by the name of Ransome, who touched shoulders more than once in the intricate movement of *The Maze*, with strong, lithe, and wholesome Winny Dymond, and who makes a fatal mistake in not realising, until too late, the prize that chance has put within his grasp. Winny Dymond stands as the type of clean, vigorous, wholesome womanhood, wifehood and motherhood. She is too simply natural, too normally unconscious in her relations with men, to cope with the opposite type represented by Violet Usher, who is sex incarnate to the tips of her soft, caressing fingers. Ransome makes the mistake, common to youth, yields to the call of the senses and marries a woman who at best will never be anything but a plaything, and at the worst will be a heartless mother and a faithless wife. And throughout the years while Ransome is having the extent of his calamity thrust home upon him, destiny amuses itself by swinging him and Winny Dymond shoulder to shoulder in ever renewing and ever separating patterns. It is a wise book and a rather cruel book that leaves a sort of heart-ache behind it:—but the heart-ache is of a distinctly salutary sort.

"CONCERT PITCH"

If Frank Danby were a new figure in literature, instead of being what the London *Academy* recently called the greatest living woman writer in England, her latest novel, *Concert Pitch*, would not be the disappointment that it quite frankly is. From a number of tangled threads, it is not altogether easy to pick out her central idea, although to most readers the chief interest will probably centre in the monumental selfishness of the artistic temperament. This is shown in the person of a musician, who has composed a great English opera, with Boadicea as his central figure; and for

the sake of this opera, he deserts his wife and follows the soprano who is to create the rôle of the British queen—not because he loves her, but simply to insure her devotion to him and his work. The story is not without its strong moments—Frank Danby's powers never wholly fail her—and as a sheer piece of dramatic exposition, the scene in the Opera house, on the opening night of *Il Traditore*, when the jealous husband of the soprano fires from a box, intending to kill her, and kills the composer instead, following up his blunder with suicide, and incidentally precipitating a panic in the audience, during which a number of persons are trampled to death—all this is portrayed with a grimness of detail that haunts the memory unpleasantly. But taken as a whole the volume sounds forced; it lacks that quality which in her earlier volumes conveyed the impression that they were written because certain ideas clamoured for expression and would not be denied. Her methods may have been cruder, but they achieved a poignancy which her later manner lacks. One feels that it will not be difficult to forget one and all of the characters in *Concert Pitch*.

"RUNNING SANDS"

The chief fault that one may find with the work of Mr. Reginald Wright Kauffman, past and present, is that he is apt to make situations, and often rather exceptional and unlikely situations, in order to have an opportunity to voice certain personal views of morals and ethics. His new volume, *Running Sands*, is no exception to the rule. Here are some of the questions that it propounds: Does a temperate, chaste and altogether blameless life afford a man the best chance for a hale and hearty old age? Has a wife the right to refuse maternity? Should a lover renounce his religion, in order to marry a divorced woman? Have May and December even the shadow of a chance of wedded happiness? Should a man, knowing that his wife has ceased to love him, take steps to give her back her freedom? And

the very nature of these questions insures an interest in the treatment of them, when presented with Mr. Kauffman's undeniable power of narration, even though the reader may disagree rather violently with his conclusions. Here, quite briefly, are the specific facts of the story: the hero is a man of fifty, who, because of an ingrained fear of old age and death, has led a life of almost monastic chastity; he still looks not over forty, and feels but twenty-five, when he chances to meet a girl of eighteen, who, as a trick of fate wills it, happens to be the daughter of the woman whom years ago he almost married—and whom he would have married, if his constitutional cowardice had not prompted him, after a rowboat accident, to shove her aside in order to rescue himself. Well, this man young in spirit though old in years, marries the girl of eighteen, thus breaking in upon his methodical and well-ordered routine; and the result is that in a few months a premature old age comes upon him and he realises that all the elaborate care of years has served only to hasten the catastrophe which he dreads. Much of the later half of the book is laid in Paris; and there is a certain French doctor whose manner of speech shows a startling frankness and who is apparently introduced in order to serve as Mr. Kauffman's own mouthpiece to voice his opinions regarding eugenics, marriage and divorce, maternity and kindred topics. It happens that the eighteen-year-old bride does not wish for children, that she has wearied of a middle-aged husband and has lost her just awakening heart to a handsome young Austrian lieutenant. Now, there are many things which in real life a husband might do under these circumstances; but none of them would quite fit in with what Mr. Kauffman seems to think that the progressive husband of to-day ought to do. At all events, he makes his hero talk to the unhappy pair of lovers in a kindly parental tone and offer to make everything quite simple in the way of a divorce and subsequent remarriage. But; unfortunately, for the success of this

very simple plan, the Austrian is a Roman Catholic and, much as he regrets his inability to co-operate with the obliging husband, he explains that he can't forswear his religion. Suicide, of course, would solve the deadlock; but, at the very instant when the hero believes that he has made up his mind to the sacrifice and is about to fling himself over a cliff, his constitutional cowardice comes to the surface again, and to his own amazement he discovers that he has instinctively been scrambling desperately to a place of safety. So, at the close, the mismatched pair are obviously left to make what best they may of their sorry bargain.

"GENERAL MALLOCK'S SHADOW"

Mr. W. B. Maxwell has not yet gained in this country the wide following which the uniform high quality of his careful work so eminently deserves. Already, in *The Rest Cure* and *In Cotton Wool*, he has shown his uncommon ability to depict certain phases of obscure mental deacease; and this same type of theme is once more utilised in his new volume *General Mallock's Shadow*. In short, it is a study of a mind slowly disintegrating under the stress of a chronic grievance, the mental poison of a fixed idea. Years ago, when General Mallock was still young, he was in command of an isolated outpost on the northern frontier of India. There were many women and children at this outpost; and for this reason, when a sudden revolt of the hill tribes placed them in a state of siege, he accepted the terms offered and surrendered under promise of safe conduct back to the nearest garrison. But the hill tribes broke their pledge and a hideous massacre closed the chapter. The General insisted upon justifying his conduct; he refused to let the matter drop; he talked unwisely to the newspapers; with the result that what might have been only a reprimand culminated in dismissal from the service. For fifteen years the General nursed his grievance, and throughout these fifteen years he continued to be a marked man.

It ceased to surprise him to find that the cordiality of new acquaintances suddenly turned to coldness; to discover that he was no longer welcome in the various towns and villages where he and his family successively took refuge. At the opening of the volume he has undertaken to write his memoirs for the express purpose of reopening the old controversy and at last justifying his conduct. But, when completed, his memoirs cannot find a publisher; the whole theme is a dead issue; he is fifteen years too late. This disappointment closes the first period of General Mallock's pathological condition; what has been only a grievance becomes a fixed idea, a thing that he broods over secretly and no longer mentions, even to his daughters; the wise young doctor who watches the case with something more than a professional interest, day by day sees his gravest fears confirmed: a complete mental breakdown, possibly violent mania or suicide may be the next phase. Nothing short of some tremendous shock, some rude jarring sufficient to take him completely out of himself can avert the catastrophe. And suddenly this needed shock comes in the form of a strike among the quarrymen on a neighbouring estate. The strike assumes formidable dimensions; a regiment of soldiers are quickly on the scene; but their presence seems only to fan the flame. And one day the bitterly hated manager of the quarries, fleeing from a mob of several hundred frenzied workmen, takes refuge in General Mallock's isolated cottage. The soldiers are all many miles away quelling riots in a neighbouring town. Something in the situation: perhaps the ominous outcry of the crowd at his door, penetrates the mental haze in General Mallock's brain—and a very curious scene ensues. Acting as though in a dream, with a curious sort of dual consciousness, the General takes command. In spirit he is back again at the old frontier post in India, re-enacting the old tragedy of the siege: only this time he is not to make the blunder of surrendering. Just at first there is protest raised by the small group

of men who by chance find themselves in the besieged house and under the orders of a lunatic commander; they ask him to remember that there are women in the house and advise him to deliver up the man for whom the mob is clamoring. "Remember the women?" replies the General grimly. "They would be the last ones to forgive me if I did! I learned that years ago." And so, in a frail wooden house, with less than a dozen untrained men, and nothing but mattresses and household furniture for barricades, he holds at bay a savage mob of many hundreds through a four-hour siege and actually has them in full retreat before the regiment, summoned in hot haste, has time to arrive. Of course, the end of the book is a foregone conclusion. This phenomenal exploit spreads throughout the length and breadth of England; the General is the hero of the hour and incidentally he is reinstated in the Army. All this rounds out the volume with the touch required by good craftsmanship. But what makes the volume memorable as an exceptional achievement, is that unforgettable scene of a siege in an English country house with the gaunt figure of a half crazed old man moving in a dream and achieving victory in the face of impossible odds.

"THE LIFE MASK"

It will be remembered that the anonymous volume which appeared somewhat more than a year ago under the cryptic title "*To M. L. G.*," purported to be, not a novel, but an actual life history, written for the purpose of conveying a message to the man whom its author had refused to marry, because she could not bring herself to confess to him, face to face, the details of her earlier life. Consequently, the new volume by the same writer, which this time is confessedly fiction, possesses an interest quite aside from its merits as a story. Without venturing to express a personal opinion as to whether *To M. L. G.* is fact or fiction, we may, at least, inquire, assuming, for the moment, that the story were true, what sort of a novel we might

reasonably expect its heroine to write, during the months that she is supposed to be waiting in Spain in the hopes of hearing from the man she loves. Well, it would be quite likely, to begin with, that she would lay her scene in the place she had chosen for refuge, Grenada, with all its new and picturesque glamour; and, having her mind full of her own troubles, she would not be likely in her plot to get very far away from her own situation: her heroine would probably be a young woman with an unhappy past, who loves a man but cannot accept his offer without telling him the story of her life. But, if the former volume were true, what she would avoid, above all things, in her present novel, would be the specific details of her own life, the life of the theatre; and if she had never before written fiction, she might find it by no means easy to create a plot, and so would fall back upon the simpler expedient of taking the main lines of the situation she needed straight from actuality, using some story made familiar through the newspapers to the whole civilised world. As it happens, this is precisely what the author of *The Life Mask* has done. Her heroine is by birth a young Southern woman, who was married when little more than a girl to a middle-aged Englishman, and who has spent ten years of her young life in British prisons, because unjustly convicted of having murdered her husband while nursing him, by administering an overdose of morphine. To take material of this sort and develop it into a story that is neither melodramatic nor cheap, but carries the reader along to a logical and eminently satisfactory solution of all the issues, obtaining its strong effects by sheer simplicity, is an achievement which deserves an honest commendation.

"THE ISLE OF LIFE"

Another volume which, when narrated in epitome, sounds like rampant melodrama, is *The Isle of Life*, by Stephen French Whitman. If you happened to be a man with a most unsavoury record,

a modern Don Juan whose exploits are almost too much for the tolerance of even such a liberal-minded and cosmopolitan society as that of modern Rome; and if you happened to fall in love with a young girl who, like yourself, is an American, but is shortly expecting to join the British peerage by the simple short cut of matrimony, would it occur to you to follow her on board a small Mediterranean steamer and, when well out of sight of land, amid the isolation of blue waters, disregard the welfare of her silken draperies and your own immaculate evening clothes, fling a muscular arm around her waist and casually sweep her with you over the ship's rail? Most probably it would not, and that is where you would differ from Mr. Whitman's hero. For this is precisely what he did; and, as luck would have it, a limp and much bedraggled couple find themselves, some hours later, on an obscure little island chiefly inhabited by brigands and boasting one fine old castle with prehistoric subterranean passages and a few well-authenticated ghosts. Of course, this is the type of book which must be true to the accepted formula; the formula in this case being of the return-to-nature variety, in which the venter of social culture is swept away and the girl responds to the appeal of primal instinct. It cannot be claimed for Mr. Whitman that he has hit upon anything essentially new, although he has succeeded through novelty of setting in

giving the illusion of freshness to material that has seen much service.

"SIMON BRANDIN"

Although Mr. B. Paul Neuman has a number of volumes to his credit, the present reviewer has no personal knowledge of them, with the single exception of *Roddles*; but there, at least, was a story of a quality calculated to imprint the name of its author upon the memory as that of a man whose subsequent work one could not afford to miss. Accordingly, with such expectations in mind, *Simon Brandin* proves to be a distinct disappointment. It is the story of a Russian Jew who, after seeing his entire family massacred, escaped as a boy to America, became a millionaire at the age of thirty, and, at the opening of the story, is in London actively directing a nihilistic movement on a gigantic scale. One closes the book with a sort of nightmare impression of kidnappings and bomb-throwing and assassinations and a choice assortment of other horrors. And through them all Simon Brandin is slowly being weaned away from his bloodthirsty plans of vengeance by a young Jewish girl whom he has befriended and who eventually teaches him that the greatest power in the world is not vengeance, but love. It does seem a pity that an author who has it in him to do such admirable work as that contained in *Roddles* should waste his energies on what at best is little more than cheap melodrama.

FOUR BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

IRVING BABBITT'S "THE MASTERS OF MODERN FRENCH CRITICISM"*

It is a truism that the thought of the day is either the flowering of an earlier decade or the violent reaction from a tendency. The intense intellectualism

*Masters of Modern French Criticism. By Irving Babbitt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

of a Taine, for example, has swung the pendulum through the chaotic impressionism of a Renan to the intuitionism of a Bergson. Each of these attitudes toward life reveals currents which have been flowing with the thought of the century, and it is in tracing the growth and influence of these currents, as expressed in the critics, that Professor Babbitt's new volume is concerned. It

is easy to see among these penetrating pages that he feels at times very keenly modern criticism, while it has broadened in knowledge and sympathy, has suffered a corresponding decline in judgment. Though the old criticism was narrow and dogmatic the impressionism of more recent date has entirely neglected the temperamental exclusions of a dilettanti. Scientific criticism, on the other hand, strove to press life into a formula—and life was killed in the process. Yet all these reaches of the human mind have cleared the way for a saner attitude toward the future. Naturalism, with its historical sympathy and scientific analysis, was a necessary corrective to the seraphic idealism of the past. In the midst of our readjustments to-day the search should be toward a standard which will oppose individual caprice—a standard “in the individual and yet is felt by him to transcend his personal self and lay hold of that part of his nature which he possesses in common with other men.” It may be interesting to add that Professor Babbitt’s ideal critic is one who will combine the spiritual elevation, vision and sense of union which Emerson possesses, with the versatility, breadth and the sense of difference to be found only in a Sainte-Beuve. Though the author looks ahead to this “golden impossibility” his main emphasis is upon the critics who have registered the passing spirit of the time and even if occasionally he seems himself guilty of pressing his criticism into a formula, the result is one of the most brilliant stimulating books possible. His power of phrasing and clear thinking serve to illumine the dusty corners of the subject he has chosen, and the book is all the more novel in that he has dwelt little on the easy appeal of mere biographical detail save as it serve to reveal the thought of the critic. And his endeavour throughout has been to give an estimate of each critic exclusive of his part in the intellectual development of the century.

It is obvious the Sainte-Beuve is the author’s favourite critic and in some respects, as he points out, Madame de

Staël anticipated him—especially in her feeling that if criticism does not judge it may at least reveal. Her expansiveness, too, both intellectually and emotionally, her interest in national psychology—with the accent upon nationality rather than individuality—contributed to make her the ideal cosmopolitan. Professor Babbitt adds: “She has done more than any one else to help forward the comparative study of literature as we now understand it.” But he is careful to point out the danger of moral disintegration to a nation given to excessive cosmopolitanism. Joubert, her great contemporary, though “too resolutely traditional” yet hospitable in mind and feeling toward the future, held his standards in fluidity; but he spoke against the author of *Corinne* and a sympathy which was not ideally combined with selection. With Chateaubriand it was not sympathy, so much as beauty which took the reins. If, in Faguet’s phrase, “he renewed the French imagination,” he also mingled, as Professor Babbitt says, pseudo-classicism with a perception of form, and he aimed to enchant the imagination rather than convince the intellect. Professor Babbitt also protests against such romantic æsthetes like Rousseau, Ruskin and the author of *Génie du Christianisme* who set themselves up as religious teachers. Æsthetics cannot be a common ground for art and religion, and to believe it is to fall into the underlying romantic error “which may be defined as trying to make the things that are below the intellect do duty for those that are above it.” But Chateaubriand, nevertheless, had real influence as a critic, since he showed that one must penetrate beyond the form of an art work to its soul, and since he gave, in addition, the art of local colour to the historical spirit.

We thus see history ceasing to be abstract and colourless and becoming concrete and expressive; we see it getting rid of its old artificial unity and cultivating instead a sense of the variable in human nature—a sense that is not tempered by any new and vital

perception of unity. Thierry possibly overstates Chateaubriand's influence upon himself and others. But it is evident that although Chateaubriand posed as a champion of the old order and the fixed standards it implied, by actual force of his example he helped forward to an important extent the main movement of the century in both history and literary criticism from the absolute to the relative.

But relativity found its true exponent in Sainte-Beuve, whom the author of *The New Laokoon* considers at great length. He, more than any other, reflected the great conflict between tradition and naturalism, which typifies the nineteenth century. Two dominant motifs run through his attitude toward life: the continual triumph of self-love and his theory of the "essential vice" or "master impulse." And it became part of his method to trace these in all he viewed. One comment, showing the influence of La Rochefoucauld, will suffice to explain part of his scepticism:

What he saw on every hand was self-seeking that disguised itself under rose-coloured clouds of fine sentiments. There was Cousin, the apostle of the true, the good, and the beautiful, who nevertheless put no serious check on his own instincts of domination; Villemain, so great a talent and so great a wit, always professing generous, liberal philanthropic, Christian sentiments, and yet "the most sordid soul, the most mischievous ape alive;" Hugo, in whom he found only "the immense pride and infinite egoism of an existence that knows only itself;" Balzac, whom he had seen "exuding the intoxication with himself from every pore;" Chateaubriand, who posed part of the day as the author of the *Genius of Christianity* and devoted the rest of the day playing the elderly Don Juan. No wonder he made it an essential side of his method to "eschew the academic bust," and to suspect that under the fairest semblances and the finest draperies assumed by the men of his time there was something hollow.

Coupled with this scepticism was his unchecked curiosity which he drew from Bayle. Yet his tolerance—born of wide

knowledge—warned him of the dangers which come to the mind if it narrows to a preconceived idea—a hint which Taine might have taken. Always sympathetic and comprehensive he, with time, gradually became judicial. Unanchored as he seems, in the last analysis he best illustrates the spirit of his age with its interplay of thought and feeling, for "if as a scientific naturalist he believed in progress (with certain reservations), as a humanist he believed in decadence." His greatest influence was as a relativist—"the doctor of relativity" he has been called—and he pathetically felt, in his own ultimate detachment, that the idea of unity could only come in comprehending everything.

If the author of the *Lundis* was the great particulariser, Taine, with whom his name is so often linked, was the great generaliser. His love of little facts and local colour were all subordinated to his love of formulæ, which led him to seek the master formula of a race, a nation or an individual. His style, too, "reflects his material age in that it conveyed the impression of sheer power rather than of grace and measure." He typified its frenzied intellectualism while rearing his edifice on the "domain of literal fact." As he was a disillusionised romanticist his greatest influence as a critic was in the realm of scientific positivism; but, his effort to be the "botanist of the human spirit" and to apply his scientific method to the soul as well as to the nation was not successful. For, as Professor Babbitt remarks, he forgot there is a fragment of every person which defies analysis, and thus he failed to grasp the mystery of personality. But he was a thorough stoic and best fitted to personalise the reaction from romanticism.

With Renan, on the other hand, we find impressionism dominant: and in his subtlety and dilettantism we see the newer spirit of modern criticism perfectly embodied. Beauty rather than the truth of religion claimed him and his marvellous power of getting into the direct feelings of the past pleased those who had been troubled by the scientific dogmatism

of the day yet looked backward. His epicureanism and dilettantism were not his only notes, for he retained his scientific faith and clothed it in religious emotion. From Anatol France and his other disciples we see exaggerated his tendency of making philosophy "only one's personal dream of the infinite, a mere romance of individual sensibility." This negation of the possibility of a fixed standard of judgment is savagely attacked by Professor Babbitt, who feels that Renanism, in spite of its rare beauty, is only a subtle form of intellectual corruption." He welcomes then the attacks of Brunetière, who, in his austerity, brought back to criticism its claim to judge. This eminent critic lived only in ideas and proclaimed the supremacy of the intellect in an age of frenzied subjectivity. But like Taine, he became the victim of a formula and tried to prove that the different *genres* evolved in much the same way as the animal species. This "literary Darwinianism" threw little facts to the winds and resulted in the furious attack on mere seekers of details—"the main fetish of modern scholarship—original research."

In the long concluding chapter much of the deductions mentioned in the first paragraph of this review are discussed in detail. One comment on Bergson—the man of the hour—may be added to and *correlated* with the author's feeling that we must achieve a reaction from naturalism itself by rising, with vision, above intellectualism, and not sinking below it.

If the main drift of the movement is to undermine scientific dogmatism, great confusion prevails as yet as to what is to be built upon the ruins.—The philosophy of Bergson, whatever its merits as an attack on scholastic science, is on its constructive side not humanistic, but at most pseudo-humanistic. It is a late birth of romanticism, allied with all that is violent and extreme in contemporary life from syndicalism to "futurist" painting. M. Bergson's appeal to "intuition" in particular has been hailed with delight by romantic dilettantes the world over. It has confirmed them in their existing belief

that they do not need to justify rationally their random impressions, that they may go on indefinitely luxuriating in a decadent æstheticism.
Geoffrey Monmouth.

II

ELIZABETH ROBINS'S "WAY STATIONS"*

Whether one sympathises with or is outraged at the militant suffrage tactics in England it is the duty of every individual interested in vital economic and social movements to endeavour at least to understand the motives behind the demonstrations. Where there is so much smoke there is certainly some fire.

Miss Elizabeth Robins's new book, *Way Stations*, will prove, to the majority of us, the most illuminating and comprehensive presentation that has yet been given of the militant activities. For, although we have had the ablest English exponents of militancy elucidate the situation from the platform in this country, it is impossible in the space of two hours for any one to give a detailed history of the movement. Furthermore, a comprehension of the successive stages of militancy is bound up with an understanding of the intricacies and subtleties of English politics. The native-born English man or woman in speaking or writing necessarily takes so much of this background of knowledge for granted, and thus quite unconsciously deprives foreigners of the essential key to the situation. Elizabeth Robins, however, is particularly well qualified to be an illuminating and helpful interpreter to us. For she is herself an American, and therefore understands the blank spaces in our knowledge of English politics. In addition, her long residence in England and her intimate association with the suffrage movement enable her adequately and sympathetically to present the case from the inside.

Although Miss Robins discusses in greater detail than any of the other organisations the activities of the Woman's

**Way Stations*. By Elizabeth Robins. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Social and Political Union, of which Mrs. Pankhurst is the leader, it would not be fair to give the impression that the book is simply a brief for militancy. *Way Stations* is a collection of various speeches and articles which Miss Robins has contributed to the movement at one time and another during the last five years. The detailed progress of the movement she carries forward from "Way Station" to "Way Station"—that is, chapter to chapter—by inserting time tables chronicling the most important events in the Government's activity toward the cause.

In this book, as in all her work, Miss Robins shows a broad philosophic understanding. There is much that will be suggestive and stimulating to the reader who is interested in the feminine movement other than in its direct relation to suffrage. The reason which the author assigns for her entrance into suffrage, discloses that to her, as to many women, the vote is but the vital next step and a symbol with deep portent of many new relations of thought as well as action.

Changes in the constitution of Society . . . have long been tending toward increased separation between men and women in practically all the interests of life, save one. . . .

My own adhesion to the suffrage cause was given largely because I saw that only through political equality may we hope to see established a true understanding and a happier relation between the sexes.

Throughout one feels that this philosophy lies consciously behind all Miss Robins's passionate advocacy of the immediate need of "votes for women." No woman—or man writer either—can fail to find the imagination impelled along new trails by the first Way Station, called "Woman's Secret"—and that later halt in the mental journey the author takes us at the Waldorf Hotel in London, where she delivered her address to the Women Writers on May 4, 1909.

In an analysis of why the "Cause" does not go forward faster, Miss Robins presents an original and suggestive group of reasons. The first she advances, for

example, is "The unreasoned instinctive clinging on the part of men to the idea of male superiority." She shows how this has its initial impulse in both boy and girl in their common healthy egoistic human inheritance that nothing is so important in the universe as one's self. But she points out that the organisation of the activities of life tends to submerge this sense of superiority in the girl and to nourish it in the boy. The author goes even further; she places a large part of the burden of having fostered this incubus of male superiority on the woman. For this subtle ministering to the idea of male superiority is the unconscious trade by which many of us live—earning on the one hand leisure and exemption from service, on the other drudgery and infinite pain.

The second cause to which Miss Robins attributes the slow advance of suffrage is "The comparative poverty of women even in well-to-do families." Many women "Wear all the marks of wealth, but they have nothing really their own." They may give to charities of which their husbands approve; they may spend limitless sums on clothes or jewels, but they may not contribute to suffrage if the husband is an "anti." Consequently, the suffrage cause has to be financed in the main by savings from "pin money."

The third stumbling block,—and one fancies Miss Robins regards it as a very large obstacle to forward progress—is what she calls "the deadening illusion entertained about and shared by the exception woman."

The author says:

Hitherto, public opinion has been man's opinion. It has consistently begged the question of the fitness of women in general to advise in public affairs. And it has done this by dint of labelling "exceptional" those women whose capacity could not be denied. . . . The worst of it was that woman herself was induced to accept that summing up of the matter. The flattery implied in the assurance that she was unique, clouded her judgment of the rest of her sex. It turned

to barren self-conceit what would have been fertile seed if cast upon common fields. . . . Whether it be our New England Margaret Fuller . . . or that great spirit George Eliot, or Lady Mary Wortley Montague, . . . each one fancied herself not in her gift alone, but in her fundamental needs, to be an Exceptional Woman.

The love of liberty which these notable ladies shared in common, their passionate insistence upon it for themselves, each took for the head and front of her exceptionalness. . . . Because these brilliant women insisted on Freedom only for themselves, they lost it even for themselves. . . . It really looks as though you could not keep Freedom alive unless it is free—to everybody.

One feels that in Miss Robins's rebellion at withdrawing from the common lot, at being content to remain exceptional and enjoy any part of the transitory freedom, which does not belong to the whole, she discloses the underlying motivation of her allegiance to the suffrage cause, and to the militant manifestations in its behalf. This may seem a strange conclusion to those who have been content to accept blindly the highly coloured newspaper accounts of militant activities without seeking to know the motives behind the acts. But I think a careful reading of Miss Robins's book will justify it. For whether one questions the expediency of militant methods or feels sufficient provocation has not been offered to justify their extreme tactics, scarcely any reader of *Way Stations* can fail to realise that these women have been motivated by a deeply religious fervour, by an intense consciousness "of the penalty other women pay for our mean content with a better lot." Miss Robins says the root idea of militancy is a rising up against evil, and "few of us believe in peace at any price." Scarcely any of us could stand unflinchingly and non-militantly by with Tolstoi while a child was tortured; we would consider the price of peace too high. Whether one is militant or non-militant in any cause is largely a question of the sensitiveness of one's imagination and the alertness of one's so-

cial consciousness. Wherever they focus our thought and emotions the most intently there we regard the price of long-suffering peace too high. Miss Robins says, "These women went to prison for a sign. The question is, can you read it?"

There will undoubtedly be many who will find their ground of amazement shift as they read this story of legalised injustice and persecution. They may cease to be astonished at the women's occasional organised violence, done to property "for a sign," and find themselves possessed of the author's deep wonder that these women have endured so much and held the price of peace so high.

Fola La Follette.

III

"THE WOMAN WITH EMPTY HANDS"*

This record of a woman's gradual conversion to the woman movement is an interesting and clever study in psychology, as well as a most useful bit of propaganda work. As propaganda, it is all the more valuable because the change of the woman's mental attitude is shown to have proceeded on natural lines of development, from causes arising primarily from personal circumstance, from personal stress and strain of spirit, from personal need of rescue from what the writer calls, "the horror of that desolation, the conviction of utter uselessness." One would wish specially to accentuate this point, because one cannot help thinking that any woman whatsoever, no matter how retiring and how disinclined for public work, would surely, after reading this direct and honest story, told without any pretence, or without any appeal of false pathos, be able to see the path of a larger life with larger possibilities stretching straight before her as a continuation and not as an arrestment or a diversion of the best currents of her nature.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that the book will penetrate into the quietest homes, the most tranquil backwaters, the

*The Woman With Empty Hands. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

most secluded hiding places in the world: so that to every woman who reads it, it may be an abiding memory, to be conjured up for inspiring action, if not before, then at least at the moment when "the horror of that desolation, the conviction of utter uselessness" strikes as a chilling blast on a lonely heart.

The story itself is well written and presents in a few words a series of vivid pictures, touched in very lightly, but with an unerring deftness of hand. We are first introduced to the woman selling *The Woman Voter* on lower Broadway, and we can see for ourselves the half indignant, half pained look on the face of the old Southerner who encounters unexpectedly the daughter of his old friend thus engaged in what appears to him a shameless occupation. We are then transported to her sheltered home in Virginia, and our minds easily bridge the chasm separating her from her present career of activity for the movement, and her past life of quiet and smug security. We see her later, "*making a man and child happy*," and "*shedding abroad the beneficent influence of home*"—that hollow phrase of meaningless value, so often disguising an excuse for being narrow and selfish. We are with her at the crisis when her husband dies, and her little son is spared, to live on, however, only as a wreck; and we are with her as she nurses him and devotes to his service "every waking hour and all her dreams." And when he, too, dies, and she is left alone and realises that no one needs her now, and that her hands are empty, empty forevermore, we can hear her cry in her agony:—"Why even live? Why, O Lord, let me not depart in peace, the woman with the empty hands?"

From this point onward this human document discloses to us the successive psychological stages through which this lonely woman passed until she found out where and how she was needed in another direction, to serve and protect. Each phase is admirably described and closely analysed; but the one which is perhaps the most telling of all, is that

early stage, the dawn, as it were, of her development, when she followed about all the widows she saw, and became obsessed by the very thought of widows, for the simple reason that she herself was now a widow; and from her personal sympathy with widows got her first conception of women as a community. After this impetus everything else followed "by natural processes out of natural antecedents." She made the acquaintance of a suffragist, and learned for the first time many of the facts and difficulties of an unsheltered woman's life; and in this way her limited idea of a community expanded until it no longer represented widows only, but every kind of woman, widowed, married or unmarried. She became a suffragist, and took her part in processions and other constitutional methods of agitation. She became a militant when she rescued and took care of a child, a victim to the white slave traffic, and had it burned into her brain once and forevermore that men had shown by their record of neglect that they were not to be trusted to legislate for women, and "that the laws made by men for women must be unmade by women for women." Even for those readers whose views are antagonistic to the views of the author, there should be much that is illuminating and arresting in this story. One would fain direct them to the passage which describes woman's hunger to be needed. To quote a part of it, because in it is contained the whole meaning idealistic and realistic of the woman movement, stated cleverly and clearly as I do not remember to have seen it stated before.

Woman's hunger to be needed—and instinct for service—an instinct so profoundly embedded in the very fibres of her being that without it she ceases to be woman.

Did you ever think of that instinct—think how, back to the very dawn of the world, woman has felt herself needed by her young. Yes, even the beasts of the field and the birds of the air feel it too. . . . For ages piled on ages that instinct has been silently growing, eternally responded to in woman's nature as it never has in man's; and for all

those ages that instinct has been almost entirely absorbed and gratified within the four walls of home.

And now it is the world that has changed, not woman. Woman as a class is, as it were, shifting up her centre of gravity; as a class she is entering a different plane of conscious activity and passing from the strictly personal to the impersonal. We are following a traced way; we are living out our heritage from the mother instinct of the ages—the desire to be needed—bequeathed us in direct succession since mother instinct came into the world."

Surely this logical presentation ought to go far toward dispelling the illusion, still fondly cherished by the prehistoric, that a woman, in becoming a suffragist, parts with all her womanly attributes.

Beatrice Harraden.

IV

ALBERT EDWARDS'S "COMRADE YETTA"

There is no denying that Albert Edwards is a writer of freshness and power. His first novel showed marked tendencies which *Comrade Yetta* confirms. He is primarily sociological: he is concerned with the struggle of the individual at war with the social scheme. He is a propagandist who is clever enough to realise that two points of view on a similar question can be held with equal sincerity. And he understands the points of view which clash in the treatment of the strugglers in life by those of a different strata who would help. *A Man's World* was a continual challenge to our conventional attitudes; it was important aside from its vividness and photographic realism, because it escaped the sentimental view that vice always earns its traditional punishment, and that virtue always receives its stage reward. We had a prostitute through love make an ennobling marriage and free love achieve a subjective enhancement. But these effects were obtained through a certain inevitability of character which made them persuasive because they were not defiant

**Comrade Yetta*. By Albert Edwards, New York: Macmillan. 1913.

generalisations. It was this strong note of sympathy for the outclassed which gave a certain eloquence to the entire book. His new novel is, as might be expected, of a similar sociological trend. Yetta might have been a friend of Nina; Longworth has a family resemblance to the lover of Suzanne. Yet *Comrade Yetta* lacks the quality of the former novel because it is not so sustained and degenerates at times into a conventional love story of familiar reactions questionably conceived by the author more for the plot than compelled by the characters. But this criticism cannot remove the power and force of the first half of the book, which is a graphic and unforgettable picture of a section of life only beginning to yield its material to the American novelist.

That this novel should make its appearance while the memory of the recent Garment strike is still fresh in the public's mind is opportune; for it deals with a similar strike, and it will, no doubt, help readers better to understand the forces at play in the present industrial struggle. To many it will seem an old story, but Mr. Edwards has had many opportunities to keep in touch with all the phases of the labour movement in this country, so that his pages are true transcripts of the present status of the various groups. Though there are several illuminating discussions of the aims of these groups, which verge upon mere essay writing, still they are done with such an incisiveness of phrase that one easily forgives the preachment. In fact, we are not sure that this popular treatment of the labour phenomena is not the most stimulating part of the novel. While there is, too, an absorbing interest in Yetta—from the time she bends over her machine as a "speeder" at Goldfogel's shop through her successive steps as strike leader and labour agitator, it is the background against which her vivid personality is projected which stays with us. And that is the author's best claim to artistry—a quality so noticeable in *A Man's World*.

There are several passages which re-

veal Mr. Edwards's understanding of the point of view of the working girl gifted with an instinct of class consciousness. The little touch, for example, where Yetta goes from her own miserable home in the slums to the rich apartments of Mabel Train of the Trade's Union—not with envy, but to discover the wide gulf which separates her from the world of luxury, is typical; and her ultimate realization that the classes cannot cross into perfect help and understanding of the other is merely another phase of the tragedy of labour and capital. Nor has the author put on gloves in handling the dramatic episodes of "picketing" and court justice; one who has had the slightest experience in the recent strike could attest to the verity of his pictures, where deception becomes the weapon of the oppressed. Here, for example, is a little bit of Yetta's reasoning, which all the girls seem to feel when they suffer from the "framed up" cases against them.

"No; I don't think it's never right to lie. But I guess sometimes you've just got to. If I'd told the truth they'd have sent me to prison instead of to the workhouse. I wouldn't have cared—but it would have been awful for the others. Just because I told the truth all the papers would have lied and

said all the girls were murderers. It's like this, I think. If you make up your mind that something is good you got to fight for it; you can't be afraid of getting beat up, or arrested, or killed, and you can't be afraid of hurting your conscience either."

It would be manifestly unfair to give the impression that Mr. Edwards's novel is merely the device upon which a lot of theories are strung; there is a story full of interesting episodes which will please the casual reader. What is mainly important is that the author has taken a fresh new figure in fiction and traced her evolution through work and contact with a sad segment of our society into a dominating figure. It does no harm to say he has been happiest when she is still the young girl baffled by life yet having a desire to escape from the oppression into which she has been born. Here is where he phrases the true psychology of the worker driven by instinct for a proper share in the profits of labor—which overtops all social problems. Yetta is not entirely typical because she is more gifted: but what she expresses is felt with varying intensities by many—and in this expression Mr. Edwards strikes a universal note which compels attention to his thoughtful book.

Griffin Mace.

. . .

The American reading public is comparatively familiar with the story of the great sales of novels of recent years. Such books as "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Richard Carvel," "Janice Meredith," "Quo Vadis," "Beverly of Graustark," "David Harum," "The Right of Way," and, to go back a few years farther, "Trilby," "Ben Hur," and "Mr. Barnes of New York," have sold by the hundreds of thousands, and the sales of some of them have reached the million point. But the "best seller" is far from being essentially an American product. In France, in 1881, there was issued a novel, of which seven million copies have been sold. That book is George Ohnet's "Le Maître de Forges," and of it and of other great successes in France, Mr. Alvan F. Sanborn will tell in the May issue in an article entitled "French Best Sellers of Yesterday and To-day."

. . .

The third paper of the series on "The Grub Street Problem" will deal mainly with the age of Queen Anne, although it will begin with the problems of the cost of living in Dryden's time, and carry down to the days of Henry Fielding.

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of February and the 1st of March.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
3. The Life Mask. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.30.
4. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.30.
5. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
6. Concert Pitch. Danby. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Day of Days. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
2. Seven Keys to Baldpate. Biggers. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
3. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
4. The Life Mask. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.30.
5. Bobbie. Prouty. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
6. The Mystery of Barranca. Whittaker. (Harper.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction of To-Day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
2. The Island of Beautiful Things. Dromgoole. (Page.) \$1.25.
3. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
5. The Dragoman. Stiles. (Harper.) \$1.30.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
2. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.

4. My Little Sister.. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.
6. The Voice. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Boston Cooking School Cook Book. Farmer. (Little, Brown.) \$2.00.
2. Three Plays. Brioux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
3. Milestones. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.00.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Motor Boys after a Fortune. Young. (Cupples and Leon.) 60 cents.
2. The House that Glue Built. Williams. (Stokes.) \$1.00.
3. Billy Whiskers Series. Montgomery. (Saalfeld.) \$1.00.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. The Reef. Wharton. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
3. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.25.
4. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
5. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. The Parasite. Martin. (Century Co.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
4. Pictures of the Panama Canal. Pennell. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) \$1.20.
2. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
3. Crofton Chums. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
2. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.25.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.

4. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.
5. The Pictures of Polly. Courtney. (Harper.) \$1.00.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. The Night Riders. Cullum. (Jacobs.) \$1.25.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Day of Days. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
3. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. The Everlasting Mercy. Maschfield. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
4. Bobbie. Prouty. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
5. The Red Hand of Ulster. Birmingham. (Doran.) \$1.20.
6. Concert Pitch. Danby. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
2. Auction Bridge. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
2. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Reef. Wharton. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

5. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) \$1.35.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
4. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. Joyful Heatherby. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
3. A Wall of Men. McCarter. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction Bridge. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
3. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) \$6.00.
4. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Mountain Divide. Spearman. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
3. The Book of Woodcraft. Seton. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.75.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
2. The Night Riders. Cullum. (Jacobs.) \$1.25.
3. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
5. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.

6. Bunker Bean. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Lucky Pehr. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.50.
2. Easter. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.50.
3. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre on Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.25.
4. The Quiet Courage. Appleton. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. The Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
2. Seven Keys to Baldpate. Biggers. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
3. The Night Riders. Cullum. (Jacobs.) \$1.25.
4. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
5. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
6. The Lost World. Doyle. (Doran.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEX.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
4. The Heroine in Bronze. Allen. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
5. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
6. The Lost World. Doyle. (Doran.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
2. To-morrow Mackaye. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
3. Standard Operas. Upton. (McClurg.) \$1.75.
4. Thais. Wilstach. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Night Riders. Cullum. (Jacobs.) \$1.25.
2. The Penny Philanthropist. Loughlin. (Revell.) \$1.00.
3. The Lost World. Doyle. (Doran.) \$1.25.
4. The Voice. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.00.

5. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.25.

6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. A Montessori Mother. Fisher. (Holt.) \$1.35.
4. Italian Lanes and Highroads. Leary. (McBride.) \$1.10.

JUVENILES

1. A Dixie Rose. Kortrecht. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
2. The Co-ed. Series. Lee. (Penn.) \$1.20.
3. Once Upon a Time Tales. Stewart. (Revell.) \$1.25.

DES MOINES, IOWA

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) \$6.00.
4. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

JUVENILES

1. Go-Hawk Series. Stapp. (McKay.) \$1.00.
2. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.
3. Little Women Series. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
2. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
4. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
5. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. Bunker Bean. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
2. Seven Keys to Baldpate. Biggers. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
3. Knocking the Neighbors. Ade. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
4. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) \$1.40.
5. Himself. Sedgwick. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.35.
6. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. A Provincial American. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. Panama Canal. Barrett. (Pan American Union.) \$1.00.
3. The Industrial Day. Redfield. (Century Co.) \$1.25.
4. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Scouts Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
2. Nancy Lee. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.
3. The Life of Abraham Lincoln. Moores. (Houghton Mifflin.) 60 cents.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. A Wall of Men. McCarter. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
2. Bunker Bean. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Education of the Will. Payot. (Funk and Wagnalls.) \$1.60.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

1. In Fableland. Serl. (Silver, Burdett.) 45 cents.
2. Tanglewood Tales. Hawthorne. (Caldwell.) \$1.00.
3. Fifty Famous Stories. Baldwin. (American Book Co.) 35 cents.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Lost World. Doyle. (Doran.) \$1.25.
2. The Night Riders. Cullum. (Jacobs.) \$1.25.

3. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Adventurer. Herzog. (Fitzgerald.) \$1.25.
5. Bunker Bean. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
6. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Woman Movement. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
2. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. Panama Canal. Barrett. (Pan American Union.) \$1.00.
4. Introduction to Metaphysics. Bergson. (Putnam.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
3. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
4. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
5. Ranching for Sylvia. Bindloss. (Stokes.) \$1.30.
6. The Night Riders. Cullum. (Jacobs.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
3. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
4. Stage of Fools. Merrick. (Kennerley.) \$1.20.

5. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.
6. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
2. Time and Change. Burroughs. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.10.
3. The Three Brontës. Sinclair. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$3.00.
4. The Woman Movement. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Camping and Scouting. Grinnell and Swan. (Harper.) \$1.75.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Japanese Twins. Perkins. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
2. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. The Dragoman. Stiles. (Harper.) \$1.30.
4. Clara. Lyons. (Lane.) \$1.25.
5. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
6. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
2. In the Courts of Memory. Hegermann-Lindencrone. (Harper.) \$2.00.
3. The New Book of Cookery. Farmer. (Little, Brown.) \$1.60.
4. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Kewpies and Dotty Darling. O'Neill. (Doran.) \$1.25.
3. The Japanese Twins. Perkins. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
3. The Night Riders. Cullum. (Jacobs.) \$1.25.
4. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
5. Seven Keys to Baldpate. Biggers. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) \$1.25.

2. Story of Panama. Gause and Carr. (Silver, Burdette.) \$1.50.
3. Ice Lens. Gundelfinger. (Shakespeare Press.) \$1.00.
4. Baedeker's Guide Book. (Scribner.)

JUVENILES

2. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
4. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
5. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) \$1.35.
6. The Fortunes of the Landrays. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Social Life in Old New Orleans. Ripley. (Appleton.) \$2.50.
2. Panama. Edwards. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Rose Buds. Hutt. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$2.00.
4. The Eldest Son. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Blue Bonnet's Ranch Party. Elliot. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Patty's Butterfly Days. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.00.
3. The Bird's Christmas Carol. Wiggins. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Concert Pitch. Danby. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
2. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
3. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
5. Witching Hill. Hornung. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
6. Joyful Heatherby. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
2. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. Under the Old Flag. Wilson. (Appleton.) \$6.00.
4. Reminiscences of a Diplomatist's Wife. Fraser. (Dodd, Mead.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

3. The Night Riders. Cullum. (Jacobs.) \$1.25.
4. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
5. The Lapse of Enoch Wentworth. Curtis. (Browne.) \$1.25.
6. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Message and Mission of Quakerism. Braithwaite and Hodgkin. (Winston.) 50 cents.
2. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
4. Along the Road. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Scout Master of Troop 5. Thurston. (Revell.) \$1.00.
2. Some Little Cooks and What They Did. Hoyt. (Wilde.) 50 cents.
3. With Carson and Freemont. Sabin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
2. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
3. Joyful Heatherby. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
4. Come Rack, Come Rope. Benson. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.35.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
4. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
5. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
6. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
2. Modern Accounting. Hatfield. (Appleton.) \$1.75.
3. Kent Hand Book. Kent. (Wiley.) \$5.00.
4. Sexology. Walling. (Puritan Pub. Co.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
2. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
3. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
4. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
5. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.
6. The Lost Million. Alden. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
2. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
3. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
4. Auction Up-to-Date. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
2. Bunker Bean. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
3. The Night Riders. Cullum. (Jacobs.) \$1.25.
4. The Marshal. Andrews. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
6. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Williams.) 75 cents.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
3. Pictures of the Panama Canal. Pennell. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. With the Indians in the Rockies. Schultz. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. Punky Dunks. (Volland.) \$1.00.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Gay Rebellion. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
2. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. Aboard the Beatic. Ray. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
5. Everbreeze. Greene. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

6. Sally Castleton. Marriott. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
2. Panama. Barrett. (Pan-American Union.) \$1.00.
3. Home Building. Brown. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.
4. David Livingstone. Blaikie. (Revell.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.25.
3. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.
6. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
3. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
4. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
5. Martha-By-the Day. Lippman. (Holt.) \$1.00.
6. The Sanctuary. Peterson. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction Bridge. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. The Woman Movement. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
4. The Panama Canal. Barrett. (Pan-American Union.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scout Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. Boy Scouts of Woodcraft Camp. Burgess. (Penn.) \$1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.25.
2. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.

3. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.

4. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
5. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.30.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Aviators' Series. Lawton. (Hurst.) 50 cents.
2. Pony Rider Boys' Series. Patchin. (Altamus.) 50 cents.
3. A Ring of Rubies. Mead. (Grosset and Dunlop.) 50 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connors. (Doran.) \$1.25.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
4. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.
5. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Life Mask. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.30.
2. The Necessary Evil. Kennedy. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. Plays by August Strindberg. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Lucky Sixpence. Knipe. (Century Co.) \$1.25.
2. Boys Make-at-Home Things. Bailey. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
3. The Trail of the Sioux. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.00.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
2. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. Bunker Bean. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.

2. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. Care-Free San Francisco. Dunn. (Robertson.)

JUVENILES

No report.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. Joyful Heatherly. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. Bunker Bean. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
5. The Night Riders. Cullum. (Jacobs.) \$1.25.
6. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
2. Rhymes of a Rolling Stone. Sevice. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.00.
3. Royal Auction Bridge. Foster. (Stokes.) \$1.00.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts' Handbook. Seton. (Doubleday.) 25 cents.
2. Partners for Fair. Haines. (Holt.) \$1.25.
3. Azalea. Peattie. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.00.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.30.
5. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
6. The Marshal. Andrews. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) \$1.80.
2. A Young Man's Fancy. Phillipps. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$3.00.
3. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy With the United States Fisheries. Wheeler. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.50.
2. Peggy Owen and Liberty. Madison. (Penn.) \$1.25.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
3. Seven Keys to Baldpate. Biggers. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
5. The Day of Days. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. The Place of Honeymoons. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
4. The Return of Peter Grimm. Belasco. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann the Iconoclast. (Herz Bros.) \$3.00

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.
4. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
5. Joyful Heatherby. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. Ranching for Sylvia. Bindloss. (Stokes.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
3. Personal Traits of Lincoln. Nicolay. (Century Co.) \$1.80.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Peggy Owen Series. Madison. (Penn.) \$1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
4. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
5. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Life of Livingstone. Blaikie. (Revell.) 50 cents.
2. David Livingstone. Horne. (Macmillan.) 50 cents.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. High School Girl Series. Flower. (Altemus.) 50 cents.
2. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. The Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" " "	2d	" " "	"	8
" " "	3d	" " "	"	7
" " "	4th	" " "	"	6
" " "	5th	" " "	"	5
" " "	6th	" " "	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.....	195
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.....	192
3. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.....	130
4. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.....	98
5. { The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25 Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25 }	83

THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

MAY, 1913

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

As we announced last month, this issue of the BOOKMAN is essentially a new writer's number. To

Newcomers new writers is devoted
Old and New the greater part of this department, and special attention to first or second books is given elsewhere in the magazine. If among the new books there happens to be a genuine masterpiece or half a dozen genuine masterpieces the reader will have to turn to later pages to be informed of the fact. These paragraphs in the Chronicle and Comment are merely by way of introduction. Miss Robinson's first novel may be the find of the year, while Mr. Brown's initial venture may be unutterably dreary and badly written. For the moment these matters do not concern us. It is enough to present Mr. Brown and Miss Robinson to your attention, to tell you anecdotally and informally who they are. To be absolutely candid, in our opinion, the majority of the men and women mentioned here will, five or six years hence, be quite forgotten as literary factors by all save their immediate friends. But some of them will not. And it is those certain survivors—they may be few—who compel respect for any group of newcomers in the bulk. At that future time there will be a grim irony in the thought that writing for the BOOKMAN for May, 1913, we were greeting Mr. So and So, perhaps just a little patronisingly as a literary

aspirant, and politely wishing him success.

• • •

After all, there was the once-upon-a-time when all the great men and women of letters were newcomers. Suppose, for example, that about the year 1835 some one connected with the publishing enterprises of Messrs. Chapman and Hall had tried to interest the literary editor of the *London Times* or the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine* in a forthcoming volume of sketches by a young London newspaper reporter. Cannot you imagine the expression of amusement or of annoyance on the faces of these worthies and their disdainful comments? In the eighteen years and four months of this magazine's existence nearly every popular writer of the younger generation made his or her first appearance in these pages just as much an unknown and an experiment as any of the thirty or forty writers whose portraits are here reproduced. About the year 1898 we were just as hesitating and non-committal in our introduction of Mr. Winston Churchill, "whose forthcoming book is to be entitled *Richard Carvel*, and who published two or three years ago a little volume called *The Celebrity*, the hero of which is said to resemble closely a well-known novelist." Then, a year or two later it was Miss Ellen Glasgow, or Mr. McCutcheon, or Mr. Tarkington, or Mr. Stewart Edward White, or Mrs. Wharton, whom

we were presenting with the same guarded reticence, the same care, lest we be misinterpreted as regarding that forthcoming first book as being of any importance whatever.

...

Without committing ourselves in any way about the book, we can say that William C. Van Antwerp's *The Stock Exchange from Within*, published by Doubleday, Page and Company of Garden City, has had an astonishing response. Designed to defend the Stock Exchange from the attacks which have been so persistent in recent months, the Exchange itself and its friends have welcomed it splendidly. Although the book has been out but a short time it has received more than four hundred reviews and, strange to say, the best of them are said to have come from London. Mr. Van Antwerp traces his writing training back to the old familiar school—the newspaper office. He was born in Omaha, Nebraska, in 1867. His father was the rector of the first Episcopal Church to be established in that State. At the age of fifteen Mr. Van Antwerp entered the naval academy at Annapolis, where he enjoyed the distinction of standing at the foot of his class. In those days there was no navy in the modern sense of the word, and Congress passed a law that only the ten highest men in a class should be taken into service,—a law that has since been repealed. Accordingly, after serving the full four years' course, Mr. Van Antwerp found himself adrift with one year's sea-pay in his pocket and a career to develop. The first thing he did was to start a Republican newspaper in Arkansas, but the political atmosphere of that day in that territory was not especially hospitable and he soon found himself facing the world again without a dollar. The next few years he represented various newspapers and magazines in a roving commission throughout the far west which finally brought him to the staff of the *New York Times*, and thence to the Stock Exchange. He has been a member of that institution since 1889.

Another first book from Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company is Frederick Ferdinand Moore's *The Devil's Admiral*. Mr. Moore's career has been varied enough to satisfy the taste of the most exacting lover of the adventurous. When he was fifteen he ran away to sea, shipping as a seagoing cowpuncher out of Boston in a cattle boat bound for Liverpool. Then for ten or twelve years he roamed the world by sea routes as soldier, sailor and newspaper correspondent. If it hadn't been for the Spanish-American War he believes that he would be a sea captain to-day, and if it hadn't been for the Russo-Japanese War, he probably would be an officer of cavalry in the United States Army. "Kipling and the blowing up of the *Maine* made a soldier of me," he says, "and took me from the sea, for which I still have a weakness. Then the Japanese pulled off that little affair at Chemulpo just as I was ready to get a commission in the American army in the Philippines, things were happening which I wanted to see, and I took my discharge by order of the Secretary of War, and let the commission go, preferring to be a correspondent, which promised more action than soldiering for Uncle Sam. Away I went, pursuing the will o' the wisp of adventure, and after the Portsmouth treaty I found myself in San Francisco, waiting for the fire and other doings in April, 1906. Then I had to stay and see the city built again, and remained with a San Francisco newspaper until December, 1912. It was there that *The Devil's Admiral* was written, and its characters are some of the men I knew as shipmates from the day I passed Boston Light outward bound until the day I sat down at my typewriter to tell the story. I would go over the old routes again if I could—either as a sailor or a cavalryman, for both services appeal to me strongly.

...

Harry Herbert Knibbs, the author of *Stephen March's Way*, published by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company, is a native of southern Canada. After fin-

ishing his studies at an English Church School in Canada he went to Buffalo, New York, where he became a stenographer, working for several years at secretarial work and salesmanship. During this time he wrote a volume of verse entitled *First Poems*, which was published over the pen name of Henry K. Herbert. Having decided to make writing his life work, he went to Harvard, where he specialised in English under Dean Griggs and Professor Bliss Perry. In Cambridge he and his wife lived on thirty dollars a month. During a whole year they never once used a street car, but walked round Boston and the suburbs. During the Harvard years he spent several seasons in the Maine woods. His wife always accompanied him, and they fished, hunted and canoed in the northern part of the State. In 1911 they went to California, where they now live. Generally speaking they spend all their spare time in the woods and mountains. Once they took a seven months' trip through California, equipped with a camp wagon and two saddle ponies. Mr. Knibbs has never hired a guide, and has never suffered hardship through becoming lost for any length of time. He once refused a position on a New York newspaper, giving as his reason that he could not write editorials and could not accept two hundred dollars a month as the price of outdoor liberty. Owing to their experiences in the wilderness, they are able to live for any number of months or years in the woods on fifty cents a day for each of them.

...

Max Rittenberg, the author of *The Mind Reader*, published by the Appletons, is an Australian, in his early thirties. He was educated at Cambridge, and after leaving the University entered London journalism. He describes himself as a confirmed wanderer, with a curiosity to know why Americans don't bring their railway systems up to European standards of comfort.

...

Charles McEvoy, the author of *Brass*

Faces, a first novel, published by Houghton Mifflin Company, is the son of the late Captain Ambrose McEvoy, of the Bureau of Ordinance, Richmond, Virginia. He was born in London thirty-three years ago, and began his writing work as the editor of a children's page in an evening newspaper. Although this is his first novel he has written several plays. The first of these was *David Ballard*, which the London Stage Society produced five years ago. George Bernard Shaw characterised the play as a great play and its author as a genius, and when he himself wrote *Misalliance* he openly stated that it was more or less founded on *David Ballard*.

...

From sources other than the publishers we have heard that Edmund C. Bentley's first novel, *The Woman in Black*, is a very good story indeed. Mr. Bentley collaborated with G. K. Chesterton and Hillaire Belloc in founding the weekly paper *The Eye Witness*. Though still under forty his experience has been varied, both in the literary field and out of it. He is an Oxford man, and when an undergraduate was president of the Oxford Union. This is the University debating society, and Mr. Bentley describes it as "for all the world like the House of Commons, but brighter." At Oxford he also started a weekly paper, and became a keen oarsman. After leaving the University he read for the Bar, and was called, but the only money he ever earned from the law was a prize in the qualifying examinations. Following the example set by Mr. George Warrington and many subsequent inhabitants of the Inns of Court, Mr. Bentley took to newspaper work. He joined the *Daily News* staff in 1901; and left it for the *Daily Telegraph*, where he is now the chief editorial writer in 1912. He had written a good deal of verse for *Punch*, contributed regularly to a literary weekly, a light illustrated weekly, an automobile weekly, and to the *Fortnightly Review*.

...

John A. Moroso, whose first book, *The*

Quarry, is published by Little, Brown and Company, of Boston, is a product of that school which has contributed so much to American fiction—the daily metropolitan newspaper. For years he was police reporter and the writer of special articles on the *New York Press*. To this field he turned naturally enough, for his father, John A. Moroso, Senior, was one of the editors of the *Charleston News and Courier*. Mr. Moroso is by birth a South Carolinian. He was educated at "The Citadel," Charleston's famous military academy, where he was poet of his class. As a police reporter he saw life in the prison van and became familiar with the workings of the law and its use and misapplication by those in authority. Although *The Quarry* is his first book, he has contributed during the past two years a number of short stories dealing with the underworld to the magazines. He is described as the sort of man "who delights in strenuous outdoor labour." He lives in a cottage in New Jersey, where he does all his writing before the break of day, and then with the coming of the dawn he turns gardener.

...

George K. Stiles, the author of *The Dragoon*, a first novel published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers, is a Baltimorean and a graduate of the Johns Hopkins University. After living several years in the West he became an editorial writer on the *Baltimore Herald*. About four years ago he went to Europe to live first in London and then in South France. Then he went to Egypt, where he donned native garments and disguised by these and his own dark complexion he was able to penetrate among the people in a way impossible to the ordinary tourist. Also from the Harpers comes *The Bend in the Road*, by Truman A. DeWeese. Mr. DeWeese was born in Miami County, Ohio. His practical education on the farm was supplemented by academic studies at Dayton. He was for years a newspaper man and a frequent contributor to magazines. He was appointed Director of Special Pub-

licity for the St. Louis World's Fair in 1908. Another Harper first novel is *The Wings of Pride*, by Louise Kennedy Mabie. Mrs. Mabie is the daughter of a journalist, and began her writing career by short stories for the newspapers and magazines. She was born in Cleveland, but has lived most of her life in or near New York. Outside of her writing she has a strong interest in music.

...

Earl Derr Biggers is the author of *Seven Keys to Baldpate*, which is issued by the Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis. Although this is his first novel, and he is only twenty-eight years of age, he had been writing ever since he was a sophomore in Harvard, when he sold his first short story to a magazine. He has been a practical newspaper man and special writer, and the author of one play, *If You're Only Human*, which was first produced in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, last Thanksgiving Day. Another new author presented by the Bobbs-Merrill Company is Mrs. Nina Wilcox Putnam, the author of *The Impossible Boy*. She was born in New York, but lived in Europe until she was six and had to learn English. She never went to school and her education was gleaned entirely from reading books obtained from the public libraries under the direction of William Dean Howells. When she was eleven years old she wrote her first story, which won a New York *Herald* prize competition. Scattered stories and verses by her have been published in *Munsey's*, *Ainslee's*, *Smith's*, *Harper's Weekly* and elsewhere. Mrs. Putnam gives an interesting list of her dominant beliefs. First of all she believes in votes for women, and then she believes that women should be economically independent.

...

Again from the Bobbs-Merrill Company comes *The Lovers of Skye*, the first novel from the pen of Frank Waller Allen. Mr. Allen is a Kentuckian. He was born about thirty years ago among



WILLIAM C. VAN ANTWERP ("THE STOCK EX-
CHANGE FROM WITHIN")



FREDERICK FERDINAND MOORE ("THE DEVIL'S
ADMIRAL")



MAX RITTENBERG ("THE MIND READER")



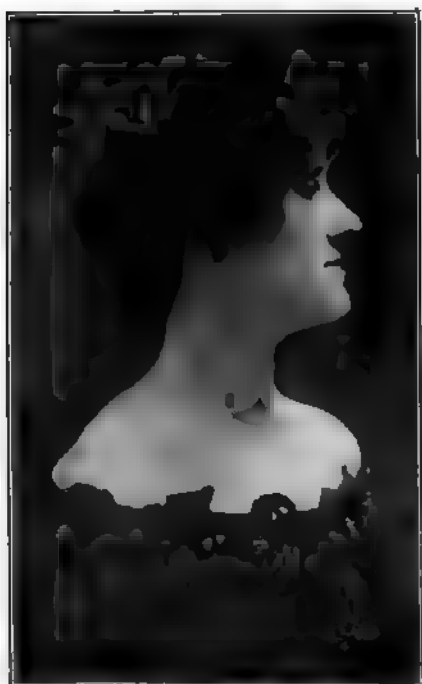
HUMFREY JORDAN ("THE JOYOUS WAY-
FAKER")



MRS. HENRY BACKUS ("THE CAREER OF DR. WEAVER")



DELLA CAMPBELL MACLEOD ("THE MAIDEN MANIFEST")



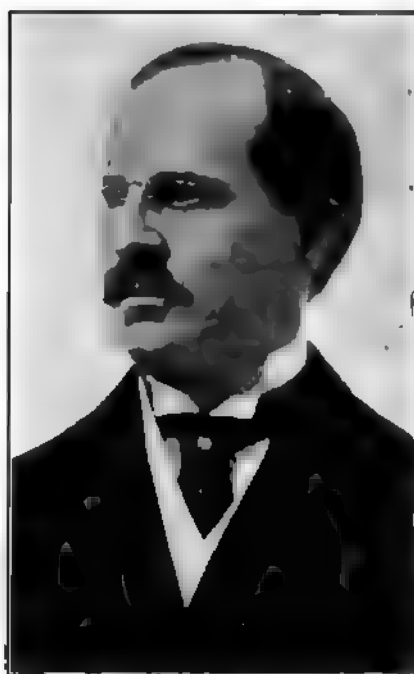
MARGARET TURNBULL ("W. A. G.'S TALE")



VERA NIKTO ("A MERE WOMAN")



JOHN A. MOROSO ("THE QUARRY")



TRUMAN A. DE WEESE ("THE BEND IN THE ROAD")



T. EVERETT HARRÉ ("THE ETERNAL MAIDEN")



W. RILEY ("WINDYRIDGE")



EARL DERR BIGGER ("SEVEN KEYS TO BALD-
PATE")



FRANK WALLER ALLEN ("THE LOVERS OF
SKYE")



FRANK L. PACKARD ("GREATER LOVE HATH NO
MAN")



MAX EASTMAN ("THE ENJOYMENT OF
POETRY")



ETHEL SHACKELFORD ("THE JUMPING OFF-PLACE")



NATALIE A. LINCOLN ("THE LOST DESPATCH")



FRANCES NIMMO GREENE ("THE RIGHT OF THE STRONGEST")



RACHEL HAYWOOD ("THE HIPPODROME")



From an etching by Augustus John
CHARLES MC EVOY ("BRASS FACES")



JEAN FINOT ("THE PROBLEM OF THE SEXES")



ROBERT DULL ELDER ("THE SOJOURNER")



E. C. BENTLEY ("THE WOMAN IN BLACK")



LOUISE KENNEDY MABIE ("THE WINGS OF
PRIDE")



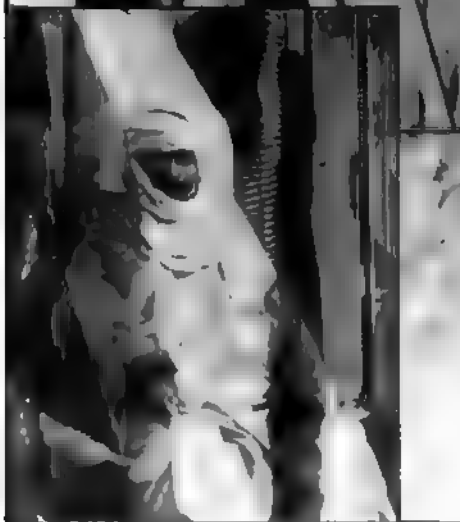
ELIZABETH STOTESBURY HUTCHINSON ("A PAIR
OF LITTLE PATENT LEATHER BOOTS")



MRS. T. P. O'CONNOR ("LITTLE THANK YOU")



EVELYN VAN BUREN ("PIPPIN")



ELSIE JANIS ("LOVE LETTERS OF AN ACTRESS")

HARRY M. KNIBBS ("STEPHEN MARCH'S WAY")

HERMAN WHITAKER AND WIFE ("THE MYSTERY OF THE BARRANCA")

GEORGE STILES ("THE DRAGOMAN")

GEORGE PATULLO ("THE SHERIFF OF BADGER")

the scenes that he describes in his story. He attended Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky, an institution of which there is much mention in the novels of James Lane Allen. At seventeen Frank Waller Allen was a cub reporter on the *Louisville Times*. Later he became a special writer on the *Louisville Courier Journal*. Then he went to Kansas City and was on the staff of the *Kansas City Journal* for about six months, after which he changed to the *Kansas City Times*, where he remained for two or three years as reporter and literary editor. According to Mr. Allen, Skye actually exists. In reality it is Ghent, Carroll County, Kentucky, which is to be found in the very large atlases and which is a town of about five hundred inhabitants. All that part of the Ohio River Valley about Skye was originally settled by the French. It was the field of the scene of the old French War. In February, 1790, some six hundred French immigrants set sail from Havre de Grasse, and some months later settled in Gallipolis, Ohio, a town not far from Skye. Although *The Lovers of Skye* is Mr. Allen's first novel, he has already published two books of verse, *Back to Arcady* and *The Golden Road*.

• • •

The stage this season contributes, as usual, its share of new authors. First there is Miss Elsie Janis, whose initial venture in the writing field, *The Love Letters of an Actress*, comes from the press of Messrs. D. Appleton and Company, of New York. Miss Janis, we think, needs little or no introduction. Then there is Miss Evelyn Van Buren, whose *Pippin* is published by the Century Company. Miss Van Buren describes herself as a Michigander by birth, having some claims to the titles of Coloradoan and New Yorker. A graduate of the Sargent Dramatic School, she has played both in England and America. She made her début with Nat Goodwin in *The Cowboy and the Lady*, and since has appeared in London in Sir John Hare's production of Pinero's *The Gay Lord Quex*, and with George Alex-

ander in *If I Were King*, and *Paolo and Francesca*. Before she could succeed in England she had to conquer her American accent, which is an insuperable obstacle to many of our actresses who try their fortunes abroad.

• • •

Messrs. L. C. Page and Company, of Boston, issue *The Career of Dr. Weaver*. The book is the work of Mrs. Henry Backus, of Cincinnati, and is described as dealing with certain modern conditions in the medical profession which constituted the principal topics of discussion at the convention of surgeons held in Cincinnati in March. Like Miss Evelyn Van Buren, to whom reference has already been made, Miss Margaret Turnbull began her career by taking a course in a New York dramatic school. She was determined to become a playwright, and knowing no one in the theatrical world she prepared for her work in this way. Then she joined the local stock company for six months in order to gain the requisite working knowledge of the stage. She collaborated with William C. DeMille in *Classmates* and wrote *The Stronger Claim*, which was produced last year with Edith Wynne Mathison and Richard Bennett in the leading rôles. Her first book, *W. A. G.'s Tale*—published by Houghton Mifflin Company, of Boston—was written according to her account as a "rest cure" between plays. Another new writer with leanings toward play-writing is Miss Della C. McLeod, whose first book, *The Maiden Manifest*, comes from the press of Messrs. Little, Brown and Company of Boston. Miss McLeod is a newspaper woman, at the present time writing on the *New York Press*. The title page of *Mere Woman*, published by the Appletons, bears the name of Vera Nikto. Vera Nikto is, however, merely a pseudonym.

• • •

Two women authors whose first books come from the press of the George H. Doran Company, of New York, are Ethel Shackelford and Rachel Hayward. Miss Shackelford's book is *The Jump-*

ing-Off-Place. The author was born in Denver, and spent her girlhood on a cattle ranch in New Mexico. From those early surroundings is taken much of the colour of *The Jumping-Off-Place*. Miss Shackelford wished to become a singer, and studied for six years in Boston and Dresden. Confronted with the practical problem of earning her living, she turned to writing and did musical criticism for the *Denver Times* and feature articles for the *Boston Evening Transcript*. Rachel Hayward, the author of *The Hippodrome*, is an English woman. She was born in London and brought up in the Isle of Wight. The education of the conventional kind she received was very limited. Like Miss Shackelford, her early ambition was to be a singer. But this had to be given up, owing to ill health. While living in a country rectory near Chichester, Sussex, Miss Hayward met the original of the heroine of *The Hippodrome*. The book was begun there, and finished in a workman's cottage near Lille, in the north of France, in a colony known as a "hotbed of anarchists," where the author learned to know them and even wrote articles for anarchistic newspapers.

...

Without saying anything about the book we can endorse *Little Thank You* as an excellent title. It is the first work of Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, the wife of the well-known British political leader, invariably referred to by the man in the street "Tay Pay." Mrs. O'Connor is an American woman by birth. The same publishers who are bringing out Mrs. O'Connor's book, G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York, also issue Jean Finot's *Problems of the Sexes*. Although M. Finot has previously written a volume entitled *The Science of Happiness*, which is well known to French readers, *Problems of the Sexes* is the first volume from his pen to make its appearance in an English version. Also from the Messrs. Putnam comes *Patchwork Comedy*, by Humfrey Jordan and *The Hero of Herat*, by Maud Diver. Although these two are sent to us as new authors

we hardly think that, strictly speaking, they can be regarded as such. Mrs. Diver's novel deals with India and Afghanistan before the outbreak of the first Sikh war, and *Patchwork Comedy* is described as introducing an accomplished blackmailer. Still as we say the only way that we can accept these as first books is by dismissing the two authors' earlier work as being of decidedly minor importance.

...

A conspicuous step in the development of the Moving Picture was the recent presentation by Mr. "The Castle Daniel Frohman of *of Zenda*" Anthony Hope's *The Prisoner of Zenda* in a series of films which carried Rudolf Rassendyl from his London Club through his adventurous journey to the Kingdom of Ruritania and back again. The pictures, which extended over about two hours' time, followed Anthony Hope's story much more closely than did the play that was first presented about seventeen years ago. They were made in Westchester County, New York, and the cast was an unusual one, with Mr. James K. Hackett, who took the leading part, after Mr. E. H. Sothorn, in the play, appearing in the dual rôle of the English hero and the weak king. Although some persons have tried to trace its inspiration to Robert Louis Stevenson's *Prince Otto*, *The Prisoner of Zenda* is unquestionably the pioneer in a certain very active field of romantic fiction. On that account perhaps it has much to answer for, but its individual vitality is amazing. Although nearly twenty years have elapsed since it appeared to win fame for Anthony Hope, there is now hardly a year in which several thousand new copies are not sold in some form or other.

...

The Prisoner of Zenda was taken rather seriously in its day. Possibly that was because the avalanche of imitation had not yet begun. Back in 1897 a certain Mr. Howard Ince made it the basis of an article which he contributed to

COUNCIL CITY NEWS

Vol. 2. No. 14.

COUNCIL CITY, ALASKA, JUNE 13, 1903

Price 25c.

First Boat Arrives at Nome

Corwin Drops Anchor at 7:30 This Morning.--Railroad from Solomon to Council Assured.

By Telephone from A. E. Boyd, Nome correspondent to the Council City News.

The first steamer to land at Nome for the year 1903 was the well-known coaster, Corwin. She dropped anchor in the Nome roadstead this morning at 7:30. She left Duteb Harbor on June 8 and was preceded from that place by the Oregon, Senator, St. Paul and a number of other vessels engaged in the Nome trade.

The railroad from Solomon to Council is assured. Dr. De Rota, who formulated the scheme, sold out his interest to a syndicate of capitalists headed by A. Gibson of Philadelphia, and the rolling stock, rails, and other equipment have been shipped on the Jeannie, which vessel left Seattle on June 1. If possible the road will be

completed this year.

The Wild Goose Mining & Trading Co's railroad at Nome, has been sold to the Pioneer Mining Co. and J. W. Kelly.

The Corwin brought 52 passengers, many of whom are old-time residents of Nome.

It was learned from some of the Corwin's passengers that Frank Price was shot and killed, last March, in California. No details of the occurrence had been learned when the News went to press.

At 11 o'clock this morning the ice at Nome was 12 miles out to sea and was breaking up rapidly.

At 1:30 to day no more steamers were in sight at Nome.

tangled and floated still further down stream in a wriggling, struggling mass which eventually drifted to the bank. Bob Shaw and some other miners quickly disentangled Fleming from amongst the horses, horse and other material, and then rescued Reddy from his dangerous predicament. The wagon box was hauled out of the Neukluk opposite the Beach saloon.

Will Go into Retirement.

Anton Relth, who, some time ago, by mistake or otherwise planted the blade of a large hunting knife between the ribs of Jerry Driscoll, was sentenced by Judge Moore on Monday last to a term of four years penal servitude. Relth will leave for McNell's Island on one of the first boats.

Dick McArthur Dismissed.

The indictment returned against R. A. McArthur on a charge of "sailing" a claim has been dismissed by District Attorney McGuinn. Mr. McArthur is expected back in Council in a few days.

BIG ICE JAM ON NEUKLUK AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE REST FROM THEIR LABORS

Water Raises Four Feet in a Few Minutes.

At 11 o'clock Thursday evening an immense ice jam broke loose from somewhere in the upper river and for an hour floated past Council, raising the water several feet and completely flooding River street and the water front. The grinding, crushing chunks of ice presented a grand spectacular effect, but for a few minutes it was thought that it would prove destructive to the buildings on the water front. Large chunks weighing several tons began to bump against the water front sidewalk, the residents become alarmed and hasty preparations for removal were being made when the water began to recede, leaving enough ice on the sidewalk to furnish the city with one of the component parts of cocktails for the coming summer.

Job Printing at the News Office.

Hydraulic nozzles and hose coupling. Tom Wa'cott's.

Two Men Nearly Drowned In Ophir Creek.

Two men and a span of horses narrowly escaped a watery grave Thursday afternoon on Ophir creek. Steve Reddy, who by the way could not swim a stroke to save his soul, and Ed. Fleming were desirous of crossing the creek at claim No. 3 above. Fleming was driving a team and wagon carrying about 500 feet of hose and he induced Reddy to accompany him across the stream.

When the conveyance reached the center of the stream, the wagon box floated off, carrying Reddy with it, but Fleming hung on to the lines. Reddy and the wagon box floated down stream about 100 yards, when the box overturned, precipitating him into the stream, but fortunately he landed on a submerged island, where the water did not reach above his collar button, and from which place he was ultimately rescued.

Fleming, the hose, horses and wagon became almost luxuriously en-

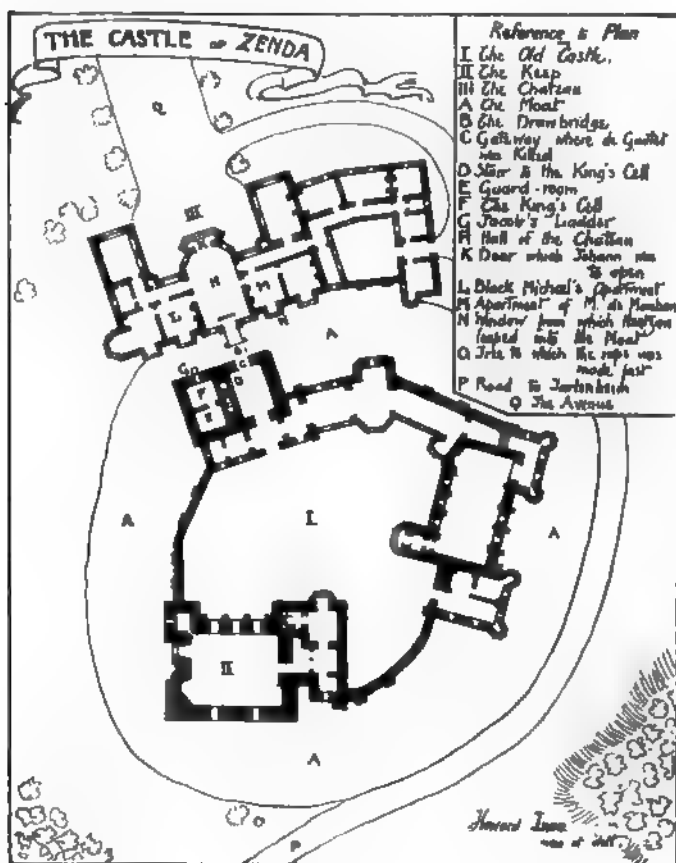
Grand Jury Files Report.--Richards "Roasted."

It is learned by telephone that the grand jury have ended their labors, and several residents of Council who expected either an indictment or a subpoena will breathe a sigh of relief. So far as can be learned no more indictments were returned. Their report, filed last evening, severely criticised Marshal Richards and some of his subordinates. They also exonerated Ex-Chief of Police Jolly. The office of the clerk of the district court was found in excellent shape. Judge Moore adjourned Court Wednesday, expressing his intention of going to the states on the very first boat that leaves Nome.

Notice of Meeting.

A public meeting will be held at 8 o'clock Wednesday evening June 17, in the Arctic Brotherhood hall, for the purpose of discussing the advisability of procuring a townsite patent, and to devise plans to accomplish that end. Every property holder in Council is requested to be present. D. D. GARVEY, Chairman.

THE FARTHEST NORTH NEWSPAPER. THE "COUNCIL CITY NEWS" WAS FOUNDED AND PUBLISHED BY MR. J. J. UNDERWOOD, THE AUTHOR OF "ALASKA, AN EMPIRE IN THE MAKING." BEFORE HE COULD SET UP HIS PLANT MR. UNDERWOOD HAD TO DRIVE HIS LOAD OF PRINTING OUTFIT FOR MILES OVER THE SNOW IN A TEMPERATURE OF SIXTY DEGREES BELOW ZERO. THERE WERE SOME STRANGE ADVENTURES, FINANCIAL AND PERSONAL, IN THE EARLY DAYS OF "THE NEWS," BUT FROM THE FIRST THE PAPER WAS A SUCCESS.



PLAN OF THE CASTLE OF ZENDA

the *Architectural Review* under the title "Architecture in Poetry and Fiction." He also designed the accompanying plans for the purpose of enhancing the value of his observations. Referring to the plans based on Anthony Hope's descriptions, Mr. Ince said, "It is an elaborate and complicated piece of design. Even Mr. Hope gets a little confused." He continued:

He tells us that, as "the play actor" stood in the shadow of the gateway watching the fight between the Duke and Rupert of Hentzau in Madame de Mauban's apartments, he heard a stir down to the "right," in the direction of the King's cell and Jacob's ladder. Now a reference to the plan will show that as these were nearly opposite the

Duke's apartments on the other side of the drawbridge, and Rasendyl would naturally stand with his back to the gateway of the old castle to look across to the chateau. The King's cell was on his left hand. This position, too, would leave his sword-arm free for the swift and deadly stroke which slew de Gautet. One would have thought, too, that Hentzau would have noticed this corpse lying in the gateway when he climbed up after his plunge into the moat and defied the Duke's retainers from the reinstated drawbridge, but there was little light so early in the morning, and Rupert was "drunk with blood." The author may well be proud of his splendidly constructed piece of architecture. He must have studied it long and carefully.

...

That the moving-picture camera would be turned on Mr. Pickwick and his comrades against the actual backgrounds of their adventures was inevitable. The adventures have been described in such detail that it is still easy to identify many of the original scenes. The old English inns, in many instances, stand unchanged in any essential detail, the charm of the English lanes and the quaint village streets still justifies Dickens's description of them. The theatrical company which enacted these scenes from *Pickwick* for the moving-picture camera travelled back and forth

for many weeks in search of the proper historic setting. The accompanying photograph, taken at random from the films, will be quickly recognised by all

lovers of Dickens. After suffering from the several unfortunate encounters with the wily Messrs. Jingle and Trotter, Mr. Pickwick, it will be recalled,



MR. PICKWICK STARTS FROM HIS HOME IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE

learned that the precious pair were stopping near by at the Angel Inn, at Bury Saint-Edmunds. Accompanied by the faithful Sam Weller, he hurried to the town and procured lodging without disclosing his name, and, as he imagined, his identity. His enemies are alert, however, and despite these precautions, Sam is deceived by Trotter in the famous pump scene, and the adventure at the young ladies' academy follows. The comedy is played in and about the original Angel Inn at Bury Saint-Edmunds, even the courtyard being utilised to lend the last touch of realism.

• • •

One by one the choicest bits of Thackerayana are finding their way to this country, and they seem destined to remain here permanently. Three years ago the celebrated Postage Stamp picture of the English

Royal Family was bought by an American at auction in London for three hundred and sixty-two dollars. At a sale in Philadelphia late in March it was resold for eight hundred dollars. Despite the marked increase in price considering the short time that elapsed between the two sales the price does not impress us as being high or even adequate in view of the circumstances connected with the making of the sketch.

• • •

The Postage Stamp picture shows twelve members of the British Royal Family on parade, with Queen Victoria and Prince Consort Albert at the head. One day Thackeray was lunching at Folkestone with Lady Knighton, and suggested that they have a bottle of wine. "Champagne at luncheon! Oh, no, Mr. Thackeray, I shan't allow it," said the lady. But Thackeray was not to be dissuaded. He argued his own thirst, of-



MR. PICKWICK AT THE ANGEL

"The coach rattled through the well-paved streets of the handsome little town of thriving and cleanly appearance (Bury Saint-Edmunds) and stopped before a large inn situated in a wide open street, nearly facing the Abbey. 'And this,' said Mr. Pickwick, looking up, 'is the Angel. We alight here, Sam. But some caution is necessary. Order a private room, and do not mention my name. You understand.'"

ferred to drink the greater part of the bottle, and finally promised Lady Knighton a shilling if she would consent. That bribe could not be resisted, and the wine was ordered. The next day Thackeray sent her the shilling in the shape of twelve penny postage stamps with the head of the Queen in red. He cut the head out of each, and pasted the stamps on paper. Her Majesty's body was finished with pen and ink. Another head was supplied with a moustache and was made into a resemblance of the Prince Consort, while the other ten, by means of clipping with the scissors and pen additions, complete the Royal Family from the then Prince of Wales down. In the background there is an outline sketch which, without doubt, is meant to be Windsor Castle.

...

In a recent issue of the *British Weekly* there is a contribution to the old topic of what Thackeray thought of Dickens and Dickens thought of Thackeray. It is well known that Thackeray frequently expressed his admiration for Dickens during the lifetime of them both. When Thackeray died, Dickens wrote a tribute to his memory in the *Cornhill Magazine*. But did Dickens ever commend the work of Thackeray while Thackeray was living? That is the question that puzzles "A Man of Kent," who refers to Francesco Berger's recently published *Reminiscences, Impressions, and Anecdotes*. Mr. Berger tells that he dined with Dickens at the Garrick Club on June 16, 1857. Mr. Berger says:

"As we were finishing, a tall, square-shouldered man entered the room. Dickens immediately rose, went to greet him, and brought him to our table. It was Thackeray! and I was introduced to him."

Mr. Berger also mentions that he met Thackeray at the house of Charles Dickens in Tavistock Square. He tells also that he attended Thackeray's lecture on "Week-day Preachers" on July 22, 1857, at St. Martin's Hall.

"Then, to my great delight, I heard him make that wonderful pronouncement which has become so well known, and is as often misquoted. He said: 'The other day my daughter said to me, "Pa, why don't you write books like Mr. Dickens does?" and I replied, "I only wish I could."' This is the exact wording of the tribute paid to the genius of Dickens by the lips of Thackeray, and I heard him say it."

Mr. Berger's insistence that he heard it himself is entirely superfluous, a fact of which "A Man of Kent" seems to be unaware. The tribute can be easily found in Thackeray's lecture on "Charity and Humour," which was delivered for the first time in Yonkers, New York, the evening of November 30, 1852.

...

There is mention of many famous literary names and much fragmentary literary anecdote to be found in the two volumes of *The Letter Bag of Lady Elizabeth*

Spencer-Stanhope which is edited by A. M. W. Stirling and published by the John Lane Company. The letters, which extend over a period of sixty-seven years, form a sequel to two previous publications, *Coke of Norfolk and His Friends*, which appeared in 1906, and *Annals of a Yorkshire House*, which was published two years ago. In the early chapters of the present series the reader has glimpses of the old world and the old manner,—the writers concern themselves with the doings of the Court and the dandies, Brummel, Alranley, and the rest, with matters of government, and with the menace of the great Napoleon. Byron is a familiar figure here. We see him at a brilliant masquerade at Burlington House, given July 1, 1814, in honour of the Duke of Wellington, clad, sombrely but effectively, in the dark flowing robes of a monk, a striking contrast to the magnificence of the other merrymakers.

...

A letter of 1844 describes Disraeli



DAUDET'S MILL. IN THIS PICTURE AN AMERICAN WRITER, H. M. DAVENPORT, THE AUTHOR OF "THE LIKABLE CHAP," IS STANDING AT THE DOORWAY. OVER THE DOOR ARE THESE WORDS OF DAUDET: "TO MY MILL, WITH ITS DEAD WINGS, I COME BACK TO DREAM OF FUTURE NOVELS."

and his devoted and elderly bride, the latter "in a lace dress, looped up on each side, and a wreath on her head, though I should think near fifty." She had been giving the company an account of the scenes between Sir Bulwer Lytton and Lady Lytton, and her own ineffectual attempts to reconcile them. Curious glimpses of Dickens and Carlyle in the presence of their sovereign are given in an undated letter which apparently was written about the year 1860.

I was told the other day that when Dickens had an interview with the Queen, she kept him standing all the time, and although kind in her manner, treated him *de haut en bas*, not even offering to shake hands with him when he took his departure.

With Carlyle, the case was somewhat different. The old Scotsman calmly took the initiative. Having greeted the Queen with due respect on her entry, he observed confidentially—"And noo, your Majesty, I would remind you that I am a verri old

man, and so I will tak' a cheer!" and down he sat without any permission on her part. He then, with equal freedom, proceeded to criticise her ministry and give her much unsolicited advice, which, nevertheless, showed a foresight she might with advantage have made use of.

The Queen, however, was much affronted at his freedom of speech, and after the interview declared that she would see no more literary men!

• • •

Not exactly a matter of literature, but still of significant interest just now is the account given in these pages of the reception of the waltz in England. In 1812, it attracted universal attention and roused a storm of opposition. General Thornton of the First Regiment of Guards, who was one of its earliest advocates, having ventured to praise it at a fête given that year by the Countess of Buckinghamshire, was violently attacked by Theodore Hook, who declared that the obnoxious dance "calculated to lead to the most licentious consequences." The result was a duel between General Thornton and Mr. Hook, on account of which the former was forced to resign his commission.

Subsequently in the *Sporting Magazine* a correspondent who signs himself *Hop* denounced in unmeasured terms the dance which "to the disgrace of sense and taste, has obtruded itself into the whole circle of the fashionable world." It was, he pointed out, "a will-corrupting" dance, it was "a compound of immodest gesture and infectious poison . . . and while no Englishman would refuse currency to German music, this disgusting interloper must be dismissed and exported again to the soil whence it came duty free." Even though the Czar Alexander made it fashionable amongst a certain set at Almack's, so great was the horror with which its growing popularity was regarded, that the practicability was even discussed of getting up a petition to Parliament to prohibit an innovation which might be viewed as a national danger, since it was considered to threaten most seriously the whole moral tone of the social world.

The late Mark Rutherford (William Hale White), who died a few weeks ago near Tunbridge Wells, England, at the advanced age of eighty-three, began his literary career with a contribution to *Chambers's Journal*, which cradled so many eminent writers in its day. The article was entitled "Births, Deaths and Marriages," and appeared in the issue of March 6, 1858. Mr. White had an official position in the Registrar-General's office, Somerset House, and the article arose out of his experiences in his work. Of the archives of Somerset House he then said: "Here lies the real history of the English people for the last twenty years. My history's epochs are my birth, my marriage, and the memorable days when Tom and Jack, Susan and Jane, came into the world and gathered round me. The history of the nation may be in Macaulay or in the columns of the *Times*, but the history of the people is in the Registrar-General's vaults at Somerset House."

• • •

Describing the careless and irregular method of registration at Somerset House previous to 1837, and contrasting it to what prevailed in 1858, Mr. White cited a number of pathetic and ridiculous entries. An illegitimate child was named Alpha and Omega, while names occurred that sounded like school nicknames, such as Kidnum Toats, Lavender Marjoram, Patient Pipe, Talitha Cumi, Fussy Gotobed. But the strangest of them all was Lama Sabachthani Press-nail. The Crimean War was responsible for such names as Malakoff, Sebastopol, Redan, Inkerman, and Bala-klava, and an abundance of Florence Nightingales. The marriage registers disclosed some amusing entries, such as "ceremony begun, but not finished, the marriage being broken off;" "bridegroom so drunk that the marriage could not proceed." A "Lamb" married a "Lion;" "Nightingale" wedded a "Partridge;" "Mutton" was linked to "Ham;" and the strange complaints of



MARK RUTHERFORD

which some people die included "hanged himself in a fit of temperate insanity from excessive drinking."

• • •

Mr. White once took the public into his confidence and gave his experiences of house building in a letter to the *London Spectator*, January 27, 1877; and Mr. Ruskin reprinted this letter in *Fors Clavigera*, styling it admirable, and containing nearly all "I have to affirm as to the tap-roof of economy, namely house-building." But as far back as March 18, 1865, Mr. Thomas Hardy, then an unknown young architect, had contributed his first paper to *Chambers's Journal* on a similar theme, which he called "How I Built Myself a House." Conan Doyle also made his first literary essay in the pages of *Chambers's Journal*, as did George Meredith with his first attempt at verse in 1849, and as at a much later date did Stanley Weyman. Mrs. Lynn Linton, before and after her marriage, was a contributor to *Chambers's* and while still Elizabeth Lynn she described "The Chateau of Monte Cristo" in 1856, and had papers on "Art Gossip" (1857) and "Suicide in France," pub-

lished in the columns of the magazine. Few periodicals could boast of having published so many first contributions by writers who afterward became famous. *Chambers's* at one time was a kind of reservoir for rising talent, much of which came to maturity elsewhere. It numbered a curious motley among its contributors: lords and ladies, priests and lawyers,—one day, indeed, Mr. James Payn, while editor, recorded the communications had been received from a bishop, a washerwoman, and a thief.

• • •

So long as men write books and other men illustrate them there will always be

The Old, Old Story

discord and inconsistency in the world. Yesterday it was one novel, to-morrow it will be

another, to-day it happens to be Booth Tarkington's *The Flirt* that puzzles us, trying to reconcile text and illustrations. The drawings for that book are the work of Clarence F. Underwood, and first of all we want to congratulate Mr. Underwood on the various pictures of Cora Madison. Some years ago we picked, from the fiction of a twelfthmonth, those heroines who most appealed to us as presented by the illustrators. If we were to indulge in the same whimsical fancy for 1913 we don't think any newcomer would be likely to supplant the charming little virago, drawn by Mr. Underwood, and facing page 20 and page 34 of Mr. Tarkington's text.

• • •

But having said this we feel at liberty to find fault. Without being unduly exacting the reader has the right to expect a certain amount of "team work" on the part of author and illustrator. We do not attempt to place the responsibility, but it seems not unreasonable to ask that the writer pay some attention to the pic-

ture or the illustrator to the text. If, in *The Flirt*, Mr. Tarkington was writing around Mr. Underwood's pictures, he was conspicuously careless. For example, to take the scene of the story. From the text the reader would naturally believe Capitol City to be a town such as Indianapolis, or Toledo, or Cleveland, or Columbus, or Buffalo, or Detroit. There can be no doubt about that. From the moment Valentine Corliss walks up Corliss Street in his white serge suit the urban note is struck, and the very first page informs us that Corliss Street esteems itself an established cosmopolitan thoroughfare. But one illustration showed us a village school on that street, and another presents one of the street's backyards pitched in a wilderness with the moon rising in the west. In a word, from the text Capitol City is a big, smoky city, and from the illustrations it is a hamlet. But that is not all. In one place the author described a house as being heated by grate fires. Having seen the radiator in the illustration we know better. The author wrote of a man leaning against a bed. It wasn't a bed, it was a desk, and we can prove it by the illustrator. Then the text was entirely wrong in placing that man on the porch, for from the picture he was obviously under the trees. Finally, Mr. Tarkington seems to have been entirely wrong in describing Mrs. Madison as middle aged and worn out, for a mere glance at that half tone shows that she was some years younger than her daughters. All of which may seem captious and trivial. Some persons thought so when, years ago, we pointed out the absurdity of an illustration showing a surgeon in a hospital operating in a frock coat. Yet we feel that a reader has the right to ask for a little better "team work."



DR. SONTUM'S SUMMER HOME AT GREFSSEN, A WATERING PLACE NEAR CHRISTIANIA, WHERE IBSEN OFTEN VISITED AND WHERE HE LAID SOME OF THE SCENES OF "JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN"

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF IBSEN

BY BOLETTE SONTUM

To the ordinary student of Henrik Ibsen—especially in America—he presents two characters—one the purely intellectual Ibsen, pitting an intensely Scandinavian mentality against an age overstrained with sentiment, himself grappling for the realities of life to find them shadows, and yet unable to offer any curative philosophy beyond the vitalising sympathy of genius, which made his own creatures more real than these realities; Ibsen, the intellectual Prometheus, peering with intense vision into the windows of humanity's cottage for the glow of his own fire, but himself always the outsider, aching for the warmth of human love and kind fellowship, yet numbed beyond their penetration.

The second characterisation of Ibsen commonly develops with more intimate study. It adds the superficial personality of a genius whose idiosyncrasies were bred of his very simplicity—Ibsen

frightened at an interviewer, rude to strangers, grunting at praise, yet childishly vain of the Ribbons of Order rain-bowed across his breast; Ibsen with hair like an electrified porcupine's quills, to whom the safety of his silk hat and glittering tan shoes momentarily overbalanced the entire welfare of the universe.

What would Henrik Ibsen, the philosopher of reality, say to this? Possibly he would hurl some fierce thunderbolt that would set every noun and verb in Norway bouncing! But Henrik Ibsen, the dear old friend with the trembling smile, Ibsen, our "dear old Doctor," who could share each tragic sorrow over this dolly's lost eye and that dolly's lost wig as no other grown-up could; Ibsen, who added to his carefully chosen Christmas gift for each of us some loving thought, who remembered us when we were ill and whose inner life was a beautiful expression of fatherly concern for all who were dear to him. Surely he

would turn to his play-time friends for champions.

It is unfortunate that a true appreciation of the great-hearted "porcupine" can be shared only by those who have had the privilege of growing up beside his knee—and what Ibsen liked most—deeming it with youthful impunity no privilege at all. We loved Ibsen with sure childish instinct, and the great man, around whom everybody trembled in

awe and admiration, was to us just a lovable, loving old friend.

The relation between Ibsen and my family was a long established one. Years before he was even a conspicuous figure in Christiania or the major star in that brilliant constellation of neighbours—Björnson, Lie, Grieg and Kielland, he used to live in my great-grandmother's house as director of the theatre in Bergen. Ibsen was very fond of this great-



Photograph taken by the writer of these recollections
ELLEN SONTUM AND IBSEN AT SANDEFJORD, THE GREAT NORWEGIAN WATERING PLACE

grandmother and took a keen interest in all her children. One son particularly fascinated him. He was a wild, roving fellow full of the traditional Norseman's love of the sea. To Ibsen the tide of this life forever rolling from coast to coast symbolised the life force of the water itself. In *The Lady from the Sea* at last he had trapped this rover as "The Stranger" into a permanent habitation.

To show Ibsen's fastidious care of the feelings and the making public of personal peculiarities of others, I quote this letter written to my father attacking the Danish author Herman Bang's statement that Ibsen had made a character sketch of the same great-grandmother. The letter is dated March, 1895.

DEAR DOCTOR SONTUM:

My attention has been called to an article by Herman Bang in a Danish review, that very likely arises from a friend's recollections of my stay in Bergen as director of the theatre there. This article is unreliable from beginning to end. And it is particularly a false conjecture that I should have taken several of your grandmother's traits for the use of portraying a character in one of my plays. For one year I lived in your grandmother's house and for six years I daily ate at her table. Always have I encompassed her with grateful devotion and with unlimited esteem in every respect.

Yours very sincerely,

HENRIK IBSEN.

When Ibsen returned from abroad in 1891 the then merely social acquaintance with my family became an intimate one. It was at my uncle's house that he met my father, then a young physician, and when that winter Ibsen was taken ill he sent for my father, who attended him then and became his friend and physician until my father's death in 1902.

From that day Ibsen came a great deal to our house, and I remember well the first time we children were allowed to see him. We were at my uncle's. My little brother and I were to play a duet sonata by Beethoven for the famous

guest. We were both very frightened. I can still feel my fingers getting cold as they touched the keys.

When we rose I sent a timid, beseeching glance to the old man standing in the doorway, in his long black frock coat with the broad lapels, which he always wore with the pride of a dandy. He came over to us at once and said: "How wonderful, how wonderful!" so kindly that our dread for the great, silent old man disappeared at once. To him the simplest accomplishment of a child was always a wonder. No doubt it was our complete self-possession that awed him. Ibsen's real knowledge of the music was little better than our own.

He had no idea of how to treat children, and addressed me by the formal "De" (you) instead of the familiar "Du" (thou) when I was only eight years old. That winter he came often to our home for dinner with a few other friends. He was always very prompt and never, like the rest of the guests, counted on a late dinner hour in a physician's house. I remember once we children went in to speak to him while he was in the drawing-room. My mother was called out and my father was still busy with his patients, no other guests arrived, so we felt it our own duty to entertain our guest. My younger sister promptly asked, "Would you like to play dolls with us?" Ibsen wrinkled his heavy white eyebrows, but in a moment was ready, looking as though he were going to do a serious job, but meant to do it well. She trotted out of the room and soon came back loaded with dolls, dolls of all sizes and in all conditions, dolls with heads and without. She placed them all in his lap, told him all their names, giving him a maternal account of their rag and bisque tragedies.

One specimen, the doll Mette, who was perhaps worse looking than any, had once been a great beauty in a wonderful red and white dress. Now she was headless and legless and of course my sister's pet. Mette had to have an honorary position on Ibsen's knee. My father opened the door just as the mas-

ter of the great *Doll's House* was taking all our dolls for a ride!

In the summer of 1892, while Ibsen was at work on the *Masterbuilder*, the first play since *The Pretenders* written in Norway, he often took a holiday and drove out to the sanatorium "Grefsen," where my father was resident physician. Nothing could be more convincing of Grefsen's tonic air than this fact that Ibsen actually drove out to get it. His fear of driving was a byword in Christiania. However, only one particular horse and one driver were trusted. Certainly he had little to fear from their energies. As the funny little rig came creeping up the valley slowly and laboriously like a very tired snail, it creaked and swayed with the roughness of the roads. Then the whole grotesque little outfit took up the motion—the old horse nodding from his ears to his tail, the fat lazy little coachman droning in his half sleep, the reins lax in his pudgy hands, his cap with its silver band tick-tocking like a pendulum. And behind on the soft, worn cushions sat Ibsen conjuring up every accident possible to unrestrained speed. At one certain turn the road smoothed itself out like a well-ironed cap whose frills were the intricate masses of flowers that bordered our cottage.

Right here I used to run down to meet our old friend. And each time we regularly repeated our mutual greetings. "Welcome to Grefsen!" I would call out, very cautious with my best muslin dress and my most ceremonious curtsy. "Goddag, goddag," he would call back, his whole face lighted up with smiles. Promptly he would open the low door—"You will drive the rest of the way, my little friend?" Then I would spring up to the back seat more respectfully than timidly. "No, no, right here beside me," Ibsen would urge, and I, trembling with happiness, quickly obeyed, murmuring: "No, no; perhaps I had better not." "Grunt—grunt," he would reply. Each time he came we had our little comedy. Surely his sense of the dramatic was gratified in one small farce.

As Ibsen's utter fastidiousness in dress and all matters of the toilet is proverbial I cannot help telling of the dreadful fate that overtook me the day I was allowed to wear my wonderful red leather boots just come from Vienna to run down and greet him. As I hurried over the rough country-roads the tight little shoes with their toothpick heels began to hurt cruelly. I called on my pride as a crutch. "Ibsen will see my boots. He will be glad" I said again and again, until one last twinge brought me to the ground hastily tugging them off, too unhappy to have stood them a moment longer even for royalty's self. While I stood—my poor feet still bare—the little carriage and my old friend's famous silk hat glittered before me. That one day I did not wait on formalities. With a bound I accepted the offered seat beside him and sat, my bare toes tucked under my skirts, the red boots proudly held in my lap—glad, perhaps, that they were even more conspicuous than before.

Ibsen keenly appreciated the queer, whimsical fancies of children. Meeting him down town in Christiania one summer day, my father and I accepted his invitation to lunch at the Grand Hotel. I was just nine years old and no fairy palace could have held more wonders than that hotel for my first visit. While carefully studying the waiter as a possible genii, I discovered his manner of serving with a napkin loosely tucked under his arm. The next time Ibsen had tea with us I saw my opportunity. As I passed him a plate of sandwiches I quickly tucked my own napkin waiter-fashion under my arm. He looked at me solemnly, yet quickly catching the spirit of my adventure. "Won't you sit down," he asked, to show his approval. "Waiters don't sit," I replied seriously. After this whenever we met he always asked: "Waiter, will you sit?"

In the summer of 1893 Ibsen and Grieg met at our home at Grefsen, and were together for the first time in many years. Grieg had come back to Norway from a sojourn in Germany, tired and utterly worn out. His physician had

ordered the air at Grefsen instead of his own delightful place, Trolldhaugen, near Bergen.

That 15th of June Grieg celebrated his fiftieth birthday with us. Ibsen was not present that day, but later one Sunday in July, while he sat on our little porch, Grieg walked over to see him. I can never forget that meeting. Ibsen was sitting on our veranda looking at the glorious panorama—the black Asker mountains brushing their firs against the intense blue sky, the broad lapped fjord holding its islands like jewels flashing their fires to colour the broad white sails as they skimmed over the water.

Ibsen sat brooding, solemn and melancholy. But suddenly his face lighted up radiantly as Grieg, light-hearted and buoyant as a sunbeam, tripped up the steps. The two masters clasped hands. They had not met for years and there was a shot of questions and answers as between two boys, Ibsen's deep basso vibrating thunders to Grieg's piping Bergen soprano. Half serious, half jesting, they discussed the plan of Grieg's setting *The Vikings at Helgoland* to music.

After dinner at the Sanatorium we induced Ibsen, in behalf of the balmy summer afternoon, to walk with us to the "Little Outlook," a particularly choice viewpoint on the Grefsen plateau, which commands an excellent perspective of Christiania miles below in the valley. Ibsen walked very slowly, his shoulders stooped, one hand against his back, the other clasping the gold head of his walnut stick. This stick was as personally associated with him as his big, gold-rimmed spectacles. These he had twisted so that the left eye always seemed larger and more drooping than the right and really exaggerated the severity of his piercing gaze. The stick itself was a necessary complement to the glasses, as his near-sightedness made him helpless one step beyond his immediate vision.

We walked very slowly on his account, especially when climbing the last steep round of the mountain. Finally,

we came up breathless but rewarded with the inspiring view of the fjord. Ibsen sat down heavily on a rustic bench under one distinctly black fir, whose craggy, dead branches cut appealing grotesques against the blue sky. As the evening clouds melted slowly in a soft harmony of after-sunset yellows, the farm bells tinkled their call to supper-time. We sat there breathless, hearing their plaintive little bleats, like tired sheep coming home for the night. This walk he has immortalised in his play, *John Gabriel Borkman*. Before Borkman dies he takes his sister-in-law, and together the pair of lovers follow the path of this little walk to sit on the rustic bench under the black fir for a last glimpse of the city, with its great factories, in whose smoke and grime ambition has choked his life. It was just so that Ibsen saw them that day from those clear heights where the tragedy of Borkman's misspent genius was conceived.

In the winter of 1894 *Little Eyolf* was given at the old Christiania Theatre. Ibsen and a few intimate friends, among whom were my mother and father, went to the first night performance. *Little Eyolf* was one of the few plays of which Ibsen saw the première, and his presence added to the excitement of the packed house. As his plays always created such a duel of applause and protestation, Ibsen was very nervous about the reception of *Little Eyolf*. He kept saying to my mother, who sat next to him: "Do let us get out before the curtain goes down." It was always a torture to him to see his own plays, for, though the acting was superb, he could hardly judge the merits of the characters, as they never seemed real to him through the medium of the actors after the vitality of his own imagination. *Little Eyolf* was received with great enthusiasm and the curtain calls were many, but, though they clapped persistently, the audience was not able to make the author appear. Finally, the stage-manager promised to give their congratulations personally to him.

Ibsen, meanwhile, was driving to the Grand Hotel in a shabby little sleigh as fast as one plodding horse could carry him through the streets. It was snowing heavily, a real Norwegian winter-night, the very sky seeming to melt down in soft white flakes.

When Ibsen reached the "Grand" he was very much overcome by the performance and exceedingly nervous. He begged my mother to order the supper for him, and seemed like a child asking for protection. The hearty food and some good wine soon raised his spirits. When my mother, still full of the play, said: "Poor Rita, now she has to go to work with all those mischievous boys!" Ibsen replied: "Do you really believe so? Don't you rather think it was more of a Sunday mood with her?" He really looked doubtful himself. Then a storm of conversation burst in, everybody thought this and meant that and finally my father raised his glass and asked if they did not think they ought to give the author a chance at his own opinion. Ibsen, now in very high spirits, spoke freely and joked with them, and it was long after midnight when his guests saw the celebrated dramatist to his home.

The only other remark I can recall him ever making of his own plays was in discussing *Love's Comedy* with my mother. "But Svanhild should not have engaged herself to Guldstad," she protested. "Console yourself, dear friend," he replied, "the next day she will have a *rendez-vous* with Falk!" My mother was fortunate enough to enjoy his boyish love of little jokes. He especially loved to tease her about her enthusiasm for his characters.

Among the many little notes which we have from him (he loved the pretty courtesies of life and was strictly faithful to them), I find this one written to my mother on her birthday to offer an exquisite bouquet of roses. She had written the article here referred to for a Norwegian newspaper in October, and although her birthday was the 23d of May, he still remembered it.

23 May, 1895.

DEAR MADAM:

Please receive my heartiest wishes for the new year. And beside the wish and hope for unwearied progress along Literature's honourable but also thorny path.

In friendship and affection

An older colleague.

Ibsen never forgot my mother's birthday, and no greeting was more regular than his good wishes to her. As a coincidence he died on her birthday, eleven years later, in 1906.

Another point of Ibsen's character—apparently unappreciated—was his extreme punctiliousness in money matters. The following is a letter written to my father, in which he presses his point with a wit as charming as his obligation was sincere. It is touching to remember that his first care in the new century was for the welfare of others.

Kristiania den 4-1-1900.

DEAR DOCTOR SONTUM:

I can no longer submit to parading on your list of arrears as an unreliable debtor from the last century. As you take no step to see yourself righted, I take matters into my own hand and allow me to send you the enclosed amount as a compensation for your trouble and loss of time. The renewal of youth which you have helped me to, I would not be able to pay with its weight in gold. A happy New Year to you and yours.

Yours very sincerely and indebted

HENRIK IBSEN.

It is a great surprise to many who inquire into the domestic life of Ibsen that his wife, Fru Susanna Daae Thoresen Ibsen, is so little known outside a close circle of friends. But owing to her poor health she was and still is obliged to live almost entirely on the Continent. In this misfortune as invalid she figured little in society, but when the chance afforded she was always extremely hospitable and her keen virile mind was not only a spur but often a stirrup to Ibsen.

I can remember clearly one celebration where both presided in their home.

It was Ibsen's birthday, an "open house" day to all his friends in Christiania. When we arrived at the usual reception time in Norway, between twelve and two at noon, we found Mrs. Ibsen in a black silk dress, presiding over a heavily laden feast table on which every kind of cakes, fruit, wines, and hot chocolate centred about a huge white frosted birthday cake. The large drawing-room was filled with noted authors and artists and their mirth rang to the high ceiling. Ibsen did not remain with the guests, but every little while would reappear to shake hands and sit for a few moments with each new group—until the personal excellence of each speaker was so clamorously impressed upon him he would withdraw again.

That particular afternoon the guests, especially the women, questioned Mrs. Ibsen on every possible point of his domestic life. Once, she casually mentioned his reading the Bible. "Does Ibsen read the Bible!" they all cried, as if it was beyond belief. Nor would they be satisfied until they saw a large copy beside the writing desk in his huge book-lined study, whose simple furniture and precise order was the best indication of his mental clarity. "I read the Bible for its language," he muttered, gazing fiercely at them as if they had suddenly turned to a yard of cackling hens. We ourselves knew that Ibsen was a faithful reader of the Bible, as the worn pages of his own large volume bear testimony.

It was some years before this particular birthday that I met young Mrs. Ibsen at this same house. Her marriage as Bergljot Björnson, oldest daughter of Bjørnstjerne Björnson, to Sigurd Ibsen, the master's only child, revived in Norway the dramatic feud of the Capulets and Montagues, for the enmity between Ibsen and Björnson was personal as well as literary. The only time I myself recall seeing these two rival captains together was at the opening of our National Theatre in Christiania, on September 1, 1899.

This was, of course, a great event in Christiania. For more than half a cen-

tury attempts had been made to establish a National Theatre. Ibsen and Björnson were the first to fight the Danish influence on the Norwegian stage and produce Norwegian plays acted by Norwegian actors. They had both, with intervals, acted as director of "Christiania Theater." Here most of their plays were presented first, but the stage was not large enough nor did they have any modern theatrical properties to give the plays a worthy setting. It was, therefore, a personal triumph to Ibsen and Björnson to take their masterpieces to a home where they could be given an ideal execution, not only to their countrymen, but also to the many travellers who visit Norway and for whose benefit special performances of Ibsen's and Björnson's plays are given in August and September every year.

At the close of a beautiful September evening, with the stars shining clearly, despite our long twilight, we caught a first glimpse of the new theatre, its yellow brick walls and heavy granite pillars lit by six huge torches flaming against the balcony. Directly in front were the life-size statues of Ibsen and Björnson, which had been unveiled in the afternoon. Among the many notable guests who flocked to the opening performance, Ibsen and Björnson were the heroic figures. As they passed through the crowd it waved to right and left, at each whisper: "There goes Ibsen," "Here comes Björnson."

When the two masters finally took the honorary seats in the front orchestra row, the whole house cheered wildly. Björnson, tall, handsome, very much the King of the feast, bowed gracefully to each salute. Ibsen sat rigid, looking straight at the curtain, nervously tapping his chair. The first evening of the three days' festivities was devoted to Ludwig Holberg, the father of Norwegian literature, the second to Ibsen with a presentation of *The Pretenders*, the third to Björnson with *Sigurd Jorsalfar*. Ibsen and Björnson talked intimately between the acts of the first night, but neither expressed any valuable sentiments beyond congratulations.

The summer 1898 we went to Sandefjord, an excellent watering place on the Christianiafjord. Ibsen published his last play, *When We Dead Awaken*, in 1899, and he has chosen the scenery of Sandefjord for its first act. Here the insane Irene wanders about, followed everywhere by her nurse, the black-clad deaconess. By a strange coincidence Ibsen himself had to go to Sandefjord under my father's care the next summer and was attended by a deaconess, whose sombre garb attached her character physiologically to Irene's attendant.

Ibsen had been ill in the spring and wanted to spend the summer where he could have my father right at hand. Shortly after his arrival erysipelas in the foot developed and his condition was so critical that Mrs. Ibsen had to be summoned from Italy. The beautiful old place, "Hjertnes hovedgaard," was secured for his retreat, and here he could enjoy the privacy he so much loved. He recovered rapidly, however, and we soon had the pleasure of seeing him at our table again.

While he was ill we were allowed to pay him short visits. My youngest sister was then only three years old and a very popular little pet among the patients. She had heard so much about the big man and was anxious to see him. One day when my mother went to take tea with Mrs. Ibsen she brought little Ellen with her. While Mrs. Ibsen and my mother were chatting, Ibsen was busy in his study with some letters, and as the little girl thought the tea-time very long and tedious, she left them to hunt for the big man herself. Ibsen was just stepping out on the veranda with his nurse, when little Ellen came peeping in the door. When she saw him, she stopped short, opened her baby lips round, and said: "Oh, are *you* the big man!" Her little face showed how disappointed she was, that every great man was not a great big one. Ibsen was much amused and winked at his nurse. To make up for the little one's disappointment he took her around to his study, and as he never knew how to treat

children or what to give them, he offered her some claret. Shortly afterward she came tripping out to my mother, her eyes shining from the wine: "I have had such a good time with a *little*, kind man, in there!" she said.

I knew Ibsen hated to have snapshots taken of himself, and I dared not use my camera without asking permission. One day when he came down the Hjertnas Promenade at his usual time, I stood inside our gate, kodak in hand. He called out to me: "What are you doing there with that thing in your hand?" I called back: "I hope to get a picture of none less than yourself." "Wait a bit," he said, and started to brush the dust from his coat, looked down at his shoes, which were tan that day, and then he sighed.

Since his illness my father had ordered a special shoe for him, flat and broad. He did not like these, as they were not nearly as neat as his own patent leathers, but he was partially consoled when my father told him that he could have them tan. "How do you want me to pose?" he asked, with a last glance at each detail of his toilet. When I saw that he was quite ready, I snapped briskly, fearing each minute that he would change his mind. When the films were developed, I saw to my life's sorrow that I had focussed my lens too close and only his bust was taken and not the tan shoes.

As I was ready to snap a second picture my little sister came running down the street. Ibsen tried to catch her and asked why she was in such a hurry. "It is dinner time," she replied. "Papa says I must get there early to-day, before the old doctor comes." As he paused a moment, his hand on her shoulder, I snapped them so together, such a tender study of the weatherbeaten oak gnarled and snow-crowned and the sweet young violet smiling its springtime face full of love and confidence toward a world full of storms. Ibsen himself must have wondered as he looked at the prints which I sent him later, in his last sickness.

Ibsen was so regular in his habits that he might have been called the clock of

the neighbourhood. Although he was seventy-two years old he was as regular on the Hjertnes Promenade at noontime as on Carl Johan in the early nineties, passing the University clock at the tick of two. When my sister said one day: "The old doctor is my clock," it so pleased Ibsen that he told my father that he thought his little daughter was extraordinarily intelligent.

The last day of our summer vacation he had a special dinner for us, as my mother, too, was going to the city. He slyly gave us children champagne when our parents did not look our way. In a little speech he thanked us for the pleasant summer and hoped we would study hard and please our teachers. We all said "Skaal" and felt tremendously proud to be treated just like grown-ups.

That fall Ibsen sent my father a large photograph of himself with this lovely dedication: To my friend and saviour, Doctor Sontum, as a small remembrance of the summer 1900, in Sandefjord.

4-11-1900.

He always took great pains with his writing, and this little letter shows how he has first ruled the pencil lines by which he could write perfectly straight. Ibsen was almost seventy-three years of age and still weak after his illness when this was written.

In the fall Ibsen's health began to break down again. I went to see him a couple of times and he looked pale and thin, but was still interested in everything. He asked about my studies and was I to be confirmed in October? It is customary in Norway to give presents on this occasion, and Ibsen every day asked my father to be sure to get me something nice. He evidently had it on his mind. One day, when my father made his daily call at noon, Ibsen handed him a parcel, saying that his brother-in-law had bought something for him, if my father would give it to me on my Confirmation day. It was a beautiful brooch with a large amethyst in an exquisite setting. I called to thank him for it, and that was the last time I spoke to him that winter. He always bowed smilingly when I passed him out for his

daily ride. That winter of 1901 he was very ill and we were all very anxious every time the night telephone rang and my father was called out.

But when the next summer my father was taken ill and we came back from Sandefjord it was Ibsen who called every day at our house to hear how the patient was. I usually went down to his carriage. He was so kind and sympathetic to us all in our sorrow. There was, of course, a great difference in age between Ibsen and my father, still they were very dear friends. He was so touching one day when he asked me if he might go in and see my father for the last time. "I cannot walk, you know, but they can carry me!" My father was too ill to see anybody, so Ibsen asked me to take his card in to him. On it was written in pencil and with a trembling hand the one word: "Tak!" (Thanks.) It is one of the last words Ibsen ever wrote.

After my father's death Ibsen called again, and when I came down to his carriage he took my hand and his voice quivered as he said: "How are you all? I am thinking about you all the time. I, too, have lost my best friend."

In the fall 1904 I saw Ibsen for the last time. I was going to America to take the course at the Carnegie Library School in Pittsburgh. He was very much changed, so thin and white and, oh, so little. His shoulders, always so proudly erect, had shrunk pathetically and his lion head had grown so small that it was only the intense fire of his eyes that quickened it. It seemed to pain him that he did not have the strength to keep up a conversation. Yet he recognised me and smiled when I came in, and in a few moments he regained his interest and asked all about my America plans. Mrs. Ibsen had told him that I was sailing for New York and had come to say good-bye. We talked about the happy days at Greffen and my father, then he said: "And now you are going to America. Are you going to write books?" "Oh, no," I laughingly answered, "I am going to learn how to put them correctly on the shelves." He said:

"Yes, their libraries are famous," and then he sat thinking. "It must be a great country with many chances," he repeated slowly, twice. "But it seems so far away. You must be careful with yourself. My son says, beware of the ice-water and the hot bread!" Mrs. Ibsen also asked me not to have too much of those American dishes. Chivalrous as always, despite his absolute frailty, Ibsen wanted to see me to the door, but asked me to excuse him, adding he was so tired. He kissed my hand and I left him. When I was out on the street I looked up to his window, where he was standing in his black frock coat and I waved my last good-bye to "the old Doctor."

When I returned from America I was just in time to pay my last homage to Henrik Ibsen. He died on a beautiful spring afternoon, the 23d of May, 1906, a day on which he had always, either in person or by letter, celebrated my mother's birthday.

For the last time he was dressed in his black frock coat with the broad lapels and laid out in state in the Trinity Church of Christiania. The day before the funeral the people flocked to the church and thousands stood outside waiting for their turn to pay their last respects to him. In the choir the coffin

stood loaded with flowers and around it the students of the University kept a guard of honour. The organ played softly as the crowd moved past the coffin. There was nothing in the white little Ibsen that awed them. The task of the fiery judge was done, the Norwegian people, awakened from their sleep, now came to show their respect and to thank him for the honour he did his country.

The funeral service was attended by King Haakon and Queen Maud, the cabinet ministers, members of the "Storting," diplomatic corps and representatives of artistic, dramatic, military and scientific societies, Scandinavian and foreign. All flags were halfmasted and the church bells chimed clear and triumphant when the great cortège wound to the beautiful cemetery, "Vor Frelsers Gravlund," where the city had selected his grave on a large open space under some weeping willow trees. But in the long and brilliant procession there were outside his family only a few people who really knew Henrik Ibsen. These let the tears roll down their cheeks while they bowed their heads in deep sorrow, though the crowd held its high with pride, for children still they really loved the great old man because he was a dear old man.

No word has become more firmly imbedded in our current critical vocabulary than "decadence," unless it be "degeneration," with which it is closely allied, both in its significance and in its origin. To say that an author is a "decadent," or that his work exhibits "decadent" tendencies, is to condemn it utterly to-day for hundreds of thousands of serious, intelligent, and right-minded men and women. And yet if any one of these was asked to explain the meaning of the word, or to justify its use in an artistic sense, he would probably find it very difficult to do so. For it is essentially a vague word and indeed its very vagueness is no small part of its power and of its appeal to the imagination. It seems surrounded with an air of sinister mystery and suggestion and there is no limit to the unpleasant things it appears to imply covertly. This is why it was adopted half a century ago by a group of young French writers, now famous, who loved to think of themselves as living at the latter end of the Roman Empire, and to impress the public with their sophistication and their wickedness. How what was on their part a piece of pure "fumisterie" became erected into a dogma of serious literary criticism, will be explained in the June BOOKMAN by Mr. William Aspenwall Bradley, who will give an account of a picturesque period of French literature, and, at the same time, deal with the idea of "decadence" as it has entered into our own intellectual life and is affecting our appreciation of the fine arts.

OUR CITY GARDENS

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

IN our large towns, most of the gardens made or rearranged within the last half century seem laid out on an unvarying plan. They all present the same winding paths, which turn upon themselves to lead nowhither, the inevitable lake, in a more or less drawn-out ellipse, the essential lawn, with the useless and obvious mounds and valleys, adorned at intervals with everlastingly oval flowerbeds, while, here and there, an exotic plant, a palm, an araucaria or an aloe, stands chillily awaiting an uncertain ray of sunshine. All this is neither extremely ugly nor extremely displeasing, because nothing is quite ugly or displeasing in the world of plants and the most indifferent display of green is welcome to the eye of one who lives in a stone prison; and yet we are entitled to ask if these paltry and monotonous combinations really exhaust all the joys that the trees and flowers can give us.

In my opinion, the "landscape garden" or "English garden" which is thus abused is a great mistake on the part of our horticulturists. It is natural, it comes into being spontaneously, so to speak, when we can dispose of extensive spaces that mingle, in a country of hills and groves and rivers, with the surrounding landscape. It is then just that landscape itself, discreetly arranged and corrected "for the pleasure of the eyes." But it infallibly comes to look false and more or less absurd so soon as it aims at accumulating, in some poor enclosure, beauties which exist only by favour of the most serene lines of the horizon and which are nothing more than space harmoniously displayed. Let us not forget, besides, that the "English garden," which is natural or "sub-spontaneous," as the botanists say, in England, is rather, as we understand it, of Chinese origin and that there is no art nor taste

more impenetrable and more hostile to our own than that of China.

The garden of the white races, at least the European garden, was always wiser and more logical. Go back as far as we may, we see it striving to adapt itself to the architectural schemes that surround it. It continues them, interprets and completes them. We are able, for instance, thanks to the paintings at Pompeii, nearly to reconstruct the Greek and Roman gardens:

"They consist," says Gaston Boissier, "of regular paths, contained within two hedges of witch-elms and intersecting one another at right angles. In the centre is usually a sort of round space with a basin, in which swans float. Little green arbours have been contrived at intervals, formed of intertwined reeds and covered with vines; inside these, we see a marble column or a statue and benches placed all round for the convenience of strollers. The paintings remind one of that sentence of Quintilian's which ingeniously expresses the taste of his time: 'Is there anything more beautiful than a quincunx so arranged that, from whichever side we behold it, we see straight paths?'"

We find the same arrangement, more or less prominent according as it comes before or after the Renaissance, in all the Italian gardens; and Le Nôtre's patterned flower-gardens but revived a tradition that had never quite died out. This tradition is significant. It was evidently born of a need of harmony inherent in our nature. It has always seemed to us necessary that that which surrounds our dwelling should partake, in some small measure, of its shape and its regularity. It has always struck us as disagreeable that the featureless plain or the unkempt forest should begin abruptly at our front-door or under our

window-ledge. A transition was indispensable and naturally entailed the appropriation of the nearest plants and their submission to the symmetries of the building.

This transition, this traditional harmony, which has been deliberately disregarded in our towns since the excessive use of the small English garden,* is still found here and there in certain antiquated and almost dead cities, where perfect models survive of humanised walks and parks. I need not mention Versailles and other French gardens, whose sylvan decoration is so closely adapted to the buildings of the three Louis. Nor, by a stronger reason, need I recall the illustrious gardens of Italy, whose perfections are so manifest: they contain and continue their porticoes, columns and balustrades in so inseparable a fashion that this earth, perhaps, possesses nothing more satisfactory or more stately. But other instances, nearer at hand and not so splendid, are quite as topical. Carry back your mind to some little Dutch town, with its canals bordered by giant espaliered lime-trees and little red houses, gleaming with mirrors and brass. Think also of the Béguinage at Bruges, whose simple triangular lawn, planted with a few trees, or of the Petit Béguinage at Ghent, whose wide rectangular grassy spaces, lined with old elms and intersected at right angles by paths that lead to the church, offer the most persuasive examples of gardens in strict keeping with the appearance of the surrounding houses. At Ghent, in particular, the proof is the more striking inasmuch as the counter-proof is easily made. Go to the other end of the town, to what was once the Béguinage de Sainte-Elisabeth: it is now used for other purposes, but its general architecture has remained almost untouched. Though all the indented gables, all the little green doors of the convents, all

those pleasant little pink-brick walls have remained faithful to their posts, without atmosphere, without style. Is this because of the departure of the béguines? Not at all: the little streets in this dying quarter are almost as deserted now as in the days when the pious sisters alone gave life to them with their long black veils. But, for the plain squares of grass, simple, primitive, immemorial and bordered with tall, straight poplars, the authorities have substituted a sort of vulgar and pretentious Parc Monceau, which would be lordly and is positively shabby. The necessary harmony between houses and trees has ceased to exist; and one of the most delightful memories of former days disappears with it.

You will find many other horticultural errors at Ghent, a city which has been too actively and somewhat recklessly tampered with. For instance, between Saint-Bavon and the Château de Gérard le Diable there is a fairly large open space which the authorities have turned into the inevitable English square. The effect of its sickly, exotic and anomalous greenery against the austere and mighty background of the cathedral is childish beyond all dispute. Would not a humble grass-plot, planted with Lombardy poplars, have better respected the harmony that we expect to find between the stones and plants; or else the old-fashioned Flemish mall, peopled regularly with big, round, comely, bunchy lime-trees? These, moreover, do not in any way exclude floral ornamentation, provided that the latter follows the general and familiar movement of the grass and the shade.

It will, perhaps, be said that this harmony is easy enough to realise when we have to do with styles of architecture so marked as are those of the French seventeenth- and eighteenth-century elevations or of the Dutch and Flemish houses. But in the presence of our modern five- or six-storied buildings, in which all the styles mingle and clash, what relations are we to establish between their incessant contradictions and

*For observe that the small English garden, upon a pinch, can provide a setting, in the open country, for a rustic cottage, but does not harmonise with any other kind of dwelling.

the unfortunate garden that has to agree with them? This is just the problem which people have hardly studied, which I do not pretend to solve, but to which I would simply call the attention of those who hold in their hands the grace, the beauty, the charm and the health of our large towns.

Everybody knows the Parc Monceau. In the eyes of many people, it constitutes the most perfect and luxurious type of the urban garden. Thanks to its extent, which is quite exceptional and but rarely found in the centre of a town, it shows us the English garden under its most advantageous and seductive aspect. There is no doubt that, with its cool lawns, its ornamental water, its elegant arcade, its wonderful flower-beds, its wide, undulating, sanded drives, with their glitter of carriages and cars, the Parc Monceau gives an undeniable impression of wealth, happiness and gaiety.

But let us make no mistake: it owes the best part of its attractions to its very dimensions. Reduce it to half its size and it will at once become paltry, while the suspicion is confirmed that fluttered through us from the first, namely, that all its surprising charm is rather artificial. It is a strange and unconvincing setting. It takes no account of the buildings that surround it nor of the style of the tall streets amongst which it opens. For the rest, this is the fault which we most readily forgive it; but it is guilty of an incomparably graver fault in fulfilling but two or three of its duties as a garden. It thinks only of making a vain-glorious display with lawns and walks that are almost bare. Now, in the desert of brick and stone, a garden should be not only a carpet of green velvet, but an oasis of coolness, silence and shade, things above all others dear and indispensable to the inhabitants of towns and obtainable only through the incessant, manifold, leafy intrusion of big trees.

Could not an intermediary type be found between the French garden (that of the Tuileries, for instance), which conforms to the lines of certain streets,

but it is too bare and too sparingly shaded, and the English garden, which is also none too shady and which breaks up disagreeably the symmetry of our towns? If the Parc Monceau were planted with great clusters of elms, pines, limes, plane-trees or chestnut-trees, tall, close-set, dark, thick, almost cubical, and intersected by wide, clear-cut, regular avenues, all leading to a large lake, would it display to less advantage the luxury that drives through it and would it lose any of its charm for bestowing upon it some little air of gravity, peace and meditation?

What we can thus imagine in connection with the most successful of English gardens thrusts itself upon us with much greater cogency the moment we have to do with those little city parks the extent of which is no longer large enough to extenuate their absurdities. The great fault, the great mistake of all our municipal gardeners is their dread of the tree. They seem to forget that, at the bottom of man's heart, amid his obscurest but most powerful instincts, reigns his boundless yearning for the primordial forest. You really abuse the innocence and the credulity of the town-dweller by offering him, instead of the heavy shadows for which his nature longs, paltry clumps of verdure, flowers in rows and worn-out grass that reminds him but too closely of the threadbare carpet of the bedroom whence he has just escaped in vain. A surface of a quarter of an acre thus arranged is nothing more than a wretched, dusty hearth-rug. Plant it with beautiful trees, not parsimoniously spaced, as though each of them were a bit of bric-à-brac on a tray of grass, but close together, like the ranks of a friendly army in order of battle. They will then act as they were wont to act in the native forest. Trees never feel themselves really trees nor perform their duty until they are there in numbers. Then, at once, everything is transformed: sky and light recover their first deep meaning, dew and shade return, peace and silence once more find a sanctuary.

One could vary the appearance of these refuges infinitely, according to the needs or counsels of the spot and the surroundings. Here, among these low houses, we would have a square of lime-trees, matronly, round and plump, placid, full-blown, imperturbably green and all a-hum with bees. Yonder, where the house-fronts are richer and more regular, would be a square of chestnut-trees, whose opulent, heavy, thick, almost black tresses would droop to a man's height. Further still, among those pillared mansions, would stand an open space crowded with plane-trees; but I do not mean the plane-tree handled as we mishandle it in our northern countries, where we know nothing of its beauty. I mean the plane-tree of the towns and villages of the South, where they pollard it when it reaches twelve or fifteen feet in height. They thus obtain enormous, massive, thickset trunks, splendidly scaled with gold and oxydised copper, which, at one time, as in the Cours Mirabeau at Aix-en-Provence, dart forcibly toward the sky to create fairy-like plumed naves in the blue and, at another, as in the Allées d'Azémar at Draguignan, weave a low vault, magical and cool as a submarine grotto, through which the sun can hardly contrive to slip a stray crystal dart that breaks in dazzling shivers on the flag-stones.

Let us not forget the hornbeam, which is so docile, nor its brother the elm, nor the beech: all three are excellent for peopling a space in which the sky is free, that is to say, where we need not hesitate lest we should darken the windows of houses that are too near. Let us not forget either the Lombardy poplar, which is our cypress of the North and almost indispensable in our towns to mark a flight, here and there, toward space; besides, especially in our Flemish cities, we could hardly fill the poplar's place when it comes to bordering certain canals, marking the outline of a long meadow or guarding the entrance to an old house.

I will not concern myself with the

acacia, formerly too much employed, which is frail, sickly and poor in leaf; nor with the oak, which is too slow, uncertain and unequal. But a tree which, to my mind, has been unjustly proscribed is the pine. I do not speak of the umbrella-pine, the noblest of the conifers and one of the purest glories of the world of plants. We must do without it, as without the cypress and the divine laurel-tree, in our northern cities, whose climate they could not support. The tree which I have in mind is the simple forest pine of our home woods. If you care to behold the effect which a square would produce planted exclusively with those wonderful trees, go to the country round Rouen, for instance, to the old forest domains of Bretonne or Roumare, and see the august fairy-scene enacted day and night in the heart of the spaces reserved to them. Whether it be under the sun or by moonlight, under the blazing rays of summer or the snows of winter, you can picture nothing to compare with the cathedral alignment of the innumerable shafts, shooting toward the sky, smooth, inflexible, pure, more tightly packed than the lictors' bundle and yet happy, independent and full of health and strength, from the warm and russet glow at their base to the blue, unreal, ethereal mist that crowns their top.

Thus, in addition to the effective and necessary reminder of the forest, each of us, whether in the spacious mall or at the humble cross-roads, would find that quality of silence, perfume, meditation and shade which he prefers. There is, in fact, no lover of the great woods but knows that each group, each family of trees is mute in a different fashion and spreads a peace and a silence which we can recognise without having to raise our eyes; for the flavour of a shadow is as particular and pronounced as that of a ripe fruit.

I notice, as I conclude these pages, that I have not spoken, as I intended to do, of the trees and shrubs with persistent leaves, the evergreens, as the English so aptly call them. Why have they been almost entirely neglected? Ju-

diciously chosen, they might constitute the permanent delight of our cities burdened with six months of winter. The yew, for instance, is hardly to be found to-day. It is accounted, very wrongly, a sad and funereal tree, whereas I have so often seen it lend itself to the most harmonious and cheerful decorations! On the other hand, certain kinds of very robust laurels resist the worst frosts and keep up in December all the

gladness and freshness of spring. Lastly, I should have liked to say a word on the plantations along our boulevards, so municipal, so contemptible, so sadly in keeping with the street-lamps, whereas one can imagine double and treble arches of foliage, magnificent summer bowers, leading to splashing fountains, to shimmering basins of light. But these points should form the object of a special study.

A STUDY OF THE OLD "NEW WOMEN"

BY EDNA KENTON

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

HARKING back to the early '90's, a group of feministic novels stands out strongly: *The Heavenly Twins*, *Ideala*, *Ships That Pass in the Night*, *Dodo*, *A Yellow Aster*, *The Woman Who Did*! Quaint old things they are to-day, some of their women of the sort that cry, "I will dare the world!" and, standing defiantly before their governesses, their mothers, or their lovers, kick a pieplate to the ceiling with a resounding whack! That done, they go back to their lessons, their balls, or their wedding plans. Madame Grand and E. F. Benson, and "Iota"—even Grant Allen!—pant for new fields for others of their women to conquer, and after the struggle set down their Walkürs in some twilight melancholy of the gods, murmuring Alving's dying moan for "The sun, the sun!" Typically *fin de siècle*—blandly blasé old phrase!

Madame Grand's restless women, for instance, Evadne, "The Boy"—otherwise Angelica, Ideala, the unfortunate Edith, the resigned Mrs. Orton Beg have no basis for their futile attempt at action but their restlessness. They resent sullenly the state of ignorance into which they have been tucked apart from the world; they "want to know things," but they think out no problem clearly to

its logical end. Evadne walks through that famous quarrel with her husband on their wedding day, saying, "I would stop the imposition approved of by custom, connived at by parents, and made possible by the state of ignorance in which we are carefully kept—the imposition upon a girl's innocence and inexperience of a disreputable man for a husband;" and declines to live with him. *But she did not decline to live upon him.*

Upon scanty and insufficient evidence she adjudges him "a moral leper." Upon no evidence whatever she denominates herself a type "of the best sort of wife," and insists that there is no "past" in the matter of the sowing of wild oats. She asserts that "the world is not a whit better for centuries of self-sacrifice on the woman's part," but her remedy is drastic—the sacrifice of the man instead of the woman. Some lamb must be slaughtered upon some altar!

Mrs. Orton Beg murmurs, "But the consequences—the struggle, if we resist. It is better to submit. It is better not to know." And Evadne translates, "It is easier to submit; it is disagreeable to know." Nevertheless, she never dreamed of becoming a free woman physically, spiritually, morally, economically, even intellectually, for her husband made her

promise not to join societies and clubs while he lived, and "her brain rotted dully."

Angelica meanwhile proposes to her tutor with "Marry me and let me do as I like," seeking freedom through another bondage. Then she masquerades as her twin, and has her adventure with the Tenor, of which she says: "The charm has all been in the delight of associating with a man intimately who did not know I was a woman!" It has been like the freedom of his limbs to a prisoner long confined by chains. However, she adds: "I won't deny that I might have cared for you as a lover had I not been married. But of course the thought did not disturb me. When one has a husband one must be loyal to him, even in thought." This of course is not honest, either on Angelica's part or Madame Grand's. The ancient old veil of "female delicacy" is still held up; a woman may feel anything but "vulgar" passion. These women are afflicted with mental malaise that definite action might cure.

So are Dodo, and Gwen of *A Yellow Aster*. Like the Grand type of women, they rebel only within their circle—they make no attempt to change their environment, however much it bores them. Both of them are portrayed, unconvincingly, as "cold," and therefore "nice" women—they express themselves in smart discussions of—then—startling questions. Gwen finds, through maternity and sorrow, her "soul." Dodo does not—why she was ever hailed as a new type is passing strange. She is the old, old example of slave turned tyrant; the history of women and the world is full of them.

And about this time Grant Allen published *The Woman Who Did!*

On one of its forepages he writes: "Written at Perugia, spring, 1893, for the first time in my life wholly and solely to satisfy my own taste and my own conscience." That this twisted, illogical, propagandist novel could have raised all the dusty argument it did, could have been preached against and quoted from,

and could stand in memory, until re-read to-day as one of the epochal novels of feminism, is one of the oddities of literary and human history.

There is this about *The Woman Who Did!* it concerns itself greatly in woman's moral and social emancipation. Herminia holds the very modern view in re-suffrage, that mere political enfranchisement is the smallest part of the whole feminist movement. She is economically independent, and a thinker with courage enough to follow a problem to its logical end, and then, if needful, to act upon it. It is this very logic that makes her construct her own cross of martyrdom, and, liberal on most other questions, she is as creed-ridden by her own sex-code as any Puritan. Herminia is, in fact, that—a Puritan. When she chooses to dispense with the chain of the marriage service, she is more bound to prove her case whatever the evidence than she could have been with the Church and State sanction upon her union with Alan Merrick.

Here, too, she loses her free point of view, and like any bondwoman, says, "I am yours, to do with as you will." She will not be married by form, but she dresses in white upon her wedding night, with roses and lilies: "Some dim survival of ancestral ideas made Herminia Barton so array herself in the white garb of affiance for her bridal evening." And, since all creeds are martyrful, Herminia has her mind made up beforehand for the martyr's crown, "the one possible guerdon," says Herminia, "that this planet can bestow upon really noble action."—This does not sound like the author of *The New Hedonism*. She invites snubs; what might have seemed justly to concern only herself and Alan she bares to the gaze of a gossiping, salacious world. When coming maternity makes it impossible for her to continue longer at poor Miss Smith-Waters's school, she sends a resignation that told "the truth," although she realises how incapable that gentle-souled spinster is of comprehending her point of view. She takes rooms in Perugia under her own

name, and Alan dies before the child is born.

And then—and then!—she rears this child of hers, in silence, to snobbery. If Dolly had been reared in rampant radicalism one could understand her reaction against it all. But she is brought up conventionally—this love-child "that is to save the world of women." So conventionally, that when Dolly at seventeen is told at last the truth—"I shall confess to her," says Herminia as if she were guilty—she draws back from her mother: "You are not fit to receive a pure girl's kisses," she says. And like most of her sorrowing sisterhood to date, Herminia, herself conventional and utterly religious, performs the melancholy rite of hari-kari. She too has failed.

Why? Because upon Herminia, too, the consciousness of the world and its judgments lie heavily. She is conscious always not of her own attitude toward life and herself, but of society's attitude toward her. Not on this road lies the way to freedom! And not even Grant Allen, expert diagnostician of many social problems that he was, perceives the times were ripe for the case history of such a woman—one who takes hold of life, not from the angle of any code, but from her own.

For it was now, in the mid '90's that a book and a play appeared, each of them picturing a free woman walking through life: Frances Hodgson Burnett's *A Lady of Quality* and Sudermann's *Magda*. Celia Madden, Harold Frederic's fine creation of this period, might be added to this group. If Mrs. Burnett had not done the slightly uncourageous thing of putting Clo back into the seventeenth century, but had made her instead a nineteenth-century woman, the real significance of that novel's point of view would have been more widely recognised. Clo and Magda—and Celia Madden—speak the same language. All are individualists and all are selfish; these traits they share in common with most of mankind. No one of them says: "I will dare the world!" No one of them seeks blatant martyrdom for a prin-

ciple. Instead, each of them says simply, "I am I," and rests her whole life on that statement that, admitted or not, is the only motivation of any act of any human being. That most self-expression in the world to-day expresses merely cowardice and weakness does not invalidate this axiom of human conduct.

Clo explains herself slightly to her sister Anne: "All that I do is right—for me. I make it so by doing it. Do you think that I am conquered by the laws that other women crouch and whine before because they dare not break them, though they long to do so! I am my own law—and the law of some others! I have no virtues—I mean I have no woman's virtues!" Then to her first lover, who comes back to claim her on the eve of her marriage with her Duke, she says simply, "We have done with each other," and after she has struck him down and finds he does not come to life again, she buries him as she would a dog, and goes to her happiness serenely. What is, is!

These women have swept repentance for anything out of their lives. If they commit errors of judgment or deed, these errors are good sign-posts to look back upon, and are, therefore, good. Magda says, "What I do is right because I do it. —I am what I am and cannot be another— We must sin if we wish to grow. To become greater than our sins is worth more than all the purity you preach." And Celia Madden says to Theron: "I am myself, and I belong to myself, exactly as much as any man. Let us find out what the generally accepted views are, and as fast as we find them set our heels on them. There is no other way to live like real human beings."

Besides these women there were others brought to birth before the end of their century dawned. Most of them are of the sombre type, restless, unsatisfied, dissatisfied, yearning after something whose achieving is not for them because their paths are blocked by ghosts of hateful bondages, whose conquering phrase, "I am I," they have not learned. Gissing's *The Odd Women* and *The Emanci-*

pated stand here, along with many of George Moore's women, from Evelyn Inness and Mildred Lawson to Rose Leicester of *The Lake*. But the successful revolvers up to the dawn of the twentieth century are few. One is tempted to affirm oftentimes when one sees a clear-headed creature like Bernardine or Rhoda Nunn succumb to "type" and environment that the fault is not theirs, but their creators'. But by the way, there is one delightful free woman, sketched so lightly in such bare outline as to be provocative, but drawn by the hand of a man who knew the road along which

freedom lay—Alethea Pontifex in Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*. Miss Pontifex is worth a dozen of the heroines who, like Grant Allen's Herminia, crumple into futility on the final pages. And all we know of her in direct phrase could be put together on one of Butler's pages.

Antiquated studies of absurd types—most of these novels that in their day created such discussion must be so classed to-day. But this at least emerged from half a century of groping for the phrase that would open their new world to women—the magic phrase itself, "I am I."

CONFESSIONS OF AN ALBUM

ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

BY LAURA STEDMAN

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

ON November 18, 1876, follows the eminent poet, traveller, man of affairs and letters—Bayard Taylor of the golden heart. Among all his friends, perhaps none was so close to Mr. Stedman as this royal giver of sympathy and love. It was inevitable that two such ardent workers for Literature should meet, but it meant a great deal for the younger man to find so stanch and worthy an ally at the beginning of his career. It was, in 1859, just after the somewhat sensational success of Mr. Stedman's ballads, "The Diamond Wedding" and "How Old Brown took Harper's Ferry," that Mr. Taylor chanced upon the young balladist in the editorial rooms of the *Tribune*, when there and then a lifelong friendship was sealed.

The end of 1876 found Mr. Taylor in America, overworked with his creative writing, his duties for the *Tribune*, and with his exhausting lecture-trips. Despite his brave cheerfulness, there were the signs of a waning in his superb vitality. About a year later he was ap-

pointed Minister to Germany, and before another twelve-month, the news of his untimely death reached the hearts of sorrowing friends.

Put the final sentences in his *Mental Photograph* beside that last despairing cry, as his will flared, then went out: "I want, oh, you know what I mean, that *stuff of life!*"

The complete *Photograph* reads—

Colours? *Blue and Orange.*

Flower? *Rose.*

Tree? *Palm.*

Object in Nature? *Impossible to say.*

Hour in the Day? *All equally good.*

Season of the Year? *May and October.*

Perfume? *Wild grape blossom.*

Gem? *Sapphire.*

Style of Beauty? *Beauty has no style.*

Names? *Lucifer and Ænone.*

Painters? *Titian, Raphael, Giorgione.*

Musicians? *Mozart and Beethoven.*

Piece of sculpture? *The Apoxyomenos.*

Poets? *All.*

Poetesses? *Sappho.*

M. Bayard Taylor No. 18, 1876. 18

PLACE FOR PHOTOGRAPH.

Take an ordinary carte de visite, and soak it in cold water for about three hours. The thin paper on which the photograph is printed, will peel off from the card without being injured. Let the portrait paper dry, trim it to the necessary size, and paste it in this place, very lightly, by the corners and one or two spots on the sides. Let the book be under pressure till the paste dries. The light pasting and pressure are necessary to prevent warping.

This method is preferable to the use of the entire carte de visite, as a book suitable for holding the heavy cards without warping, would be very cumbersome.

APPLICATION HAS BEEN MADE FOR A
PATENT
For an ALBUM combining places for description of character with places for photographs.

Your Favorite

1. Colors? *Blue and Orange.*
2. Flower? *Rose*
3. Tree? *Palme*
4. Object in Nature? *Impossible to say.*
5. Hour in the Day? *All equally good.*
6. Season of the Year? *May and October*
7. Perfume? *Wild grape blossom*
8. Gem? *Sapphires.*
9. Style of Beauty? *Beauty has no style.*
10. Names, Male and Female? *Lucifer, Eve.*

11. Painters? *Titian, Raphael, Giorgione.*
12. Musicians? *Mozart and Beethoven.*
13. Piece of Sculpture? *The Apoxyomenos.*
14. Poets? *All.*
15. Poetesses? *Sappho.*
16. Prose Authors? *Montaigne, Thackeray, Gregorovias.*
17. Character in Romance? *The Shulamite.*
18. _____ in History? *Mohammed*
19. Book to take up for an hour? *Tupper*
20. What Book (not religious) would you part with last? *One of mine own.*

BAYARD TAYLOR'S PAGE

Prose Authors? *Montaigne, Thackeray, Gregorovias.*

Character in Romance? *The Shulamite.*

In History? *Mohammed.*

Book to take up for an hour? *Tupper.*

What book (not religious) would you part with last? *One of my own.*

What epoch would you choose to have lived in? *This.*

Where would you like to live? *Here.*

Favourite amusement? *Work.*

Occupation? *Play.*

What trait of character do you most admire in man? *Consistency.*

In woman? *Inconsistency.*

What do you most detest in each? *Propriety.*

If not yourself, who would you rather be? *Nobody.*

Idea of happiness? *Development.*

Of misery? *Ignorance.*

Bête noire? *Have none.*

Dream? *Not to be told.*

What do you most dread? *Imbecility.*

Your distinguishing characteristics? *Frankness.*

Those of your better-half? *Love.*

The sublimest passion? *Charity.*

The sweetest words? *I know.*

The saddest words? *I don't know.*

Aim in life? *Life itself.*

Motto? *Live!*

Then there is William James Linton, "Master of the engraver's craft." Born in London, in 1810, he was apprenticed at fifteen to the wood engraver, G. W. Bonner, and had a dramatic rise to prominence. Next he involved himself with the social and European political problems, and was foremost as a Radi-

found expression in an anonymous volume of poems, *The Plaint of Freedom*, and in various articles. Finally, after the failure of his periodical, *The English Republic*, devoted to social science, he abandoned these agitations, and returned to his natural vocation—wood-engraving.

In 1867, urged probably by financial stress, he came to America, establishing himself at New Haven, Connecticut.



BAYARD TAYLOR

cal. His aid in exposing the violation by the English post-office of Mazzini's mail, made him the friend of the great Italian statesman, whose advocate Mr. Linton at once became. In 1848, he was the bearer of the first congratulatory address of the English workmen to the French Provisional Government. His picturesque career continued with the editing of a political newspaper, the founding of a couple of others, the fathering of the "International League" of patriots, and the espousal of many impracticable reforms. His ardour also

There in his own home, he bravely set up his famous little Appledore Press, from which he issued many books, the printing and engraving of these being done by himself. He also wrote and edited several valued books on wood-engraving, and contributed other works to American literature. He made many friends among the American men of letters, and it seems quite in the order of things that he should have been a staunch exponent of Walt Whitman.

Mr. Stedman valued his friendship with Mr. Linton, and felt he owed him

a debt of gratitude for what Mr. Linton had taught him of the lore of wood-engraving. It is in 1877 that Mr. Linton wrote his *Mental Photograph*.

Colour? *Couleur de Rose.*

Flower? *Cauli-*

Tree? *Cherry-tree.*

Object in Nature? *A Mountain.*

Hour in the Day? *The loveliest of the Hours.*

Season? *Spring—in the early part of the year.*

Perfume? *None.*

Gem? *None.*

Style of Beauty? *Don't like style.*

Names? *Name's nothing.*

Painters? *Raffaello and Hogarth. Turner.*

Musicians? *Bach, Beethoven and Purcell.*

Piece of Sculpture? *Milo Venus.*

Poets? *Chaucer and Landor. Victor Hugo.*

Prose Authors? *Milton.*

Character in Romance? *Jack the Giant-killer.*

In History? *John Brown.*

Book to take up for an hour? *Astor's cheque-book.*



MARY MAPES DODGE



MARY MAPES DODGE
Drawn by Herself

What book (not religious) would you part with last? *A dictionary.*

What epoch would you choose to have lived in? *That of Paradise.*

Where would you like to live? *Everywhere.*

Favourite amusement? *Dominoes, dominoes, dominoes.*

Occupation? *Othello's.*

Trait of character do you most admire in man? *Truth.*

In woman? *Truth.*

Detest in both? *Falsehood.*

If not yourself, who would you rather be? *Somebody else.*

Idea of happiness? *Content.*

Of misery? *Dis—*

Bête noire? *A black Hat (stove-pipe).*

Dream? *Which of them?*

Dread? *Blindness.*

Your distinguishing characteristics? *Modesty.*

The sublimest passion? *Disinterestedness.*

Sweetest words? *Kisses and candy.*

Saddest words? *Lies and Success.*

Aim? *Something above me.*

Motto? *Semper fidelis.*

An interesting, though very different,

character is Noah Brooks, who started life in Castine, Maine. When he was twenty he entered journalism in Boston. But the spirit of restless questioning, and of wide vision, was abroad in the fifties, which culminated in the Civil War. And Horace Greeley's warning—*Go West, young man!* seems to have impressed young Brooks, for he took that advice, and tried his hand at farming in the Western States. For a time he was also a merchant, and for several years he edited a newspaper in California. At the outbreak of the War he left for its headquarters, and served as correspondent for the *Sacramento Union*. Later, he was on the staff of the *New York Tribune*, and of the *Times*, becoming, in 1884, editor of the *Newark Daily Advertiser*.

But beyond these pursuits the memory of Mr. Brooks will be cherished for his little biography of Abraham Lincoln, and for his sympathetic books for young people, especially boys, to whom he was devoted. He was for many years a friend to whom Mr. Stedman was sincerely attached, and whose death, in 1903, was mourned. Perhaps the last time they saw each other was in 1898 or 1899, when Mr. Brooks, at Mr. Stedman's invitation, came to Lawrence Park to read before its attractive Gramatan Club. Afterward, walking up to the house, beneath tall, neighbourly trees, and under some quizzical stars, Mr. Stedman confided: "Noah, I am beginning to realize my age—the young girls let me kiss them." Said Mr. Brooks, from his three years' advantage, "Is that all, my boy? When you are as old as I am, you will find the evidence more pitiful. Bless your soul, *they kiss me!*"

A man twenty years younger it is who wrote the following:

Colour? *Greenback.*

Flower? *Heliotrope.*

Tree? *The brave old oak.*

Object in Nature? *The Sea.*

Hour in the Day? *Dinner-hour.*

Season in the Year? *A California Spring.*

Perfume? *Heliotrope.*

Gem? *Opal.*

Style of Beauty? *I like 'em all.*

Names? *Charlie—Mabel.*

Painters? *Helios, Rubens, Hans Makart, Diaz.*

Musicians? *All but Wagner.*

Piece of Sculpture? *The California Butter Woman.*

Poets? *The Divine Williams, Tennyson, Whittier.*

Poetesses? *Mrs. Browning, Jean Ingelow.*

Prose Authors? *Addison, Goldsmith, Dickens, Irving.*

Character in Romance? *J. S. C. Abbott's Napoleon.*

In History? *Abraham Lincoln.*

Book to take up for an hour? *Never have so much time.*

What book (not religious) would you part with last? *Richardson's Dictionary.*

What epoch would you choose to have lived in? *The present.*

Where would you like to live? *Where SHE is.*

Favourite amusement? *Building castles in Spain.*

Occupation? *Loafing.*

What trait of character do you most admire in man? *Cheeriness.*

In woman? *Sweetness.*

What do you most detest in each? *Insincerity.*

If not yourself, who would you rather be? *Tupper.*

Idea of happiness? *Lots of money and nothing to do.*

Of misery? *Work and poverty.*

Bête noire? *Work.*

Dream? *To find HER.*

Dread? *That I shall not find HER.*

Your distinguishing characteristics? *Laziness and good nature.*

Of your better-half? *Patience under tribulations.*

The sublimest passion? *Give it up.*

The sweetest words? *"I love you!"*

Saddest words? *"She's not at home."*

Aim in life? *To have a good time and help others.*

Motto? *Dum vivimus, vivimus.*

A demure, earnest, little woman is the last to enter our confessional. She is Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, who, although born in Massachusetts, became the dis-

tinguished historian of the city of New York. Thirty years ago her pleasant, thoughtful face was to be seen at literary gatherings; and at Mr. Stedman's Sunday evening receptions she was a frequent and welcome visitor.

Her *Mental Photograph* was written on January 14, 1878:

Colour? *Scarlet.*
 Flower? *Heliotrope.*
 Tree? *Sugar maple.*
 Object in Nature? *Ledges of rock.*
 Hour? *Nine o'clock A.M.*
 Season? *Autumn.*
 Perfume? *None whatever.*
 Gem? *Diamond.*
 Style of beauty? *Intelligent expression.*
 Names? *Those borne by the friends I love.*
 Painters? *Too numerous for this straight line.*
 Musicians? *Ditto.*
 Piece of Sculpture? *The Bronze Gate of the Baptistery at Florence.*
 Poets? *Our leading American poets.*
 Poetesses? *Mrs. Browning.*
 Prose Authors? *Prescott, Dickens, and Irving.*
 Character in Romance? *Mrs. Jellaby.*
 In History? *Lord Bellomont.*

Book to take up for an hour? *The Bible.*
 What book (not religious) would you part with last? *The History of the City of New York.*
 Epoch? *That of William III.*
 Where would you like to live? *In the Garden of Eden.*
 Favourite amusement? *Thinking my own thoughts.*
 Occupation? *Searching for wisdom.*
 Trait of character in man? *Integrity.*
 In woman? *Intelligence.*
 What do you most detest in each? *Selfishness and indolence.*
 If not yourself, who would you rather be? *A contented Millionaire.*
 Idea of happiness? *Reciprocated Love.*
 Of Misery? *To be forgotten.*
 Bête noire? *Narrow minds.*
 Dream? *Unqualified success.*
 Dread? *Cold weather.*
 Your distinguishing characteristics? *Good nature.*
 The sublimest passion? *Anger.*
 The sweetest words? *Commendation.*
 Saddest words? *Farewell.*
 Aim in life? *To accomplish the most in the shortest space of time possible.*
 Motto? *"While I breathe I hope."*

THE FAR-OFF DAY

BY RICHARD BURTON

WHENEVER I behold a little bird
 Moving and singing close about my feet,
 All unafraid—because I have not stirred—
 Of brutal blow or pitiless bullet fleet,
 Eager to meet the mood which I profess,
 By blithe acceptance of my friendliness,

I get a vision of the far-off day,
 Far-off and dim, descried by faith alone,
 When all the tribes of Cain have passed away,
 And Love, somehow, has come into his own;
 When kindness is the one felicity,
 And bird and beast and man are one in Thee.



ZOLA'S HOUSE AT MÉDAN, BUILT BIT BY BIT FROM THE ROYALTIES FROM HIS BOOKS

FRENCH BEST SELLERS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN

"WHEN a man arrives," says Balzac, "he always realises the luxury of which he dreamed in his youth."

As a boy of fifteen, Emile Zola was profoundly impressed by Victor Hugo's romantic portrayals of the Middle Ages. Arrived at man's estate, he had a long, hard struggle to establish himself as a writer. By the time he had achieved easy circumstances, he had become an uncompromising apostle of realism and of modernism; but he continued to be haunted by the early Hugolian visions and he surrounded himself little by little with all sorts of mediæval bric-à-brac, until he had transformed his apartment of the Rue de Bruxelles (as well as his

country seat at Médan) into a curious conglomeration that was neither flesh, fowl nor good red herring, neither ancient nor modern, but that at least provided him the illusion of a baronial manor and that became one of the curiosities of Paris. Here, at the time he was writing *La Débâcle* (1891), Zola was interviewed by the now famous journalist Jules Huret.

THE EXAGGERATED FORTUNE

"In the silence of the vast and luxurious reception room, the word fortune," to quote M. Huret, "chanced to drop. M. Zola protested:

"My fortune! My fortune! But I

haven't a cent! Zola the millionaire is a pure legend. Didn't you know that?"

"But—the big editions?"

"The big editions, the big editions! They amount, on an average, to eighty thousand copies a year. Figure it up. I get twelve sous per copy, that is to say about fifty thousand francs. Add the rights of translation, of reproduction, and I contrive to make in a good year barely a hundred thousand francs. As we live in Paris, this is no fortune; it is very quickly spent, you may be sure. Don't you know that it takes millions now to have genuine luxury? A really artistic modern table is worth ten thousand francs and the rest in proportion. Yes, three millions just for furnishings, and I do not include the building of a tasteful residence. As for me, my supreme folly has been the purchase of some primitive pictures, as you will see in my study—four panels for four thousand francs.

"People give me the reputation of a man of money, solely preoccupied with



OCTAVE MIRBEAU, WHOSE "JOURNAL D'UNE FEMME DE CHAMBRE" IS IN ITS ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THIRD THOUSAND

big editions and millions of copies. Idiots! It is evident that I want my novels to have many editions. I am ambitious—and this is equally logical—to have many readers. . . . It has always been my theory that one should endeavour to act upon great masses. It pleases me to know that the Rougon-Macquart have sold thus far one million two hundred thousand copies. But as to claiming that the greater the sales of a book the greater the merit of the author, why this is so absurd that I'll not even take the trouble to defend myself."

"Is it true," inquired M. Huret a little later, "that you give your novels to the papers before you have finished them?"

"Alas! Alas! I gave my first novel without having finished it, and I have never been able to catch up since. I am like the fruit-grower who can never eat a prime apple. He hesitates to pick his fruit, he walks in his orchard. "Ah, here is an apple that is going to spoil; I'd better eat it." The same thing the next day, and so on to the end. He eats all his apples half rotten! Do you think that if I were a millionaire I would pub-



ALPHONSE DE CHATEAUBRIANT, WHOSE FIRST NOVEL SOLD FIFTY THOUSAND COPIES

lish my novels as serials? Do you fancy I don't think it absurd to be obliged to cut chapters in the very middle of a description? But the serials bring me money, and I need this money to make my accounts balance! It is the same way with the translations. I do the negotiating with the foreign publishers, and I generally show myself a very poor business man. I proposed to Charpentier to look after the thing for me, but my publisher resembles me! At bottom, he don't care a fig for money. Yes, *La Débâcle* will appear simultaneously in nine languages: in German, in English, with a second translation for America; in Spanish, with another translation for the Argentine Republic; in Portuguese, in Italian, in Czech, in Hungarian, in Danish, and in Russian. And do you know how much all these translations will bring me? A total of twenty-seven thousand francs at the most: Germany six thousand francs, America eight thousand francs. The fellows are such thieves!"

The books of Eugène Fasquelle (successor of Charpentier as Zola's publisher) show that two of Zola's novels

have now passed the two hundred thousand mark: *La Débâcle*, two hundred and thirty-five thousand, and *Nana*, two hundred and twenty thousand. Twelve have sold more than one hundred thousand copies: *Lourdes*, one hundred and seventy-six thousand; *L'Assommoir*, one

hundred and sixty-eight thousand; *La Terre*, one hundred and sixty-eight thousand; *Germinal*, one hundred and thirty-eight thousand; *Le Rêve*, one hundred and thirty-two thousand; *Rome*, one hundred and twenty-one thousand; *Une Page d'Amour*, one hundred and twelve thousand; *Paris*, one hundred and ten thousand; *Fécondité*, one hundred and ten thousand; *La Bête Humaine*, one hundred and eight thousand; *Por-Bouille*, one hundred and two thousand; *Le Docteur Pascal*, one hundred and one thousand. Nine—*La Curée*, *Le Ventre de Paris*, *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*, *Au Bonheur des Dames*, *La Joie de Vivre*,



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GEORGE OHNET, THE AUTHOR OF THE MOST POPULAR NOVEL OF THE LAST FORTY YEARS. PROBABLY SEVEN MILLION COPIES OF "LE MAÎTRE DE FORGES" HAVE BEEN SOLD

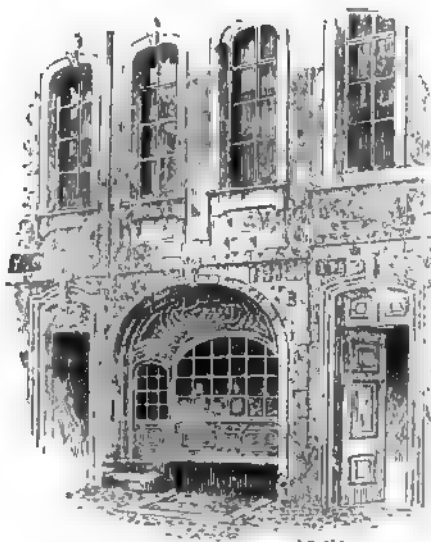
L'Oeuvre, *L'Argent*, *Travail*, *Vérité*—have sold between fifty and a hundred thousand. Only three of the Rougon-Macquart have sold less than fifty thousand; *La Fortune des Rougon*, forty-four thousand; *La Conquête de Plas-*

sans, forty-one thousand; *Son Excellence Eugène Rougon*, forty thousand. The sales of the Rougon-Macquart series alone mount thus to two million and ninety-seven thousand, and those of the three great series (*Rougon-Macquart*, *Trois Villes*, et *Quatre Evangiles*) to two million seven hundred and eighty-five thousand. Zola's twenty-three other volumes—early novels, short stories, criticisms, controversy, etc.—which have sold from four to thirty thousand each, bring the grand total almost, if not quite, up to three millions. Zola's annual income during the latter years of his life, according to his intimate friend Saint-Georges de Bouhélier, was two hundred thousand francs; but he continued, with the best of good faith—he who had lived in a garret on two cents worth of bread and two cents worth of cheese—to declare that he hadn't a cent in the world. Zola, like many a smaller man, grew more and more dependent upon creature comfort as the years went by—may it not have been the dread of physical hardships that caused him to take ingloriously to his heels during the Dreyfus Affair?—less and less capable of emancipating himself from the tyranny of possessions. His first publisher, Lacroix, who knew a thing or two about advertising dodges, never tired of praising his business cunning, his capacity for combining success behind the scenes. Here is one of the numerous stories Lacroix used to tell, by way of illustration of his commercial astuteness:

THE FEIGNED DISPUTES

While *Madeleine Féral*, Zola's fourth book, was in press, the Censor, who had already interfered with the sale of *Thérèse Raquin*, threatened to hale both author and publisher into the "police court" if the novel were reprinted in the form in which it had already appeared as a serial in *L'Événement*. At that time the novelist was ready for anything, even a prison cell, that would lift him out of his obscurity. "He had a praiseworthy solicitude," to quote Adolphe Brisson's adaptation of Lacroix's narrative, "for his dignity as an author. Be-

sides, he could not think of letting such a magnificent opportunity for notoriety escape him. The tumult he had been craving and scheming for so long had come of itself. Boiling with zeal, he rushes to Lacroix. He reassures him, he heartens him. He plants, with Lacroix's aid, his batteries. This shall be their procedure: They will feign, for the gallery, to quarrel. Zola will send the sheriff to his publisher with a formal order to put his book on the market. The publisher will resist. And the newspapers will be filled with the incident. Rumours, craftily disseminated; then

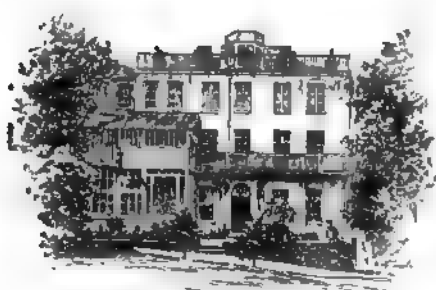


VICTOR HUGO'S BIRTHPLACE AT BESANÇON

notes, more definite and sharper; then violent paragraphs will inform the public. And the arsenal is forged by the two conspirators. From this moment Zola, as strategist as well as author, inspired Lacroix with unlimited confidence. And they signed the memorable contract which was to pass into the hands of M. Georges Charpentier and which served as the basis of their profitable association."

HUGO AS AN ADVERTISER

Hugo was an equally audacious, wily and determined advertiser. "This volume on the Ocean [*Les Travaillleurs de*



HAUTEVILLE HOUSE, WHERE "LES MISÉRABLES" WAS WRITTEN

la Mer],” wrote Mme. Hugo from Brussels to Hugo’s loyal and indefatigable friend Auguste Vacquerie, “of incontestable magnificence but of a splendour necessarily monotonous, worried me and more particularly this part [*La Pieuve*], which has determined the greatest success, perhaps, my husband has ever had. The triumph belongs to you and to Meurice. You made the friends and the newspapers take it up immediately, and they have shut the mouths of the enemies. Millaud is giving the book a formidable publicity. Sunday, a decorated wagon, covered with a poster announcing the appearance of the novel in *Le Soleil*, paraded here. There were also placards borne on the arm, and fliers, etc., were distributed. Yesterday *Le Soleil* and the splendid novel of Victor Hugo were hawked in the railway trains with deafening cries; at Ghent, a similar state of affairs. This Millaud is incredible. He is the bass drum of publicity. . . . Lacroix, the publisher, tells us that the sale exceeds nine thousand five hundred copies, and that the eleven thousand will be exhausted at the end of May. As the book is very dear, this is really a great success.”

Madame Hugo does not say whether her husband had aided and abetted this noisy and flamboyant advertising or not; but a perusal of his correspondence makes it perfectly plain that it would have been very like him to do so.

WHEN "LES MISÉRABLES" APPEARED

The sensation created in France and in Europe by the appearance of *Les Misérables*

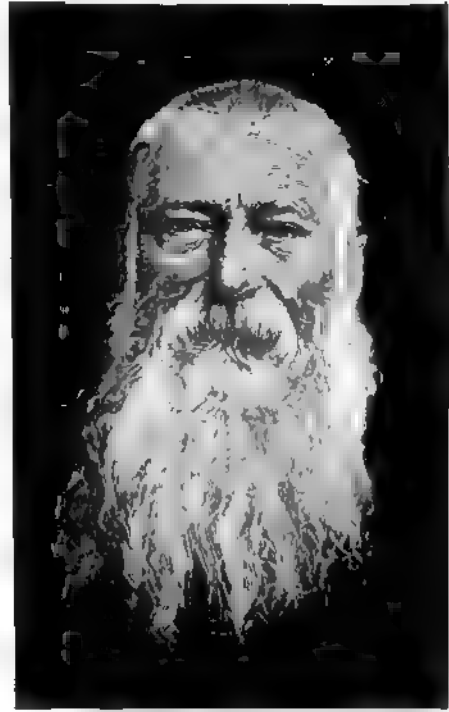
ables has been often described, but the most highly coloured descriptions fall far short—so the veterans of letters tell us—of the reality. Crowds of people who did not have the money to buy the work swarmed about the sidewalk displays of the book-stalls, in order to be able to say that they had seen it. The author was fairly submerged with letters from unknown admirers, a surprisingly large number of whom wrote that they had given, or were about to give, the name Marius or Cosette to their offspring. Fourteen books devoted to praising or berating the novel appeared within a twelve-month, among them two big tomes by Eugène de Mirecourt, analysing and ridiculing it chapter by chapter. In this connection it may not be out of place to cite an incident recently revealed by Jean Bernard, correspondent of *L'Indépendance Belge*, in his Paris letter:

"*Les Misérables*," says M. Bernard, "appeared the same day in all the European languages: the foreign papers paid relatively high rates for the serial rights of the novel, which was filling the world with the noisy clamour of the critics; one paper and only one, a daily in the French language, *Le Courrier des États-Unis*, profiting by the absence of a copyright treaty between the United States and France, undertook to print it without authorisation. Victor Hugo, whose property sense was very highly developed, protested, you may be sure; he was in the right. The managing editor of *Le Courrier*, Gaillardet, an ex-coadjutor of Alexandre Dumas, wrote Victor Hugo that legally he owed him nothing, but that he would give him a few dollars, a sum so slight that Victor Hugo retorted with this note: 'If you stole my handkerchief in a New York street, I could have you arrested; you content yourself with swindling me out of *Les Misérables* and you offer me a derisive sum. I would prefer that you picked my pocket.'"

THE LARGER HUGO

It is not the least proof, perhaps, of the intellectual and moral greatness of

Victor Hugo that he is claimed as ancestor, precursor or disciple, and with more or less show of reason, by every existing political party and every religious and anti-religious sect. Napoleonist, Constitutional Monarchist, Republican, Socialist, militarist and anti-militarist, patriot and internationalist, sceptic and believer, he "belongs," as de Bouhéliér puts it, "to no one or to all." Nationalists and Royalists, progressive and conservative Republicans, evolutionary and revolutionary Socialists, Anarchists even, may alike—so many, so varied and so sincere were Hugo's philosophical and political avatars—proclaim him theirs and glorify him by singing his hymns, declaiming his poems and crowning his statues, without thereby doing violence either to him or to their respective creeds and codes. Nevertheless, when the life and work of Victor Hugo are considered in their entirety, he stands out distinctly a friend of the poor, a champion of the oppressed, a believer in the mission of labour, an advocate of personal and political liberty, of struggle for the progress and happiness of the race, an enemy of exploitation, corruption and hypocrisy in high places, of sectional and race hatreds, of respectable dogmas and sacred superstitions and an apostle of peace and good will throughout the world. The Hugo who protested against the Coup d'Etat, who refused to re-enter his country while liberty was banished from it, who wished to be borne to his grave in the hearse of the poor, who prayed for the pardon of the insurrectionist Barbès and pleaded with Russia for the reprieve of the Nihilist assassin Sophie Perowska; the Hugo who declared near the end of his life, I have tried to rehabilitate the parish, whatever form he may take . . . ; those who say that I have practised art for art's sake say a silly thing; no one more than I has practised art for society and for humanity"; and whom, on the occasion of his centenary, the great-souled artist Steinlen depicted as sorrowing mightily in the other world over the atrocities then being perpe-



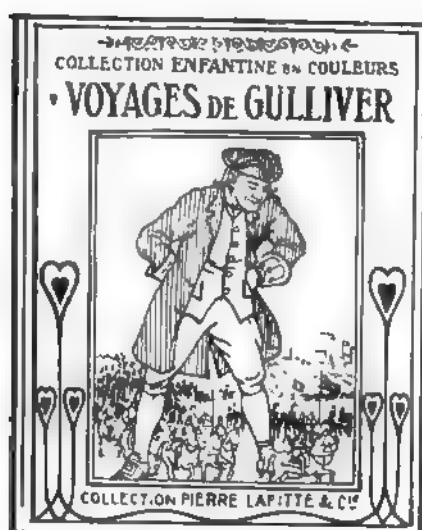
ALPHONSE KARR, A "BEST SELLER" OF THE LAST GENERATION

trated in this, is the Hugo who dominates all the other Hugos in the large view. And it is this Hugo—Hugo the innovator and the liberator, sower of emancipating social and political ideas, prophet of a coming era of justice, truth and freedom—whom France deifies and whom Italy, Servia, Bohemia, Greece, Armenia, Bulgaria, Hayti and Poland, remembering that they had his sympathy and support in their painful efforts for enfranchisement, delight to honour as if he were their very own.

No one knows even approximately how many million volumes of the works of Hugo, or of *Les Misérables* alone, have been sold up to date, for the authorised editions have from the beginning been numerous and the pirated editions were long more numerous still.

THE SALES OF DUMAS

It has frequently been stated of late



THE CLASSICS FOR YOUNG READERS ENJOY EXTRAORDINARILY LARGE SALES

that Dumas père has sold more millions than Victor Hugo. The statement is subject to suspicion. But it is easy to believe that Dumas is being more read nowadays than Hugo. The average Frenchman buys Hugo—as the average Anglo-Saxon buys the Bible—because not to have more or less Hugo in the house is not quite respectable; but he is very prone to leave his Hugo undisturbed upon the centre table or upon the library shelf. On the other hand, he buys Dumas, whom it is poor form to admire, because he wants to read him; and it is safe to assert that an unworn or an uncut Dumas in the home is as rare a phenomenon as a white crow. Exuberant, big-hearted Dumas père ("Père Dumas" as the people delight to call him) is unquestionably the writer who has most amused and most enchanted the most people in his own country—may one not add in the wide world?—during the last three-quarters of a century. Some of his books, it is true, have practically dropped out of sight; but *Les Trois Mousquetaires* and *Le Comte de Monte Cristo* are as irresistible to-day as when they took Europe by storm.

In one of his many moments of ex-

pansiveness, Dumas tells the story of his finding of himself—literarily speaking. After narrating how he aided Buloz to found *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, and how he prepared for the first numbers of that periodical "historical scenes" drawn from Barante's *History of the Dukes of Bourgogne*, Dumas rambles on in the following characteristic fashion:

As fast as I finished the "scenes," I carried them to Buloz; Buloz took them to the printing-house, printed them, and, every fortnight, the subscribers read them.

These ventures proclaimed at the very beginning my two principal qualities, the qualities that were to give a certain value to my books and to my plays: dialogue, which is the essence of the drama; narrative, which is the essence of the novel.

I possess these qualities—you know with what shameless frankness I talk about myself—in a superior degree.

I was not then aware either that I possessed two other qualities, which are no less important and which are mutually interdependent: gaiety and the verve that provokes laughter.

People are gay because they are well, because they have good stomachs, because they have no motives for sadness. That is the gaiety of everybody. But I have the gaiety that persists, the gaiety that rises superior, not to pain—on the contrary, pain finds me either compassionate toward others or profoundly affected myself—but to annoyances, to material difficulties and even to secondary dangers.

People have verve because they are gay; but, often, this verve dies out like the flame of a punch, evaporates like the froth of champagne.

A gay, nervous man, full of zest in conversation, is sometimes heavy and sour when he is alone, pen in hand, before a sheet of paper.

Work, on the contrary, stimulates me. No sooner do I take up my pen than a reaction sets in; my wildest fantasies have often emerged from my cloudiest days. Imagine pink lightnings in a storm.

But, as I was saying, at the period in question, I was conscious neither of this gaiety nor of this verve.

One day, I recommended Lassailly to Oudard—for a much-needed loan, if I remember right. My letter, instead of being lugubrious, was gay, but in its very gaiety insistent and instinct with feeling.

Lassailly read the letter, which he was to deliver himself, and, turning to me with a dumbfounded air:

"But it's droll!" he said.

"What?"

"You have wit, *you?*"

"Why shouldn't I have? Envious fellow!"

"Ah! Because you would be the first man of six feet three and a half to have had it!"

In creating Porthos, I recalled more than once this utterance, which was profounder than at first appeared.

And that is how I came to introduce wit and gaiety into *La Revue des Deux Mondes*.

THE NEGLECTED EUGÈNE SUE

Napoleon III attributed to the novels of Alexandre Dumas and Eugène Sue the "demoralisation of the masses," which rendered impossible his restoration to the throne. Sue, neglected, not to say utterly despised, to-day by the lettered, remains dear to the heart of the common people. His centenary (1904) was celebrated only at the Bourse de Travail—a circumstance which indicates plainly where his hold is still strong. In his lifetime his vogue was universal. His *Mystères de Paris* and *Juif Errant* (besides a number of other thrillers, the very titles of which are now forgotten in the classes, as distinguished from the masses) were eagerly devoured all over Europe and were a potent factor in the dissemination of the humanitarian ideas which have since crystallised in Socialism. In 1853, the Bishop of Annecy threatened to excommunicate every person who should read *Le Juif Errant* or *Les Mystères de Paris*. During a sojourn of Sue at Geneva, the watch-makers of that city contrived, by working overtime an hour each day, to put together a superb chronometer, which they presented him at a ball given in his honour. The artisans of Val de Saint-Imier also offered him a watch which they had fabricated in a single day.



A FRENCH "DIME NOVEL"

It was Eugène Sue who persuaded the Comtesse de Ségur (daughter of General Rostopchine, the burner of Moscow) to write out and have printed the stories with which she was in the habit of entertaining her grandchildren. *Les Malheurs de Sophie*, *Les Mémoires d'un Ane*, *Les Deux Nigauds*, *L'Auberge de l'Ange Gardien*, *Le Général Dourakine*, *Jean Qui Grogne et Jean Qui Rit* were sold by hundreds of thousands in France and were translated into all languages. The books of this queen of the writers for children are still in large demand. One of them was recently dramatised for the Paris stage by Rosamonde and Maurice Rostand.

INDEFATIGABLE ARTISANS OF LETTERS

The novels of Dumas père and of Eugène Sue—should one add those of Jules Verne, whose posthumous works seem to be as inexhaustible as those of Victor Hugo?—serve as a bridge, so to speak, between the literary novel and the popular novel which the French designate (somewhat loosely) as *le roman-feuilleton*; between the productions of the sticklers for literary form and those of the penny-a-liners (the Albert Rosses and the Laura Jean Libbeys) of France, whose popularity is usually ephemeral but who, so long as their strength holds

out to ply their pens, can count on selling more books than ninety-nine one hundredths of the authors appreciated by the cultured classes. Among the most cherished *feuilletonistes* of the last half of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century are Ponson du Terrail (author of the celebrated and interminable exploits of *Rocambole*), Pierre Zaccane (author of *Le Roi de la Basoche*), Emile Gaboriau (*Monsieur Lecog*), Marc Mario and Louis Launay (*Vidocq*), Comte Xavier de Montepin (*Les Pirates de la Seine*), Emile Richebourg (*Jean Loup*), Pierre Decourcelle (*Les Deux Gosses*), Fortuné de Boisgobey, Jules de Grandpré, Maurice Landay, Gustave Aimard, Ernest



ANATOLE FRANCE. HIS LATEST NOVEL, "LES DIEUX ONT SOIF," IS ALREADY IN ITS ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHTH THOUSAND

Capendu, Jules Mary, Michel Zebaco, Jules de Gastyne, Maxime Valoris, Louis Noir, Hector de Montperreux, and Michel Morphy. Zola began his literary career as a *feuilletoniste* with *Les Mystères de Marseille*, and Aristide Bruant, after having written a few of the strongest poems of the nineteenth century, is ending his in the same fashion. Jules Lermina decided that fabricating *feuilletons* was more dignified than playing politics, and Jean Lorrain occasionally sought repose therein from the fatigues incident to the practice of preciosity.

The first French books—with the

single exception of *Les Frères Zemganno* of the Goncourt brothers—in which Maxim Gorky found pleasure and profit were the works of Boisgobey, Ponson du Terrail, Zaccane, de Montepin and Gaboriau. Marguerite Audoux used to adore—probably still adores—the *feuilletons* of Georges Valdague (who, though not as old as she might be, has already between one million five hundred thousand and two million lines to her credit) and of Jules Mary; and the lamented Charles-Louis Philippe declared that he burned to erect an altar to Ponson du Terrail and Adolphe d'Ennery. These extraordinarily clever and indefatigable artisans of letters deserve more than summary notice—the life story of Jules Mary, in particular, is as touching and more tragic than that told by Alphonse Daudet in *Le Petit Chose*—but this is neither the time nor the place therefor. Their public (the workers in the factories and the workers in the fields) are equally ravenous for the tales of our Fenimore Cooper. In fact, Cooper, in gaudily covered four-cent volumes, is to be had in every industrial faubourg and every hamlet of France.

THE INTEREST IN GEORGE SAND

George Sand—to return to the best sellers proper to literature—is, by the confession of the Russians themselves, one of the forerunners and creators of the Russian revolutionary movement and of the Russian novel. Sand's success was immediate and prodigious. Her first novel, *Indiana—Rose et Blanche*, which was signed Jules Sand, had been written in collaboration with Jules Sandeau—instantly captivated all Europe. It is no exaggeration to say that Sand, like Byron, awoke one morning to find herself famous. The appearance of *Lélia* two years later fanned the Sand enthusiasm into a veritable conflagration.

To-day the interest in Sand is still strong, but it centres almost entirely about her amorous adventure with Alfred de Musset in Venice. Her books

have long been out of fashion—at least her rural romances, *François-le-Champi*, *La Petite Fadette*, *La Mare au Diable* et cetera, deserved a kinder fate—and the book trade seems to be agreed that the demand for them was not perceptibly increased by the Sand centenary of 1904, nor by the much appreciated Sand lectures delivered by René Doumic in 1909 before the fashionable audiences of the Société des Conférences.

Chateaubriand's *René*, *Atala* and *Les Martyrs*, best sellers in their day, are suffering from a neglect similar to that which has overtaken *Indiana*, *Lélia*, *Consuelo* and *La Comtesse de Rudolstadt*; but, by way of compensation, *Les Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*, which was scarcely noticed at the time of its appearance, has been for a good many years now the motive of a veritable Chateaubriand cult.

BALZAC AND SOME OTHERS

Balzac, "the person who, next to God, has created the most," seems not to have caused as much of a stir—though it is recorded that the members of a certain social set in Venice carried their admiration for *La Comédie Humaine* so far as to christen one another Langeais,



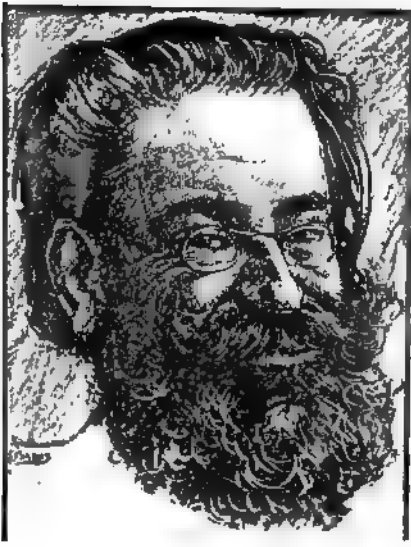
MARCEL PRÉVOST. HIS "LETtres DES FEMMES" PLACED HIM IMMEDIATELY AND PERMANENTLY IN THE RANKS OF THE "BEST SELLERS"



PAUL BOURGET. FEW OF HIS LATER NOVELS HAVE SOLD MORE THAN FIFTY THOUSAND COPIES

Maufrigneuse, Vandenesse, Mortsau, Rubempré, et cetera—as Hugo, Dumas, Eugène Sue, Sand or Chateaubriand. The reputation of Balzac is relatively greater to-day than it was in his lifetime—is he not placed even above Hugo by the intellectual élite?—and the multiplication of the editions of his works and the stiffness of the second-hand prices of his books in the shops and along the Quais (well-nigh infallible criterion) afford abundant proof that his admirers are buyers likewise. Flaubert and Stendhal have also gained rather than lost in favour since their deaths—*Le Rouge et le Noir* is a familiar sight even in the cheap stationery shops of the faubourgs—and the prestige of Théophile Gautier has not too greatly suffered from the ravages of time. Mme. Judith Gautier is authority for the statement that the sales of her father's books have not diminished materially during the last forty years; certainly one is confronted by *Mademoiselle de Maupin* the world over, and *Le Capitaine Fracasse* is by no means an unfamiliar sight.

Other best sellers who have gone over



E. DRUMONT, WHOSE ANTI-SEMITIC BOMB "LA FRANCE JUIVE" IS IN ITS TWO HUNDREDTH THOUSAND

to the great majority are Prosper Mérimée, generally esteemed the greatest of short-story tellers, before the advent of Guy de Maupassant; Paul de Kock, prince of literary clowns, who still has an enormous following among the people; Alphonse Karr, author of *Sous les Tilleuls*, whose books are little read these days, but whose witticisms continue to be cited and who is held in grateful remembrance by the flower-growers of the *Côte d'Azur*, because he revealed to them an unsuspected source of wealth; Erckmann and Chatrian, literary partners, who made a phenomenal hit with *Le Conscrit de 1813* just as their publisher, Hetzel, was preparing to throw them over because the unsold copies of their earlier novels took up too much space in his shop; Victor Cherbuliez, for a generation a bright and particular star of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who was first boosted into prominence by George Sand and Sainte-Beuve; Gustave Droz, whose racy and mischievous *Monsieur, Madame et Bébé* will be remembered for its fetching title long after it shall have ceased to be read; Ludovic Halévy, whose somewhat sirupy *L'Abbé Constantin*—"found," to employ

his own words, "in the bottom of his ink-well," when he fancied it was completely dry—has made several times the tour of the world, but who is most fondly remembered by Parisians as the creator of Monsieur and Madame Cardinal and as the librettist (with Henri Meilhac) of Jacques Offenbach; Hector Malot, who enjoys the well-nigh unique distinction of having deliberately abjured literary production in the prime of life and at the very height of his fame; Henri Murger, who published a goodly number of volumes, but whose sole title to a place in literary history is the tender and rollicking *Vie de Bohème*; Edmond About, Octave Feuillet and Emile Souvestre; all victims of a brusque change in literary fashions; Catulle Mendès, "verbal sorcerer," who did so many things so well that a time came when the dazed public stupidly refused to give him credit for his artistry; Henry Gréville, author of *Dosia* (a story particularly adored by girls), who produced with as little apparent effort as George Sand; Béranger, author of blithesome, ringing and touching chansons, the best loved poet of his generation, whose lays were so far transmitted orally that his fame and favour would scarcely have been less had there been no such thing as a printing-press in the world; and the poets Lamartine, de Musset, Jean Richepin and François Coppee, all of whom were prose artists likewise of no mean merit.

Here also belong the two sorely lamented masters Alphonse Daudet and Guy de Maupassant.

MAUPASSANT AND DAUDET

De Maupassant was not a little harassed and annoyed—inevitable penalty of literary fame—by the importunity of the younger and less successful members of his craft. "The appearance of *Fort Comme la Mort*," says de Maupassant's valet François in his curious volume of *Souvenirs*, "was a triumph for Monsieur, but caused such an increase of visits of young writers that my master finally complained: 'But they fatigue me!

I need my mornings for work, and there have really been too many of them latterly. Hereafter I shall receive them only by appointment. I would like nothing better than to be useful, but nothing I can say can help them.'"

Alphonse Daudet's hand lost somewhat of its cunning toward the end of his career, and the reception accorded most of the books belonging to that period suffered accordingly. *Soutien de Famille*, for instance, pleased so little that its sales are still considerably below fifty thousand, while *Premier Voyage* has barely attained its twentieth thousand. But *Sapho* has sold eighty-five thousand copies more than Zola's best seller and, in general, the sales of the works upon which Daudet's fame is based are only a trifle under those of the most popular works of Zola. The house of Flammarion has sold two hundred and thirty-one thousand copies of its regular 3 fr. 50 edition of *Tartarin sur les Alpes*; two hundred and twenty thousand copies of *Sapho*; two hundred and twelve thousand of *Tartarin de Tarascon*; one hundred and thirty-seven thousand of *Jack*; one hundred and twenty-two thousand of *La Belle Nivernaise*; ninety-eight thousand of *Port-Tarascon*; and eighty-three thousand of *Les Rois en Exil*. The house of Fasquelle has sold one hundred and seventeen thousand copies of its regular 3 fr. 50 edition of *Le Nabab*; one hundred and thirteen thousand of *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné*; one hundred thousand of *Sapho*; and ninety-five thousand of *Numa Roumestan*. Several of the Daudet novels, by some strange mutual understanding, figure upon the lists of both publishers. And neither firm is willing—or able?—to give the figures regarding the enormous popular editions offered from time to time by the subscription houses, whose specialty it is to cater to the insatiate appetite of the great public for the works of writers of renown, under the form of one or two sou weekly, fortnightly or monthly "*fascicules*."

This complex situation illustrates ad-



JEAN RICHEPIN

mirably the difficulty, the impossibility even of giving precise information regarding the extent of the diffusion in France of the writings of the authors who have attained a high degree of popularity and accounts for the astonishing figures, often mounting into the millions, that are constantly going the round of the press.

SIX MILLION COPIES

The only living novelist whose sales will bear comparison with those of Zola and Daudet—excepting, of course, the *feuilletonistes*—seems to be Georges Ohnet. Ohnet's greatest popular success has been *Le Maître de Forges*, which appeared in 1881. Over six million copies of this novel were sold years ago under the fascicule system mentioned above; and its regular sale has probably been considerably greater than that of



SATIRISING THE MANIA FOR DETECTIVE STORIES—"I KNOW ALL, THIS MAN IS NOT RAFFLES, BUT ARSÈNE LUPIN"
 M. ESCOFFIER MME. DULUC M. BRULÉ F. DE CROISSET AND M. LEBLANC

any novel which has appeared during the last forty years. One hears very little of the author of *Le Maître de Forges* now; but he keeps on writing, and there is no good reason to suppose that he sells less than the hundred thousand volumes a year with which he was long credited. His first novel, *Serge Panine*, which appeared in 1880, was crowned by the Academy, and he was promptly hailed as the coming great novelist. Then the critic Jules Lemaitre got afool of him and, presto! he ceased to be taken seriously in literary circles. Ohnet is at present publishing a series of historical novels dealing with the period of the First Napoleon.

FRANCE, BAZIN, LOTI AND OTHERS

Anatole France's latest novel, *Les Dieux Ont Soif*, is already in its one hundred twenty-fifth thousand. France was recognised as the greatest living master of French prose a good many years back; but it was not until rather recently that his novels began to pass the hundred thousand mark. While his sales are gradually increasing, his influence with the rising generation of writers is rapidly diminishing, a certain bumpiousness that

passes for Anglo-Saxon strenuousness being the order of the day among the young *intellectuels*.

René Bazin was helped past this same landmark by the persecution of the Church in the opening years of the present century, and he can count indefinitely upon the patronage of the *bien pensant* element of the community. His earlier work sold much less, but at its best, was worth much more. Pierre Loti captivated the public more easily than either France or Bazin, and has been able to hold it, though he, like France, is less idolised than formerly by the younger *élite* in consequence of the invasion of strenuousness. Maurice Leblanc (*Arsène Lupin* series), Willy and Colette Willy (*Claudine* series), Jean Rameau, Pierre de Coulevain, and Marcel Prévost all have big and loyal publics. Jean de La Brète's *Mon Oncle et Mon Curé* is in its one hundred and sixty-sixth thousand; Octave Mirbeau's *Journal d'une Femme de Chambre* in its one hundred and twenty-third thousand; and Paul and Victor Margueritte's *Le Désastre* in its one hundred and thirteenth thousand; but all the other works of these same authors fall



SATIRISING ROSTAND. DRAWN BY THE GREAT SUCCESSSES OF OTHER YEARS THE MASTER MOVES ALONG, BLESSING THE CROWDS, BUT "CHANTECLER" BORES THE PEOPLE UNUTTERABLY

below, most of them a good deal below, one hundred thousand. No one of Paul Bourget's later works has passed seventy-five thousand, though Bourget's intellectual influence was never so great, probably, as it is at present. Maurice Barrès, who is fairly idolised by a considerable portion of young France, has not, as a rule, had large sales. His *Colette Baudouche* alone has reached seventy-five thousand, but the air is full of signs that he is on the high road to the sort of popularity that involves big editions. Thus twenty-five thousand copies of his new novel, *La Colline Inspirée*, have been sold within a fortnight. Georges Courteline sells well in cheap illustrated editions, but does not attain six figures under other circumstances. Marguerite Audoux's *Marie-Claire* (so meritorious and so skilfully launched by Octave Mirbeau) is in its eighty-first thousand, a figure far above that which Mirbeau himself usually reaches. The greatest surprise of the last year or so, barring *Marie-Claire*, has been Alphonse de Chateaubriant's *M. des Lourdes* (the Goncourt Prize book of 1911), which is in its fiftieth thousand—an exceptional showing, as such things go in France, for a first novel that is delightfully free from the slightest taint of sensationalism.

Edmond Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*—to pass from the novel to the printed drama—is in its three hundred and seventy-sixth thousand; *L'Aiglon* in its two hundred and eighty-second thousand, and *Chantecler* in its one hun-

dred and fiftieth thousand. Plays probably never sold like this before. But Rostand, besides possessing a very pretty talent of the scintillating order, is, like Hugo and like Zola, a veritable advertising genius.

Twenty years or more ago, Renan's *Vie de Jesus* was reported to have sold over a million copies. The report should have read, probably, over a million "fascicules," but even so phenomenal success is indicated. Edouard Drumont's Anti-Semitic bomb, *La France Juive*, which appeared in 1886, is in its two hundredth thousand, Camille Flammarion's *Astronomie Populaire* is in its one hundred and twenty-fifth thousand. Gustave Lanson's *Histoire de La Littérature Française* (published in 1894) is in its one hundred and twentieth thousand. "Never, I fancy, in any time or in any country," says Pierre Leguay in *Les Universitaires d'aujourd'hui*, "has any manual had a success comparable to this. The red-faced and ill-shaven young ecclesiastics who wear out their cassocks on the benches of our provincial universities, the conscientious and massive Germans who follow all the courses of the Sorbonne, the starveling Russians, the elegant Roumanian women whom the ladies of Zion teach at Bucharest or at Iassi, the fellows of the University or the 'digs' of the lycées all study and cultivate *le Lanson*. From the Pont des Arts to the Pont Saint-Michel it commands a premium on the Quais." The Larousse encyclopædias and dictionaries have found

284 French Best Sellers of Yesterday and To-day

all told from six to ten million purchasers. The *Larousse Médical Illustré* has obtained within a year sixty thousand subscribers; the *Larousse pour Tous*, in two volumes, has one hundred and seventy-five thousand subscribers, and the *Nouveau Larousse Illustré*, which appeared in 1905, has sold one million forty thousand copies. Jules Huret's *En Allemagne*, which sold about thirty thousand copies in the conventional 3 fr. 50 edition of Fasquelle, has secured fifty thousand subscribers in less than a month in the *de luxe* illustrated edition of Pierre Lafitte. Rodin's *L'Art*, published in 1911, is now in its twenty-five thousand.

The books of social philosophy of Dr. Gustave Le Bon, the syntheses of the late Henri Poincaré, the popularisations of history of Gustave Le Nôtre, the Napoleonic studies of Frédéric Masson,

and the military and naval prophecies of Capitaine Danrit have had sales that are not to be compared with those of the most successful novels, but which are distinctly superior to those of most of the other works of their respective classes.

On the other hand, the *Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff*, which created such a furor in America a short generation ago, has sold here only eighteen thousand copies. Previous to the Revolution, authors depended for their living less upon the sales of their books than upon the favours of monarchs or of titled patrons. There were no best sellers, therefore, in exactly the sense in which the term is employed to-day. But there were books that created sensations, that were all the rage at the court and in the town, and this amounts to very much the same thing.



THE VILLA CHERSULIEZ. VICTOR CHERSULIEZ'S "SAMUEL BROHL ET CIE" REMAINS A "BEST SELLER" AFTER THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

SAMUEL

BY JACK LONDON

MARGARET HENAN would have been a striking figure under any circumstances, but never more so than when I first chanced upon her, a sack of grain of fully a hundred-weight on her shoulder, as she walked with sure though tottering stride from the cart-tail to the stable, pausing for an instant to gather strength at the foot of the steep steps that led to the grain-bin. There were four of these steps, and she went up them, a step at a time, slowly, unwaveringly, and with so dogged a certitude that it never entered my mind that her strength could fail her and let that hundred-weight sack fall from the lean and withered frame that well-nigh doubled under it. For she was patently an old woman, and it was her age that made me linger by the cart and watch.

Six times she went between the cart and the stable, each time with a full sack on her back, and beyond passing the time of day with me she took no notice of my presence. Then, the cart empty, she fumbled for matches and lighted a short clay pipe, pressing down the burning surface of the tobacco with a calloused and apparently nerveless thumb. The hands were noteworthy. They were large-knuckled, sinewy, and malformed by labour, rimed with callouses, the nails blunt and broken, and with here and there cuts and bruises, healed and heal-

ing, such as are common to the hands of hard-working men. On the back were huge, upstanding veins, eloquent of age and toil. Looking at them it was hard to believe that they were the hands of the woman who had once been the belle of Island McGill. This last, of course, I learned later. At the time I knew neither her history nor her identity.

She wore heavy man's brogans. Her legs were stockingless, and I had noticed when she walked that her bare feet were thrust into the crinkly, iron-like shoes that sloshed about her lean ankles at every step. Her figure, shapeless and waistless, was garbed in a rough man's shirt and in a ragged flannel petticoat that had once been red. But it was her face, wrinkled, withered and weather-beaten, surrounded by an aureole of unkempt and straggling wisps of greyish hair, that caught and held me. Neither drifted hair nor serried wrinkles could hide the splendid dome of a forehead, high and broad without verging in the slightest on the abnormal.

The sunken cheeks and pinched nose told little of the quality of the life that flickered behind those clear blue eyes of hers. Despite the minutiae of wrinkle-work that somehow failed to weazen them, her eyes were clear as a girl's—clear, out-looking, and far-seeing, and with an open and unblinking steadfast-

As a general rule the policy of this magazine is against the publication of fiction. But that does not mean that if an exceptional story comes to us we will not print it. We believe that this story by Mr. London is an exceptional story. It is not entirely a pleasant tale, it lacks the conventional "happy ending," but we don't think any one will question its grim power. When we first read it in manuscript the memory of that lonely, stubborn old mother haunted us for days. We have an idea that "Samuel" will have the same effect on many of our readers. It is because we believe the story to be "quality" and not merely because we regard Jack London as being, among contemporary literary workmen, very near the apex, that we print it.

ness of gaze that was disconcerting. The remarkable thing was the distance between them. It is a lucky man or woman who has the width of an eye between, but with Margaret Henan the width between her eyes was fully that of an eye and a half. Yet so symmetrically moulded was her face that this remarkable feature produced no uncanny effect, and, for that matter, would have escaped the casual observer's notice. The mouth, shapeless and toothless, with downturned corners and lips dry and parchment-like, nevertheless lacked the muscular slackness so usual with age. The lips might have been those of a mummy, save for that impression of rigid firmness they gave. Not that they were atrophied. On the contrary they seemed tense and set with a muscular and spiritual determination. There and in the eyes was the secret of the certitude with which she carried the heavy sacks up the steep steps, with never a false step or over-balance, and emptied them in the grain-bin.

"You are an old woman to be working like this," I ventured.

She looked at me with that strange, unblinking gaze, and she thought and spoke with the slow deliberateness that characterised everything about her, as if well aware of an eternity that was hers and in which there was no need for haste. Again I was impressed by the enormous certitude of her. In this eternity that seemed so undubitably hers, there was time and to spare for safe-footing and stable equilibrium—for certitude, in short. No more in her spiritual life than in carrying the hundred-weights of grain, was there a possibility of a mis-step or an overbalancing. The feeling produced in me was uncanny. Here was a human soul that, save for the most glimmering of contacts, was beyond the humanness of me. And the more I learned of Margaret Henan in the weeks that followed the more mysteriously remote she became. She was as alien as a far-journeyer from some other star, and no hint could she nor all the countryside give me of what norms of living, what

heats of feeling, or rules of philosophic contemplation, actuated her in all that she had been and was.

"I wull be suvunty-two come Guid Friday a fortnight," she said in reply to my question.

"But you are an old woman to be doing this man's work, and a strong man's work at that," I insisted.

Again she seemed to immerse herself in that atmosphere of contemplative eternity, and so strangely did it affect me that I should not have been surprised to have awaked a century or so later and found her just beginning to enunciate her reply:

"The work hoz tull be done, an' I am beholden tull no one."

"But have you no children, no family relations?"

"O, ay, a plenty o' them, but they no see fut tull be helpun' me."

She drew out her pipe for a moment, then added, with a nod of her head toward the house, "I luv' wuth me-self."

I glanced at the house, straw-thatched and commodious, at the large stable, and at the large array of fields I knew must belong with the place.

"It is a big bit of land for you to farm by yourself."

"O, ay, a bug but, suvunty acres. Ut kept me old mon buzzy, along wuth a son an' a hired mon, tull say naught o' extra honds un the harvest an' a maid-servant un the house."

She clambered into the cart, gathered the reins in her hands, and quizzed me with her keen, shrewd eyes.

"Belike ye hail from over the watter—Ameruky, I'm meanun'?"

"Yes, I'm a Yankee," I answered.

"Ye wull no be findun' mony Island McGill folk stoppun' un Ameruky?"

"No; I don't remember ever meeting one in the States."

She nodded her head.

"They are home-lovun' bodies, though I wull no be sayun' they are no fair-travelled. Yet they come home ot the last, them oz are no lost ot sea or kult by fevers an' such-like un foreign parts."

"Then your sons will have gone to sea and come home again?" I queried.

"O, ay, all savun' Samuel oz was drowned."

At the mention of Samuel I could have sworn to a strange light in her eyes, and it seemed to me, as by some telepathic flash, that I divined in her a tremendous wistfulness, an immense yearning. It seemed to me that here was the key to her inscrutability, the clew that if followed properly would make all her strangeness plain. It came to me that here was a contact and that for the moment I was glimpsing into the soul of her. The question was tickling on my tongue, but she forestalled me.

She *ickh'd* to the horse, and with a "Guid day tull you, sir," drove off.

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A simple, homely people are the folk of Island McGill, and I doubt if a more sober, thrifty, and industrious folk is to be found in all the world. Meeting them abroad—and to meet them abroad one must meet them on the sea, for a hybrid seafaring and farmer breed are they—one would never take them to be Irish. Irish they claim to be, speaking of North of Ireland with pride and sneering at their Scottish brothers; yet Scotch they undoubtedly are, transplanted Scotch of long ago, it is true, but none the less Scotch, with a thousand traits, to say nothing of their tricks of speech and woolly utterance, which nothing less than their Scotch clannishness could have preserved to this late day.

A narrow loch, scarcely half a mile wide, separates Island McGill from the mainland of Ireland; and, once across this loch, one finds himself in an entirely different country. The Scotch impression is strong, and the people, to commence with, are Presbyterians. When it is considered that there is no public house in all the island and that seven thousand souls dwell therein, some idea may be gained of the temperateness of the community. Wedded to old ways, public opinion and the ministers are powerful influences, while fathers and mothers are revered and obeyed as in few

other places in this modern world. Courting lasts never later than ten at night, and no girl walks out with her young man without her parents' knowledge and consent.

The young men go down to the sea and sow their wild oats in the wicked ports, returning periodically, between voyages, to live the old intensive morality, to court till ten o'clock, to sit under the minister each Sunday, and to listen at home to the same stern precepts that the elders preached to them from the time they were laddies. Much they learned of women in the ends of the earth, these seafaring sons, yet a canny wisdom was theirs and they never brought wives home with them. The one solitary exception to this had been the schoolmaster, who had been guilty of bringing a wife from half a mile the other side of the loch. For this he had never been forgiven, and he rested under a cloud for the remainder of his days. At his death the wife went back across the loch to her own people, and the blot on the escutcheon of Island McGill was erased. In the end the sailor-men married girls of their own home land and settled down to become exemplars of all the virtues for which the island was noted.

Island McGill was without a history. She boasted none of the events that go to make history. There had never been any wearing of the green, any Fenian conspiracies, any land disturbances. There had been but one eviction, and that purely technical—a test case, and on advice of the tenant's lawyer. So Island McGill was without annals. History had passed her by. She paid her taxes, acknowledged her crowned rulers, and left the world alone; all she asked in return was that the world leave her alone. The world was composed of two parts—Island McGill and the rest of it. And whatever was not Island McGill was outlandish and barbarian; and well she knew, for did not her seafaring sons bring home reports of that world and its ungodly ways?

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church that the minister's blunder occurred. Nor was it the blunder of the minister alone, as one of the elders later explained; for it was equally the blunder of the whole Presbytery of Coughleen, which included fifteen churches on Island McGill and the mainland. The old church, beyond repair, had been torn down and the new one built on the original foundation. Looking upon the foundation stones as similar to a ship's keel, it never entered the minister's nor the Presbytery's head that the new church was legally any other than the old church.

"An' three couples was married the first week un the new church," Clara said. "First of all, Samuel Dundee an' Agnes Hewitt; the next day Albert Mahan an' Minnie Duncan; an' by the week-end Eddie Troy and Flo Mackintosh—all sailormen, an' un sux weeks' time the last of them back tull their shups an' awa', an' no one o' them dreamun' of the wuckedness they'd been ot."

The Imp of the Perverse must have chuckled at the situation. All things favoured. The marriages had taken place in the first week of May, and it was not till three months later that the minister, as required by law, made his quarterly report to the civil authorities in Dublin. Promptly came back the announcement that his church had no legal existence, not being registered according to the law's demands. This was overcome by prompt registration; but the marriages were not to be so easily remedied. The three sailor husbands were away, and their wives, in short, were not their wives.

"But the munuster was no for alarmun' the bodies," said Clara. "He kept hus council an' bided hus time, waitun' for the lods tull be back from sea. Oz luck would have ut, he was away across the island tull a 'christenun' when Albert Mahan arrives home on-expected, hus shup just docked ot Dublin. Ut's nine o'clock ot night when the munuster, un hus sluppers an' dressun' gown, gets the news. Up he jumps an'

calls for horse an' saddle, an' awa' he goes like the wund for Albert Mahan's. Albert uz just goun' tull bed an' hoz one shoe off when the munuster arrives.

"'Come wuth me, the pair o' ye,'" says he, breathless like. 'What for, an' me dead weary an' goun' tull bed?' says Albert. 'Tull be lawful married,' says the munuster. Albert looks black an' says, 'Now, munuster, ye wull be jokun',' but tull humself, oz I've heard hum tell mony a time, he uz wonderun' thot the munuster should a-took tull whuskey ot hus time o' life.

"'We be no married?' says Minnie. He shook his head. 'An' I om no Mussus Mahan?' 'No,' says he, 'ye are no Mussus Mahan. Ye are plain Muss Duncan.' 'But ye married us yoursel',' says she. 'I dud an' I dudna,' says he. An' wuth thot he tells them the whole upshot, an' Albert puts on hus shoe, an' they go wuth the munuster an' are married proper an' lawful, an' oz Albert Mahan says afterward mony's the time, 'Tus no every mon thot hoz two weddun' nights on Island McGill.'"

Six months later, Eddie Troy came home and was promptly remarried. But Samuel Dundee was away on a three-years' voyage and his ship fell overdue. Further to complicate the situation, a baby boy, past two years old, was waiting for him in the arms of his wife. The months passed, and the wife grew thin with worrying. "Ut's no meself I'm thunkun' on," she is reported to have said many times, "but ut's the puir fatherless bairn. Uf aught hoppedon tull Samuel where wull the bairn stond?"

Lloyds posted the *Loughbank* as missing, and the owners ceased the monthly remittance of Samuel's half-pay to his wife. It was the question of the child's legitimacy that preyed on her mind, and when all hope of Samuel's return was abandoned, she drowned herself and the child in the loch. And here enters the greater tragedy. The *Loughbank* was not lost. By a series of sea disasters and delays too interminable to relate, she had made one of those long, unsighted passages such as occur once or twice in halt

a century. How the Imp must have held both his sides! Back from the sea came Samuel, and when they broke the news to him something else broke somewhere in his heart or head. Next morning they found him where he had tried to kill himself across the grave of his wife and child. Never in the history of Island McGill was there so fearful a death-bed. He spat in the minister's face and reviled him, and died blaspheming so terribly that those that tended on him did so with averted gaze and trembling hands.

And in the face of all this, Margaret Henan named her first child Samuel.

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How account for the woman's stubbornness? Or was it a morbid obsession that demanded a child of hers should be named Samuel? Her third child was a girl, named after herself, and the fourth was a boy again. Despite the strokes of fate that had already bereft her, and despite the loss of friends and relatives, she persisted in her resolve to name the child after her brother. She was shunned at church by those who had grown up with her. Her mother, after a final appeal, left her house with the warning that if the child were so named she would never speak to her again. And though the old lady lived thirty odd years longer she kept her word. The minister agreed to christen the child any name but Samuel, and every other minister on Island McGill refused to christen it by the name she had chosen. There was talk on the part of Margaret Henan of going to law at the time, but in the end she carried the child to Belfast and there had it christened Samuel.

And then nothing happened. The whole island was confuted. The boy grew and prospered. The schoolmaster never ceased averring that it was the brightest lad he had ever seen. Samuel had a splendid constitution, a tremendous grip on life. To everybody's amazement he escaped the usual run of childish afflictions. Measles, whooping-cough and mumps knew him not. He was armour-clad against germs, immune to all dis-

ease. Headaches and earaches were things unknown. "Never so much oz a boil or a pumple," as one of the old bodies told me, ever marred his healthy skin. He broke school records in scholarship and athletics, and whipped every boy of his size or years on Island McGill.

It was a triumph for Margaret Henan. This paragon was hers, and it bore the cherished name. With the one exception of her mother, friends and relatives drifted back and acknowledged that they had been mistaken; though there were old crones who still abided by their opinion and who shook their heads ominously over their cups of tea. The boy was too wonderful to last. There was no escaping the curse of the name his mother had wickedly laid upon him. The young generation joined Margaret Henan in laughing at them, but the old crones continued to shake their heads.

Other children followed. Margaret Henan's fifth was a boy, whom she called Jamie, and in rapid succession followed three girls, Alice, Sara, and Nora, the boy Timothy, and two more girls, Florence and Katie. Katie was the last and eleventh and Margaret Henan, at thirty-five, ceased from her exertions. She had done well by Island McGill and the Queen. Nine healthy children were hers. All prospered. It seemed her ill luck had shot its bolt with the dearns of her first two. Nine lived, and one of them was named Samuel.

Jamie elected to follow the sea, though it was not so much a matter of election as compulsion, for the eldest sons on Island McGill remained on the land while all other sons went to the salt ploughing. Timothy followed Jamie, and by the time the latter had got his first command, a steamer in the Bay trade out of Cardiff, Timothy was mate of a big sailing ship. Samuel, however, did not take kindly to the soil. The farmer's life had no attraction for him. His brothers went to sea, not out of desire, but because it was the only way for them to gain their bread; and he who had no need to go envied them when, returned

from far voyages, they sat by the kitchen fire and told their bold tales of the wonder lands beyond the sea rim.

Samuel became a teacher, much to his father's disgust, and even took extra certificates, going to Belfast for his examinations. When the old master retired, Samuel took over his school. Secretly, however, he studied navigation, and it was Margaret's delight when he sat by the kitchen fire, and, despite their master's tickets, tangled up his brothers in the theoretics of their profession. Tom Henan alone was outraged when Samuel, school-teacher, gentleman, and heir to the Henan farm, shipped to sea before the mast. Margaret had an abiding faith in her son's star, and whatever he did she was sure was for the best. Like everything else connected with his glorious personality, there had never been known so swift a rise as in the case of Samuel. Barely with two years' sea experience before the mast, he was taken from the forecastle and made a provisionnal second mate. This occurred in a fever port on the West Coast, and the committee of skippers that examined him agreed that he knew more of the science of navigation than they had remembered or forgotten. Two years later he sailed from Liverpool, mate of the *Starry Grace*, with both master's and extra-master's tickets in his possession. And then it happened—the thing the old cronies had been shaking their heads over for years.

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It was told me by Gavin McNab, bosun of the *Starry Grace* at the time, himself an Island McGill man.

"Wull do I remember ut," he said. "We was runnun' our Eastun' down, an' makun' heavy weather of ut. Oz fine a sailor-mon oz ever walked was Samuel Henan. I remember the look of hum wull thot last marnun', a-watchun' them bug seas curlun' up astern, an' a-watchun' the old girl an' seeun' how she took them—the skipper down below an' drunkun' for days. Ut was ot seven thot Henan brought her up on tull the wund, not darun' tull run longer un thot

fearful sea. Ot eight, after havun' breakfast, he turns un, an' a half hour after up comes the skipper, bleary-eyed an' shaky an' holdun' on tull the companion. Ut was fair smokun', I om tellun' ye, an' there he stood, blunkun' an' noddun' an' talkun' tull humsel'. 'Keep off,' says he ot last tull the mon ot the wheel. 'My God!' says the second mate, standun' beside hum. The skipper never looks tull hum ot all, but keeps on mutterun' an' jabberun' tull humsel'. All of a suddent-like he straightens up an' throws hus head back, an' says: 'Put your wheel over, me mon—now, domn ye! Are ye deaf thot ye'll no be hearun' me!'"

"Ut was a drunken mon's luck, for the *Starry Grace* wore off afore thot God-Almighty gale wuthout shuppun' a bucket o' watter, the second mate shout-un' orders an' the crew jumpin' like mod. An' wuth thot the skipper nods contented-like tull humsel' an' goes below after more whuskey. Ut was plain murder o' the lives o' all of us, for ut was no the time for the buggest shup afloat tull be runnun'. Run? Never hov I seen the like! Ut was beyond all thunkun', an' me gown' tull sea, boy an' mon, for forty year. I tell you ut was fair awesome.

"The face o' the second mate was white oz death, an' he stood ut alone for half an hour, when ut was too much for hum an' he went below an' called Samuel an' the third. Ay, a fine sailor-mon thot Samuel, but ut was too much for hum. He looked an' studied, and looked an' studied, but he could no see hus way. He durst na heave tull. She would ha' been sweeput o' all honds an' stucks an' everything afore she could a-fetcht up. There was naught tull do but keep on runnun'. An' uf ut worsened we were lost onyway, for soon or late thot overtakun' sea was sure tull sweep us clear over poop an' all.

"Dud I say ut was a God-Almighty gale? Ut was worse nor thot. The Devil himself must ha' hod a hond un the brewun' o' ut, ut was thot fearsome. I ha' looked on some sights, but I om no

carun' tull look on the like o' thot again. No mon dared tull be un hus bunk. No, nor no mon on the decks. All honds of us stood on top the house an' held on an' watched. The three mates was on the poop, wuth two men ot the wheel, an' the only mon below was thot whuskey-blighted captain snorun' drunk.

"An' then I see ut comun', a mile away, risun' above all the waves like an island un the sea—the buggest wave ever I looked upon. The three mates stood tulgether an' watched ut comun', a-pray-un' like we thot she would no break un passun' us. But ut was no tull be. Ot the last, when she rose up like a mountain, curlun' above the stern an' blottun' out the sky, the mates scottered, the second an' third runnun' for the mizzen-shrouds an' climbun' up, but the first runnun' tull the wheel tull lend a hond. He was a grave mon, thot Samuel Henan. He run straight un tull the face o' thot father o' all waves, no thunkun' on humself but thunkun' only o' the ship. The two men was lashed tull the wheel, but he would be ready tull hond un the case they was kult. An' then she took ut. We on the house could no see the poop for the thousand tons o' watter thot hod hut ut. Thot wave cleaned them out, took everythung along wuth ut—the two mates climbun' up the mizzun riggun', Samuel Henan runnun' tull the wheel, the two men ot the wheel, ay, an' the wheel utself. We never saw aught o' them, for she broached tull what o' the wheel gown', an' two men o' us was drowned off the house, no tull mention the carpenter thot we pucked up ot the break o' the poop wuth every bone o' hus body broke tull he was like so much jelly."

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And here enters the marvel of it, the miraculous wonder of that woman's heroic spirit. Margaret Henan was forty-seven when the news came home of the loss of Samuel; and it was not long after that the unbelievable rumour went around Island McGill. I say unbelievable. Island McGill would not believe. Doctor Hall pooh-pooh'd it.

Everybody laughed at it as a good joke. They traced back the gossip to Sara Dack, servant to the Henans, and who alone lived with Margaret and her husband. But Sara Dack persisted in her assertion and was called a low-mouthed liar. One or two dared question Tom Henan himself, but beyond black looks and curses for their presumption they elicited nothing from him.

The rumour died down, and the island fell to discussing in all its ramifications the loss of the *Grenoble* in the China Seas, with all her officers and half her crew born and married on Island McGill. But the rumour would not stay down. Sara Dack was louder in her assertions, the looks Tom Henan cast about him were blacker than ever, and Doctor Hall, after a visit to the Henan house, no longer pooh-pooh'd. Then Island McGill sat up, and there was a tremendous wagging of tongues. It was unnatural and ungodly. The like had never been heard. And when, as time passed, the truth of Sara Dack's utterances was manifest, the island folk decided, like the bosun of the *Starry Grace*, that only the Devil could have had a hand in so untoward a happening. And the infatuated woman, so Sara Dack reported, insisted that it would be a boy. "Eleven bairns ha' I borne," she said; "sux o' them lassies an' five o' them lod-dies. An' sunce there be balance un all thungs, so wull there be balance wuth me. Sux o' one an' half a dozen o' the other—there uz the balance, an' oz sure oz the sun rises un the marnun', thot sure wull ut be a boy."

And boy it was, and a prodigy. Doctor Hall raved about its unblemished perfection and massive strength, and wrote a brochure on it for the Dublin Medical Society as the most interesting case of the sort in his long career. When Sara Dack gave the babe's unbelievable weight, Island McGill refused to believe and once again called her liar. But when Doctor Hall attested that he had himself weighed it and seen it tip that very notch, Island McGill held its breath and accepted whatever report Sara

Dack made of the infant's progress or appetite. And once again Margaret Henan carried a babe to Belfast and had it christened Samuel.

* * * * *

"Oz good oz gold ut was," said Sara Dack to me.

Sara, at the time I met her, was a buxom, phlegmatic spinster of sixty, equipped with an experience so tragic and unusual that though her tongue ran on for decades its output would still be of imperishable interest to her cronies.

"Oz good oz gold," said Sara Dack. "Ut never fretted. Sut ut down un the sun by the hour an' never a sound ut would make oz long oz ut was no hungered. An' thot strong! The grup o' uts honds was like a mon's. I mind me, when ut was but hours' old, ut gruppued me so mighty thot I fetcht a scream I was thot frightened. Ut was the punk o' health. Ut slept an' ate, an' grew. Ut never bothered. Never a night's sleep ut lost tull no one, nor ever a munut's, an' thot wuth cuttun' uts teeth an' all. An' Margaret would dandle ut on her knee an' ask was there ever so fine a loddie un the three kungdoms.

"The way ut grew! Ut was un keepun' wuth the way ut ate. Ot a year ut was the size o' a bairn of two. Ut was slow tull walk an' talk. Exceptun' for gurgly noises un uts throat an' for creepun' on all-fours, ut dudna monage much un the walkun' an' talkun' line. But thot was tull be expected from the way ut grew. Ut all went tull growun' strong an' healthy. An' even old Tom Henan cheered up ot the might of ut an' said was there ever the like o' ut un the three kungdoms. Ut was Doctor Hall thot first suspicioned, I mind me well, though ut was little I dreamt what he was up tull ot the time. I see hum holdun' thungs un front o' little Sammy's eyes, an' a-makun' noises, loud an' soft, an' far an' near, un little Sammy's ears. An' then I see Doctor Hall go away, wrunklun' hus eyebrows an' shakun' hus head like the bairn was ailun'. But he was no ailun', oz I could swear tull, me a-seeun' hum eat an' grow.

But Doctor Hall no said a word tull Margaret, an' I was no for guessun' the why he was sore puzzled.

"I mind me when little Sammy first spoke. He was two years old an' the size of a child o' five, though he could no monage the walkun' yet but went around on all-fours, happy an' contented-like an' makun' no trouble oz long oz he was fed promptly, which was onusual often. I was hangun' the wash on the line ot the time, when out he comes, on all-fours, hus bug head waggun' tull an' fro an' blunkun' un the sun. An' then, sudden, he talked. I was thot took a-back I near died o' fright, an' fine I knew ut then the shakun' o' Doctor Hall's head. Talked? Never a bairn on Island McGill talked so loud an' tull such purpose. There was no mustakun' ut. I stood there all tremblun' an' shakun'. Little Sammy was brayun'. I tell you, sir, he was brayun' like an ass—just like thot, loud an' long an' cheerful tull ut seemed hus lungs ud crack.

"He was a eediot—a great, awful, monster eediot. Ut was after he talked thot Doctor Hall told Margaret, but she would no believe. Ut would all come right, she said. Ut was grownun' too fast for aught else. Guv ut time, said she, an' we would sec. But old Tom Henan knew, an' he never held up hus head again. He could no abide the thung, an' would no brung humsel' tull touch ut, though I om no denyun' he was fair fascinated by ut. Mony the time I see hum watchun' of ut aroun' a corner, lookun' ot ut tull hus eyes fair bulged wuth the horror; an' when ut brayed, old Tom ud stuck hus fungers tull hus ears an' look thot miserable I could a-puttied hum.

"An' bray ut could! Ut was the only thung ut could do beside eat an' grow. Whenever ut was hungry ut brayed, an' there was no stoppun' ut save wuth food. An' always of a marnun', when first ut crawled tull the kutchen-door an' blunked out ot the sun, ut brayed. An' ut was brayun' thot brought about uts end.

"I mind me well. Ut was three years old an' oz bug oz a lod o' ten. Old Tom

hod been gown' from bod tull worse, ploughun' up an' down the fields an' talkun' an' mutterun' tull humself. On the marnun' o' the day I mind me, he was sittun' on the bench outside the kutchin, a-futtun' the handle tull a puck-axe. Unbeknown, the monster eediot crawled tull the door an' brayed after hus fashion ot the sun. I see old Tom start up an' look. An' there was the monster eediot, waggun' uts bug head an' blunkun' an' brayun' like the great bug ass ut was. Ut was too much for Tom. Somethun' went wrong wuth hum suddent-like. He jumped tull hus feet an' fetcht the puck-handle down on the monster eediot's head. An' he hut ut again an' again like ut was a mod dog an' hum afeard o' ut. An' he went straight tull the stable an' hung humsel' tull a rafter. An' I was no for stoppun' on after such-like, an' I went tull stay along wuth me suster thot was married tull John Martin an' comfortable off."

* * * * *

I sat on the bench by the kitchen door and regarded Margaret Henan, while with her callous thumb she pressed down the live fire of her pipe and gazed out across the twilight-sombred fields. It was the very bench Tom Henan had sat upon that last sanguinary day of life. And Margaret sat in the doorway where the monster, blinking at the sun, had so often wagged its head and brayed. We had been talking for an hour, she with that slow certitude of eternity that so befitted her; and for the life of me I could lay no finger on the motives that ran through the tangled warp and woof of her. Was she a martyr to Truth? Did she have it in her to worship at so abstract a shrine? Had she conceived Abstract Truth to be the one high goal of human endeavour on that day of long ago when she named her first-born Samuel? Or was hers the stubborn obstinacy of the ox? the fixity of purpose of the balky horse? the stolidity of the self-willed peasant-mind? Was it whim or fancy?—the one-streak of lunacy in what was otherwise an eminently rational mind? Or, reverting, was hers the spirit

of a Bruno? Was she convinced of the intellectual rightness of the stand she had taken? Was hers a steady, enlightened opposition to superstition? or—and a subtler thought—was she mastered by some vaster, profounder superstition, a fetish-worship of which the Alpha and the Omega was the cryptic *Samuel*?

"Wull ye be tellun' me," she said, "thot uf the second Samuel hod been named Larry, thot he would no hov fell un the hot watter an' drowneded? Atween you an' me, sir, an ye are untelligent-lookun' tull the eye, would the name hov made ut onyways different? Would the washun' no be done thot day uf he hod been Larry or Michael? Would hot watter no be hot, an' would hot watter no burn, uf he hod hod ony other name but Samuel?"

I acknowledged the justice of her contention, and she went on.

"Do a wee but of a name change the plans o' God? Do the world run by hut or muss, an' be God a weak shully-shallyun' creature thot ud alter the fate an' destiny o' thungs because the worm Margaret Henan seen fut tull name her bairn Samuel? There be my son Jamie. He wull no sign a Rooshan-Funn un hus crew because o' believun' thot Rooshan-Funns do be monajun' the wunds an' hov the makun' o' bod weather. Wull you be thunkun' so? Wull you be thunkun' thot God thot makes the wunds tull blow wull bend hus head from on high tull lussen tull the word o' a greasy Rooshan-Funn un some dirty shup's-fo'c'sle?"

I said no, certainly not; but she was not to be set aside from pressing home the point of her argument.

"Then wull you be thunkun' thot God thot directs the stars un their courses, an' tull whose mighty foot the world uz but a footstool, wull you be thunkun' thot he wull take a spite again' Margaret Henan an' send a bug wave off the Cape tull wash her son un tull eternity, all because she was for namun' hum Samuel?"

"But why Samuel?" I asked.

"An' thot I dinna know. I wanted ut so."

"But *why* did you want it so?"

"An' uz ut me thot would be answer-un' a such-like question? Be there any mon luvun' or dead thot can answer? Who can tell the *why* o' like? My Jamie was fair daft on buttermulk; he would drunk ut tull, oz he said himself, hus back-teeth was awash. But my Tumothy could no abide buttermulk. I like tull lussen tull the thunder growlun' an' roarlun', an' rampajun'. My Katie could no abide the noise of ut, but must scream an' flutter an' go runnun' for the mud-most o' a feather-bed. Never yet hov I heard the answer tull the *why* o' like. God alone hoz thot answer. You an' me be mortal an' we canna know. Enough for us tull know what we like an' what we duslike. *I like*—thot us the first word an' the last. An' behind thot *like* no mon can go an' find the *why* o' ut. *I like* Samuel, an' I like ut wull. Ut uz a sweet name, an' there be a rollun' wonder un the sound o' ut thot passes onderstandun'."

The twilight deepened, and in the silence I gazed upon that splendid dome of a forehead which time could not mar, at the width between the eyes, and at the eyes themselves, clear, out-looking, and wide-seeing. She rose to her feet with an air of dismissing me, saying:

"Ut wull be a dark walk home, an' there wull be more thon a sprunkle o' wet on the sky."

"Have you any regrets, Margaret Henan?" I asked suddenly and without forethought.

She studied me a moment.

"Ay, thot I no ha' borne another son."

"And you would . . . ?" I faltered.

"Ay, thot I would," she answered.

"Ut would ha' been hus name."

I went down the dark road between the hawthorne hedges, puzzling over the why of like, repeating *Samuel* to myself and aloud and listening to the rolling wonder in its sound that had charmed her soul and led her life in tragic places. *Samuel!* There was a rolling wonder in the sound of it. Ay, there was!

WHEN THEY WERE TWENTY-ONE

BY BAILEY MILLARD

I—THE SAN FRANCISCO GROUP

In this chapter on California authors in their salad days let us begin with what an irreverent Western spirit prompts the writer to characterise as the old boys. Now the old boys were Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Charles Warren Stoddard and Prentice Mulford, and the literary beginnings of most of them were between the years 1860 and 1870. These men knew each other, loved each other, helped each other, and when one of them died—they are all dead now—the remaining ones did not fail to pay tribute to his memory. To the San Franciscans of the old days each of these men was a genius, and the

names of Stoddard and Mulford shone as brightly as those of Twain and Harte.

But Charles Warren Stoddard deserves to pass into history as something more than the friend of Harte and Twain. If his fragrant and delicate *South Sea Idylls* does not give him a standing in the world of letters—and of a truth it is a somewhat neglected book—then there is little use of anybody putting pen to paper.

Stoddard began as a writer of verse for the old *Golden Era*, a San Francisco literary paper. His pulsing lyrics, written under the urge of youth, were signed "Pip Pepperpod," which flippant name

he afterward changed for his real one. Stoddard was just callow enough to clip his verses from the paper and send them to George Eliot, who in a characteristic letter praised them highly.

While Stoddard was trying his wings in the *Golden Era*, Frank Harte, as the men of the office called him, was setting type in the composing room. Francis Bret Harte, though a mere printer boy, had decided poetical yearnings, and whenever he set a "take" of Stoddard's verse in type he was inspired to write another.

Young Harte had begun to write verse at the tender age of eleven. His sister's husband, with whom he was then living, was of an intensely practical turn of mind. He looked upon his wife's small brother as a silly dreamer and sagely predicted that "that boy Frank Harte will never amount to anything." Frank sneaked some verses of his called "Autumn Musings" into the post box, and they were printed in the *Alta*. When he saw his lines in type he was full of the pride of the poet, and even dared to flaunt them before his brother-in-law. A terrible storm followed. His brother-in-law cudgelled him with invective and his sister sobbed in anger and shame. They called up the horrors of the life of a literary vagabond, starving in an attic, and Frank quickly was made to see that any one who dared to write poetry was criminally inclined. But "things were singing inside of him," and when he ran away and became a shotgun messenger for an express company on a stage line in the Sierra foothills they kept singing. He was only sixteen when he assumed the melodramatic rôle of shotgun messenger—an exceedingly slim and gentle looking youth, and yet one day when two swarthy bandits on horseback appeared suddenly in the road ahead of the stage and ordered the driver to stop and throw up his hands, Frank, riding around from the rear of the coach, sent them flying back up the road, with a charge of buckshot whistling past their ears.

A year later the young fellow applied

for the position of deputy collector of taxes in Calaveras County. In the particularly rough district to which he was at once assigned no taxes had ever been collected, for the miners scorned the law. One official who had tried to make collections by force of arms had been pretty badly shot up. When Harte, the slender youth, went out in the gulches among the bad men of Calaveras to gather in the county's money his appearance was the signal for a broad grin. He did not return to the county seat for over a month, and it was reported that he had been killed. When at last he rode up to the door of the tax collector's office he was so loaded down with gold that he could hardly get off his horse.

"Well, you're a good un, young feller," declared the tax collector as his deputy handed over the bullion. "You must have had an armed band to help you."

"No," said Frank modestly, "I went alone and had no weapon."

He afterward said that in all his journeyings among those rough men he did not receive an unkind or brutal word. He owed this to the fact that he hailed them as good fellows and that he showed himself helpless among them.

Young Harte wandered from the Sierras to San Francisco, looking for any kind of work that he could do "with his hands or his head." He tried verse-writing there and newspaper work, but he found the metropolis cold to budding genius. So, being almost destitute of funds, he walked from San Francisco to Sonora, over one hundred and twenty miles, and opened a private school in the foothills. The venture was a failure, as the teacher was younger than many of his pupils. In mining, which he next essayed, he had no better luck. Then he went into a Sonora printing office as an apprentice, and after a year of type-setting, in which he never became proficient, he returned to San Francisco, where he entered the *Golden Era* composing room and began to set up Charles Warren Stoddard's verses.

J. Macdonough Foard, one of the edi-

tors of the *Era*, says of this type-setting period of Harte's life: "Frank was not much of a compositor, and being paid by the piece he made small wages. Occasionally he gave me a little sketch or poem to help out. These were printed anonymously at first, as I was afraid the rest of the management would not like it if they knew I was accepting stuff from one of our printer boys. But after a while they began to ask, 'That's rather a nice little thing. Whose is it?' And I would say, 'Oh, I got it out of the box.' After a time Frank did so well we took him on the staff, and from us he went to the *Overland*, where he became famous in a single day as it were, with his 'Luck of Roaring Camp.'"

II

Mark Twain was in his twenties when he went from Missouri to the coast. His brother had been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nevada Territory, and he went with him as secretary. No salary was attached to the job, so Mark, who was possessed of the idea of becoming an author, naturally drifted into San Francisco, where editors bought things. His "Jumping Frog" attracted much attention and his quaint, easy-going Bohemian way attracted friends. Of these Harte, Stoddard and Mulford were among the most distinguished. Stoddard helped him into the *Golden Era* and other papers, and in return Sam Clemens, as Bohemian San Francisco knew him, swore everlasting fealty. In those *Golden Era* days Clemens affected a style that was the despair of all editors. His was roughshod literature, full of mining-camp phraseology. One day he entered the *Era* office and said to Stoddard: "They've got the gol-dingdest picture down at the Bank Exchange. Just in from the East to-day. It's called 'Samson and Delilah.' Struck me right between the eyes. I want to write it up for you."

"No, you don't either, Sam," was the discouraging reply. "Better stick to jumping frogs. Art is out of your line. Besides the Bank Exchange is only a

saloon, and we don't want to discuss saloon pictures in our columns."

But Sam went to his desk, twirled his pen for a while and then wrote confidently in his self-assumed rôle of art critic.

"Now what is the first thing you see in looking at this picture down at the Bank Exchange? Is it the gleaming eyes and fine face of Samson, or the muscular Philistine gazing furtively at lovely Delilah? Or is it the rich drapery or the truth to nature of that pretty foot? No, sir. The first thing that catches the eye is the scissors on the floor at her feet. Them scissors is too modern. There wasn't no scissors like them in them days, by a damned sight!"

Stoddard thought that the scissors point, or points, was well taken, and Sam Clemens's first art criticism was printed in the *Era*, just as he wrote it.

Not long afterward Clemens started out for Europe. In London he met Stoddard, who had left the *Era* and become a wanderer. Stoddard went with Clemens on his lecture tour of Europe, which evidently was a disheartening affair. The two young men sat up nearly all night in the old Adelphi Inn at Liverpool on the eve of their return to this country. They were full of their home voyage, but Sam was much depressed.

"Charley," he said sadly to Stoddard, "if writing and lecturing are going to fail me, as it looks now, I'll teach elocution."

He did not smile when he made this remark, though his drawling delivery would not have been accepted in any school. He sank into a sea of forebodings. His voice was keyed in a melancholy minor. He turned to Stoddard, who was only a few years his junior, and quoted in solemn tones: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth!" Send for the Bible, I want to read the rest of that." When the Holy Scriptures were brought in Sam read the whole of the Book of Ruth with tears in his voice.

Stoddard's *South Sea Idylls* brought

Stevenson to him in San Francisco. It was that book which filled Robert Louis with a lust for travel among the Pacific Isles. The two men became great friends. In his broadest Scotch, Stevenson, sitting in Stoddard's sunny den at North Beach, wrote the following verses to his hero of the islands:

Far had I rode an' muckle seen
An' witnessed many a ferlie,
Afore that I had clappit e'en
Upo' my billy, Charlie.

Far had I rode an' muckle seen,
But ne'er was fairly doddered,
Till I was trystit as a frien'
Wi' Charlie Warren Stoddard.

Although he is now the least known of those old boys, Prentice Mulford was regarded by Californians in the early days of their literature as the peer of any of them. Mulford went around the Horn to San Francisco when a boy and fared forth into the gold diggings, from which he emerged with a stock of stories full of mining adventure. Afterward he made a name in the East by a series of little books called "The White Cross Library," in which he expounded a curious philosophy. His after life as a hermit in a New Jersey swamp and his strange death, the mystery of which has never been cleared up, were exploited by the papers. He was found dead in the bottom of a boat on Long Island Sound.

Joaquin Miller once told the writer how he burst into song for the first time. He had run away from his Oregon home and had gone to live with the miners and Indians near Mount Shasta, California. A sailor man from San Francisco drifted into camp one night and helped himself to gold from the sluice boxes. The miners caught him, tied him to a tree and told him to dig his grave. The digging proceeded slowly, so Joaquin was asked to help. After they had dug a few feet the sailor told Joaquin that his sudden taking off was going to be hard on his wife.

"Have you got a wife?" asked the second grave-digger interestedly.

"Yes," declared the sluice-robber, "she's over in Yreka." This was a town a day distant from camp.

"You keep on digging," said Joaquin, who had begun to feel a great pity for the man because of his soon-to-be widow, "and I'll go tell the men."

When he told the miners about the woman in Yreka they immediately concluded that it would be a good idea to send over for her, and if she existed to fetch her to camp and build a cabin for her. The condemned man was told that if his story about the woman were true and she were brought to camp he could live if he would take good care of her and help her cook. He meekly agreed that he would prefer this to being hanged.

When the woman was brought the cabin was built. But the miners were a little dubious as to whether the two were really man and wife, so they sent for a minister and had them married before their eyes. It was to celebrate this strange nuptials that Joaquin wrote a song for the miners to sing at the wedding.

"At that time," said Joaquin in speaking of the event, "I was full of the Bible, and I ransacked it for appropriate suggestions. I began with Samson:

"Now, Samson he was a mighty strong man,
A mighty strong man was he;
But he lost his hair and he lost his eyes
And also his liber-tee!
For a woman she can do more with a man
Than a king and his whole arm-ee!"

"Then I took up Daniel in the lion's den; then I took up King David and Uriah's wife and concluded with Solomon and his seven hundred wives."

The sailor bridegroom supplied the music and the song was sung or rather yelled at the torchlight wedding by a chorus of twenty-seven miners.

Once in a fight with the Modocs an arrow was shot through Joaquin's face and neck, and from the effect of this wound he was feverish for a long time, but the occurrence was really providential, for while he was still in the febrile

state the Modocs descended upon the camp one night and massacred every man save the youthful poet, who was spared because he was *los bobo*, the fool.

While still a poetic fledgling Joaquin went to San Francisco, where he wrote more puerile verse, and then went on to Nicaragua, where he filibustered with Walker. After returning to Oregon he wrote the "Tale of the Tall Alcalde," "Californian," and "With Walker in Nicaragua"—poems which he declared he had actually lived. His early verse was published while he was studying law in Oregon, and was given the queer legal title of "Joaquin et al."

"Then," he says, "I wrote and rewrote, rolled up my papers and suddenly found myself in London, where I published my first real book, *Songs of the Sierras*."

III

Edwin Markham, who sang of "Virgilia" and "The Man with the Hoe," does not look back to his boyhood as a time when it was bliss to be alive. He spent his eager youth on a lonely ranch by a willowed lagoon in Suisun County, California, with a stern, silent Puritan mother and a deaf-and-dumb brother for companions, and with always the endless weary work of seed-time and harvest and the tending of flocks and herds. Thus he was early drawn into himself and became unboyishly introspective and contemplative. He earned twenty dollars by ploughing a neighbour's field, and with this money he bought Moore, Byron, Tennyson and a big dictionary. As Keats was kindled to poetry by reading Spencer, so Markham, the ploughboy scholar, was inspired by Byron and Tennyson. In his secret notebook there grew a wonderful new epic with the soaring title "A Dream of Chaos." He had the notebook habit, and as he followed the team afield he would "whoa" his horses to jot down such fervent phrases as

"The barren shores of oblivion," and
"Destiny wavering in the balance."

Mrs. Markham has among her treas-

ures a large number of battered little tablets scrawled by the Californian Burns. In some of these the spelling curiously halts behind the royal march of the rhetoric:

"Why yeald unto the Powers of Hell our souls?"

Or:

"Some deadly hatred wrankling at the heart."

So even in these remote days young Markham was making ready for the stately stride of his later poesy.

Once he ran away from home and found a job on a thresher in far Mendocino County. Here it was that one of the big burly threshing crew, who had taken a lively fancy to the youthful poet, disclosed to him in secret that he, the field hand of the summer, was by profession a stage-robber. He showed Markham his cache of plunder in a hollow redwood and invited the runaway boy to join him on the road. But Markham had no leaning toward the robber's life, and he and his bandit friend parted company. Then the boy's mother descended upon him and tried to induce him to go home, but he would not do this until she had promised to give him a good education or let him earn his way through some academy. So the ranch was sold, and mother and son removed to San José, where Edwin finished the Normal School. He taught a term or two in San Luis Obispo, his schoolroom a spreading live oak tree, his seats of logs, and then he went to Santa Rosa to take a classical course in the University of the Pacific. Having lost all his money in a wildcat speculation, he undertook to teach the freshmen classics while studying with sophomores and juniors. In order to retrench, he joined four other impecunious young men also seeking the sheepskin, and the five took up their abode in a stark room high up under the college bell tower. One of the students did the cooking, which was simple, as the fare was principally beans. A row of shelf-like bunks around the walls served for beds, and a rough table was

rigged for library and dining uses. And still Pegasus kept pawing. Some of the youthful lyrics were sent to the magazines, one of which hung up a purse of one hundred dollars for the best quatrain on "Poetry." It was a joyous day when the ploughboy poet received the announcement that the prize had been awarded to him over four hundred competitors. After that poetry became the one thing in life worth living for, and all his spare time as a student and afterward as a teacher was devoted to it.

Before going to California John Muir lived on a Wisconsin farm. His father would allow him only the early morning hours for study. After wood-chopping or fence-building all day long a young fellow sleeps soundly. But John depended upon his will power to get him out of bed in the morning. The first morning he got up, lighted his candle, and found it was only one o'clock, so he had five hours for study, as he was compelled to go to work at six. As no fire was allowed, he went down into the cellar to keep warm, and there he studied Shakespeare, Milton, Burns and the Bible. Later he found it hard to arise so early, so he made a clock-work device by which his bed was tilted and he was dumped out at the selected hour. He nearly wore himself out because of his short hours of sleep, but managed to stuff himself with lore.

Young Muir longed intensely to be a Humboldt. He set out on a long tramp after reaching his majority, walking over one thousand miles and, like the true nature lover that he was, rejoicing in every foot of the way.

He went to Cuba and then sailed for San Francisco, at which place he arrived in the spring of the year. Immediately he struck out for the Sierras. The young man filled his notebooks with material gathered in the mountains. His first published writings appeared in the old San Francisco *Bulletin*, and were paid for at the starvation rate of five dollars a column. But after a while the *Atlantic* began to take his best articles and other magazines followed.

IV

Among the many pictures of literary workers in San Francisco the writer loves to dwell upon that of the rapt, studious young David Belasco, who while stage manager in the old Baldwin Theatre wrote a melodrama which was accepted by a New York actor. The picture was that of the breathless anxiety of David on the night that the play was first produced in New York, walking up and down Kearney Street in front of a watchmaker's window. In the window was a large central clock which gave the local time, and around it were smaller clocks that told the time in London, Vienna, New York and Pekin. It was only five in the afternoon in San Francisco and the sun was still shining, but David's eyes were bent upon the New York clock, which marked the hour of eight. A little later with his eyes still upon the clock, he knew that the curtain had gone up on his first play, and his inner vision saw the characters he had created make their entrances. For over three mortal hours he hung about in the neighbourhood of that clock. At the end of the time of torture a telegram was placed in his hand, and the young playwright knew in that moment that San Francisco had become too small for him, for his play was a great success.

Before that time, when Belasco was only sixteen, he carried a spear in *Hamlet*, and by the time he was twenty this studious, hard-working San Francisco boy had become stage director of the Baldwin Theatre Stock Company.

Belasco declares that the most difficult stars he ever had to deal with were Rose Coghlan and Richard Mansfield. When the green-looking David was introduced to her Rose Coghlan cried: "Do you think I'm going to let that little brat direct me?" But she did. One day when *L'Assommoir* was on for rehearsal Belasco asked Rose why she did not wear her rubber suit when the washerwoman splashed soapsuds on her.

"Because it isn't necessary and I won't do it," was the curt reply.

"But you will, madame," bellowed the "brat." And he proceeded to read the riot act to the haughty Coghlan. When she had been sufficiently "cussed out" the actress laughed and cried: "Bravo! My dear young man, you are wasting your time as a stage manager. You should be a tragedian." And she donned the rubber suit at once.

While Belasco was directing Mansfield, the great actor said to Agnes Booth, "You are much too far down stage. Stand back and don't spoil my scene."

"But Miss Booth is playing the most important part in the piece," objected Belasco. "She's where she belongs."

"I'm a star," roared Mansfield. "I'll not be sidetracked for anybody, young man!"

"You will do as I direct," cried Belasco, "and also you will apologise to Miss Booth."

In a rage Mansfield rushed to the manager's office. There he was told that Belasco ran the stage. So there was no help for it but to knuckle down and apologise, which the great man reluctantly did.

Frank Norris, author of *The Octopus*, made his first adventure in literature at the early age of eight, when his parents took him to Europe. It was then that he wrote a remarkably precocious travel paper, beginning: "The hour of departure has arrived. 'Is this a dream?' said I." These highly original observations afterward became household words in the Norris family and were often quoted "to get a rise out of Frank," which they did invariably.

Frank was sent to a private school at Belmont, a suburb of San Francisco, in the San Matéo hills. It was natural that the man who, later in life, was known as an immaculate dresser, should be called "the dude" in school, as Frank was; but what was not so consistent with dudishness was his absolute abandon on the football field. One day his team played the San José Tigers and Frank made a touchdown. In the next half while he was running with the ball, an opponent tackled him and he came

down with seven heavy Tigers and a few of his own team in a sprawling, struggling mound on top of him. When the belligerents arose Frank was seen to be lying very still. His left arm was broken in two places. When the arm was bandaged up, Frank nervily demanded that he be allowed to proceed with his play, and was very wroth when the doctor would not let him do so. As he could never play football again he decided to become a great artist. So he was sent to Paris to an art school. But there the versatile youth began to study mediæval history instead of art. He loved to prowl about the armour stands of the French Museum of Artillery. To wear a suit of armour became the dream of his life. One day when the watchman was out of the hall Norris got some friends of his to help him on with a rusty suit of ancient habiliments of war, and brandishing an old sword, he became a fierce knight of the middle ages for five ecstatic minutes, charging at the mounted stands, amid the wild laughs of his companions. But of a sudden the angry keeper reappeared, flourishing his cane Frenchily, and there was a battle royal, from which Frank fled on the coming of official reinforcements.

Norris began to write short stories while in his freshman year at Berkeley, California. One day he read a story of his to one of the literati, who at the end shook his head:

"Better go back to your art work, young man. Don't for one moment delude yourself with the idea that you can ever become a writer."

This greatly discouraged Norris, and when, after sending a bunch of tales to a book publisher, he received a curt letter of rejection, he was still more deeply depressed. It was not until he had written his long sea yarn, *Moran of the Lady Letty*, that he really got upon his literary feet.

The women writers of San Francisco led smoother lives in their salad days than did most of the men. Gertrude Atherton, who was born on Rincon Hill, San Francisco, in the heart of the old-

time fashionable district, was reared by her grandfather, Stephen Franklin, a nephew of the famous Benjamin. Franklin was one of the pioneers and was at one time editor of the *Golden Era*. It was from him that Gertrude's literary faculties received their early direction. The author of *Ancestors* made and told stories before she could write. At school the boys and girls used to sit about her, listening with rapt interest while she read melodramatic fiction. When only fifteen she wrote a play which was produced at Benecia. After that she went to live near the ruined Mission of San Antonio, California. She loved to moon about the old mission, and her intense girlish imagination conjured up many a tale of the ancient padres. Later she visited many of the other missions. When she wrote *Los Cerritos* she made use of much of the material she had gathered at these picturesque places. She made the dons and señors of the days of early pastoral California breathe in the pages of that book as in *The Dooms-woman* and other novels. From the first Gertrude showed wonderful facility in plotting and writing her stories and her style was original, while her treatment of her characters was unconventional to the point of daring. When this sweet, sylph-like girl presented a manuscript, the editor, being only human and susceptible, would listen to her considerately, but on reading the story over he would gasp at its frankness. At first the shocked dignitary protested, but as Gertrude would brook no suggestions of alteration, he would find that if he wanted to print her romances he would have to take them as they were.

The attitude of the gifted author made for freedom and literary independence, and the result was evinced in the growing strength of her work. She now holds first place among Californian novelists.

When Kate Douglas Wiggin was a girl her name was Kate Smith and she was a kindergarten teacher in Silver Street. The kindergarten in the early 'eighties was in its experimental stage

in this country. Kate Smith, whom the writer remembers quite well as a very pretty blue-eyed girl with a wealth of golden hair, singing and playing with her children about the mystic ring, was given the first San Francisco school of this kind to practise with and see if there were any virtues in the system. Kate found the work of tremendous interest, and she found the children even more so. Without realising it, she was at that time absorbing material for some of the truest stories ever told of child life and child character.

"It was hard work," she has said of that period of her life. "The children were principally the offspring of poor and ignorant parents. They were unruly and taxed the patience of the teacher. But I have been more than repaid."

Kate Smith's literary firstling, *The Story of Patsy*, was written and published to raise money for the kindergarten. It was a heartsome tale of one of the pitiful little creatures that came under the young teacher's care. *Timothy's Quest*, the story of a waif's wanderings, was also written during the kindergarten days. But soon the urgent call of the editor and publisher took the gifted author away from her school. She married and went East with her husband. There her studies of child life took another turn, and eventually flamed out in *Rebecca*.

While Kate Smith was teaching her kindergarten Jack London was a boy-faring adventurer and afterward a sailor before the mast. The idea of making one's own material for fiction was never better exemplified than in Jack's case. Before he was twenty-one he had "beaten his way" all over the United States, in freight cars, on brakebeams and blind baggage. During the Klondike stampede he went to Alaska, and on his return some one asked him why he did not put into print the interesting tales he was telling.

"Because I can't write," said Jack.

"Well, don't write then," said his literary adviser, "just scrawl."

So he scrawled some yarns and sent them to the *Overland Magazine*, which printed one of them and sent him five dollars.

"Five dollars in real money!" cried the delighted Jack. "I'm going to keep on scrawling. It pays!"

When the present writer, then editor of a San Francisco publication, paid twenty-five dollars to the slight, green-looking youth for a Yukon yarn, the story-teller's bliss was complete. He said he was going to "drop everything" and be an author. An Eastern magazine paid him fifty dollars for a story, which was the highest rate he received for a long time. Meantime he went to college at Berkeley to take an English course.

"I found the professors were taking away from me what little style I had," he complained, "so I chucked the course and went on writing in my own way."

Jack has never survived the effect of his vagrant habits, acquired during his youthful tramping days, and he owns that since that time he has never lost his terror for a "cop."

"While I was in college," he says, "I went to a circus in Oakland one night. I lingered after the show and by a bonfire I came upon a bunch of small boys who had determined to run away with the circus, which was about to leave town. The showmen, learning of their intention, sent a message to the police. When I saw the sudden eruption of brass-buttoned, helmeted bulls, each of them reaching with both hands, I ran. I was not a hobo. I was a citizen of that community, a college man. And yet I ran, blindly, madly for blocks. And when I came to myself I was still running."

"No, I'll never get over it, I can't help it. When a bull reaches I run."

OLD STORIES AND NEW PLAYS

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

It would not be possible for anybody to devise an utterly new story for a play. The dramatic material in life is limited. According to certain critics, the number of different dramatic situations is a little more than thirty; according to others, it is a little less than twenty; but all are agreed that the number is extremely small. Novelty in the drama can therefore be attained not by the discovery of new materials, but only by the invention of new combinations of materials that are as old as man.

Yet the invention of new combinations affords ample scope for the exercise of ingenuity. The range of imaginable numbers is not limited by the fact that all may be recorded with the ten digits of the Arabic notation; nor does the world in springtime look monotonous in colour because every apparent tint may be regarded as exhibiting a per-

mutation of red and blue and yellow. The twenty or thirty standard situations may be shuffled and dealt into innumerable plots, each of which is new though all of its component parts are old.

A play appeals in two ways to an audience. In so far as its component situations are traditional, it calls forth the response of recognition, and in so far as its compounded plot is novel it stimulates the reaction of surprise. In considering these two appeals, we must remember always that the emotion of recognition is more profound, and therefore more enjoyable, than the titillation of surprise. The best part of our enjoyment in the theatre arises not from vainly wondering what will happen, but from eagerly wanting some specific thing to happen and having our want fulfilled. A noticeable novelty, even in the com-

bination of materials that in themselves are thoroughly familiar, is therefore not always to be praised as a merit in a play, but may often be regarded as a fault.

But if originality of subject-matter is impossible, and if originality of arrangement is often undesirable, why should we care to see new plays instead of old? Why should we see *The Liars*, which treats the same theme as *Le Misanthrope*?

Why should we see *L'Aiglon*, which tells a story similar to that of *Hamlet*? The answer seems a paradox; but undeniably our enjoyment arises from the fact that the very antiquity of the author's materials emphasises his originality of mind.

Any club-member can bear witness that the same anecdote may seem dull if told by one narrator and highly humorous if recounted by another. In the



"ROMANCE"—ACT I

"Mr. Sheldon's heroine is an opera-singer, his hero is a young rector of the Episcopal Church. They love each other at first sight."

theatre, the ultimate significance of any story is proportioned to the importance of the mind through which it passes to the audience. The trial of Shylock, and the subterfuge by which Portia confutes him, would seem silly stuff indeed if it were told us by a child of ten; but it does not seem silly as told to us by Shakespeare. It is the author's attitude of mind toward his material, the intelligence with which he regards it, the mood that it awakens in him, that renders his work distinct from that of any other author who has used the same material, and stamps it an original creation.

It is a significant fact that the three greatest dramatists of the world—Sophocles, Shakespeare, and Molière—eschewed the invention of new narrative and exercised their high originality of mind in the treatment of stories with which their public had been long familiar. The critic, therefore, should never condemn a playwright because his story is old; but he may reasonably expect the author to illuminate the narrative with ideas and moods that shall be new because they are essentially his own. "I take my own where I find it," said Molière; and whatever he took he made his own by the divine right of thinking more deeply about it than the man from whom he took it. Sir Arthur Pinero, in *The Thunderbolt*, employed the stale old story of the stolen will; but he set it forth with a soundness of sense and a poignancy of sensibility that made it seem original and new.

Any dramatic story belongs ultimately, not to the man who used it first, nor even to the man who used it last, but to the man who has used it best. In reviewing new plays with old stories, the critic should inquire whether or not the author has afforded new illumination to the ancient drift of narrative. If so, he has really made the traditional material his own; but otherwise he has merely wasted attention by a meaningless repetition.

"ROMANCE"

Mr. Edward Sheldon has handled an

impressive theme in his latest play, *Romance*; and since the theme is important, it is, of course, not new. It is the same subject that was treated by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in what is by far the greatest of his dramas, *Michael and His Lost Angel*.

It happens not infrequently in life that a great love springs up spontaneously between a woman so excessively experienced that she has apparently lost all sense of moral values and a man so utterly inexperienced that he looks upon all women with a virgin mind. The tendency of such a love is dual: it tends to drag the man downward to the sensual level of the woman, and it tends at the same time to drag the woman upward to the spiritual level of the man. In the course of this development there comes a crisis, when the lovers at last meet each other on the same plane and must decide whether their relation will subsequently sweep them downward or buoy them aloft together.

Mr. Jones exhibited this crisis with a grave maturity of poetry. Mr. Sheldon's treatment of the theme, though less serene and sage, is more eager and more ardent. He has suffused his story with a great glow of youthful passion. His heroine is a famous operatic singer, his hero a young rector of the Episcopal Church. They love each other at first sight. When the rector asks the heroine to marry him, the sincerity of her affection for him forces her to confess that her past life has not been chaste. He is willing to forgive her, on the ground that she cannot have been entirely responsible for the errors of her youth, until he discovers that she has very recently been the mistress of his dearest friend. In a terrible revulsion of spirit, he walks the streets for hours, and batters himself into a religious ecstasy. At midnight he comes to the singer's rooms, with the purpose of exhorting her to save her soul; but, a prey to the thrill of her physical propinquity, he breaks down in her presence and begs her to yield herself to his passion then and there. But her love for him has lifted

her beyond the call of this impulsion. She calms him back to sanity, and sends him away from her forever.

Mr. Sheldon wisely decided that this emphatic story would gain in mellowness and charm if the audience were forced to look upon it through a mist of reminiscence. He has therefore provided the play with a prologue and an epilogue, in which the rector, who is now an elderly bishop of the church, is exhibited as telling over his old romance to his young grandson, who is now upon the point of marrying an actress himself.

In setting his story in the New York of over forty years ago, Mr. Sheldon has skilfully employed his talent for assembling accurate details upon the task of evoking the atmosphere of the eighteenth-sixties. It is a fine achievement to turn the clock so delicately backward that the

young people in the audience may become their own grandparents, as it were, and live over for an evening the life of old New York.

In many ways, *Romance* exhibits a decisive advance over Mr. Sheldon's earlier efforts. He has learned at last to work from the inside out instead of from the outside in. Instead of inducing his theme from his details, he has learned to deduce his details from his theme. Though he still displays a tendency toward that sort of overemphasis that arises from undue insistence on isolate theatrical effects, he has succeeded for the first time in drawing his characters consistently from act to act and in working out their destinies in a coherent plot. The dialogue is richly and beautifully written. More than any other of his plays, *Romance* indicates that Mr. Sheldon is an artist to be counted on in



"A MAN'S FRIENDS"—ACT IV

"A Lincolnian district-attorney named McCloud sets out to smash the political machine that is headed by Boss Whalen."

one great task of building up a national drama.

"A MAN'S FRIENDS"

Many plays have been produced in recent years which have exhibited a struggle between a corrupt political boss and an incorruptible public official; but none of the others has been written by Mr. Ernest Poole. Mr. Poole has long been interested in social service, and has acquired at first hand an intimate acquaintance with our political machinery; and in his play, *A Man's Friends*, he has handled the familiar subject-matter with a sincerity and earnestness that are unaccustomed in the theatre.

The special thesis of Mr. Poole's play is that it would be less difficult to fight a machine whose motto was "Every Man for Himself" than it is to fight a machine whose motto is "Every Man for His Friends." The cause of our political corruption is less often to be assigned to individual iniquity than to that pernicious party spirit that tempts many honest-minded men to countenance what seems to them a minor wrong in order to help along their friends. Each man, meaning merely to be loyal to his neighbour, may constitute unwittingly a link in that endless chain that ultimately binds the many as captives to the few.

In the present piece, a Lincolnian district-attorney named McCloud sets out to smash the political machine that is headed by Boss Whalen. He convicts an alderman of bribery and sends him to jail, only to discover subsequently that the bribe had been handed to the culprit by his own son-in-law, Hal Clarke. Clarke had been ignorant of the source from which the money came, and had passed it along merely to do a favour to his friend, the alderman; but Boss Whalen now counts upon Clarke's implication in the general conspiracy to silence the cannon of the young man's father-in-law. But the district-attorney is too clever for him, and ultimately succeeds in exposing the men higher up without laying the young man open to

indictment. Boss Whalen good-humouredly admits defeat, and sagely decides to pay a long visit to his native island overseas.

A somewhat greater technical dexterity would have enhanced the dramatic value of this play; but the plot is interesting as it stands, and the characters seem unusually true to life. Because of his earnestness of purpose, Mr. Poole succumbs occasionally to the temptation to give prolonged expression to his own ideas instead of allowing his characters to control the drift of the dialogue; but all his little preachments *ex cathedra* are worth listening to, and, furthermore, they are expressed with admirable literary tact.

"THE FIVE FRANKFORTERS"

The Five Frankforters, which has been translated by Mr. Basil Hood from the German of Carl Rossler, is merely a traditional example of the sentimental type of domestic comedy that has been popular in Germany ever since the eighteenth century. The materials are so familiar that, as soon as any scene is started, the auditor foresees the entire course of the resultant narrative, and the conventional story is not illuminated with any new ideas.

The piece purports to represent an episode in the early history of the Rothschild family. Solomon, the head of the Viennese branch of this great firm of bankers, has conceived the idea of elevating the social rank of the family by forcing a marriage between his daughter and the young Duke of Taunus, who is immediately in need of the loan of an enormous sum of money; but the banker's ambitions are thwarted by the girl herself, who has already fallen in love with her cousin Jacob, who manages the family's affairs in France. Her father is reconciled to his defeat by the fact that her marriage with his nephew will keep his millions in the family, at any rate; and the handsome Duke of Taunus is allowed to console himself with the reflection that, in surrendering to financial ruin, he is at least preserving

his aristocracy from the impairment of a misalliance.

This comedy is theatrical throughout, and seldom holds the mirror up to nature. For instance, it is impossible to believe that the Five Frankforters, as represented on the stage, can possibly have been the greatest bankers in the world. One of them is represented as the traditional fop of the theatre, who wears extravagant clothes and speaks with an effeminate affectation, and an-

other is set forth as the conventional fat man of innumerable plays, who is always asking for his dinner. Such puppets as these could never have controlled the finances of the European world.

The most interesting character in the piece is the matriarch of the family. She is the mother, or the grandmother, of nearly all the other characters; and, though we have met her before in many plays, we are pleased to spend another evening in her company. A pleasant



"THE FIVE FRANKFORTERS"—ACT I

"The banker's ambitions are thwarted by the girl herself, who has already fallen in love with her cousin Jacob."

sense is, furthermore, conveyed of that passion for preserving the solidarity of the family which has been erected by the Jews into a racial virtue.

THE PRINCESS THEATRE

The Princess Theatre, which has recently been opened in New York, is dedicated to the policy of presenting a compound bill made up of several brief plays by different authors. The reasons why such a policy should be deemed desirable were analysed at length in the April issue of the *BOOKMAN*, and no further discussion of this general subject is necessary at the present time. The new house, like the Little Theatre, seats only two hundred and ninety-nine spectators. The auditorium is both tasteful and comfortable, although it is inferior to that of Mr. Ames's playhouse in æsthetic beauty and in aristocracy of

atmosphere. Owing to the small capacity of the theatre, the managers have deemed it necessary to charge two dollars and a half for every seat in the house; and this necessity must be regretted, on theoretic grounds, because it necessarily excludes a large proportion of the most intelligent section of our theatre-going public. An institution of this sort, to achieve the best results, should be democratic in its atmosphere and broadly general in its appeal.

The initial bill at the Princess Theatre leaves much to be desired; but the fault lies not with the purpose of the institution but merely with the selection of the plays. A subsequent bill will probably do more to convince the public of the human interest that is derivable from such a project.

From the purely artistic standpoint, the best play upon the present pro-



"FEAR"—SCENE II

"The coward Beverly, who at last becomes infected by involuntary contact with a stricken native, is himself shot down by his comrades in order to arrest the spread of the disease."

gramme is an artificial comedy by Mr. Stanley Houghton entitled *Fancy Free*. It seems surprising that the author of the unadorned and naturalistic dialogue of *Hindle Wakes* should show himself equally at home in the brilliantly witty type of composition that was made illustrious by Oscar Wilde; yet there is scarcely a line in *Fancy Free* that is not clever. Fancy is a flighty young married woman who has eloped with an admirer to an hotel in Brighton. By an interesting accident, her husband, who has been long from home, has turned up at the same hotel in the company of an adventuress whom he has annexed upon his travels. The unexpected reunion of the two couples results in a witty reconciliation between the husband and the wife, whereupon the discarded lovers conceive a spontaneous affection for each other.

But the first piece upon the programme must be regarded, artistically, as a failure. The author is Mr. Edgar Wallace, and the title is the *Switchboard*. Mr. Wallace has attempted to weave a story out of the tangled threads of conversation that come to the ears of a telephone operator over many wires; but this narrative idea, though it might be developed with excellent effect upon the printed page, is essentially unsuited to the theatre. The stage discloses a telephone girl seated at a switchboard; and it is scarcely possible for the audience to accept the convention that many remarks which are obviously delivered by different members of the company hidden behind a tenuous curtain are supposed to be heard only by the operator through the medium of the telephone. Furthermore, the story that is developed seems of little consequence, and the lines



"ANY NIGHT"—SCENE I

"The action is localised in a Raines Law Hotel. A careless youth has induced an innocent girl to meet him . . . ; and the father of the girl, who happens to be drunk, is picked up by a street-walker and allured to an adjoining room."

are lacking in the necessary modicum of humour.

Far more effective is a brief play entitled *Fear*,—a translation of *La Grande Mort*, by MM. H. R. Lenormand and Jean d'Auguzan, which ran for over three hundred nights at the Grand Guignol in Paris. The scene is set in an army bungalow in India. An epidemic of cholera is rampant; and Lieutenant Beverly is so crazed by his fear of the disease that when Skipton, his brother-officer, pricks his finger while experimenting with certain cultures obtained from victims of the plague and thereby becomes inoculated with the dread disease, he shoots him dead in order to avert the danger of infection. At this point the play may properly be said to end; but, in the interest of moral retribution, the authors have appended a second scene, in which the coward Beverly,

who at last becomes infected by involuntary contact with a stricken native, is himself shot down by his comrades in order to arrest the spread of the disease. This little drama may be described, in the British phrase, as a "penny dreadful"; but it produces an emphatic shock of horror that seems not unenjoyable to many of the patrons of the Princess Theatre.

The concluding feature of the entertainment is a short play in three scenes, entitled *Any Night*, by Mr. Edward Ellis. The action is localised in a Raines Law Hotel. A careless youth has induced an innocent girl to meet him at this brothel that is curiously sheltered by our Puritanic legislation; and the father of the girl, who happens to be drunk, is picked up by a street-walker and allured to an adjoining room. A fire breaks out in the rickety edifice, and



"DIVORÇONS"—ACT I

"The Sardou comedy still seems to attack the recurrent issues of life with the same sincerity that we have grown accustomed to expect from contemporary writers."

during the resultant hubbub the father and daughter meet each other face to face. The street-walker and the unprincipled youth are saved by providential firemen; but the other two, stricken by a mutual and overwhelming sense of shame, resign themselves voluntarily to death in the enveloping flames.

This sketch, which is described upon the programme as "a life study," seems sedulously faithful to fact in all of its details; but it would not be difficult to show that, considered as a whole, it is exceedingly untrue. To prove this verdict would require an analysis of the story which the piece can hardly be allowed to deserve; but, if the story be untrue, it must be admitted that the play has failed to justify its reason for existence.

OLD PLAYS REVIVED

The revival of old plays always offers the student of the drama an interesting opportunity to add to his collection of footnotes to history. In celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the Empire Theatre, Mr. Charles Frohman has revived Mr. R. C. Carton's comedy, entitled *Liberty Hall*, which was first produced at this theatre on August 21, 1893; and, apparently in default of a new play adequately suited to the requirements of that admirable artist in sentimental comedy, Miss Grace George, Mr. William A. Brady has revived that famous comedy, by Victorien Sardou and Emile de Najac, entitled *Divorçons*.

This play is older than *Liberty Hall*: yet a comparison of the two pieces indicates that until very recently the drama in France was fully a generation ahead of the drama in Great Britain. *Divorçons* seems just as fresh as ever; but Mr. Carton's comedy is redolent of the departed epoch of wax flowers and horsehair furniture.

The important point to be recorded is not that the technical conventions of the drama have been revolutionised in recent years. A mere discardance of soliloquies and asides, and a more insistent variation from the ancient symmetry of structure, would not be sufficient to explain the impression that *Liberty Hall* must be assigned to an epoch of the theatre that can never, in any real sense, be revived. The piece displays an artificial and a sentimental attitude toward life which we have learned latterly to reject in the light of more recent and more truthful compositions; but the Sardou comedy still seems to attack the recurrent issues of life with the same sincerity that we have grown accustomed to expect from contemporary writers. It is unnecessary, at this date, to summarise the plot of either piece; but it is sufficient to note that the characters of the Sardou comedy still appeal to us as human beings, whereas we now perceive that the puppets of Mr. Carton were artificially conceived as creatures either too bad or good for human nature's daily food.

THE FATE OF EDWIN DROOD

BY BURTON EGBERT STEVENSON

It was G. K. Chesterton who remarked that Charles Dickens failed to finish the only one of his novels which really needed finishing. The others might have stopped anywhere, and any thorough Dickensian could have supplied an outline of the missing part; but *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* has defied the most

acute. This is due principally to the fact that there are no precedents to go by. Dickens was entering a new field. It was "not his tenth novel but his first detective story" that he was writing when he died, and it is impossible to say just how his mind would have worked in the unaccustomed harness of rigid plot con-

struction. There are evidences that the harness was chafing him and that he was ill at ease. No doubt his genius would have mastered the difficulties which he saw ahead, but death took him at the critical moment when he was preparing to cast the net of evidence about his villain. Just as it was mounting to its climax, the tale stopped forever.

A number of obscure persons immediately tried to hitch their wagons to a star by furnishing continuations of their own. Orpheus C. Kerr called his solution *The Cloven Foot*; Henry Morford called his *John Jasper's Secret*, and attempted to foist it on the public as the work of Charles Dickens, Jr., and Wilkie Collins. A medium at Brattleborough, Vermont, went both of them one better by giving to the world *The Mystery of Edwin Drood Complete*, by the Spirit Pen of Charles Dickens. It has always been a matter of remark that, however gifted a writer may have been on earth, he invariably makes a fool of himself when he takes up a Spirit Pen. It was so in this case, and the Brattleborough revelation would be diverting if it were not so painful. In 1878, Gillan Vase published an elaborate sequel in three volumes, and a year later an unknown Frenchman shied his hat into the ring with *Le Crime de Jasper*. There were plays, too—lurid melodramas for the most part. One of them was by Dickens's son Charles. It was so bad that no manager could be found to produce it.

All of these are negligible as literature or as serious attempts to solve the mystery of Dickens's first and last plot. But in 1887, Mr. Richard A. Proctor, whose fame as an astronomer assured him a respectful hearing, published his *Watched by the Dead*, in which he tried to show that Edwin Drood was not dead at all; and this was the first of a long series of interesting and ingenious guesses at the riddle, to which such eminent men as William Archer, J. Cuming Walters, Andrew Lang, G. K. Chesterton, Haldane Macfall, B. W. Matz and Henry Jackson contributed. Of recent years, interest in the subject has increased rather

than diminished. A bibliography of the books and magazine articles about "Edwin Drood" published since 1905 runs to ninety-three entries.

The latest and in many ways the most valuable addition to this series is Sir William Robertson Nicoll's *The Problem of Edwin Drood*. His contribution to the data available to students of the controversy is a list of the alterations made by Dickens in the proofs, but not carried out by Forster, who, after Dickens's death, saw the last three numbers through the press. It may as well be said at once that, though Sir William Nicoll lays considerable stress upon them, these alterations are of very little importance. A few passages of some length were indicated by Dickens for omission, but when they are read carefully in connection with their context, it is evident that they were cut out because Dickens realised they were inept and superfluous. Only in the eighteenth chapter, "A Settler in Cloisterham," do the changes have any discoverable bearing on the probable development of the story. To these changes reference will be made later on.

Sir William Nicoll has also examined the entire manuscript, as well as the proofs, with the idea that the rewritten passages and proof changes made by Dickens might yield some clue to his intentions. These changes naturally consist almost entirely of the deletion of redundant sentences, the remodelling of phrases, the insertion of qualifying words, and such general furbishing up as every author gives his work in the final revision. Sir William Nicoll does not attempt to draw any inferences from them, but there is one sentence so significantly strengthened that it is very important, as will presently be shown.

It is in its concluding chapters that Sir William Nicoll's book is most valuable, for his analysis of the story is one of the best and most closely reasoned that has appeared anywhere. It is far superior to Mr. Lang's, and fully equal to the remarkable monograph by Dr. Henry Jackson, of Cambridge, published a year or

two ago. It is true that, in one important particular, both Dr. Jackson and Sir William Nicoll wander far astray, but their presentation of the problem is a real delight.

THE PROBLEMS PRESENTED

The problems presented by *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* are three: (1) was Drood murdered; (2) who was Datchery; and (3) how was the story to end?

To the first of these, Sir William Nicoll returns what is unquestionably the correct answer: Yes. To suppose that Jasper, a thoroughly competent villain, after planning the murder with great care and after seeing his plans work out in every detail, should at the last moment have bungled it, and should have yet believed that he *had* killed his nephew, is a wild absurdity. Almost equally absurd is Mr. Lang's remark that, if Drood is really dead, there is not much of a mystery. There is, in fact, a considerable mystery, for, while the reader is aware of the crime, he does not know how it was committed; and, while the criminal is suspected, it is not at all clear how his crime is to be brought home to him. Surely it is apparent that in this book Dickens conceived himself to be writing a tragedy. To produce Drood alive at the last moment by some sleight-of-hand, as a conjuror produces a rabbit from a hat, would have been to turn it into a farce.

But, aside from the question of literary propriety, there are many evidences, as Sir William Nicoll points out, that Dickens meant Jasper to murder Drood. To John Forster, his confidant and closest friend, he stated explicitly that the story was to be based upon the murder of a nephew by his uncle; none of his children, to whom he read the manuscript as fast as he completed it, doubted for an instant that Drood was really dead, and one of them, Charles Dickens the younger, afterward declared that his father had told him in so many words that such was the case; to Sir Luke Fildes, who was illustrating the story, Dickens pointed out that Jasper must be

shown with a long, double necktie, because it was with that necktie he was to strangle his nephew, and one of the final illustrations was to show Jasper in the condemned cell at Cloisterham jail; in his memoranda for the story, Dickens refers more than once to the murder as to an accomplished fact. These proofs would in themselves be conclusive, were any proof needed outside the pages of the story. For the pages abound in proofs, to which it is not necessary to refer here, except to say that there is absolutely no reason to bring Drood to life again. He is painted as an egotistical young ass, whom nobody really misses, and whose sweetheart promptly falls in love with somebody else. If he had come back, he would have found himself very much out of it! But he never *did* come back.

The theory that Drood was not really murdered arose, no doubt, from the mistaken idea that, in a detective story, the more unexpected and startling the *dénouement* is the more effective it is. But this is not at all the case. A plot must be logical; its end must be inevitable from the beginning; and the reader's pleasure in the tale arises largely from his perception of this. As he finishes the last page, the mental glance he casts backward over the story must show him that it was toward this conclusion, and no other, that every preceding page pointed. To attempt to fool him at the end by a trick or subterfuge justly irritates him, and is a device unworthy of the literary artist.

Now, to bring Drood to life after having so evidently murdered him could have been accomplished only by a trick; for Dickens would have been compelled to explain not only how Jasper, with everything in his favour and believing himself to have succeeded, should yet have failed, but also why Drood, if he were alive, did not at once denounce his uncle and so save innocent people from suspicion and suffering. A great many intelligent men and women have racked their brains to find such an explanation, but not one has succeeded. By an ex-

planation is meant, of course, a plausible and convincing one.

Mr. Proctor was by no means the originator of the theory that Drood was not really killed. Both Orpheus Kerr and Henry Morford, in their solutions, bring him to life again. Kerr, whose *Cloven Foot* is really only a burlesque, bases his explanation upon this sentence in the third chapter of the story, which he considers the key to the whole mystery:

As, in some cases of drunkenness, and in others of animal magnetism, there are two states of consciousness which never clash, but each of which pursues its separate course as though it were continuous instead of broken (thus, if I hide my watch when I am drunk, I must be drunk again before I can remember where), so Miss Twinkleton had two distinct and separate phases of being.

In pursuance of this theory, which is not without a kind of merit, Kerr has Jasper partially strangle Drood and hide him in the Sapsea monument while under the influence of opium, and then forget all about it until, while in another opium trance, he makes his way back to the scene of the crime and is arrested. Morford supposes that Jasper lured his nephew up the cathedral tower, drugged and partially strangled him, and then dropped him down a hole between the inner and outer walls of the cathedral. Durdles, who is conveniently mooning about in the crypt, hears the cries and groans of the imprisoned man and digs him out. Mr. Proctor supposes that, after Drood has been drugged and partially strangled by Jasper and dragged into the crypt and placed in a bed of quicklime in the Sapsea monument, Durdles, who has been lying drunk in the neighbourhood, opens the monument and finds Drood, "his face fortunately protected by the strong silk shawl with which Jasper had intended to throttle him." This would have been fortunate indeed!

"We may suppose," Mr. Proctor continues, "that Durdles dragged the body out of the tomb and out of the crypt,"

and he proceeds to weave an explanation of the subsequent events out of a tissue of absurdities which need not be set down here, for the whole theory is completely invalidated by Mr. Proctor's curious mistake in assuming that the Sapsea monument is in the crypt of the cathedral, whereas Dickens distinctly states that it is in the graveyard outside, and visible from the street. Mr. Proctor's whole solution, indeed, is based not so much upon any kind of proof as upon a nuance of feeling. "All the characters who die in Dickens's stories," he says, "are marked for death from the beginning. But there is not one note of death in aught that Edwin Drood says or does." It is, of course, impossible to argue with a man who attributes his beliefs to intuition.

Mr. Lang, who seemed for a time inclined to believe that Drood was not really dead, was forced to confess, after long consideration of the problem, that "fancy can suggest no reason why Edwin Drood, if he escaped from his wicked uncle, should go spying about instead of coming openly forward. No plausible, unfantastic explanation could be invented." This is undoubtedly true.

It has seemed to some persons that to have Edwin Drood return and watch the man who believed himself to be his murderer, to gather evidence against him, and finally to denounce him, would be a thrillingly dramatic situation. In reality, it would be ridiculous, because, since Drood already knew his uncle had tried to murder him, there was no further evidence for him to look for. Mr. Proctor tries to explain it by the theory that what Drood really wished to find out was whether the crime was impulsive or premeditated, but that is simply silly. Finally, if the murder hadn't come off, Jasper's crime was trivial to what he believed it to be, and his punishment would be trivial, too. The whole point of the story is his tragic realisation that he had committed a needless murder. Take this punishment from him, and he might well laugh at any other. To punish him for *attempted* murder would be

inane, indeed! In a word, if Jasper is not a murderer, the whole story is an empty hoax.

The only faintest scintilla of evidence that Dickens ever thought of bringing Drood to life is the fact that he was in trouble with his story. This is not remarkable, since it was being published in monthly parts as fast as it was being written. Indeed, Dickens had to exert himself to keep ahead of the presses. There was no chance for revision—no chance to turn back and change anything. How tremendous a handicap this was no one but a writer of mystery stories can realise. For mystery stories, to be perfectly coherent, must, in a sense, be written backwards. The beginning must be made to fit the end. By the time the end is reached, the beginning invariably stands in need of revision and readjustment. This is not a question of lack of genius—it is a question of human limitation. No man, however gifted, can foresee from the start all the minute ramifications of a two-hundred-thousand word story, any more than he can foresee all the ramifications of a game of chess at the moment he advances his first pawn.

But it was not possible for Dickens to strengthen or re-plan his foundation—that had been laid for all the world to see. He had to make the best of it, and go on building; and it is evident from the story itself, from the interlined and rewritten manuscript, and from the butchered proofs, as well as from his remarks to Forster, Fildes and Mrs. Collins, that before he was half done, he found the structure, if not actually tottering, at least alarmingly weak. With the loose construction of his other novels serial publication did not greatly interfere; but to a novel depending wholly upon a closely knit plot it was most embarrassing. So, when he found his story developing unexpected weaknesses, he must have cast about in his mind for some way of strengthening it, and it is possible that the idea of bringing Drood to life may have occurred to him. If it did, he never mentioned it to any one nor

made a note of it; and certainly, after he had examined it and perceived its essential absurdity, he must have rejected it.

WHO WAS DATCHERY?

The second question in regard to the story is, "Who was Datchery?"

Some six months after Drood's disappearance, it will be remembered, a stranger appears at Cloisterham—a white-haired personage, with black eyebrows, buttoned up in a tightish blue surtout, with buff waistcoat and grey trousers; a personage with something of a military air, who describes himself as an "idle dog living upon his means," "a single buffer" who has come to Cloisterham to look for lodgings, with a view of settling down and spending his "remaining span of life" there. He is eccentric in behaviour, loquacious in conversation, and theatrical in deportment, and it is made clear to the reader that his object in coming to Cloisterham is to watch Jasper. He gets lodgings in the same house with him, and begins almost at once to collect, bit by bit, evidence against him—and then the story ends.

Datchery's age is not mentioned, but from his white hair, which Dickens also refers to more than once as grey, from the fact that his appearance suggests to Sapsea and others that he has retired from the army or navy, and from his own reference to his "remaining span of life," it is evident that he impresses those he meets as well past middle age.

All the commentators upon the story are agreed that the long white hair so frequently referred to is a disguise, and that Datchery is not used to wearing a wig, since he habitually carries his hat in his hand, and when he puts it on does so "as if with some vague expectation of finding another hat there." Most go a step farther and agree, very properly, that Dickens would not introduce a new character of such importance so late in the story, and that Datchery is some one who has already been introduced in his proper person. Dickens as much as said so to

his daughter when he referred to the "Datchery assumption."

But as to the identity of this person there is the widest disagreement. Those who believe that Drood was not really murdered, also believe that Datchery is Drood. But, even admitting for the moment that Drood is not dead, it is absurd to suppose that the adoption of a wig and an artificial manner could disguise him from people who were well acquainted with him, even if there was a plausible reason why he should wish to assume such a disguise. There are a dozen indications that Datchery is not Drood, but the whole theory is too foolish to waste time upon.

The theory adopted by Sir William Nicoll, by Dr. Jackson, and by many other eminent but misguided commentators upon the story, is that Datchery is Helena Landless, the twin sister of Neville Landless—the young man upon whom Jasper tries so desperately to fasten the crime, but who, after being arrested, is finally released for lack of evidence. In support of this theory, they argue very adroitly that Helena possesses in perfection the mental qualities necessary to the impersonation—the courage, the resourcefulness, the aplomb; that Dickens takes pains to tell us that, when running away from school years before, she had put on boy's clothes and displayed all the daring of a man; and that she gives many dark hints that she is not afraid of Jasper and has something up her sleeve.

The theory is a picturesque one, but it is not necessary to discuss these arguments in favour of it, for there is to it one insuperable objection, and that is this: However fitted mentally Helena may have been to assume the disguise, she was utterly unfitted for it physically. To suppose that a "like unusually handsome" girl of twenty, dark, rich in colour, with an emphatic and unmistakable personality, could, by putting on trousers and a wig, disguise herself as an elderly gentleman—and, more especially, that she could, for an instant, deceive people who had known her, the sus-

picious Jasper among them—is preposterous.

It is true that in real life women have sometimes successfully disguised themselves as men; but a young woman never successfully disguised herself as an old man. How, in the full light of day, could a fresh and healthy young face put on the hue of age? How could the bright dark eyes put on the glaze of years? How could the soft and rounded cheeks put on the lines that the years are sure to bring? How could that downy skin put on the look of having been shaved for forty years? Or are we to suppose that a man with a great shock of hair and heavy eyebrows was beardless? How could a girl, be she never so slender, button herself up in a "tightish surtout" without betraying her sex? Besides, while the fact is not expressly stated, the whole impression of Datchery—his habit of chaffing, his exuberance, his good humour, his hearty appetite, his pride in his leg—is that of a portly man. Remember, too, that the impersonation was kept up, not for an hour, but for days and weeks, and that it took place, not on an artificially lighted stage with the spectators at a distance, but in the full light of the sun with the spectators all about and close at hand. In view of all these difficulties, the conclusion is unescapable that, however engaging the theory may be, it is, in fact, untenable.

Who, then, is Datchery? It is the opinion of the present writer that Datchery is Bazzard. This is not a very exciting theory, but there are many things to indicate that it is the right one. Briefly stated, they are as follows:

Bazzard, it will be remembered, is clerk to Hiram Grewgious, that admirable and sound-hearted old lawyer who is guardian to Rosa Bud, and who is the first to suspect Jasper of Edwin Drood's murder. It is Grewgious who determines to unmask the villain, who takes charge of the affair, and who decides that Jasper must be watched. What more natural than that he should choose for this task his clerk, in whom he expresses

the greatest confidence and whom no one at Cloisterham knows?

Bazzard is described as a "pale, puffy-faced, dark-haired person of thirty, with big dark eyes that wholly wanted lustre, and a dissatisfied doughy complexion," "a gloomy person, with tangled locks," and a very mysterious manner. It turns out that he has theatrical aspirations, that he has written a tragedy which has never been produced, that he consorts with other disappointed playwrights, and presumably frequents the theatre. Now, it has been contended that Bazzard does *not* possess the mental qualifications necessary to a Datchery; but this is, at least, disputable. The most that can be said is that we know too little of him to pass any certain judgment. The fact that he has written a play, however bad, would indicate that he had some brains, Grewgious evidently considers him a man of parts, and his association with the theatre would explain the theatricality of Datchery's behaviour. Bazzard's dark hair and eyes certainly correspond with Datchery's black eyebrows and show the necessity for a grey wig, if he is to pose as an elderly man. His physique also corresponds with what we must suppose Datchery's to have been, and he has in conversation a stilted and artificial style very like Datchery's. Finally, at the precise time Datchery appears at Cloisterham, Grewgious remarks casually to a visitor that Bazzard "is off duty here, altogether, just at present."

The adherents of the Helena Landless theory assert that this remark was inserted by Dickens merely as a blind; but it is not a blind. On the contrary, it is one of those clues which every writer of a mystery story must strew along his path, but whose importance the average reader does not realise until he looks back from the end of the story. It is a very significant fact that this sentence was carefully strengthened by Dickens in the proofs. Originally, Grewgious's reference to Bazzard was in these words: "No, he goes his way after office hours. In fact, he is off duty at present. . . . But it would be difficult to replace Mr.

Bazzard." In the final text, Grewgious says: "No, he goes his way, after office hours. In fact, he is off duty here, altogether, just at present. . . . But it would be extremely difficult to replace Mr. Bazzard." This, as has been said before, is by far the most important of the proof changes discovered by Sir William Nicoll. Surely, when Dickens made this alteration he had clearly in his mind the fact that Bazzard was already on duty at Cloisterham.

The theory that Datchery is Bazzard is by no means a new one. Both Kerr and Morford advance it. More significant is a letter to the *Pall Mall Magazine* for June, 1906, from Dickens's daughter, Mrs. Kate Perugini, in which she discusses the story and remarks incidentally that "there are reasons in the story against the supposition that Helena is Datchery, and many to support the theory that the 'old buffer' is Bazzard." Other critics have arrived at the same conclusion; but all of them have been berated by the adherents of the Drood and Helena Landless theories as commonplace and unimaginative. Mr. Proctor says, "No one at all familiar with Dickens's method would for a moment imagine that Datchery is Bazzard." Mr. Cuming Walters says, "Literary art rebels against the idea. Bazzard was one of Dickens's favourite low comedy characters." Dr. Jackson says, "I am sure that Bazzard is incapable of playing the part of Datchery." Sir William Nicoll adds, "In these judgments I agree."

It might be pointed out that these are not so much judgments as expressions of opinion. As to Bazzard's alleged incapacity, there is absolutely no proof of it in the story. And the part of Datchery, with his melodrama and air of tragedy and mystery, is one which Bazzard would have loved to play. He would have played it just as Datchery does, in fact, play it. As to the theory being obvious and commonplace, it should be pointed out that the writer of mystery stories who relies for his solutions upon theories which are strange and far-

fetched is riding for a fall. The highest art in the detective story is to impress the reader with the entire reasonableness of every detail; not to startle him at the end by exploding an unexpected bomb, but to hold his interest by the logical development of the plot, whose end he may, to some extent, foresee. Perhaps Dickens was incapable of this peculiar art; he was never first-rate at plot, and he was writing this story under the tremendous disadvantage of immediate publication in parts; but surely he was incapable of attempting to fool his readers by a grotesque trick.

And yet, at this point, the manuscript gives eloquent testimony to the fact that Dickens was in trouble. The eighteenth chapter, in which Datchery is introduced, shows an unusual number of additions and erasures. It has been gone over with great care, for Dickens was evidently afraid that he might, inadvertently, give a hint as to Datchery's identity. If we add to the manuscript changes the changes made in proof, we have a still further evidence of his anxiety on this point. Which brings us to the two omissions marked by Dickens and not carried out by Forster which are of real importance.

Datchery, having been informed that Mrs. Tope, living near the Cathedral, has lodgings to let, sets out to look for them. "But the Crozier being an hotel of a most retiring disposition, and the waiter's directions being fatally precise, he soon became bewildered, and went boggling about and about the Cathedral Tower, whenever he could catch a glimpse of it, with a general impression on his mind that Mrs. Tope's was somewhere very near it, and that, like the children in the game of hot boiled beans and very good butter, he was warm in his search when he saw the Tower, and cold when he didn't see it."

A little farther on he finds a boy, whom he asks to guide him to the spot.

"Lookie yonder," says the boy. "You see that there winder and door?"

"That's Tope's?"

"Yer lie; it ain't. That's Jasper's."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Datchery with a look of some interest.

It seems a rather remarkable coincidence that in the present writer's copy of *Edwin Drood* both these passages should have been marked as giving the strongest evidence that Datchery is Bazzard, and that, after careful consideration, Dickens should have cut them both out of the final proofs. The parts he marked for omission are precisely the significant parts: in the first quotation, from "with a general impression on his mind" to the end of the paragraph; and in the second, the phrase "with a look of some interest."

The point is this: If Datchery was Edwin Drood or Helena Landless or any one else familiar with Cloisterham, he might, indeed, intentionally seem to lose his way in order to deceive any one who might be watching him, and go "boggling about and about the Cathedral Tower," but it could not possibly have been "with a general impression on his mind that Mrs. Tope's was somewhere very near it." If that clause indicates his mental state, then Datchery was unquestionably a stranger to Cloisterham, since it indicates that he was really lost; and if it had stood unaltered in the text it would prove conclusively that he was neither Drood nor Helena. But Dickens, in his final revision of the chapter, cut it out, although Forster allowed it to remain in the printed book.

Now Dickens cut it out for one of two reasons: either he feared that it pointed too clearly to Datchery's identity, or he perceived that it was not in keeping with that identity. The first of these reasons is undoubtedly the right one. Dickens was very anxious to throw every possible cloud about Datchery, for this was one of the few secrets remaining in the story, but here, in a single sentence, was the proof that he was a stranger to Cloisterham. It was a finger pointing straight at Bazzard, the only stranger to Cloisterham who had thus far appeared in the story. On the other hand, if Datchery

had been Drood or Helena, or any one else familiar with the town, Dickens would never have written the words. He would have seen at once that no such thought could have been in Datchery's mind.

The excision of the clause "with a look of some interest," is of less importance. But, unless Datchery was a stranger to the town, there was no reason why he should look at Jasper's window with interest; and this thought, perhaps, occurred to Dickens, and decided him to cut the words out.

One point more. When Datchery is asking the waiter at the Crozier to refer him to possible lodgings, he is very particular to explain that what he wants is "something old, something odd and out of the way; something venerable, architectural and inconvenient." As the waiter hesitates and scratches his head, Mr. Datchery adds, "Anything cathedrally, now." It is evident that the whole object of these inquiries is to guide the waiter's thoughts to Mrs. Tope, who, with her husband, occupies the old gate-house of the cathedral, and who lets lodgings to John Jasper, and it has been argued that they prove that Datchery was familiar with Cloisterham. But they prove no such thing. They prove merely that his employer, Mr. Grewgious, had told him that it was at Tope's he must get lodgings, and had carefully coached him in the questions to be asked.

There is one other point which the advocates of the Helena-Datchery theory have strangely overlooked. In the story as printed, it is obviously impossible for Helena to be Datchery, because Datchery appears in Cloisterham in Chapter XVIII, which is entirely devoted to his doings, while it is not until the following chapter that Helena's school at Cloisterham closes for the summer vacation and leaves her free to join her brother in London. Dr. Jackson, however, discovered by an examination of the manuscript that what is now Chapter XVIII was intended originally by Dickens to be Chapter XIX, and that the two chapters were transposed after what is now

Chapter XIX was completely written, and when what is now Chapter XVIII was about half done. As originally placed, the chapter would not bring Datchery to Cloisterham until at least a week after Helena had gone to London, where, it is supposed—entirely without any corroborative evidence—the plan of disguising herself and returning to Cloisterham to watch Jasper is carried out with the knowledge and assistance of her brother and Grewgious.

In setting the chapter forward, Dr. Jackson and Sir William Nicoll argue, Dickens overlooked this very serious clash in the chronology of the story; and this in spite of the fact that the opening paragraph of the very next chapter, which was already written and which Dickens must have had clearly in his mind, is concerned with the closing of Helena's school. They further argue that, even in the proofs, Dickens did not detect this blunder. But the true inference is, not that Dickens thus carelessly and blindly wrecked his whole plot, but that there was no connection in his mind between Helena and Datchery, and so no necessity to delay Datchery's appearance at Cloisterham until after Helena's departure from it. In fact, the transposition of these chapters is a very strong proof that Helena is not Datchery.

HOW WAS IT TO END?

To the third question, "How was the story to end?" it is possible to give a partial answer, in spite of the fact that Dickens left absolutely no notes nor memoranda for the unwritten chapters. Jasper, of course, was to be caught and punished; the instrument of detection was to be the ring which Drood carried next his heart unknown to Jasper, and which would serve to identify the body, which Jasper had partially destroyed by quicklime. It seems probable that an advertisement written by Grewgious and either inserted in a newspaper or printed as a broadside, stating that the ring was on Drood's person when he disappeared and offering a reward for its return, was to be used to lure Jasper to the place

where he had hid the body, and so into the arms of the law—a device already used by C. Auguste Dupin, and afterward to be used many times by Sherlock Holmes. Rosa is to marry Tartar, and Helena is to marry Crisparkle; Neville is to be killed in the capture of Jasper, which will be only after a chase up the tower and over the roof of the cathedral—a chase for which Tartar, with his extraordinary agility, is carefully prepared beforehand.

So much is fairly certain from the internal evidence of the story, as well as from the hints which Dickens inadvertently let drop. But he found himself confronted by this difficulty: he had wound up his plot and must now begin to unwind it—but his book was only half done. It was to run to twelve numbers and he had written only six. The unwinding could not possibly be prolonged for more than a number or two. Therefore it was necessary to introduce some seconding story to occupy at least four numbers.

That this seconding story was to be concerned with the old opium-woman and with the reasons for her hatred of Jasper seems very probable, but there is absolutely no clue to its details. Andrew Lang goes so far as to assert that Dickens himself did not know how the story was to end. But before he commenced it, he had outlined its plot roughly to Forster, and had stated that its originality "was to consist in the review of the murderer's career by himself at the close, when its temptations were to be dwelt upon as if, not he, the culprit, but some other man, were the tempted. The last chapters were to be written in the condemned cell, to which his wickedness, all elaborately elicited from him as if told of another, had brought him."

There is nothing to show that Dickens had given up this plan, but it does not seem to be very original or very promising. It is doubtful if the average reader would care to know in detail about Jasper's life previous to the opening of the story; certainly no one would care to hear from Jasper's lips what the action of

the story had already disclosed. It is impossible to imagine this as a satisfactory climax, but there is no telling what Dickens's genius would have made of it. Probably he would have found himself compelled to modify it very greatly.

• It is rather the fashion to speak of *Edwin Drood* as a masterpiece; but as a detective story, which is the only way in which it should be judged, it has many faults. Although his main occupation should have been with plot, Dickens could not resist the temptation to amble aside into caricature. Sapsea, with his unbelievable inscription for his wife's monument, is caricature; Mrs. Billickin is caricature, and rather poor and tiresome caricature, too—certainly not good enough to delay the flow of the story, with which it has absolutely no concern. One great requisite of the detective story is that it *should* flow without serious interruption from the first page to the last. It must be regretfully added that Dickens drops occasionally into the dark and mysterious manner of Wilkie Collins, whose work in this field he greatly admired, and that some of his clues leave the reader incredulous.

It will be sufficient to analyse only one of these. Two or three days after Drood's disappearance, Crisparkle, the athletic Minor Canon of the cathedral, is moved by some mysterious and unexplained influence to walk to Cloisterham weir, two miles above the town. As he stands gazing at it, he descries, far out from the bank, a bright object sparkling on the weir, and, swimming out to it, finds that it is a gold watch firmly caught between the timbers by its chain—so firmly that the sweep of the water over the weir has not dislodged it. After repeated diving, he also finds "a shirt-pin sticking in some mud and ooze." Both watch and pin are identified as having belonged to Drood, and everybody at once jumps to the conclusion that the murderer, having removed these articles from the body to prevent its identification, sought to get rid of them by casting them into the river.

A moment's thought will show how

preposterous all this is. In the first place, the chances against the watch-chain being caught in that way by accident would be about a million to one. In the second place, if watch and pin had been thrown into the river together, the pin, being much the lighter, would have fallen far short of the watch. If they had been thrown separately, they would very probably have been thrown in different directions. In neither case could the pin have been "sticking" in the mud, since, as the head was the heavier, it must have gone to the bottom head-first. Of course it might have stuck in the mud head-first, but this is evidently not what Dickens meant, for in that case Crisparkle would have had to perform the incredible feat of discovering a pin-point protruding from the mud at the bottom of a river. The feat, as Dickens indi-

cated that he *did* perform it, is surely remarkable enough!

The plain inference to be drawn from these circumstances is that the watch reached the spot where it was found not by accident but by design, that it could have been placed there only by the murderer, who then proceeded to drop the pin into the water as he sat on top of the weir (we must overlook the "sticking," which is evidently a slip); and that his purpose in doing all this must have been to throw suspicion upon some one else, or at least to divert it from himself. This is so very obvious that, outside of a book, it would be at once apparent to any thinking person—so obvious, indeed, that the very fact that Jasper sought to avail himself of a device so clumsy and transparent is convincing proof that he was only an ordinary villain, after all!

THE GRUB STREET PROBLEM

BEING A CONSIDERATION OF THE SCRIBE AND THE COST OF LIVING IN
VARIOUS PERIODS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART III—THE AGE OF QUEEN ANNE

FROM several sources one may gather that even as late as the threshold of the eighteenth century it was possible to sustain life on about two shillings a week. Thus, although provisions by and large had risen a great deal since Jacobean days, the most ordinary foods were still cheap. The average price of labour during the whole century, says Arthur Young, was 10¼d. a day, whereas in the sixteenth century it had been 6½. It must also be borne in mind that the standards of comfort, especially for the labouring classes, were also increasing; and certain luxuries had become necessities. In 1690 Sir William Petty put the expense of what he calls "the middle head between the highest and lowest" at £7 a year. The ordi-

nary artisan, he says, earns 20d. a day, or £26 a year, and may very well live on £12 and save £14. Arthur Young says the price of provisions had increased during the century 65%, but in 1689 Lord Chief Justice Hale computed that a labourer's family of six could get along on 10s. a week.

Pepys advised his father to live within the compass of £50 a year, which seems rather liberal for a tailor; especially when he thought that £7 a month for his own ordinary housekeeping was a great deal in so large an establishment as his. Being the son of a tailor, he came naturally by his love of clothes. One month he found he had laid out as much as £55 upon himself. This included two periwigs. He had no stom-

ach for a periwig, but finally came to it because the pains of keeping his hair clean was so great. Two mighty fine periwigs ("too fine I thought for me") cost £4 10s.

DRYDEN

Dryden would probably have dressed less expensively than Pepys and he would not have kept up a much more elaborate establishment, for Pepys's house was finely furnished and he often entertained noble friends. Yet even when Pepys became a rich man he never spent as much as the poet; and though he watched his expenses, he was open-handed.

A very prosperous gentleman was Dryden, making money in a dozen different ways, yet never making enough for his needs. His pension was £100 for the laureateship, £100 for historiographer, and an additional pension of £100. When he was ejected from office, Dorset gave him £100 a year out of his own purse, which the poet had not the slightest scruple in taking. An author of that day, says Macaulay, was something between a pander and a beggar. For an elegy on a countess he received 500 guineas; and the Duchess of Ormond gave him £500 for his *Fables*. The first edition of these brought him 250 guineas from Tonson the bookseller. He received £40 for *Saint Cecilia's Day*, and Pope says he got £1200 for his *Virgil*. Prologues from his pen were much in demand, and his fee for them was 2 guineas. For some reason he never made more than £100 all told by each of his most successful plays; though as he contracted to furnish four a year, this was more than he could have made in any other way by the same amount of labour and time. He once asked Southerne how much he got by one of his plays, and Southerne answered that he was ashamed to tell the great poet that he had cleared £700 by his last. But, though Dryden could not make the public flock to his plays, he drove a shrewd bargain with the booksellers who published them. The poet, indeed, deserves no sympathy on the

score of greedy publishers—it was largely the other way. "He is reported," says Johnson, "to have inherited £200 a year. Such a fortune ought to have secured him from that poverty which seemed always to have oppressed him; or if he had wasted it, to have made him ashamed of publishing his necessities. Thus I am inclined to believe that this was false." But certainly, in spite of his high-born and exacting wife, he had no reason to complain of his poverty, even without this inheritance; and certainly he had not the least hesitation in publishing his needs. His accomplished and fulsome dedications never brought him less than 20 guineas, and he tagged everything he wrote with them. Malone calculates his income for a great part of his life at fully £700 a year—equal in purchasing to nearly £3,000 now.

The average income of a knight in 1688, says Gregory King, was £650, of an esquire £450, of a gentleman £280. Here was Dryden with more than any of them, yet blithely begging right and left—as confident of the divine right of authors to be supported as ever Charles had been of the divine right of kings. Frances North, the Lord Keeper, often said that if he had been sure of £100 a year to live on, he had never been a lawyer. His father allowed him, the cadet of a noble house, £60 a year, but reduced it to £50; his grandfather allowed him £20, but took it away in anger. Sir Dudley North said that if he could have valued himself at £200 a year, he would have asked no more of fortune. Bab May, according to Pepys, had told the king that £300 was enough for any man but them that lived at Court; Marvell had said that £500 was more like it. Sir Robert Walpole found an old account book in which his father had set down his personal expenses—in three months and ten days in London one winter as member of Parliament, he had expended but £64 7s. 5d., and there were many 18d. dinners. The salary of the great Betterton, the most noted actor and one of the most sought after

men of Dryden's time, never exceeded 80s. a week. Cibber says his yearly income was £120, about a fifth of Dryden's. Yet out of this he had saved £2,000 by the age of sixty, in spite of the fact that everybody praised him and courted him and he enjoyed the friendship of three kings—Charles, indeed, lent him his coronation suit for one of his parts. Yet here was Dryden with £700 perpetually parading his poverty and saying that necessity alone had driven him to indecency in his plays.

COFFEE HOUSES

Dryden, too, had, as far as one can tell, no extravagant vices. He did not gamble to excess; and though he told Mrs. Stewart he had a strong stomach, he seems to have meant that he was not particular rather than that he could notably over-drink and over-eat in a time when everybody was doing both. For the rest he passed most of his social hours in the cheapest way of spending time ever invented—in the coffee houses.

People spent so little at these places that the proprietor never could have got along if they hadn't been crowded from morning till bed-time. The sum of one penny was laid down at the bar and admitted to a long room partitioned off into boxes and separated by a central walk. The regulation price of a dish of coffee or tea was 2d., and this gave free reading of all the journals and permission to write and receive letters. The coffee house was a London institution. Not until the reign of Charles II had coffee and tea come into general use. In 1637 Evelyn first saw the former, and he says it became a custom thirty years afterward. In 1659 Pepys had his first cup of "tee—a China drink." But coffee houses had no sooner started than they became universal. Foreigners remarked that they were the homes of the Londoners. Certainly if London husbands had to take their pleasures away from home all the time, their wives could not have desired for them a less expensive form of dissipation—except, indeed, for the hours it took from business.

Mrs. Dryden, however, could not have complained of this, for every moment he spent there meant money in his pocket. The tracts of the time are equally full of censure of the coffee houses for breeding idleness and of praise for their convenience and cheapness. *The Character of a Coffee House with the Symptoms of a Town Wit* says, "He that comes often saves 2d. a week on Gazettes, and has his news and his coffee for the same charge—as at a 3d. ordinary they give you in your broth a chop of mutton." *Coffee Houses Vindicated* says, "Here for a penny you may spend two or three hours, have the shelter of a house, the warmth of a fire, the diversion of company, and convenience if you please of taking a pipe of tobacco. It hath grown almost a general custom among us that no bargain can be done or business concluded but it must be transacted at some public house. This to persons much concerned in the world must be injurious." Hence the coffee houses kept one from the temptation of stronger drink. By the days of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* they had acquired great political as well as social importance. "About twelve o'clock," says *A Journey Through England* in 1712, "the beau monde assembles in several coffee or chocolate houses. The best are so near one another that in less than an hour you see the company of them all. After the play, the best company generally go to Tom's and Will's near adjoining, where there is playing and the best of conversation till midnight. And what is most incredible, you can hardly enter a coffee house in an evening but you will find company—although there be above 8,000 of them, by a modest computation."

OVER-EATING AND DRINKING

If Dryden did not over-eat and drink, however, almost everybody else did. In 1657 Reeve accused the Londoners of the most abominable eating propensities. If a true account could be obtained of the expense of the kingdom in inordinate eating for one year, he believed it would exceed the income of the Spanish Indies;

and they drank as if they were nothing but sponges. Pepys gives much evidence that people were unable to transact their business after their early dinners. Perhaps this was why they began work so early in the morning, though that fashion was open to the embarrassment of treading upon the heels of the night's debauch. The ordinary hour for getting to work was six or seven; Pepys used to be at it by four or five, though he often confessed to being heavy from his late supper. Francis Smith, Bunyan's publisher, said in 1680 that out of every £3,000 spent in the city, above £500 went in wine. In 1688 it was estimated that more than twelve million barrels of beer were brewed for the five million populace of England. Even children from their infancy drank small beer; and no one touched water. Every tenth house in some parishes of London was a drinking-house, and in others every seventh and even fifth. "His Lordship," says North, "was one of the most sober men that ever marched through the world as he did. I, that was almost continually with him, never saw him in a condition they call overtaken; and the most hath been but just discernible in his speech, for he had strength of head to bear a great deal; and when he found that infirmity coming upon him, he used to sit smiling and say little or nothing." In 1704, said Chamberlayne, "Since the Rebellion, England hath abounded in a variety of drinks over any other nation in Europe. The quantity of beer drank in London will to foreigners be incredible. Strong beer is 12s. 6d. a barrel, small beer is 6s. 6d. the barrel (a great advance on Elizabethan prices); and there is also consumed a vast quantity of French and Spanish wines." And Chamberlayne was not a moralist like Francis Smith, but an optimist, even if an inconsistent one. For though he says in a characteristically British way that the English had got their fashion of heavy drinking from the Netherlands, yet he notes that they are not so much addicted to gluttony and drunkenness as they were. But, he adds, this is because

so many eminent families were in the late Rebellion impoverished.

When one recalls Pepys's menus, the observation of Sir William Petty in 1690 that few in the kingdom do not eat by a twentieth part more than does them good, is amusing. "We had nothing," says Pepys of a dinner he was invited to, "but a venison pasty, a leg of mutton, and a pullet or two." He called a dish of marrowbones, a leg of mutton, a loin of veal, a dish of fowl, three pullets and a dozen larks all in one dish, a great tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies, and a dish of prawns and cheese—a homely dinner. But he was very proud of one which he spread for his friends—a fricassee of rabbits and a chicken, a boiled leg of mutton, three carps, a side of lamb, a dish of roasted pigeons, a lamprey pie, a dish of four lobsters, three tarts, a dish of anchovies, and good wine of several sorts.

TAVERN PRICES

At an ordinary one could pay in Pepys's time 7s. to a guinea for dinner; and once he paid 34s. a man. "Ordinaries here," says Macky in 1712, "are not so common as abroad, yet the French have set up two or three pretty good ones. The general way is to make a party at the coffee house to go to dine at the tavern, where we sit till six, then we go to the play—except you are invited to the table of some great man. Near the Exchange are two very good French eating-houses where you may bespeak a dinner from 4s. to 5s. a head to a guinea or what sum you please." But these were the highest-priced and most fashionable places "where Town Gallants drank briskly of Burgundy." You could dine very well indeed for half the sum even at Haycock's Ordinary—a first-class place much frequented by members of Parliament. Here usually dined Andrew Marvell, member for Hull and famous wit. "Having eaten heartily of boiled beef with some roasted pigeons and asparagus and drank his pint of port, he took a piece of money out of his pocket, held it between his finger and

thumb, and said to certain members of the House known to be in the pay of the Crown: 'Gentlemen, who would let himself out for hire while he can have such a dinner for half a crown.'" This shows that ordinaries had not risen much since 1633. That year, when expenses had bounded upward in the city, the prices of food were once again fixed by law, both in the market and the shops (where a difference of 2d. to 4d. was allowed) and the first-class ordinaries were limited to 2s. a head and 18d. for a servant attending his master. The critical Pepys had at an ordinary in Old Exchange "very good cheer" for 18d. He dined at a cook's upon roast beef for 1s. ½d. "Went to the King's Head Ordinary but, coming late, dined at the second table for 12d." In 1711 Chamberlayne said that one could dine well at an ordinary for 18d. At a chop-house Swift got for 10d. ale, broth, and three mutton chops. But one could eat much more cheaply than that. Threepenny ordinaries could still be found even in 1700; and at a time when 4d. was allowed to an apprentice for his day's food, a Grub Street author could certainly have eaten his fill there.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF GRUB STREET

The first use of Grub Street in an offensive sense was made by Marvell, and before the close of the seventeenth century the term had become a synonym for the lowest class of literature. Over fifty years later Dr. Johnson defined it as "a street in London much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems; whence any mean production is called Grub Street." Stow had said it was inhabited by makers of archer's supplies, and it was not until after the Civil Wars that it became associated with authorship. "The writers of seditious and libellous pamphlets and verses were for the most part men whose indigent circumstances compelled them to live in obscurity," wrote Sir John Hawkins, "and Grub Street then abounded with mean old houses, which were let out at low rents to peo-

ple of this description, whose occupation was in publishing anonymous treason and slander." Fox, the martyrologist, one of the original inhabitants of the street, would have been much surprised at its future reputation. But it was Pope and Swift who later gave it its worst significance; and Pope, to whom poverty was a sin, "linked forever the name of its poor writers with ribaldry and malice."

The first toilers in Grub Street had contrived to exist, as had the professional writers in Elizabeth's day, on translations for the publishers and on pamphlets, ballads, accounts of wonders, and of the crimes and dying speeches of criminals to whose executions all London flocked. To prepare the newsletters distributed by the post had now become a Grub Street calling, and the news-writers collected items from the coffee houses. That important person known as the general reader was just beginning to emerge, and it was he who changed the literary outlook. The publisher Tonson was the first man to recognise that a professional court-writer like Dryden was getting a popular following and must be reckoned with as a power. Roger North had written in his biography of the period about 1680: "The trade is now contracted into the hands of two or three persons. The rest of the trade are content to take their refuse, and it is wretched to consider what pick-pocket work these demi-booksellers make. They crack their brains to find out selling subjects and keep hirelings in garrets at hard meat to write and correct." Thus the hackney-writer came into existence. Thomas Amory said of a bookseller, that his translators lay three in a bed at the Pewter Platter Inn, Holborn. Doubtless none of these men were so untrue to their birthright as to take much thought for the morrow, but it was still some time before the average run of them—though earning probably more than could have been earned in any other congenial way—was able to dissipate to the extent of the pamphleteers and playwrights in the Elizabethan days, when

things cost less. Not yet had come the glorious days of Grub Street, when by reason of not infrequent political wind-falls, the most mediocre scribbler there could glory in his eccentric prodigality and recklessness as the true hall-mark of his tribe.

But even when they were earning a pittance at one job after another, it certainly mounted up in the aggregate to as much as the mediocrities of the other gentler professions were making. "The twelve petty canons of Durham," writes Sir W. Brereton in 1635, "are worth about £10 a year in a minster endowed with mighty large revenues." He saw at Shrewsbury—"a fair, large, spacious town, one of the richest in these parts—a school-house neatly contrived which is divided into three rooms in every whereof is there a master. The first teacheth to read, who hath £10 yearly; the second teacheth the grounds of the Latin tongue and hath £20; the third, who is most learned, teacheth the highest scholars, who are thence sent to the university, who hath a stipend of £40." In 1641 a tract called *The Curate's Conference*, presents a dialogue between Master Poorest and Master Needham. Out of £8 a year Master Poorest, who was a country curate, had to get his own victuals, clothes, and books; and when he rebelled he was told another could be had for less. Poor curates in the city, says Master Needham in reply, can go no higher than the three-penny ordinaries—"but sure the proprietor had been a cook in college, for he dexterously plays the logician in dividing the meat." The Crown livings within the gift of the Lord Chancellor were all under £20 a year in 1712. The seven professors of Gresham College, London, had £50 a year with handsome apartments in the college. "A poor scholar," said the *Spectator*, "is willing to be banished for £20 a year and a little victuals to take a boy on the Grand Tour. In 1693, when Queen Mary went to see Congreve's *Double Dealer*, the leading man was ill and the author recommended for the part a young man who had recently en-

tered the company. He did so well that his salary was raised from 15s. to 20s. a week. That young man was Colley Cibber; and when he was playing leading parts regularly, his salary had reached but 30s. a week. When he went on the stage, the highest theatrical salary was 6s. 3d. a day. Thus even at low ebb, Grub Street inhabitants could have made as much as other learned or artistic folk, and there was no reason why they could not have existed on their earnings. In 1690 *The Present State of London* notes that there was no place in the kingdom where poor people or such as would be frugal might live cheaper; and Petty records that fuel and all the most necessary sorts of victuals, fish, and drinks were cheaper in London than in Paris.

THE PALMY DAYS OF GRUB STREET

In the next generation, one cannot but judge from the money spent with such fitful prodigality in Grub Street, that it was fairly plentiful—though doubtless its irregularity made it fly all the swifter. In the days of Anne, "the favour of great men" was still the chief endeavour of those who succeeded with authorship just as it had been in the days of Dryden; but those who were not of the mettle to succeed in any calling maintained by it a happy-go-lucky existence. Purses for dedications came almost as often to nobodies as to somebodies. All of the latter expected and received pensions and sinecures; and if they went actually into politics, they might mount to the highest. Addison's pension of £300 made him a rich man until it was stopped by the death of the King. Not long, however, was he in "his garret up three flights of stairs." For a political poem, *The Campaign*, he was appointed to a commissionership of £200; and from then he was a child of fortune. Steele, Congreve, and many others won places by their pens; and from the start Swift had the patronage of Sir William Temple. Johnson wrote the lives of thirty poets, of whom only seven are nowadays ever mentioned; but most of the insig-

nificant ones the Government had lifted from Grub Street into commissioners, envoys and secretaries. The Duke of Wharton is said to have given Young £2,000 for the dedication of his tragedy *Revenge*. "Books were frequently printed," says Macaulay, "merely that they might be dedicated. The pen of the author was at the service of any political party that would pay for it, and the intemperance of their pens was superlative." Sir Robert Walpole gave Savage 20 guineas for a panegyric upon himself in 1728. From 1731-41, Walpole bribed writers and newspapers with £50,077, 18s. In four years Arnall received £1,079, 6s. 8d. of this amount, and is said to have had besides a pension of £400 a year.

This was the heyday of Grub Street, yet Grub Street was always needy. Savage may be taken as its typical inhabitant at that period, for although he received a pension of £50 a year, it always disappeared at once. "By no means equal to the demands of vanity and luxury," says Johnson, "this is yet found sufficient to support families above want and was undoubtedly more than the necessities of life required." Yet Savage lived almost as a vagabond and spent many a night in the streets because he could not buy the poorest lodging. Speaking of *The Wanderer*, Johnson wrote, "That he sold so valuable a performance for so small a price was not to be imputed either to necessity, by which the learned and ingenious are often obliged to submit to very hard conditions; or to avarice, by which the booksellers are frequently incited to suppress that genius by which they are supported; but to that intemperate desire of pleasure and habitual slavery to his passions." Boyse laid out his last half guinea to buy truffles and mushrooms for his last scrap of beef, says Sir Leslie Stephen; and Johnson once collected for him sixpences to redeem from pawn clothes which two days afterward were pawned again. "The merry rogue when he wanted a dinner," says Addison in the *Tatler*, "sent a paragraph of Table Talk and his

bookseller paid the reckoning." Lintot told Pope that by giving the hungry critics a piece of boiled beef and a pudding he could make them see beauties in any author he chose. Swift wrote to Steele that he went to see a poor poet in a nasty garret, very sick, and gave him 20 guineas from Lord Bolingbroke—a somewhat larger sum than Gregory King had said would keep a labourer's family for a year.

FRANKLIN'S EXPERIENCE

If we turn for a moment from intemperate Grub Street to Benjamin Franklin, the traditional hardships of that boisterous thoroughfare will appear in a more genuine light. Franklin arrived in London in 1724. He and his friend Ralph took lodgings at 3s. 6d. a week each. His friend endeavoured to get employment as a hackney-writer, to copy for the stationers and lawyers about the Temple. When Ralph went to Berkshire, he taught reading and writing to a dozen boys at 6d. a week apiece. Franklin's companion at the press drank every day a pint of beer before and with breakfast of bread and cheese, a pint before and with dinner, a pint at six o'clock, and one when he had finished his day's work. "From my example," said he, "a great many of them left their muddling breakfast of beer, bread and cheese, finding they could be supplied with a large porringer of hot water-gruel sprinkled with pepper, crumbled with bread, and a bit of butter in it for the price of the beer, three half-pence." Five shillings drink money was demanded of him when he went into the composing room. When he moved to other lodgings he paid the same rent, but there was a lodging nearer his business for 2s. a week; and when he spoke of moving, the landlady took off the 2s. and lodged him for 1s. 6d. In the garret of this house lived a lady of some gentility who had given away all her estate to charitable uses but £12 a year to live on. And out of this she gave a great deal to charity, living herself on water-gruel and using no fire but to boil it. Though she

looked pale she was never sick, says Franklin; "and I give this as another instance on how small an income life and health may be supported."

PRODIGALITY AND VANITY

The prodigality of people who have a meagre or irregular living or who are not sure of their next meal has always been a matter of wonder. But observers as well as moralists of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries in London are constantly asking the question, "Where does the money come from?" The extravagance of the English as a people had long been the comment of all foreigners. Pepys, too, is full of it. "I do not remember when I first began to be able to bestow a play upon myself," he writes in 1667, "that I saw so many by half of the ordinary prentices and mean people in the pit at 2s. 6d. as now; I going for several years no higher than the 12d. and the 18d. places—so much the vanity and the prodigality of the age is to be observed in this particular." Again he writes, "To see how people in ordinary clothes come hither (to a gaming-house) and play away one, two, and three guineas without any kind of difficulty!" Sir Dudley North said that when he was a boy if he had but 3s. in the world, he gave a half-crown for entrance to a cockfight, reserving 6d. to bet with. Of a cockfighting Pepys says, "But, Lord! To see the strange variety of people, from a Parliament man to the poorest prentices, bakers, butchers, draymen, and what not! It is strange to see how people of this poor rank, that look as if they had not bread to put into their mouths, shall bet three or four pounds at a time, lose it, yet bet as much at the next battle; so that one of them will lose ten or twelve pounds at a meeting." The animal-baiting of an earlier age had become vulgar. Though there was still plenty of it for the commoner sort of people, "it is a rude and dirty pastime," wrote Evelyn. The Bear Garden was now the resort of peer and prentice to see the prize fight, which had become the fa-

vourite brutality of the Augustan age. The genteel sat on high benches at half a crown, the rabble crowded beneath them in a sixpenny standing-place. Then, one could lose a great deal of money on ninepins; and, indeed, on anything that came or didn't come along. Almost every comedy of the period refers to the universal practice of wagering, which made London a sort of Calaveras County. "For variety of sports and recreation," says Chamberlayne in 1704, "no nation exceeds the English. They think it a piece of frugality beneath a gentleman to bargain beforehand or to account afterward for what they eat in any place, though the rate be most unreasonable." The orange girls in the theatres were able to pay £40 to the management in Charles Second's time for the privilege of selling their fruit to open-handed young gallants. An orange girl once tricked Pepys into buying eight oranges at 6d. apiece, the customary price at the theatre, by telling him before a lady that he had ordered them.

De Foe in 1704 said that no man in England of sound limb and senses could be poor from want of work. "The difficulty to get Englishmen to enlist is because they live in plenty and ease, and can earn 20s. a week at an easy steady employment. He must be drunk or mad when he lists for a soldier to be knocked in the head for 3s. 6d. a week. Where an Englishman earns 20s. and but just lives as he calls it, a Dutchman grows rich and leaves his children in a very good condition. We are the most *lazy diligent* nation in the world. I can produce a thousand families in England within my particular knowledge who go in rags and wanting bread, whose fathers can earn 15 to 20s. a week, but will not work. They drink as long as their money lasts and then only go to work for more." Even as early as the reign of James, the dwelling of a rich merchant began to rival a nobleman's. "It is with no small concern that I behold," says the *Tatler*, "the tradesman of this city put off the smooth, even, and ancient decorum of thriving citizens for a

fantastical dress and figure improper for their persons and their characters." *The Compleat Tradesman* in 1726 was more vigorous. "Not a shopkeeper, not a barber, not hardly a barber's apprentice, but must have a shirt of fine Holland of 6s. an ell; and the ordinary beaus run it up to 10 and 12s. an ell. Their grandfathers, perhaps as clean though not so gay, contented themselves with good Holland of half the price and with shifting their linen perhaps twice the week—to correct which our nicer gentlemen have brought it to two clean shirts a day." De Foe, of course, was the village scold, and few people would have been willing to make their point by complaining of a surplus of clean linen among the tradesmen in London in the first quarter of the eighteenth century. Perhaps he stayed nearer to statistics when he said in 1726 that the beggars of London ate more white bread than the kingdom of Scotland. But extravagance of all kinds there was; and seemingly, if such a thing could be possible, it was constantly beyond the pockets of people. "I must observe to you," said Macky in 1712, "that taverns are innumerable," and gaming was the universal passion. The first number of the *Tatler* said of Will's Coffee House, "This place is very much altered since Mr. Dryden frequented it. Where you used to see songs, epigrams, and satires in the hands of every one you met, you have now only a pack of cards."

THE POST, COACHES, AND CONVEYANCES

Postage in 1635, when the Home Post-office originated, was fixed at 2d. the single letter for any distance under 80 miles, 4d. up to 140, 6d. any longer distance, 8d. any place in Scotland. The mode of conveyance contemplated was horseback. In 1680 came the London penny-post, carrying all letters about London for a penny each from four to eight times a day. In 1658 the system of stage-coaches began. After the Restoration the ordinary fare was about 2½d. a mile in summer and somewhat more in winter. With them there began to be an increased desire to travel and

the inland baths became popular. Before that time, even to visit London from a distance was an expense only great proprietors could indulge in often. The usual charge grew to be 1s. for five miles, and the best coaches made as many as fifty miles a day. They met with the bitter opposition and bad logic which is the fate of all novelties. *The Grand Concern of England* in 1673 gravely charged the new coaches with spoiling the breed of horses, making men effeminate, ruining trade at inns by permitting several passengers to club together for a shilling dish of meat instead of having each a dish for himself, ruining the tailors by keeping clothes from wear and tear, and allowing men to travel without pistols and a body-guard.

In town, so great had traffic become that foot-passengers rarely could cross London Bridge, and the river was still constantly used. Pepys paid a sculler 6d. to take him from Whitehall to Lambeth and back again in time of crowd. This was practically what it had been in Elizabeth's day, and in 1712 the price was the same—anywhere above the bridge to Westminster in a boat with two rowers for 6d. and with one for 3d.; and below the bridge to the extremity of the city that way the same, says Macky. "Hackney-coaches you have at the corner of every street," he says, "which will carry you anywhere within a reasonable distance for a shilling, and for two from one end of the city to the other." The 800 coachmen were probably as turbulent and as ruffianly as the 4,000 watermen, for the free and easy intimacy of the London streets was notorious. "We are carried to places of entertainment in chairs or sedans, which are here very cheap," Macky goes on, "a guinea a week or a shilling per hour. And your chairmen serve you for porters to run errands as your gondoliers do in Venice."

AUTHOR'S PRICES

But though successful authors might expect pensions from the Government and even scribblers counted on substantial sums for dedications and for political

pamphlets, the prices paid by the booksellers were by no means small. Indeed, when one remembers how narrow was the literary world and that the publisher assumed all the risk in buying the copyright, they were surprisingly large. The author's profits were in many cases higher than would be derived nowadays from a royalty. For plays, Farquhar received £30 for *Beaux's Stratagem*, Steele £21 10s. for *The Lying Lover*, Southerne £36 for *The Fatal Marriage* and £120 for *The Spartan Dame*, Smith £50 for *Phædra*, Rowe £75 for *Lady Jane Grey* and £50 for *Jane Shore*, Gay £25 for *Wife of Bath* and £400 for *The Beggar's Opera* and £1,200 for *Polly*. Tillotson's *Sermons* brought £2,500. Young received £2,500 for his *Satires*, and Gay £1,000 for his poems. Hume had £700 a volume for his history, Hawkesworth £6,000 for his *South Sea Expedition*. In novels, Smollett got £2,000 for one, Fielding £700 for *Tom Jones* and £1,000 for *Amelia*, Swift £200 for *Gulliver's Travels*. Mrs. Rundell's *Art of Cookery* brought her in 2,000 guineas.

Pope made a very handsome fortune, and from the beginning had it easy. His small patrimony gave him some independence at the outset and enabled him to refuse a pension when George I came to the throne. Shortly afterward he received nearly £10,000 for his *Homer*. But it must not on these two accounts be thought that Pope was loftily above the author's arts of his time. He flattered for dedications or manipulated personalities as abjectly as any poorer man. He found it paid him to say that Lord Lansdowne's name on the title-page of *Windsor Forest* was the poem's greatest ornament, and to accept from the Duchess of Marlborough £1,000 merely for suppressing the Atossa lines. This is perhaps the cheapest earned money in all literature, especially since he used them later with slight modifications as a picture of the Duchess of Buckinghamshire, who is not recorded as having come forward with hush-money. *The Country Gentleman's Vade Mecum*

in 1717 gives the annual expenses of a nobleman's family of twenty-five to thirty people at £1,200 to £1,500. Pope from his *Homer* alone could have maintained such an establishment for half a dozen years. "But he rejected," says Johnson, "all temptations to expense unsuitable to his fortune"; indeed, some people called him niggardly.

Pope said he could not drink tea without a stratagem, and Swift told him that he paid more for two bites and a sup beyond his wont than most men for a debauch. It is rather curious that the only other literary man of the time who constantly kept his head above water was also unfitted by nerves and stomach for the gross pleasures of the age. Richardson started a printing shop as soon as he had served his time as apprentice. *Pamela* made at once an amazing success, and *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison* followed with equal enthusiasm and increasing sales. But Richardson calmly pulled down his old house and eight others which he bought with his profits, and erected a larger printing office. This he ran until his death, and used to hide a half-crown among the types so that the earliest riser might find it.

Fielding on the contrary was a very robust fellow, and Macaulay would have done well to bear this fact in mind when he said that even so notable an author had to pawn his best coat to get tripe at an underground cook-shop. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu said Fielding had to choose between the career of a hackney-coachman and a hackney-writer. He began to write for the stage at once, and his second play was successful. With one of his plays which ran only six nights, he made £50; two very hasty adaptations from Molière had great success; one of his plays ran fifty nights. He produced twenty-five before he was thirty, as at this rate he need not have descended to underground tripe. Furthermore, in this period he inherited an estate of £200 a year and married £1,500; and in three years had devoured both. When he gave up plays, it is pleas-

ant to note that he gave up Grub Street roystering; and although he never learned to save money, he did try to fulfil his obligations as far as his generosity would let him.

The expenses which a wife of £1,500 might legitimately put one to in London at the date of Fielding's marriage (provided of course one kept her in the style of her dowry instead of spending it on one's self) are fortunately at hand. In 1729 appeared a tract called *The Bachelor's Estimate of the Expenses of a Married Life. Being an Answer to a Proposal of Marrying a Lady with £2,000 Fortune*. It called forth two tracts in reply, which are more sprightly than statistical. In them but two items concern us. *The Married Man's Answer* charges the bachelor with neglecting to reckon his dinners at the tavern, which cost him 1s. 3d. a day. *The Woman's Advocate* also challenges tartly his table of expenses. Threepence, she says, will find coffee or tea for any two persons, and what pays for bread and butter at a coffee house will serve a whole family at home. Here is part of the Bachelor's Estimate.

"I now live in chambers, which cost

me £12 10s. As soon as married, I must take a house, which I cannot have suitable to me and my business under £50.

"To my bed-maker I pay about 50s. a year; when married I must keep two maid-servants and a man, whose wages and the man's livery must at least come to £20.

"Coach and chair-hire for my wife to make visits, take the air, to see plays, etc., at a reasonable and yearly computation £3 10s.

"It costs me now about 40s. a year in coals. I am sure it must then cost me £10.

"My wife's necessary wearing apparel £30.

"One year with another cannot come short of £5 for the Apothecary.

"Washing my wife's and the family linen £8.

"As to the evening expenses, you know married men go abroad as often at that time as bachelors; and I won't promise to be more uxorious than my neighbours. So that instead of £25 a year at the most it now costs me in dinners, I shall have for all kinds of household expenses, butcher, baker, etc., £210 10s."

. . .

Little Holland's glories as a home of etching do not all lie in the more remote past when Rembrandt, himself the greatest individual genius that ever held a needle, was the head of a whole school that in some ways still remains the most brilliant the world has ever known. Beginning with Jongkind, the Dutch etcher with a French education, she has played an important part in the modern revival, and contributed her quota of notable executants to the art throughout the second half of the nineteenth century. Perhaps no really big etcher of the period has been more popular than Charles Storm van's Gravesande, with his splendid representations of the sea, and of the shipping in Dutch harbours. Then there are other notable Dutch etchers. The famous trio of painters, Israëls, Maris, and Mauve, whose work is known the world over, also handled the needle from time to time and produced plates of the highest interest. While more recently still there has appeared a new etcher named Bauer who, combining the spirit of Rembrandt with that of Flaubert and of the Arabian Nights, has conjured up scenes and visions of the Orient that are too little known here in America at present, though all Europe is enthusiastic over them. The BOOKMAN will reproduce for the first time two of these fascinating masterpieces, together with a selection of the work of the other artists represented in Mr. Cleveland Palmer's notable article.

FIRST NOVELS AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

THE difference in attitude between the professional reviewer and the general public is perhaps nowhere more apparent than in the case of new authors. The average reader quite naturally has a preference for certain established favourites; he has formed a liking for Hewlett and Galsworthy and Leonard Merrick, or for Meredith Nicholson and E. Phillips Oppenheim, as the case may be; and when he buys the latest volume of any of these authors, he knows pretty nearly what he is getting; it is like buying a familiar brand of laundry soap or breakfast food, and he not unnaturally resents any attempt to beguile him into accepting an unknown make as being "just as good." But to the veteran reviewer, there must always be a certain latent promise in a first book which the maturer work of writers who have "arrived" does not have; there is always the hope, no matter how often deferred, that the next "first book" will mean the discovery of a new genius, or at least a talent of the first order; and this hope, always smouldering, serves the sustaining purpose of the pioneer spirit, and turns what would otherwise often be drudgery into the possibility of a great adventure. To the reviewer, the reading of a certain book does not mean merely an hour or two of pleasure or the reverse; it means also the necessity of saying something more or less intelligent and more or less new, in reference to it. Stop for a moment to consider what it means to have read in order, as they successively came out, a score of volumes by Marion Crawford or Eden Phillpotts, or any other similarly prolific novelist of deserved popularity, and to have endeavoured in each case to place the volume honestly, according to its deserts,—and you will realise that, however much delight the reviewer may personally find in any one of these au-

thors, he regards the necessity of criticising a twenty-first volume with a feeling akin to dismay. He simply has nothing left to say, for he knows in advance all of this author's tricks of style, all of his aims and aspirations, the whole gamut of his possibilities; and there is nothing left to do but to indicate perfunctorily the specific details of the new plot, and the position of the volume in regard to the author's general average of excellence.

But in the case of a new writer it is all unbroken ground. And this fact constitutes in itself the excuse for many a review that has sinned by too fervent commendation. Oftentimes, the critic knows that a certain volume bearing an unknown name has many crudities, many faults of construction, that in point of worldly wisdom and literary style it is not in the same class with another volume, standing side by side with it, that has come from the pen of some veteran novelist with a solid reputation in two continents. And, in spite of this, he finds himself giving indulgent praise to the new writer and only a perfunctory, half-hearted appreciation of the old,—and for the simple reason that the new writer sees life from a new visual angle; his ideas may be crudely conveyed, but they have the inestimable advantage of being fresh and different; his pages are full of the unexpected, and, consequently, they are stimulating. And the reviewer, looking through and beyond this first crude book of promise, is quite apt to put into his estimate of it a certain measure of the brilliant future that he foresees for its author. And this is perfectly natural: because a first book of real merit must always be less interesting for its own sake than because of the vista that it opens up of future achievements. The author, of course, may never be heard from again; or he

may remain, to all intents and purposes, the author of just one book, vainly striving to repeat his first success and never again rising above mediocrity. Or again,—and this is the far commoner case,—he will soon prove to be a workman of fairly even ability who can be relied upon to produce readable volumes of a predetermined style and subject at fairly regular intervals. And then again, there is the far rarer type of erratic genius, who simply refuses to be labelled or pigeon-holed, and who is no sooner identified by the public with one field of literary activity than he bursts forth, Kipling-like, in an entirely new direction, dividing his readers into two hostile camps, eternally contending as to the relative merits of his earlier and later manner. Prophecies are always rash; and yet the temptation to make them, now and then, is a very natural human weakness; and perhaps one of the keenest joys that a reviewer has is that of looking back over a decade or two and noting the cases where a prediction, based upon the merits of a first book, has been justified by a subsequent solid reputation.

As a matter of fact, the authors of first books who are never heard from again are not nearly so numerous as most people would unthinkingly assume. If you should start to make a list of the new novelists of the past ten years who suddenly leaped into prominence with a first novel and then quietly dropped out of sight, the names that you might get together after an hour or two of thinking would look rather lonely. Of course there are a few cases, illustrated by *David Harum* and *The House with the Green Shutters*, where death intervened to make a further career impossible. And it would be easy to collect an abundance of instances where some English novelist, quite unknown in America, has been introduced to us by just one volume imported on the strength of its London success; and if it fails to meet with the expected response from the American public, the experiment will not be repeated, no matter how prolific

its author becomes at home. But these cases are not really exceptions to the general rule that a popular first novel is the corner-stone of a long and successful career.

And this is not at all surprising, if you stop to think of the qualities which the average first novel must possess to a rather marked extent. The low water line of mediocrity in fiction has been considerably raised in the past few years. There is still a great mass of ephemeral stuff put out annually with no higher aim than to kill an idle hour or two agreeably. Yet even in this class of books a certain degree of technique is essential; it presupposes a more or less careful apprenticeship. But the first novel by an unknown writer has to do something more than attain the minimum standard of technique. Lacking the prestige of a well-known name, the possession of an assured clientele, it must be able to call attention to itself unheralded; it must possess that magic and indefinable something which will suddenly spur a jaded reader to a contagious enthusiasm; in short, it must have a distinct vein of originality, an appeal of unusual interest, in character, or setting, or plot,—often in all three. In fact, a high percentage of first novels by authors who have since become highly successful are more strikingly original than a majority of their later volumes,—witness Marion Crawford's *Mr. Isaacs*.

And this brings us to a little fact which helps to explain the occasional meteor-like brilliance of the "first novel"—namely, that the term is in a measure a convention and a misnomer. The first book actually published over a new signature does not necessarily represent a maiden effort. Many a so-called first novel owes whatever qualities it possesses to the toil and disappointment represented by half a dozen bulky and bedraggled manuscripts which have failed to run the gauntlet of the professional reader and publisher, and which their author, if wise, will not try to resurrect on the strength of his long deferred success. And even where a really

first novel is of unquestioned workmanship and perhaps represents the patient labour of several years, it is not uncommon for the author to elect to give precedence to a later work of more popular character, in order to win a wider public and give his more serious volume a better chance. Thus, Winston Churchill set aside *Richard Carvel*, after three years of diligent toil, in order to make his first public appearance as author of that amusing satire, *The Celebrity*; and Frank Norris elected to hold back *McTeague*, on which he had expended four years, and give right of way to the fresher and more breezy *Moran of the Lady Letty*.

The same thing may hold true for any one of the new recruits in fiction that make their appearance month by month: an unpretentious piece of airy frivolity may be a preliminary bit of verbal fireworks, intended to usher in a more serious performance, or it may represent the sum total of its author's capabilities. A wild melodrama of the Desperate Desmond order may be the first attempt of an author who later finds that his true bent is rural home portraiture of the Old Homestead variety. A first novel does not necessarily prove anything; it is no more conclusive than the first glimpse of a pretty woman,—subsequent developments may prove to be sadly disenchanting. But in the meantime, let us be grateful to the new authors who succeed, even temporarily, in stirring us to a mood of hopeful expectation and interest, for their handicap is not a light one.

"BACHELOR'S BUTTONS"

Take, for instance, such a volume as *Bachelor's Buttons*, by Edward Burke. The author's name means practically nothing to the reviewer, beyond the fact conveyed upon the book's outside cover, that the *Pall Mall Gazette* has hailed him as a "new humourist." We are free to speculate to our heart's content as to the personality of Mr. Edward Burke, his favourite books, his choice in smoking tobacco, his views on politics,

and all the other stereotyped questions of the newspaper interview. But all that we actually know is that, by accident or design, he has succeeded in producing at least one book that affords an hour or so of quiet satisfaction and inward laughter. It is simply the ostensibly very candid confession of a bachelor who is unquestionably shy, but not nearly so helpless or lacking in the rudiments of worldly wisdom as he professes to be. A scholar and a recluse by instinct, he delightedly grasps the opportunity given him by the unexpected inheritance of a very substantial fortune, to become a landed proprietor, in a remote little English village, where he can keep out of people's way and "grow things,"—and when friends ironically ask him, "What sort of things?" he can think off-hand of nothing more appropriate by way of answer than "Bachelor's Buttons!" Now, this shy and yet, in his own way, very determined bachelor is afflicted with a sister who has reduced the art of managing other people's affairs to a science, and she promptly undertakes to manage his: she knows precisely the sort of prim, sour, middle-aged housekeeper he ought to have, the way his household should be regulated, and the share she ought to have in regulating it. And she is especially determined that the poor man shall not be hoodwinked into marrying one of the rector's seven designing daughters. The good lady means well; but the servants that she chooses cheat him right and left, and when he discharges the lot of them, they take his new silver service with them bodily. He is so happy at the discovery of his own courage that he cheerfully wires to London for a new service, and betakes himself to an employment bureau to procure a housekeeper after his own heart, one who is young and pretty, with a melodious name. Any attempt to convey, at second hand, the light and elusive humour of the subsequent happenings when this shy bachelor gets his household put in order to his own satisfaction, with a housekeeper who in outward appearance is all his

fancy painted her and at heart is a jewel of good sense and practicality, would be to defeat the very purpose of this review, which is meant to pass on a contagious interest in a volume that is distinctly out of the common. Even the shrewd, cautious, slow-spoken Scotch gardener, who hates the housekeeper violently and ends by marrying her, constitutes one of those rare and delightful minor characters whose attraction baffles explanation for the simple reason that the author possessed the trick of conveying his personality,—a trick which needs more space than the permissible few hundred words of a review. There are other characters in the volume whom it would be ungracious not to mention: a pathetic, overworked, little drudge of a child with a precocious wisdom learned from sad years of nursing, protecting and burying the foredoomed offspring of her consumptive mother and drunken father. It is easy enough to make grim tragedy out of such material; but to ring a laugh out of it, the sort of laugh that catches in your throat with an unexpected sob, is a different and far rarer achievement,—and that is precisely what Mr. Burke has done, without apparently being aware that he was doing anything out of the ordinary. It is quite likely that some readers will be mildly annoyed by this volume, on the ground that the bachelor of the title rôle represents himself as being a good deal more of an ass than he really is; but this is because they miss the sly twinkle in his eye at his own expense, which those who really appreciate the spirit in which the volume is written will discover it between the lines.

“BOBBIE, GENERAL MANAGER”

Another first novel of the current month is *Bobbie, General Manager*, by Olive Higgins Prouty. Here is a case of a book which, as the reviewer happens to know, to a certain extent built itself out of a series of episodes that were originally conceived in the short-story form. Now, you cannot take a series of highly sensational adventure sto-

ries and afterward successfully weld them into a connected whole; but if your material happens to be of the intimate, homespun variety, such as makes the warp and woof of Mrs. Prouty's volume, the several episodes drop quite naturally into their fitting sequence, because they are the stuff of which life, average, simple, home life in America to-day, is woven. Perhaps the best and most direct way of explaining just what is the type of *Bobbie, General Manager*, is to say that it belongs in kind, if not in degree, in the class with Miss Alcott's *Little Women*. It has that same sense of the sacredness of the home circle, of the importance of the little, everyday things of life. It magnifies, precisely as we all of us magnify, small, individual successes and disappointments, trivial attentions and injuries. And throughout the whole book there is a pervading spirit of self-sacrifice that is not spoiled by being abnormally unconscious. From the time that the death of Bobbie's mother shifts to her young shoulders the responsibility of looking after her father and her numerous brothers and sisters, down to the moment when we take leave of her as a happy wife, serene in the consciousness of duties well performed and ambitions deservedly achieved, Bobbie has been no saint with a golden aureole; what constitutes the strength of her appeal is that she is so consistently and so deliciously human, in her faults as well as in her virtues. To attempt to epitomise *Bobbie, General Manager*, would mean either to retell the story at great length or to fail disastrously in conveying the real flavour of this distinctly uncommon book. It is one that the discerning reader ought not to miss; it leaves such a pleasant sense that we have been privileged to be, for a time, in contact with a number of people, not only of extremely good breeding, in the old traditional New England sense, but of quite distinct and enjoyable personalities as well. Olive Higgins Prouty is one of the new writers whom it will be worth while to watch.

"TACKLING MATRIMONY"

Tackling Matrimony, by George Lee Burton, defines its general scope and shortcomings in its own title. There is a lamentable and growing tendency in the current American vocabulary, to indulge in terse and flippant unions of noun and adjective. In an age when a well-known educator quotes with approval the utterance of a child, "Hurrah for God!" it would be hypercritical to object to having the legalised sexual relations expressed in football terminology. The publishers define this volume as a "delightful story of two people who loved and were not afraid to begin poor." As a matter of fact, it is a story of a young man who is not afraid to marry a girl accustomed to the third or fourth power of anything that he is able or likely to afford for the rest of his life. The initial situation is common enough, thanks to our easy American democracy. Impecunious young men, so long as they have presentable evening clothes and an agreeable manner, can always make their way socially, especially in our smaller towns and cities. There is a really big idea underlying this book, which the author has just missed, in quite an exasperating manner. Many a young couple have started out on their married career with a rather heavy handicap of having to live up to what is socially demanded of them by their families and friends. Undoubtedly it would be far wiser if they could have the courage to say: "No, we are not going to begin foolishly; we mean to be economical and to save." But the young couple in the present volume do not represent the typical case. The young husband who complacently tells his story takes much pride in having married a girl who might have made the most eligible match in town, and he takes her to live in a house which rents for twelve dollars a month, and one of their neighbours is a former servant of the young wife's mother. There is a certain unconscious selfishness on the young husband's part that ends by be-

coming irritating. It would require a certain degree of blunted sensibilities to enable a man to live through half a dozen years of married life such as is described in this book with the unfair burden, steadily augmenting, thrown upon the shoulders of the woman, without feeling a sense of shame so keen as to debar him from ever making public confession. Mr. Burton is not lacking in ability as a writer; but he needs the salutary discipline of the ordinary experience of life.

"PIPPIN"

Still a fourth newcomer, Evelyn Van Buren, is represented this month by a novel entitled *Pippin*. In so far as we have been informed, the author is an American. Nevertheless, this "story of London streets" might, excepting for its slightly sentimental vein, have been written by some exponent of the Arthur Morrison and Pett Ridge school. The story of *Pippin* is simply that of an American girl who has wavered between her stage-struck aspirations and her half-formed love for a man who is "worth while." She has encountered hard luck in London, where the company she was with expected big results; and, as blind chance wills it, she runs across a little Cockney girl, equally destitute and brave. This Cockney girl, familiarly known as Pippin, because of her red cheeks, is fighting a threefold battle: She is trying to support a consumptive younger brother; she has inherited the fatal taste of her inebriate father, and she has been trained by her associates to be an expert pick-pocket. This volume might have been written by an Englishman excepting for one reason: no one knowing the actual conditions in the phase of life described could have seen any gleam of hope. The book simply could not have ended cheerfully. We enjoyed the reading of it; but we quite earnestly recommend that the author confine her next effort to her own native town, her street, and, preferably, her own back yard.

"THE INVADERS"

The Invaders, by Frances Newton Symms Allen, is a story built around an idea that has become fairly familiar. The present reviewer remembers a manuscript submitted to him under the title *The Mongrel*, several years before Mr. Zangwill achieved an even greater failure of a really big theme in *The Melting Pot*. Now, *The Invaders* succeeds in doing, quite unpretentiously, precisely what these other authors have flamboyantly attempted to achieve,—and has done it with far closer adherence to actual conditions. The present writer had occasion a few years ago to revisit the scenes where one of his great-great-grandfathers had once lived in central Massachusetts, and found, in the course of a morning's investigation, that the old homestead was now tenanted by a Frenchman, the great-uncle's house by a German, and the reserve space formerly adjacent to the local cemetery had been acquired by a Sicilian. *The Invaders* brought this experience vividly to mind. Its theme is briefly this: in a small New England town consternation reigns because, it appears, that the young men and women who are really worth while are not interested in each other, but have fallen in love with our foreign importations,—from Ireland, from Poland, from nobody knows or cares where: and the moral of the whole book is precisely in accord with the latest doctrine that racial intermixture is destined to bring about the ultimate improvement of the species. *The Invaders* is not a great book; it is like playing with kittens, when the real issue is a question of leopards and tigers. And yet, unconsciously, the author has made a very commendable approach to the real truth.

"THE CHEQUER BOARD"

Another new author, who is no less a person than the daughter of Lord Rosebery, has published a volume of short stories, some of them curiously original in their mystical flavour. A

vein of occultism runs through them. A single instance will probably suffice to place definitely a writer with whom the present reviewer has scant patience: take, for example, one of the Indian stories, in which a young Englishman has become imbued with Eastern occultism: and he has carried his newly acquired powers to a point where he can receive into his dwelling and actually lure to him, leopards and tigers fresh from the jungle. And the climax of the story comes when some outside influence breaks the charm, and the young Englishman falls a victim to one of the beasts that he himself has for a long time hypnotised.

"THE HEART OF THE NIGHT WIND"

The Heart of the Night Wind is not, strictly speaking, a first novel, since its author, Miss V. E. Roe, already has one historical novel to her credit. In the present book, however, she has really found her proper sphere. The volume is undoubtedly defective. It has an unfortunate intermixture of the East, with which the author apparently is unfamiliar; and of the West, with which she is unquestionably profoundly intimate. The story, outlined as briefly as possible, is simply this: a human waif, of the female sex, having been befriended by a kindly tribe of Indians, becomes the protégée of a very remarkable and exceptional old woman who is cook, mother, and general-in-chief of a certain lumber camp in Oregon. Picture to yourself a young girl with sensibilities of high tension, who has never known any life outside of a lumber camp; who, within hearing of the thunderous beat of ocean waves, has never seen the open sea. And then try to imagine what it means to a girl like that to come in contact with a man from the East,—a young man and a physically handsome man, whose only fault is that he has the word "East" written all over him,—and you have the essence of the whole situation. It would be a pleasure to review this particular book at considerable length. The author cer-

tainly has an exasperating and quite ungoverned style. Furthermore, she is unaware how unreal she becomes when trying to portray characters purporting to come from Riverside Drive. But, on the other hand, her pictures of the giant mountainlands of the West, the wonder-

ful vistas of towering peaks, the miraculous stretches of multi-coloured haze, suggests, in spite of the wide interval of locality, the kindred treatment, by Eden Phillpotts, of far-off vistas, seen through a mingling of sunshine and slanting rain.

NEW BOOKS BY NEW WRITERS

E. C. BENTLEY'S "THE WOMAN IN BLACK"*

Although he just fails of making Philip Trent a personality, Mr. E. C. Bentley, in *The Woman in Black*, has constructed a detective story of unusual originality and ingenuity. An American multi-millionaire, a power in the world's finance, is murdered on his estate on the south coast of England. Half a dozen persons are presented to the reader as possible objects of suspicion—the dead man's young wife, the "Woman in Black," his American secretary, his English secretary, an elderly Englishman with whom he has had a violent quarrel, his butler, and a French maid. Trent, a painter, who on several previous occasions has shown decided talent in solving criminal mysteries, is sent to the scene of the crime by a great London newspaper. There is the inevitable foil in the person of Inspector Murch, of the official police, whose years of experience in the practical service of Scotland Yard avail him but little when pitted against the superior imagination of the brilliant amateur. Trent finds the key to a greater part of the mystery in a pair of worn patent leather shoes that had belonged to the dead American multi-millionaire, and in certain finger prints. But the story of the affair that he writes out but does not send to his newspaper lacks accuracy in one or two important points, the explanation that seems to cover everything when the book

has run less than two-thirds its course is not quite complete, and it is not until the final chapter is reached that the reader is in possession of the full account of the events surrounding the death of Sigsbee Manderson. In his use of Americanisms, Mr. Bentley is rather better than most English writers, which is not saying a great deal.

MARGARET TURNBULL'S "W. A. G.'S TALE"*

This is a wholesome little tale that youngsters will enjoy, with illustrations which are like Sherlock Holmes's *Dancing Men*, and which every child who ever drew with a crayon has invented for himself. W. A. G., otherwise William Ainsworth Gordon, called them "Zobzees," and peoples the pages of his book with their quaintly leggy shapes crossing bridges and going into houses, and riding in boats, and otherwise disporting themselves in truer accord with the text of the book than most illustrators, and finer skilled ones, manage to compass.

"I have been sick," begins W. A. G. in the great blank book provided for him after the anti-toxin has killed the diphtheritic germs, and he is slowly convalescing from the double attack. He is an orphan and his father's chum is his guardian, but Uncle Burt, being about to depart for the Philippines, hands W. A. G. over to his sister Edith and his sister's chum May, for a summer in Pennsylvania. There is nice local colour plucked

**The Woman in Black*. By E. C. Bentley. New York: The Century Company.

**W. A. G.'s Tale*. By Margaret Turnbull. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

from the Pennsylvania station, the Pennsylvania porters, the changing of cars at Trenton, all precisely the sort of thing a small boy the size of W. A. G. would be likely to notice. He likes particularly old Mr. Taylor's cats, seven of them, all of them named Teddy—after whom, children?—named universally thus because when he wanted to feed them, "Here, Teddy," brought them all, and when he wanted their room, "Shoo, Teddy," dispersed them!

There is an Indian boy in the story and a nice canal boy who drives his mule with aplomb, and there is an island on which W. A. G. is stranded for hours, and learns more about Robinson Crusoe than the book ever taught him. There is a black and yellow snake to make things exciting for his nice young aunts, and a hay barn that is fired and burned to the ground.

If once in a while, such a book, so naïvely written, might be written without the "love interest" so unchildlikely plastered on it. Boys ten years of age do not observe so sagely the psychology of reluctant sweethearts or the cause and effect of a passing change of colour on a cheek. Otherwise W. A. G. tells his story of his eleventh summer with much effect of sincerity and reality.

LOUISE K. MABIE'S "THE WINGS OF PRIDE"*

It is Olive Muir who has grown the wings of pride upon her haughty young shoulders, and they flutter with wrath when her mother dares invite a young Western girl to spend the winter with them in their New York home. For the first forty-five pages the young heiress's pride overreaches itself and falls on the other side into the ditch of unconvincing vulgarity, so deeply indeed as to make the flight up from the mire into the cerulean blue of incipient sainthood entirely unconvincing. In other words, the pride is too black and the humility too white.

*The Wings of Pride. By Louise K. Mabie. New York: Harper and Brothers.

It is the humiliating discovery of her real origin that changes her so completely and sends her out to Ohio to take up her duty to others. To tell in detail just the chain of melodramatic incident that leads her to this step would be to forestall the dramatic effect of Chapter XI. But once over this and with only scant reminders of her period of pride, the remainder of the story flows on gracefully and interestingly. From New York the place of action is removed to Lake City, in Ohio, and a political intrigue that involves the young Western lawyer whom Olive has come to love, her inebriate father; and Kavanaugh, a typical Western boss, who is madly infatuated with Olive, is used to work out the spiritual salvation of Olive, and to solve her love dilemmas.

There is one tremendously real bit of psychology in this book, done so casually as to seem an unconscious piece of work—the non-resisting attitude of utter devotion that Mrs. Muir feels toward Olive. It is not weakness as it might be were the tie that bound her to the girl one of blood; it is the determination of a woman who has tampered with human relationships to let Fate work it out. It has happened many times before in life, and it will happen many times again, this precise attitude of resignation before a responsibility that goes beyond blood ties and family bonds.

But a modern Messalina, a white-faced, red-lipped Lucrezia Borgia—to use the good old names that stand for unspeakable cruelty and crimes in women—does not change over night into a Saint Olive. She may not be either, but she cannot be both.

EDITH STOTESBURY HUTCHINSON'S "A PAIR OF LITTLE PATENT LEATHER BOOTS"*

Letters again—the safest way of telling a story!—all these, and many of them, from Bob to Jack! The little

*A Pair of Little Patent Leather Boots. By Edith Stotesbury Hutchinson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

patent leather boots belonged to a delightful young woman who was really the young Widow Morton, who is called Miss Jane Morton all through, and who, in the final chapter, to add one more tickle to a gluttoned palate, poses as a Nameless Young Woman from Maxim's, the same who flashes across one of the early pages, to appear no more until the gathering together firmly of all the threads of plot within plot!

Jack and Bob were to motor together through Europe, but Jack breaks his hip the day before the *Lusitania* sails, and all is off of plans to date. It is just here, at the Coburg Hotel, near Grosvenor Square that Bob, who is picking up his shattered plans, sees in the corridor outside his door A Pair of Little Patent Leather Boots, undoubtedly of American make, and decides to fall in love with them. He learns that a Mrs. Morton and a Miss Jane Morton have that booted suite, and of course it never occurs to him that the sixty-year-old woman is Miss Jane, and the twenty-two-year-old girl wears the wedding ring. Until the hand that wears it smooths his faint brow in a motor accident weeks later!

Very well then. He loves The Little Patent Leather Boots passionately, and life is not worth the living if he cannot trace them from hotel corridor to hotel corridor. So his immense motor—a Packard by the way!—follows the Morton motor from London to Paris to Nancy to Augsburg to Munich to Vienna to Buda-Pesth. Bob takes pictures on the way, many of which are faithfully reproduced. There is his chauffeur, Dalton, who contrives to pick up hotel information from the Mortons' chauffeur, together with road plans, the starting hour, etc.! So that life, while not all beer and skittles, nevertheless has hours filled with those delectable synonyms for happiness. Bob keeps finding rings and lockets and purses and pocket kodacs, all marked "J. M." which he fondly kisses all unwitting that they are the property of old Aunt Jane Morton and not of young Mrs. Audrey Morton.

But since they stood in otherwise lonely hours for the beer and skittles of human happiness, he cannot complain. Of course one of the pictures in the pocket kodak is of the young lady standing in her own delicious little boots and the arms of a young man—her brother! But Bob knows not this, nor is he like the reader in suspecting it a moment before the inevitable, no longer preventable breaking forth of the truth about Audrey.

These letters of Bob's to Jack also contain a good deal of feminine comment on things in general and European incidents in particular. When will women stop writing letters signed by their hero's names, and passing the finished product off as genuine masculine productions? Particularly letters from man to man!

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM'S "THE IMPOSSIBLE BOY"*

To be eighteen; to have just-begun to know wonderful New York; to recognise therefore, with delighted surprise at the extent of one's worldly experience, references in books to Washington Square, and the West Tenth Street eating-place, where "one may not enter without an introduction from an habitué of the place"; to have dined and wine-d just enough in the cellar at Mouquin's to know that one must, to be truly Bohemian, go always "downstairs"; to have drunk amer picons and played games at the Lafayette at least one night in order to know the detail of it—and then to read Nina Putnam's *The Impossible Boy*,—that should be pure joy! But one must be under twenty, and one must have just-begun to know one's New York!

Otherwise the Bohemianism creaks slightly as it faithfully grinds the hours away; and the local colour is a little too fresh and vivid for eyes older than the eyes of twenty to gaze on without squinting; and the long arm of coinci-

*The Impossible Boy. By Nina Wilcox Putnam. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

dence, from too excessive stretching over twenty chapters and four hundred pages, gains several permanent inches to its length. And those who know their *Mademoiselle de Maupin* too well will be rather bored over the April Fool at the end.

But there is no reason why this book of Youngness for the Young should not be judged solely upon its simple joyous intent, and, so judged, it stands the test. Even the settness of the love speeches; naïvetes like: "That I am not an artist does not prove that I am not a Bohemian and utterly accustomed to freedom of thought and action!" or: "Take warning—before you succeed in singeing your wings at some earth fire such as you have tried to light to-night! Love is a sacred, a wonderful thing, and it comes to us but once!"—all this belongs to Youth and Youngness and the Joy of Life as we set it down in novels. As for the revolutionists' plottings, and the revolutionists, they may interest Youth, but we rather doubt it—that particular portion of Youth described above. The evil, lurking, plotting, hissing Venezuelans, who, like all their villainous tribe, are after "the papers"! might just as well have been left out, if not a little better. The bear is a nice, genial little character, and how firmly it is proved that all things work together for good! The little shopkeeper down near the river front was wildly distressed when his display case was shattered, but if the dancing bear had not broken the glass and got the honey, the extremely wicked and vicious Venezuelans might never have been traced. We do know our romances better than that, but it must have been by another, and perchance a longer way around!

A nice, happy, joyous book for the nice, happy, joyous Young who are just beginning to know their New York! But since the Young are the only ones who ever look at the illustrations of books—or aren't they?—Mr. Keller's conception of the impossible boy almost gives the whole plot away.

NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN'S "THE LOST DESPATCH"*

The first chapter of *The Lost Despatch* covers only seven pages, but it wears seven league boots and enough is set forth to make you turn to page eight. Time: the Civil War period of 1864; Place, Maryland, en route to Washington; Personæ, Secret Service men, spies (off stage) and a United States trooper; Object, The Papers; Action, halting of trooper by Secret Service Agents Lloyd and Symonds, and immediately ensuing head-smashing of their heads by trooper who rides madly away, has his broad cavalry hat jerked from his head by a low-hanging branch, and—Denouement: "My God! It's a woman!" gasped Symonds.

There is more to know, beginning with page eight. The erstwhile trooper's name is Nancy Newton, and she owns a dog Misery, whose name affords opportunity for the personal exploitation of private wit from time to time. Misery wears a collar with a secret drawer so to speak, and here various "papers" are hidden. Nancy also owns red-gold hair, some strands of which of course adhered to that ill-fated cavalry hat, and young Lloyd, talented, of fine social position, but who nevertheless declares bitterly that he has "no desire to associate with society people," is the Secret Service man who picked up that hat and laid those red-gold strands carefully away in his pocket.

Of course Lloyd and Nancy meet, and the latter is instantly recognised by the keen-eyed Secret Service agent who bears her a grudge for the smashing blow upon the temple she dealt him with her brave revolver butt. He knows but cannot prove she is in communication with the Southrons. Stanton's secret code has been stolen; Nancy knows telegraphy and takes the most poignantly important message of the Civil War off the dancing keys by ear. This message

*The Lost Despatch. By Natalie Sumner Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

and the code in Nancy's handwriting are found upon the dead body of her Southern cousin, and Lloyd, at the top of his voice, in his boarding-house, where also lodges Nancy's lover, a Union officer blinded by a recent bad fortune of war, orders Nancy's arrest and then flings himself upon his bed to take well-earned repose. A few hours later Nancy is seized and thrown into prison to await trial for conspiracy—and murder!

For Lloyd is dead before the girl's arrest! And the blind officer was found lying in Lloyd's undisturbed room with a battered head. And how or why Lloyd died when he did is not told the reader until the end. Lincoln circulates through the pages, getting arrested by that blunderer Lloyd, telling stories to his friends, feeling Tad's pulse, and pardoning the deserving.

W. RILEY'S "WINDYRIDGE"*

A pleasant enough tale this, of a young woman photographer who leaves London because she is "nervy," and takes a cottage at ten pounds a year in Windyridge, Yorkshire. There is, fortunately, an old, disused conservatory to one side of the cottage, which gives her a "studio" without cost of reconstruction, and once her sign is up she is ready for customers.

Customers come to her and a certain sort of social life in a group composed of the squire, the vicar, the vicar's wife, and Philip Derwent, otherwise the Cynic. The natives of the village and the surrounding country come to be photographed, and from a lonely city dweller she becomes one of the community, a personality to be counted in, and to be reckoned with. Of course she enjoys it.

Without being cast in the diary form, the chapters nevertheless have the rambling informality of construction that makes the absence of definite plot or even story something that is not missed. The love affairs of the Windyridge boys and

girls, the troubles of wives and husbands, and the "love interest" that trails gently through the tale in the affair between the young artist and the Cynic make up the story. There is a good deal of discussion of the modern woman problems, none of it likely to be quoted as furthering or confirming the stand of the progressive wing; and there is a good deal of gentle moralising written down here and there. None of it—the discussion or the moralising, nor even the story such as it is—is of the imperative order. That is, there is no particular need that Windyridge seems likely to satisfy. And yet, like so many books written to-day, it cannot be dismissed as trash, because it is not badly enough written and has, such as it is, a point of view. However, the diary or letter form of constructing a story gives almost too much freedom for just the precise amount of skill in actual writing of English that this book shows, together with the paucity of plot and story and pertinent incident that this book also shows. Written in the third person, and definitely plotted out in novel form, it would have fallen in, roof and cellar together. And the personality back of its present form is too typical of the average mind to make the book stand out among all the teeming "spring lists."

FRANCES NIMMO GREENE'S "THE RIGHT OF THE STRONGEST"*

Ma'y 'Lizbeth is the educated daughter of an "informer." If we knew the Alabama distillery districts we should know what that meant for Mary Elizabeth when she came back to her native mountains and tried to be friendly with the natives.

The Right of the Strongest is a story of mountain feuds, and of a modern business scheme that involves buying up the squatters' patches of land that belong by right only to the strongest. John Marshall has a vision of the

**The Right of the Strongest*. By Frances Nimmo Greene. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

**Windyridge*. By W. Riley. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

whole valley in which this group of mountain whites live being converted into a reservoir for all-round-the-year usage, for the generation of electric power to run a yet unbuilt city twenty miles away, where two yet unbuilt railroads shall cross to carry away the steel that is yet to be mined and melted and moulded. Of course the valley dwellers resent this invasion of the outer world, and John Marshall, falling in love with Mary Elizabeth, who has dedicated her life to educating these people, finds in her idealism and Puritanism a stubbornness of misunderstanding and harsh judgment that makes the conflict between love and business rather a fierce one. He discovers that her father was not a traitor to his people, and that the "bad man" of the book was the real villain. Finally he gives up the secrets of his fight for modernising this region in order that Mary Elizabeth, by warning her people against him, may convince the natives of her devotion to any cause that is theirs. But he fights on and finally prevails on the last man who holds out to sell his land. From the others whose titles are defective he merely takes it.

The final chapters of the book are taken up with Mary Elizabeth's pleadings for the rights of the valley dwellers to the homes of their fathers in the face of his implacable vision of civilising the community at whatever cost to the few. There is the final stand of the people against Marshall, the battle in which he is desperately wounded, and finally the temporary triumph of the ideal over the material in Mary Elizabeth's order for the freeing of the "hillites" before the sheriff and his posse reach them. John Marshall lies a very sick man as she puts her hand over his mouth and gives this order, to which, perforce, he subscribes.

This is another book which, with the perfectly obvious intent of defending the rapt idealist against the practical materialist, serves more to make the thoughtful reader question seriously if the so-called modern materialist has not the wider vision and the nobler, finer

aim. Mary Elizabeth is too hard on Marshall.

FRANK WALLER ALLEN'S "THE LOVERS OF SKYE"*

Spring in the village of Skye, on the Kentucky side of the Ohio! A nice little, sentimental little, dear little book; of all books of its sort just the book to give to people who like its sort! Nothing like it ever happened on land or sea—except in flashes of surpassing moments that come only to go, and in the household of the deceased Marquis of Paç, with its snobbish old mother, its devoted, sacrificial daughter, its idle, blindly selfish son, and the old black quondam slave there is plenty of material over which some modern realist would gloat, and gloating, bring forth a soul-wrenching, blasting, piteous piece of work. The sons of the House of Paç never worked, you see, and the daughters never married except for rank and money. So Jill, because she could not marry and because Hyppolite could not work, taught music to the pupils whom she "consented" to take. Jill is always quite happy over all of this—in the book; and the only really poignant moments are those in which Madame Paç discovers that her son is in love with the daughter of an Irish gardener and is considering marrying her. Madame Paç suggests that her son's grandfather Paç would have proceeded differently in his generation, but Hyppolite, with no particular convictions one way or another, declares that here is one Paç that shall wed for love.

The courtship of Hyppolite and "Eve" begins on a ferry-boat and continues on the waters of the river and in the golden April meadows. Like two young ostriches, they hide their heads in the valleys and on the expanses of the river and call their work of concealment done. But all Skye watches and talks and finally a state of being that the author himself and all his characters with sur-

*The Lovers of Syke. By Frank Waller Allen. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

prising unanimity term nympholepsy seizes the little Kentucky town and shakes it. Old lovers whom pride and poverty and Family in capitals have kept apart for from one to two score years decide to "live their lives," for they are watching the two youngest lovers of Skye floating on the tawny river under blue heaven and beside green and golden meadows. There is a great deal of affirmative matter in *re* family pride and Duty and all the old virtues. Which of course only makes it all the more precisely the book for the sort of people who will like it. Father Kelly, in the last few chapters, is absorbed in marrying and giving in marriage the old beaus and ancient spinsters of his flock. There could have been no other name for this little book than *The Lovers of Skye*.

ETHEL GERTRUDE HART'S "THE DREAM GIRL"*

Another nice, lovery, saccharine-sweet, spring romance for the Young Person! Letters this time, from Max Herrick, Six-Foot-One, invalid pro tem and desperately tired of his nurse, his doctors, his friends, even of Polly, his chum and pal, who has typed for him the stories that do not sell—from Max Herrick to *The Dream Girl*, who is Polly's friend and not much else in the way of a personality, since all the letters from Him to Her and from Her to Him go through Polly's hands—— Do you begin to suspect the mystery? Right you are—Polly and the Dream Girl are the same, and it is all Polly's little trick to find out another side of "Six-Foot-One's" character, as well as to show him the fanciful,

*The Dream Girl. By Ethel Gertrude Hart. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company.

foy side of her! If this were not all but told in the first chapter, it would be betrayal to tell it here. But here are the facts, as all but stated in Chapter I.

Max Herrick is a self-confessed hero, and his illness is the result of an attempt to rescue a child from a burning building. We do not know the result to the child, but Max is laid up with a burned foot, a set of nerves, and a rather precipitately ended love affair with a girl who at twenty resembles her mother, and whose mother looks like a hard, worldly, scheming creature! Such as these, except as provocative obstacles, must be eliminated from pure romance; and therefore, out they go in the second or third letter, to appear no more. There is no room for them, for descriptions of brooks and "types" and county and city—and Polly!—fill the letters.

Finally Polly is stricken with typhoid fever, and the letters from the Dream Girl stop because Max does not know her address. But he writes on and on and on, the details of Polly's fight for life. And as he writes he comes to know that he loves Polly, in spite of or because of—who shall ever say!—the Dream Girl. The last two letters are Polly's confession of her crime of deception and his radiant condoning of her crime!

The binding is blue-green and lavender, and there are drawings and decorative end leaves and lettering. There are also, prefacing each "letter," at least two apropos quotations from the Brownings, Byron, Emerson, Shakespeare, and "From Max Herrick." Here is a quotation from Bourdillon, heading Chapter VIII:

Just the opposite of dreamy
She laughs at sentimental woe,
Her eyes are always bright and beamy.
This sounds incomplete.

More new books by new authors will be discussed in the June issue, in addition to a number of the more important books by authors of established reputation. Despite the fact that this issue of the BOOKMAN contains one hundred and thirty-six pages of text, we have been obliged to hold over much of the material planned for May to next month's number. Among the special articles thus delayed is the first paper in the "Literary Baedeker" series.

FROM THE BOOKMAN MAIL BAG

I

MR. STEWART EDWARD WHITE is not only hurt but crushed by that innocently intended little paragraph at the end of the "Mail Bag" in our January issue. We have his own word for it. So there is nothing to do but to express deep contrition. Also to temper contrition with candour. So in proffering the *amende honorable* we confess that we are actuated with two emotions. In the first place, we wish to do the right thing. In the second place, we acknowledge a lively curiosity. We are anxious to hear that Arabian Nights tale about Agamemnon, the Brown Derby Hat, and the Real Estate Man. Yes, and by the lamp of Aladdin, the beard of Sindbad, the sealed Jar of the Fisherman, and Cave of the Forty Thieves, we promise to believe it.

I notice in the January "Mail Bag" a most genial letter from a business man in Worcester protesting against my letter from some kind of a dago, not because it is not a good letter, but because it was submitted as being a genuine letter, "received in the actual course of business," and goes on to say that he has seen said letter a dozen times, and ten years ago. I quite sympathise with the gentleman; but I want in fairness to myself to say that I did not state the letter was received by myself. It was handed me by an acquaintance, with a voucher for its authenticity. Being innocent—and not in business—I believed him. It was a new story to me, and evidently to the editor of the BOOKMAN, and perhaps to many others also innocent and not in business. But I am saddened as to my friend. I am not surprised that the fish scale story was sprung by Noah to explain Shem; for it is known that all fishermen are liars, and my friend was no exception. But I had begun to have hopes for industrial regeneration.

I shall never dare detail another story reported as true. It is a pity, for I have just heard a fine one about Agamemnon and a brown derby hat. It was told me as true by a real estate man; but I am so crushed that

I do not even believe real estate men any more.

Most sincerely,
(Signed) STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

II

Another eminent man of letters with an amiable grievance against the BOOKMAN is Mr. Jack London. As Mr. White's letter comes from Santa Barbara, California, and Mr. London's letter from Glen Ellen, Sonoma County, in the same State, we might ascribe their condition of mind to the invigorating California air. These are the facts in the case of Mr. London. To the February issue of the BOOKMAN Mr. Bailey Millard contributed an article entitled "The Ailing Author." The points in dispute are covered by Mr. London's letter.

In the February number of the BOOKMAN I read that in former years I "suffered greatly from insomnia, and kept a little supply of food at the head of my bed," since I found that eating tended to produce slumber. Of late years I learn that I have been relying upon riding, yachting, and shooting to keep me in good writing trim.

Now, my old friend Bailey Millard has got the thing turned just precisely about. I have never in all my life suffered from insomnia, and in fact have been so good a sleeper all my life that I am compelled to have something to nibble on as I lie in bed reading and working late at night in order not to put myself to sleep but to keep myself awake. Sometimes it seems that this is the chief trouble of my life—my gorgeous capacity for sleeping. I could do ever so much more work if I did not have to sleep so much.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) JACK LONDON.

III

Dr. Frederic Taber Cooper's article on the current fiction in the January issue appeared under the title "The Mag-

nitude of Themes in Some Recent Novels." In the course of that paper he discussed James Lane Allen's *The Heroine in Bronze*, Alfred Ollivant's *The Royal Road*, Edith Wharton's *The Reef*, W. J. Henderson's *The Soul of a Tenor*, Dolf Wyllarde's *The Career of Beauty Darling*, Elizabeth Robins's *My Little Sister*, F. Berkeley Smith's *The Street of Two Friends*, and Ida Vere Simonton's *Hell's Playground*. Offhand, we don't recall just what Dr. Cooper said in the course of that article, but whatever it was it brought the following to the "Mail Bag" from 111 Rosebery Road, Muswell Hill, N. London, England.

There is one sentence in Frederic Taber Cooper's article "The Magnitude of Themes" which seems to me poignantly true of modern fiction—" . . . the net impression of the actions of the principal actors is that they all savour of the ignoble."

What possible excuse can the modern novelist have for continually serving us up the sordid fare of the underworld? Every man with the most elementary knowledge of the work-a-day world knows that the seamy side of life exists—but one doesn't hang a badly painted picture on the best wall in the room.

I suppose the novelist would say the object of his story was to preach a moral lesson in a palatable form—stuff and nonsense!

An author wrote a little book
Which started quite a quarrel.
The folk who read it frowned on it
And said it was immoral.
They bade him write a proper screed.
He said that he would try it. He did.
They found no fault with it,
But neither did they buy it!

That's the secret!

Censor a book and you can withdraw, or at least modify, your advertising campaign. Why just recently Provincial Bumbledom in a town in England withdrew *Tom Jones* from the public library and ordered the copies to be burned. Result—a boom in *Tom Jones*!

Mr. Cooper mentions one of last year's books which deals with stage life; he calls it "this rather exceptional book"—it is, for

the baldness of its totally unnecessary details; for its utter sensuality; for its insidious suggestion. I suppose THIS writer was solely actuated by the highest moral motives!

Clever! why, I should be ashamed to acknowledge such a book the product of my mind.

I endeavour to keep abreast of the literary times, and my reading is, consequently, of a varied type, and I do not think my greatest enemy could call me narrow and certainly not puritanical. But this constant stream of fiction written round prostitution nauseates the most hardened palate.

Everybody knows that this evil exists, and will as long as the world lasts continue to exist; but that is no reason why writers of undoubted ability should prostitute their talents by making money out of prostitution—for that is exactly what they are doing.

Themes there are aplenty, as is proved by a dozen recent novels which do not even boast an illegitimacy!

Surely, sir, the publisher has no inconsiderable part to play in the purity of our literary life, and it is to be hoped he will do his share to cleanse its somewhat tarnished virtue.

Yours faithfully,

A. STUART CRAIG.

IV

Then, from the Pastor of the First Christian Church of Gainesville, Texas, there comes the following comment on Mr. Cleveland Palmer's paper on "Modern English Etchers" which appeared in the February BOOKMAN.

The BOOKMAN is becoming an essential part of my life. How any person who loves the best in literature and art can do without it is beyond my understanding. I read everything in it.

My interest in etchings was quickened by the illuminating contribution of Mr. Cleveland Palmer, in the February number, on "Some Modern English Etchers." Being an open forum, however, you will doubtless allow an expression of mild disappointment. Mr. Palmer's survey was necessarily incomplete, but how he could marshal modern English etchers and absolutely ignore Hubert Herkomer is a bit surprising. My personal

acquaintance with Herkomer and familiarity with his life and art may bias me in his favour, but any study of this character should have given considerable space to the etchings of this most versatile artist.

During my early residence in Southampton I came to know Herkomer first through a little etching called "Summer." This nature study is a rare specimen of the effects which come within the sphere of the etcher's art. Herkomer's efforts came within the bounds of the Rembrandt traditions and is seen to best advantage in his perfect little "Charterhouse Study." "Dean Liddell" of Christ Church is a fine example of his portrait etchings. Herkomer, after Whistler and Haden, occupied a rather unique place among the etchers of England. He invented a new white ground, which increased greatly the etchers' facility for execution. He became famous by reason of his skill with the burin and the etching needle.

Through the influence of Professor Max Muller and Dean Liddell, Herkomer was elected to the Slade Professorship of Art at Oxford in 1885. In 1883 he established a School of Art at Bushey, fifteen miles out from London. The school grew and prospered from the first.

Herkomer would not rank in all particulars with Alphonse Legros and Sir Seymour Haden as an etcher, but his independence in methods and perfection along certain lines of achievement in execution have won him a place worthy of rank in any study of modern English etchers.

Respectfully,

ERNEST C. MOBLEY.

V

Here is a letter from the editor of the Book Department of the American Baptist Publication Society, of 1701 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, which calls for careful consideration:

For some time now I have been an interested and profited reader of your magazine, *THE BOOKMAN*. Its articles have seemed to me well selected and the general conduct of the magazine most excellent. On one occasion, however, some time ago, I felt impelled to suggest that at times at least the magazine needs a little closer editing, and

that it would be benefited thereby. I have just been reading the March number, and instances have presented themselves therein which lead me to make the same criticism and furnish to me the material which, as I think, sustains it.

For example, on page 41 at the beginning of the second article, this sentence is to be found: "Few quotations bob up so temptingly as the Psalmist's remark, 'of making many books there is no end.'" The citation is found in the twelfth verse of the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes. The author of that book is often called the Preacher, but never, so far as I know, the Psalmist. The reference is evidently misleading.

On page 69 in the eighth line from the bottom may be found these words: "He has just drank the health." A tyro in grammar should know better than to construct a sentence in this way. The perfect tense is formed by prefixing "have" and its variations to the perfect participle. The perfect participle of "drink" is "drunk," and hence the phrase should be "has just drunk the health."

On page 77 in the eleventh line of the first column from the top occur these words: "Why some one else's manuscript had been," etc. The possessive in this case, as a glance will tell, is appended to the adverb when it should be adjoined to the preceding word "one," and hence should read "Why some one's else manuscript," etc. This is a mistake that is frequently made, but should not be made in a magazine of the class to which *THE BOOKMAN* belongs.

On the same page and the same column in the tenth line from the bottom is found this combination of words: "She could remember of any manuscript." "Remember" is a transitive verb and should not be followed by the preposition. This, likewise, is a mistake frequently made, but should not be found in *THE BOOKMAN*.

On page 89 in the second column and the third line from the top is found a mistake which, if it should occur in any publication with which I had to do, would seem to me worst of all. The combination of words is this: "Such a man could set down amid the wreckage of his cause." Any grammar-school scholar would be sent to the foot of

his class if he could not tell the difference between "sit" and "set" and determine which word should be used in this instance.

I think I have made out my case that THE BOOKMAN needs a closer editing and would be benefited thereby. I am quite aware of the fact that ordinarily volunteered advice or criticism is not gratefully received. It may not be in this case. I do not know. But whether it is or not, if it shall help to make THE BOOKMAN a little better than it now is, I shall feel that I have been repaid.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) PHILIP L. JONES.

To begin with, without looking the matter up, we are going to concede the point about the "Psalmist." Our correspondent is probably right. Then, for the moment, we shall pass over the paragraph referring to page 69 in the March BOOKMAN, and take up the two references to page 77. In objecting to the two expressions "some one else's" and whether "she remembered of having heard," our correspondent bases his contention on the ground that *else* is an adverb and *remember* a transitive verb, both of which statements are debatable, if not actually erroneous. If he will take the trouble to consult *Murray's New English Dictionary* under the word "else," he will learn that "from the standard of modern usage, it is hard to say whether the word should be regarded as an adjective, . . . or whether it should be classed as an adverb," and that while its use in the possessive case is comparatively modern, we find as early an instance of it as Pepys' *Diary* for December 7, 1668, "My pleasure was the same as yesterday, and no more, nor anybody else's about us." The simple fact is that *else* is historically an adjective, closely akin to the Latin *alius*, and with the same meaning; and that, while in the course of time it has tended to crystallise into an adverbial form, the

more modern tendency is to revert to its original meaning, and in phrases like "some one else's," to treat it as though it still signified *other*.

As to the form *remember of*, it is really not necessary to say more than that *remember* always has had, and still has an intransitive as well as a transitive use. *Murray's Dictionary* states the case concisely: "many intransitive verbs in Old English took the genitive and are found with *of* in Middle and Early Modern English; . . . some, as *accept*, *admit*, *allow*, *approve*, *conceive*, *recollect*, *remember*, still have both constructions,"—and it cites as examples, Chaucer, *Parson's Tale*, 1, 83: "At every time that I remember of the day of doom, I quake"; Shakespeare, *Henry VIII*, 1, 2, 190: "I remember of such a time"; Milton, *Apol. Senect. Wks.*, 1851, III, 285: "And yet he can remember of none but Lysimachus Nicanor"; Scott, mem. in Lockhart 1, 1842, 6/1, "I remember of detesting the name of Cumberland"; H. Stephens, *Bk. Farm*, 1, 594, "I remember of another case."

As to the allusions to pages 69 and 89. In a spirit of the utmost good nature we submit that our correspondent is just a little bit disingenuous. In his heart of hearts he knows very well that such childish errors as "set" and "drank" must be due to typographical errors and not to crass ignorance. Not that typographical errors are to be always condoned, but in extenuation it may be pointed out that with the March issue the BOOKMAN assumed an entirely new dress and font of type, and was thus a little unfamiliar to all who had a part in making it. As a matter of fact, the "drank" was not an error at all, for it was actually in that way that Wilkie Collins penned it. Of course our correspondent did not know that, and we were unquestionably in error in not printing a footnote of explanation.

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of March and the 1st of April

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
6. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
5. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
6. The Case of Jennie Brice. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
2. Guide to the Montessori Method. Stevens. (Stokes.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. The Life Mask. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.30.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
6. The Island of Beautiful Things. Dromgoole. (Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. American Nobility. Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.35.
5. The Crystal Stopper. Leblanc. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
6. The Case of Jennie Brice. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Introduction to a New Philosophy. Bergson. (Putnam.) \$1.00.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
3. Reminiscences of a Diplomatist's Wife. Fraser. (Dodd, Mead.) \$3.00.
4. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
2. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
3. Little Nell. Jackson. (Jacobs.) 75 cents.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.25.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

2. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.)
3. The Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
4. The Gay Rebellion. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
5. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.25.
6. Seven Keys to Baldpate. Biggers. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. The Mischief Maker. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
4. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
5. Concert Pitch. Danby. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
6. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Industrial Day. Redfield. (Century Co.) \$1.25.
2. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
3. Personal Traits of Lincoln. Nicolay. (Century Co.) \$1.80.
4. The Story of My Boyhood and Youth. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Betty-Bide-at-Home. Dix. (Holt.) \$1.25.
2. Nancy Lee. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.20.
3. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
4. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
5. The Candid Adventurer. Ladd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
6. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Lectures on the American Civil War. Rhodes. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Life of the Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Auction of To-Day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. Enchanted Island and Other Poems. Noyes. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
5. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
6. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
3. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
6. The Night Riders. Cullum. (Jacobs.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
2. Auction of To-Day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
4. The Story of a Roundhouse. Masfield. (Macmillan.) \$1.30.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Mountain Divide. Spearman. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
3. The Boy Scouts of Bob's Hill. Burton. (Holt.) \$1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

3. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. The Maiden Manifest. MacLeod. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
6. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILE

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. The Case of Jennie Brice. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
5. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. The Maxwell Mystery. Wells. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Lucky Pehr. Strindberg. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.50.
2. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre on Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.25.
3. Easter. Strindberg. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.50.
4. The Quiet Courage. Appleton. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Betty Wales Series. Ward. (Penn.) \$1.25.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
4. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. The Mischief Maker. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

2. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. Seven Keys to Baldpate. Biggers. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
6. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. To-Morrow. Mackaye. (Duffield.) \$1.25.
2. Everywoman. Brown. (Fly.) \$1.00.
3. One Hundred Prayer Meeting Talks and Plans. Barton. (Barton.) \$2.50.
4. Twenty Years at Hull House. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 40 cents.
3. Rover Boy Series. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. Atlantis. Hauptmann. (Huebsch.) \$1.50.
3. The Penny Philanthropist. Laughlin. (Revell.) \$1.00.
4. Witching Hill. Hornung. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
5. The Return of Peter Grimm. Belasco. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. The Shadow. Stringer. (Century Co.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION.

1. Thais. Wilstach. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
2. Everywoman. Brown. (Fly.) \$1.00.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
4. In the Beaver World. Mills. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Pan. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Golden Goose. Brooke. (Warne.) \$2.00.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. Poor, Dear Margaret Kirby. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.30.
3. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
5. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
6. The Life Mask. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.

2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
3. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
4. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.30.

JUVENILES

1. Uncle Peter; Heathen. Stapp. (McKay.) \$1.25.
2. The Kewpies and Dottie Darling. O'Neill. (Doran.) \$1.25.
3. The Boy Aviators Series. Lawton. (Hurst.) 50 cents.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Song of Sixpence. Kummer. (Watt.) \$1.25.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
5. The Road of Living Men. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
6. Martha-By-the-Day. Lippmann. (Holt.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION.

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
2. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Auction of To-Day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. Guide to Montessori Method. Stevens. (Stokes.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Sue Jane. Daviess. (Century Co.) \$1.25.
3. On the Trail of the Sioux. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.00.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
6. The Case of Jennie Brice. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

2. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
3. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
4. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
2. The New Industrial Day. Redfield. (Century Co.) \$1.25.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
4. The Provincial American. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Racketty Packety House. Burnett. (Century Co.) 60 cents.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
5. The Melting of Mollie. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
6. Martha-By-the-Day. Lippmann. (Holt.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. Pictures of the Panama Canal. Pennell. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
4. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
4. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

5. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. The Mischief Maker. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
2. The Necessary Evil. Kennedy. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. Education of the Will. Payot. (Funk and Wagnalls.) \$1.50.
4. Plays. Hauptmann. (Huebsch.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Hollow Tree and Deep Woods. Paine. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
3. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
5. This Stage of Fools. Merrick. (Kernerley.) \$1.20.
6. The Red Hand of Ulster. Birmingham. (Doran.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
2. George Frederic Watts. Watts. (Doran.) \$10.00.
3. Panama. Edwards. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Story of a Roundhouse. Masefield. (Macmillan.) \$1.30.

JUVENILE

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. The Mischief Maker. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

2. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
5. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
6. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
5. The Case of Jennie Brice. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
6. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
3. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) \$1.35.
4. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. Seven Keys to Baldpate. Biggers. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
6. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Nogi. Washburn. (Holt.) \$1.00.
2. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.00.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
4. Modern Problems. Lodge. (Doran.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Sinopah, the Indian Boy. Schulz. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.10.
2. Old Mother West Wind. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.
3. The Book of Woodcraft. Seton. (Double-day Page.) \$1.75.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. The Mischief Maker. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. Jean Christophe. Rolland. (Holt.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Christianising the Social Order. Rauschenbusch. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Nogi. Washburn. (Holt.) \$1.00.
3. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
4. Along the Road. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Tommy Sweet Tooth. Gates. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.
2. The Poor Little Rich Girl. Gates. (Duffield.) \$1.25.
3. W. A. G.'s Tale. Turnbull. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. The Mischief Maker. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. The Silent Battle. Gibbs. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. The Irresistible Mrs. Ferrers. Kenealy. (Dillingham.) \$1.25.
4. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.
5. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
6. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Atlantis. Hauptmann. (Huebsch.) \$1.50.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
3. The Eldest Son. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.
4. The Madras House. Barker. (Kennerley.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Just So Stories. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) \$2.50.

2. Miss Billy's Decision. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
3. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. Running Sands. Kauffman. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.35.
4. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
3. For Each Day a Prayer. Davis. (Dodge.) \$2.00.
4. Barrack Room Ballads. Kipling. (Brentano.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Pewee Clinton—Plebe. Stevens. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
3. The Son of Columbus. Seawell. (Harper.) \$1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
5. American Nobility. Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.35.
6. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction of To-Day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
4. Americans and Others. Repplier. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.10.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.

3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
5. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
6. The Night Riders. Cullum. (Jacobs.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Along the Road. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
2. Auction of To-Day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
4. Heroines of Modern Progress. Adams. (Sturgis and Walton.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Little Queen Esther. Rhoades. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.00.
2. Young Minute Men of 1812. Tomlinson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. The Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. The Mischief Maker. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
5. The Case of Jennie Brice. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
6. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
4. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.30.
6. The Case of Jennie Brice. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction of To-Day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. Pictures of the Panama Canal. Pennell. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
3. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
4. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Scouts' Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Mischief Maker. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. The Impossible Boy. Putnam. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
2. Along the Road. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. The Story of My Boyhood and Youth. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.00.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, OREGON

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. Jack Norton. Hofer. (Badger.) \$1.25.
5. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. When Dreams Come True. Brown. (Fitzgerald.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Opera Goers Complete Guide. Melitz. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. The Necessary Evil. Kennedy. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. The Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Gill.) \$1.50.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Japanese Twins. Perkins. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Army Boy at Pekin. Kilbourne. (Penn.) \$1.20.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. The Mischief Maker. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

4. The Impossible Boy. Putnam. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Gay Rebellion. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. In Beaver World. Mills. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
2. Dr. Livingstone. Blackie. (Revell.) 50 cents.
3. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
4. Panama Canal. Barrett. (Pan-American Union.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
6. The Dragoman. Stiles. (Harper.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
2. Bunker Bean. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
3. Poor, Dear Margaret Kirby. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.30.
4. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Riley and Britton.) 80 cents.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Grosset and Dunlop.) 50 cents.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Anatol. Schnitzler. (Kennerley.) \$1.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. Different West. Bostwick. (McClurg.) \$1.00.
4. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Kewpies and Dotty Darling. O'Neill. (Doran.) \$1.25.
2. Sammy and Susie Bushy Tail. Garis. (Fenno.) 50 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.

2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
3. The Place of Honeymoons. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
4. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.
5. The Harvester. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Patty's Butterfly Days. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. Dave Porter on Cave Island. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
6. Martha-by-the-Day. Lippman. (Holt.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
2. The Blindness of Virtue. Hamilton. (Doran.) \$1.00.
3. Development of Auction Bridge. Irwin. (Putnam.) \$1.25.
4. With the Indians in the Rockies. Schultz. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Boys' Make-at-Home Things. Bailey. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
2. Girls' Make-at-Home Things. Bailey. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
3. Scout Master of Troop 5. Thurston. (Revell.) \$1.00.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Night-Born. London. (Century Co.) \$1.25.

6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Care Free San Francisco. Dunn. (Robertson.) \$1.00.
2. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
3. The Star-Treader. Smith. (Robertson.) \$1.25.
4. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse and Hopkin.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Baldy of Nome. Darling. (Robertson.) \$1.00.
2. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. Joyful Heatherby. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
4. Sally Castleton. Marriott. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
5. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. The Lost World. Doyle. (Doran.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
2. Rhymes of a Rolling Stone. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.00.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
4. The Story of a Roundhouse. Masefield. (Macmillan.) \$1.30.

JUVENILES

1. The Fourth Down. Quirk. (Little, Brown.) \$1.20.
2. The Secret of the Clan. Brown. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
3. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
4. The Lost Million. Alden. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Advertising as a Business Force. Cherington. (Doubleday, Page.) \$2.00.
2. A Montessori Mother. Fisher. (Holt.) \$1.25.

3. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.

4. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. The Stain. Halsey. (Browne.) \$1.25.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Within the Law. Dana and Veiller. (Fly.) \$1.25.
6. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. Where Are You Going? (My Little Sister). Robins. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
2. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (McClelland and Goodchild.) \$1.50.
3. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Frowde.) \$1.25.
4. The Lady Married (The Lady and Sada San). Little. (Musson.) \$1.00.
5. Long Patrol. Cody. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
6. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (McLeod and Allen.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Rhymes of a Rolling Stone. Service. (Briggs.) \$1.50.
2. Flint and Feather. Johnston. (Musson.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
5. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann, the Iconoclast. (Herz.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.30.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40
6. The Gay Rebellion. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
2. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
3. Auction of To-Day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. A Montessori Mother. Fisher. (Holt.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Bird Children. Gordon. (Volland.) \$1.00
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
5. The Mischief Maker. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.

2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
3. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
4. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts' Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
2. Boy Scouts' Series. Payson. (Hurst.) 50 cents.
3. Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 40 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

POINTS						
A book standing 1st on any list receives	10					
" " " 2d " " " "	8					
" " " 3d " " " "	7					
" " " 4th " " " "	6					
" " " 5th " " " "	5					
" " " 6th " " " "	4					

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

		POINTS
1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.....		349
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.....		250
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.....		248
4. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.....		125
5. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.....		106
6. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.....		102

THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

JUNE, 1913

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

CRITICS who found in the first volume of the English translation of *Jean-Christophe* many biographical reminiscences of Beethoven in the early life of M. Romain Rolland's hero, are now pointing out similar Wagnerian suggestions in his later experiences. For example, in the concluding volume, *Jean-Christophe: Journey's End*, the now celebrated composer, involved in French syndicalist disturbances, is forced to flee across the frontier into Switzerland, where he finds refuge in the home of an old friend. The whole episode, with Jean-Christophe's tragic love affair with Anna Braun, his friend's wife, is supposed to have been inspired by Wagner's political troubles and his romance with Matilda Wesendonk, who was also a Swiss woman. The larger part of one whole volume in the French edition of M. Rolland's novel is devoted to this Swiss sojourn, after which Jean-Christophe is carried into Italy and thence back to Paris, where he dies surrounded by the children of many of those he had known and loved during his lifetime.

By no means the longest novel on record—although one of the longest—*Jean-Christophe* is certainly one of the most varied in the scenes of life which it describes and in the types of character which it introduces. One can only won-

der why, having gone thus far, M. Rolland did not go still farther and make his survey of modern civilisation, through the eyes of his hero, complete. He has written a life of Tolstoy, as well as lives of Beethoven and Michael Angelo, and it must have been a temptation to invade



ROMAIN ROLLAND



MRS. LASALLE CORBELL PICKETT, WHO HAS BEEN WRITING HER REMINISCENCES OF CIVIL WAR TIMES IN "BUGLES OF GETTYSBURG"

the Russian field for fictional purposes, as well as the German, French, Swiss, and Italian. And then there is our own country. Surely we should not have been overlooked. A *Jean-Christophe in America* would have been a good publishing proposition in the United States, as well as an excellent opportunity for M. Rolland to study national ideals and tendencies of modern civilisation. Think of all the biting and sarcastic things he could have said of the interviewers who surrounded his hero as he stepped down the gang-plank of the steamer that brought him to New York; of the agents for mechanical players who besieged him in his hotel suite to get his endorsements for their various instruments; of his experiences with our local impresarii; and of his reception by communities of varying degrees of musical culture from coast to coast, where he was hailed as the latest lion of the press, and entertained accordingly. Think, too, of what an advantage it would have been to us

to have portraits of New York, Chicago, and Kansas City on the same scale as that of Paris, and an analysis of American music from MacDowell to the latest cabaret rag.

• • •
Altogether it seems a pity to have allowed Jean-Christophe to die without ever escaping the vicious circle of European civilisation. America is the land of the future, and it is highly probable that at the time when this composer was having his worst troubles in getting a start at home, his scores were already selling at a great rate in this country. M. Rolland has now only to publish some of these scores to round out his great work. In doing so he would only be following the lead of Bernard Shaw, and of George Meredith, both of whom



EDITH BARNARD DELANO, AUTHOR OF "THE LAND OF CONTENT"



THE CROWD LEAVING THE FULTON THEATRE, NEW YORK, AFTER A MID-WEEK MATINÉE PERFORMANCE OF EUGÈNE BRIEUX'S "DAMAGED GOODS" (LES AVARIÉS). SEE ARTICLE "PLAYS OF YESTERYEAR"

have supported the claims of their characters to talent, and even genius, by supplying specimens of their work. The proof, however, is not always convincing; and on the whole, nothing perhaps is more commonly noted about admittedly great writers than their inability to convey a satisfactory impression of intellectual greatness in their creations. Many people even refuse to believe that Jean-Christophe was as great a composer as M. Rolland would have us believe. He certainly, however, in his temper and in his vituperative powers, had external traits of the *genus irritabile*, and he showed to the full their errant amorous proclivities in his innumerable love affairs. If M. Rolland cannot get together a group of his compositions and come over here to conduct them in person, perhaps the next best thing he can do to keep Jean-Chris-

tophe alive and on the scene for some years to come is to invent a series of memoirs by some of these objects of his fleeting fancy. The chief obstacle to this is the remarkably high death rate in *Jean-Christophe*. Most of those who would have anything interesting to say reached their "journey's end" before he did, and there is no intimation that they left any manuscripts marked "private and personal" behind them.

...

A new series of caricatures by Mr. Max Beerbohm is always more or less of an event. And the English journals all seem to be particularly appreciative of his recent exhibition at the Leicester Galleries in London. The *Times*, for example, devoted two columns to a discussion of



THOMAS HARDY COMPOSING A LYRIC

the caricature, in the course of which it said: "It is the critic's duty to praise the best of his own time as confidently as if it were three hundred years old. He may be only backing his own opinion instead of the opinion of generations; but if he is too timid to do that he has no business to be a critic." The *London Sketch* expresses the opinion that "Max" is as amusing as ever, and that his pictorial satire, if anything, shows a richer and mellower humour than ever together with the same surprising knowledge of current events and a faculty for seeing, and making others see, their comic side. We have seen a number of reproductions of the caricatures in the exhibition, but while they strike us as uniformly excellent, none of them reaches the high-water mark attained by Mr. Beerbohm

some years ago with his picture of "Mr. Rudyard Kipling takes a Bloomin' Day Off On the Blarsted Earth, along With Britannia, 'Is Gurl."

It was several years ago that we first took up *At the Actor's Boarding-House*,

Helen Green and expressed the opinion that Helen Green
Van Campen was a writer not to be classed with the literary

will o' the wisps, an opinion which has since been very thoroughly justified. From the *pension* for theatrical folk on Irving Place, New York, Mrs. Van Campen crossed to Broadway to depict the life that comes under the observation of Flossie, the telephone girl, and Elmer, the bell boy. Evidently she believes that the best way to understand this life is to go as far away from it as possible, for her present home is in Alaska.

I live on the island of La Touche, in Prince William Sound, Alaska, where it rains or snows nine to ten months a year. While I write a vaudeville story, set on Broadway, I look out of a front window and see a freight boat loading ore at the dock, and at the islands across the channel, their mountains all white most of the time—or out of a rear window at the mountains of La Touche. Every ten days or nights a mail steamer from outside—the States—moos mournfully down the channel, and the waves come stronger against my house, which is built on piles over the water, and the captain begins to yell on his bridge, and the folks on our dock yell, and the headline just misses somebody, and we swing lanterns and



HELEN GREEN VAN CAMPEN'S ALASKAN HOME



HELEN GREEN VAN CAMPEN

stamp our rubber-booted feet to keep warm. Then she's near enough so we can find out who's on this trip,—if the Seward dentist travels to Valdez, it's the right of all the coast Alaskans to know whose teeth Doc is going to fix, and when a man goes out to get married, his friends know more about it than he does. In winter, when it is mostly dark day and night, the ships manage to get there about 2 A. M. with a Norther blowing so your hands will freeze to a rope. But then there's summer, with permanent daylight, and the Jap cook's rooster call mixed up in his crowing, as he's an "outside bird," and doesn't savvy-well, some folks like it only then, but I'm satisfied all the time. I do my housework, make nearly everything I wear, from gowns to slicker suits and hats, crochet caps, wash the family flannels because the Aleut woman boils them, split the kindling and wash windows, carpenter a little—I made a box couch a while ago—hunt ptarmigan on the mountains and keep the

broken glass of the beach out of the feet of Murphy the dog. Think of people sweating and complaining on Broadway, when I'm out in a heavy sweater, lightly leaping waterholes and tickled to be alive, or fishing for 100-pound halibut out in the dory. We eat mince pie all summer on La Touche, and when we want ice cream we tow in a little, right sized, iceberg that's come down from Chenaga glacier—no place like the North!

...

There is no question of the genuine popularity achieved by Harry A.

Franck's *A Vagabond Journey Around the World and Four Months Afoot in*

Spain. His latest book, *Zone Policeman* 88, of which an extended review will be found elsewhere in this issue, tells of his five months' experiences in the Canal Zone. After tramping through a large part of Central America he reached

Corazal in January, 1912. A census was beginning and he easily obtained work as an enumerator, in six weeks enrolling 4,677 zone residents. Then he was made a plain clothes policeman, and served in that capacity for three months and a half more.

...

Kate Jordan, whose new book, *The Creeping Tides*, tells a story of New York's "Greenwich Village," was herself brought up in that neighbourhood, close to Washington Square, and knows the quiet, old-fashioned atmosphere that clings to those dull streets and shabby houses. Miss Jordan, or Mrs. Vermilye, as she is in private life, was born in Dublin of Irish parents, but her father accepted a position in an American college when the little girl was only three, so she retains no memories of her birth-



THEODORE GOODRICH ROBERTS, AUTHOR OF "TWO SHALL BE BORN"



HARRY A. FRANCK

place. From the beginning, she was apparently blessed with the Celtic imagination, and after one particularly vivid flight of fancy, when she informed her classmates that she was born on the high seas in a pirate ship, her teacher wrote to her mother: "Either she will one day write fiction, or she is one of those natural liars to whom truth is unattractive." Fortunately for the author, her father fully appreciated his little daughter's facility for "making up things" and tactfully converted her enthusiasm for unrealities into the proper channels. Her first story was published when she was only twelve. She won recognition as a short-story writer long before she published her first long one, *Time, the Comedian*.

...

There are many pages of a literary flavour in *Memories*, by the Hon. Stephen Coleridge, which has just come

from the press of the Messrs. John Lane Company. The author's grandfather

Tennyson and Others lived for some years at Freshwater Bay in the Isle of Wight in the house afterward made famous by the long residence there of Tennyson. The author's father and Tennyson became known to each other first when the poet bought the house from the grandfather; but the author's father was a busy man in London, and Tennyson a recluse who seldom left his two homes, and they did not see much of each other. When Tennyson came to be made a peer, he asked the elder Coleridge to lend him his robes in which to take his seat in the House of Lords; as the lender was six feet two, the robes proved rather long for the

bard, but it was better than if they had been too short.

...

Among the elder Coleridge's most intimate friends was Matthew Arnold, and in the house at No. 1 Sussex Square Arnold and Cardinal Newman met for the first time.

They had each expressed a wish to meet the other, so my father arranged it apparently by accident. With perfect taste and by common consent they talked together as a pair of ripe scholars, and no one would suppose that they were not old and familiar friends. They even with great urbanity delicately quizzed the other, though Matthew Arnold never for a moment departed from his attitude of a favoured pupil discoursing playfully with an honoured master.



KATE JORDAN

Each parted manifestly delighted with the other, and subsequently they each in turn expressed the pleasure they had found in the society of the other. So my father was gratified at having made his house the scene of this interesting meeting.

• • •

Another frequent guest at Sussex Square was Robert Browning, and the author often met him out at dinner elsewhere, as he was an inveterate "diner-out." He almost always talked down to ladies and discoursed with them about bonnets and clothes; this not seldom filled clever women with annoyance.

Though Mr. Coleridge's diary mentions frequent occasions when he was in Browning's company, it records no luminous sayings of his. "I do not think any one would have discovered from his talk that he was the extraordinary man his writings show him to have been, nor was his appearance in the least distinguished." But his sense of humour was unquestionably keen.

Shortly after the publication of one of his volumes which was rather more obscure than usual, he and my father met on the steps of the Athenæum, and Browning asked my father if he had read this last volume.



THE HONOURABLE STEPHEN COLERIDGE

My father replied, "Yes, I have, and I think I understand about a third of it." To which Browning rejoined, "That's very well for a man of your understanding."

...

Volumes IX and X, in the new uniform edition of the works of Sir Gilbert Parker that is being issued by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, are devoted to *The*

Seats of the Mighty and *The Battle of the Strong*. *The Seats of the Mighty*, Sir Gilbert Parker's introduction tells us, was begun in the summer of 1894, at a little place called Mabelthorpe in Lincolnshire, on the east coast of England. For several months the author worked in absolute seclusion in that out-of-the-way spot, which was then not yet overrun by excursionists, and on the wonderful sands stretching miles upon miles coastwise, and here and there as much as a mile out to sea, he tried to live over again the days of Montcalm and Wolfe. Appropriately enough the book was begun in a hotel at Mabelthorpe called "The Book in Hand." The name came from the fact that, in a far-off day, a ship was wrecked upon the coast there, and the only person saved was the captain, who came ashore with a Bible in his hands. There was much trouble in finding a title for the book. At last one day Mr. Grant Richards, the English publisher, who was at that time a journalist, went down from London to Mabelthorpe to interview the author. Gilbert Parker told him of his troubles, saying: "You see, it is the struggle of one simple girl against principalities and powers; it is the final conquest of the good over the great. In other words, the book will be an illustration of the text, '*He has put down the mighty from their seats, and has exalted the humble and meek.*'" Then, like a flash, the title came—*The Seats of the Mighty*.

...

The writing of *The Battle of the Strong* came out of Gilbert Parker's determination that he would not be confined in one field. For seven years he

had written continuously of Canada, and had been warned not to break away from that region. But when he went to the Island of Jersey in 1897, it was with the grim resolve to set himself free. After all the change was not so radical. He had been dealing with French Canada, and a step from Quebec, which was French, to Jersey, which was Norman French, was but short. It was merely a question of atmosphere.

Whatever may be thought of *The Battle of the Strong*, I have not yet met a Jerseyman who denies to it the atmosphere of the place. I could hardly have lacked it, for there were twenty people, deeply intelligent, immensely interested in my design, and they were of Jersey families which had been there for centuries. They helped me, they fed me with dialect, with local details, with memories, with old letters, with diaries of forebears, until, if I had gone wrong, it would have been through lack of skill in handling my material. I do not think I went wrong, though I believe that I could construct the book more effectively if I had to do it again. Yet there is something in looseness of construction which gives an air of naturalness; and it may be that this very looseness which I notice in *The Battle of the Strong* has had something to do with giving it such a great circle of readers; though this may appear paradoxical.

...

Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine good-naturedly objects to a paragraph in the April BOOKMAN to the effect that Weedon Grossmith's *From Studio to Stage* contained a Mark Twain story which Mr. Paine had apparently overlooked. It had not been overlooked, the biographer tells us, only there were so many Mark Twain stories that it was impossible to use them all in the *Life*, and that yarn about the reconciliation of the American humourist and Max O'Rell was one of those omitted for reasons of lack of space. So in alluding to a little volume by Elizabeth Wallace we shall say nothing about Mr. Paine at all, beyond mentioning the

fact that he contributes a short note of introduction. *Mark Twain and the Happy Island* is not a work of any particular importance, but it gives some pleasant personal impressions of Mr. Clemens in Bermuda. Perhaps as interesting a chapter as any is that which tells of Mark Twain's liking for Kipling. "I am not fond of all poetry," he once said, "but there is something in Kipling that appeals to me. I guess he's just about my level." Mr. Clemens loved the swing of Kipling's verse, and the brawn and muscle of his thought, and on certain Bermuda evenings, lying on his bed dressed in his white serge suit, he would read his favourite verses for the entertainment of those about him.

When he read the "Mary Gloster" we could see the violent old man lying on his death-bed, undaunted by the thought of the end, pouring bitter curses on his worthless son's head, and at the same time thrilling with his sublimely poetic purpose. The tender beauty of Mr. Clemens's voice when the old man spoke of his one dear love, made the feminine members of the audience weep openly, while Mr. Rogers sat up sternly, blinked hard, and pulled fiercely at his cigar. When Mr. Clemens read *McAndrews' Hymn* his voice rang out in triumph and his pipe waved rhythmically to the song of the steam. "Soldier and Sailor Too" swept us out to visions of the sea, and of men who died at their posts; while we laughed delightedly with the swing of "The Bolivar," and felt the note of piercing homesickness in "Mandalay" and "Me That Has Been What I've Been."

One evening the Lady Mother was able to be present, and Mr. Clemens chose "Tomlinson" for her delectation.

• • •

Mr. Kipling, by the way, seems at last to have succumbed to the lure of the footlights. We devoutly hope that as a playwright he will prove better than he proved as a historian in his history of England issued a year or so ago. Certainly he could not prove worse. A few weeks ago a short play by Kipling, entitled *The Harbour Watch*, was pre-

sented in London, and seems to have had a fair success. It is based upon the story "Bonds of Discipline." Years ago the first dramatic version of *The Light That Failed* was staged, and in the winter of 1911-12 a one-act play based on "The Man Who Was" was presented in London, with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree in the title rôle. To a person who had never read the story the Tree production might have been adequate, but for the real Kipling lover it was spoiled by the introduction of the conventional feminine element. Then, too, the Dirkovitch of the play did not in the least resemble the Dirkovitch of the story, nor was any use made of his gorgeous intoxication, and the speech in which he glorified the Slav, proclaimed Napoleon an episode, and hurled defiance at the "old peoples" of the earth.

• • •

Reverting to Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, there are probably very few people who know that to him may be traced the origin of the secondary title of Broadway, New York,—"*The Great White Way*." Twelve years ago there was published a story of fanciful Antarctic adventure by Mr. Paine. Considerable difficulty preceded the selection of a title for the book, and after one name after another had been suggested and discarded, the author said: "When I wrote that story I had in my mind a great white roadway leading to the South Pole. Why not call it *The Great White Way*?" The title was adopted, and the book published. Just about that time there was a young man on the *New York Evening Telegram* who was printing a daily column of Broadway items, using in his headline the title of any current novel that could be appropriately fitted to the purpose. When Mr. Paine's novel was announced, it happened to be snowy weather, and the *Telegram* man promptly called his column "*Found on the Great White Way*." The line seemed a good one and he used it for a week or more. Even after the snow had melted away *The Great White Way* continued to fit Broadway. The

phrase caught the fancy of the vaudeville people and suddenly it passed into a general currency. Nobody knew quite how or why, but Broadway all at once had a new name. Years ago that little book by Mr. Paine went the way of all print. It left a title, however, that seems likely to outlast many novels of much greater importance.

...

The new volume of the *Plays* of August Strindberg includes *Comrades*, *Facing Death*, *Pariah*, and *Easter*. *Comrades* was written in Denmark, where Strindberg, after finishing *The Father* in Switzerland in 1887, went with his family to live for two years, and was published March 21, 1888. Although the scene of the play is laid in Paris, all the characters are Swedish. That Paris was chosen as a background was probably reminiscent of the time, the early eighties, when Strindberg, with his wife and children, left Sweden and, after spending some time with a colony of artists not far from Fontainebleau, went to Paris and established themselves in Passy. In writing the one-act play *Facing Death*, Strindberg made use of his Swiss experiences, taking the Lake of Geneva as a background. The three years from 1884 to 1887 in which Strindberg lived in Switzerland were exceedingly important years in the evolution of the man's character and work. Ibsen had hailed women and the labourer as the two rising ranks of the nobility, and Strindberg, who had different views, decided to write a book about women. Regarding the mother as downtrodden, he wanted to think out a means for her deliverance. To obtain a clear vision he selected as a method the delineation of as many marriage cases as he had seen. Of these he chose the most characteristic twelve, and went to work. When about half the number had been written, he stopped and reviewed the collection and found an unexpected result.

Then chance came to his aid, for in the

pension where he was living, thirty women were stopping. He saw them at meals, between meals, and all about, idle, gossiping, pretentious, longing for pleasure. "There were learned ladies who left the *Saturday Review* behind them on the chairs; there were literary ladies, young ladies, beautiful ladies." When he saw their care-free, idle life, with concern he asked himself: "Whom do those parasites and their children live on?" Then he discovered the bread-winners. "The husband sat in his dark office far away in London; the husband was far away with a detachment in Tonkin; the husband was at work in his bureau in Paris; the husband had gone on a business trip to Australia." And the three men who were there gave him occasion to reflect about the so-called female slave. "There was a husband who had a fiercely hot attic room, while the wife and daughter had a room with a balcony on the first floor. An elderly man passed by who, although himself a brisk walker, was now leading his sickly wife step by step, his hand supporting her back when making an assent; he carried her shawls, chair, and other little necessities, reverently, lovingly, as if he had become her son when she had ceased to become his wife. And there sat King Lear with his daughter,—it was terrible to see. He was over sixty, had had eight children, six of whom were daughters, and who, in his days of affluence, he had allowed to manage his house and, no doubt, the economy thereof. Now he was poor, had nothing, and they had all deserted him except one daughter, who had inherited a small income from an aunt. And the former giant, who had been able to work for a household of twelve, crushed by the disgrace of bankruptcy, was forced to feel the humiliation of accepting support from his daughter, who went about with her twenty-nine women friends, receiving their comfort and condolence, weeping over her fate, and sometimes actually wishing the life out of her father."

...

The three plays presented for the first time in English through the medium of the translation of Edwin Björkman in *Plays by Björnstjerne Björnson*, recently issued by Messrs. Charles Scrib-

ner's Sons, are *The Gauntlet*, *Beyond Our Power*, and *The New System*. Of

Björnson

these *The New System* was the earliest, having been written in 1879, while *The Gauntlet* and *Beyond Our Power* both belong to the year 1883. Of *The New System*, Björnson said himself that its interest was psychological rather than dramatic. The cry uttered by Ibsen in *Brand* as the utmost wisdom to be distilled out of life was: "Be yourself!" The cry of Björnson, uttered first in an address to the students of Christiania University, and later made the ever-present under-current in *The New System*, was "Live in Truth." What he meant was that appearances do not matter in the end; that nothing really counts but what we are; and that, in consequence, the road to perfection lies through frank acknowledgment of our innermost natures. The year in which *The New System* was completed was one of the most important in Björnson's life. It marked the electoral campaign which placed the Radical Party in control of the government, which was one of the first definite steps toward the dissolution of the union with Sweden. Björnson's was the soul of the movement which carried that campaign to victory, and his leadership was so powerful that he received the nickname of "Norway's uncrowned king."

...

There seems something paradoxical in speaking of the "latest" doings of the

The Futurists
and Venice

Futurists, but the history of even the most progressive movements lies wholly in the past, and that of the turbulent band of Italian iconoclasts is no exception. To destroy Venice—to purge the peninsular of that ramshackle, rotting, ruin of a city—that has been announced as a feature of their programme and propaganda. Recently they scattered handbills in the Piazza di San Marco from the balconies above, urging the immediate demolition of the crumbling churches and palaces, and the

substitution for them of the strong, spare, beauties of modern steel construction. For the Futurists have no use for the picturesque, and they deplore the fate which has opposed to progress in Italy the invincible barrier of the past. They regard the present condition of their country as something between a vast sepulchre and a colossal museum, and they are for placing a few sticks of dynamite under the whole edifice and blasting their way through to freedom.

...

Everybody remembers the first astonishing circular which the Futurists sent forth a few years ago—just five to be exact—announcing their intentions and making an appeal to the world for co-operation in creating a new art—the art of the future. Since then they have been busy adding fuel to the bonfire they thus started. They started a magazine, *Poesia*, which was published in Milan (the movement is confined principally to the north of Italy, where the conditions are very different from those in the south), and which was edited by Signor Marinetti, the best-known writer of the movement. That there is a Futurist ethical, as well as a Futurist æsthetic, theory, is indicated by the fact that a charge of immorality was brought against one of his novels, and he had to defend himself in a suit that recalls those of Flaubert and Baudelaire for similar infractions of the bourgeois code. So the Futurist movement may feel that it has at last justified itself before the bar of public opinion. What a pity for our ambitious authors that there does not exist on the statute books laws that would give them a similar opportunity for legal exploitation! Think of the audacity that is doubtless suppressed through lack of a sufficient object to make its indulgence worth while! It is only when there is a well-defined law to break that there is any adequate inducement for law-breakers in literature, and hence art languishes in too entire a freedom.

Aprile-Maggio-Giugno-Luglio 1909

N. 3-4-5-6



IL FUTURISMO

"POESIA," THE MAGAZINE OF THE FUTURISTS

Of course, the Futurists have devised a mode of pictorial, as well as literary, art, and we had been in hopes of seeing some examples in the recent exhibition of the International Society of Painters and Sculptors. But we were disappointed. No Futurist pictures appeared then on the line, or above it. It would seem as if the Society, so liberal in most respects, extended no sympathy to this school, for in the schedule of modern movements which its President, Mr. Arthur B. Davies, drew up in his official

capacity, he described the Futurist painters as "feeble realists." Still, certain of the Futurist tendencies or heresies were exhibited in paintings that combined the influences of other contemporary schools, as in the case of M. Marcel Duchamps, with his now celebrated *Nu descendant l'escalier*.

• • •

It is now perhaps rather late for even anecdotal echoes of the Exhibition which, after it left New York, went to Chicago. But one witticism evoked from a visitor,



DR. GILMAN'S CHURCH IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

a well-known architect of New York and Boston, by the extraordinary oviform portrait bust in marble of Mlle. Pogany, is worth recording. His wife had written a glowing account of the new movement in art, but he refused to be convinced by it or even to take it seriously. As he stood before the work in question he remarked: "The trouble with these artists is that they have no proper respect for their medium. Now the man who made that head should have modelled it out of an ostrich egg." Another bystander pointed out that this portrait of Mlle. Pogany was nothing more or less than the classic caricature type of Queen Victoria as evolved by some generations of caricaturists.

• • •

The only possible criticism of the movement of the Harvard Alumni of the South to erect a memorial to the Rev. Samuel "Fair Harvard" Gilman, the author of the words of "Fair Harvard," is that it has been delayed so long. For just one hundred and two years have elapsed since Sam Gilman was graduated. A few years after graduation Dr. Gilman, then a member of the Faculty at Cambridge, was called to the pulpit of the Unitarian Church at Charleston, South Carolina, and there served for forty years until his death in 1858. Although his contributions to literature were many, he is best known by his hymns. The "Union Ode" was composed for the Union Party of South Carolina and first sung on July 4, 1831. "Fair Harvard" was sung at the Bicentennial celebration in 1836. The projected tribute is to take the form of a Memorial Room in the tower of the church which was the scene of Dr. Gilman's life work.

• • •

In a spirit neither of endorsement nor of hostility we take up John Albert Macy's *The Spirit of American Literature*. "A Literary Insurgent" We are simply interested in what he has to say. He tells us that "American litera-

ture is English literature made in this country"; that "the American, deluded by a falsely idealised image which he calls America, can say that the purity of Longfellow represents the purity of American home life"; that "Dickens, who wrote of London, influenced Bret Harte, who wrote of California, and Bret Harte influenced Kipling, who wrote of India"; consequently that California did not produce Bret Harte; that the power of Dickens was greater than that of the Sierras and the Golden Gate; that Bret Harte created a California that never existed, while Indian gentlemen, Caucasian and Hindu, tell us that Kipling invented an army and an empire unknown to geographers and war officers. In a word what Mr. Macy apparently starts out to do is to prove that the dominant note in American literature is its lack of American quality.

Fiction written by inhabitants of New York, Ohio, and Massachusetts does tell us something of the ways of life in those mighty commonwealths, just as English fiction written by Lancashire men about Lancashire people is saturated with dialect, the local habits and scenery of that county. But wherever an English-speaking man of imagination may dwell, in Dorset or Calcutta or Indianapolis, he is subject to the strong arm of the empire of English literature; he cannot escape it; it tears him out of his obscure bed and makes a happy slave of him. He is assigned to the department of the service for which his gifts qualify him, and his special education is undertaken by drillmasters and captains who hail from provinces far from his birthplace.

• • •

We have an idea that Mr. Macy likes to startle readers. "Some American writers are parochial," he says. "Whittier, for example; while others, like Henry James, are provincial in outlook, but cosmopolitan in experience, and reveal their provinciality by a self-conscious internationalism." Mr. Macy refers to General Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur* as a doubly abominable book, "Because it is not badly written and it shows a lively

imagination." Fit work for a country clergyman with a pretty literary gift, he contends that it is ridiculously inane coming from a man who had seen the things that General Wallace saw as a soldier in the War of Secession. The physique of most of our books from Irving's first romance to Mr. Howells's latest unromantic novel is feminine. "The Jason of western exploration writes as if he had passed his life in a library. The Ulysses of great rivers and perilous seas is a connoisseur of Japanese prints. The warrior of 'Sixty-one rivals Miss Marie Corelli. The mining engineer carves cherry stones. He who is figured as gaunt, hardy and aggressive, conquering the desert with the steam locomotive, sings of a pretty little rose in a pretty little garden. The judge, haggard with experience, who presides over the most tragi-comic divorce court ever devised by man, writes love stories that would have made Jane Austen smile." Finally, with the air of a man flinging a bomb, Mr. Macy imparts the information that O. Henry was in some respects a better story teller than Bret Harte.

...

Mr. Macy, who has been a teacher of English at Harvard and elsewhere, was for seven years on the editorial staff of the *Youth's Companion*, and more recently has conducted the literary page of the *Boston Herald*, is a professed literary insurgent. He has always been in revolt against the pedagogical attitude toward literature. Before the volume under discussion he had written a life of Poe and a *Child's Guide to Literature*. In speaking of the latter book he once said:

It is not becoming or necessary to disparage other books about literature, but I have gently hinted that many of them range literature like dried specimens in a glass case. A writer worth reading is alive. Critical talk about literature ought to be alive too; the function of such talk is to stimulate people to go and get the classics and read them. I have tried to show the con-

temporaneous interest, or rather, interestingness, of the acknowledged masters of American thought. I believe in getting next to them, not in keeping them at a distance by a schoolmasterly attitude of reverential awe. Emerson, Thoreau, Holmes are absorbing, vital, to-day. They are To-morrow. Is there a current taste for detective stories? Well, Poe is the father of them all, and is the unsurpassed, if not the unequalled master of the tale of mystery. You have, both as reader and publisher, an interest in "O. Henry." In my book I had not space to discuss him at length, but I slipped in the proposition that in some ways he is a better story teller than Bret Harte. I believe that literature is literature, no matter when it is made or who makes it. I believe that we should open the romances of Hawthorne and the romances published this spring in just the same spirit—to find out what is in them, to see if they please us, and then perhaps to explain to ourselves what the quality of the pleasure is or why there is no pleasure.

...

We do not know how much confidence is to be placed in the testimony of the Countess Marie The Mystery of Larisch, but perhaps Meyerling the question of reliability is, after all, merely of secondary importance. For to the average reader *My Past* is likely to appeal, not so much as historical evidence, but as a volume of decidedly entertaining romance. The atmosphere of the book is the atmosphere of Anthony Hope's *Prisoner of Zenda*, of Egerton Castle's *The Pride of Jennico*. Austria is Ruritania, Vienna is Strelsau, and Meyerling the hunting box where the Red Elphberg drank the drugged wine sent by Black Michael. If *My Past* be fact, fiction cannot be more dramatic. Take the principal characters of the tragedy, the Empress Elizabeth, strangely devoid of maternal love, with sentiments toward her eldest son which almost approximate hatred; the Crown Prince Rudolph, with his excesses, his hypocrisies, and his mad amours; the Crown Princess Stephanie, daughter of King Leopold, of unsavoury memory,

painfully plain, and dubbed by her rivals in the affections of the Crown Prince, "the Belgian peasant"; the Court physician, Dr. Wiederhofer, discreet and adroit, and finally the ardent, vain, foolish, unfortunate little heroine of it all,

this confidence of Crown Prince Rudolph to the Countess Marie Larisch, who was his first cousin through the medium of a morganatic marriage? He would escape what he terms "the mire of court intrigue"



THE COUNTESS MARIE LARISCH

Mary Vetsera. Nor are there lacking in the story the secret doors and the mysterious steel caskets of conventional court romance. Could anything read more like a speech out of fiction than

You know the baseness of it all; you have been behind the scenes, and you know what despicable puppets we are. We are dressed up to please the people; we dance to the tune of others; we dare not be natural.



GEORGE LEE BURTON, AUTHOR OF "TACKLING MATRIMONY"

Oh, my God, why was I born? At best what am I? A poor creature cursed with the sins of my progenitors.

...

Then the grim recital of the facts of the tragedy at Meyerling, the drunken orgy in the great hall below, the oaths and the crashing of glass, and above, in the Crown Prince's private apartments, Rudolph and Mary Vetsera spending their last night on earth. In the morning the valet Loschek went to awaken his master, but he was beyond awakening. They came and broke open the door. . . . In Vienna at the palace that day the Empress consented to receive the mother of Mary Vetsera, who had come for news of her missing daughter. The Baroness was brought into the Imperial presence. Silently the two mothers looked at each other, then Madame Vetsera fell on her knees with a despairing cry, "Mary—my daughter—" The Empress shrank back. She examined the visitor with pitiless curiosity, and then said coldly and cruelly, "*C'est trop tard. Ils sont morts tous les deux.*" Madame Vetsera fainted. The Empress looked

at her unmoved and walked away without a word.

...

All kinds of stories were told about the tragedy of Meyerling. One tale had it that Rudolph was Mary's brother, and that, driven mad by the discovery, he murdered her and afterward committed suicide. Wider credence was given to the version that Rudolph fell a victim to Mary's uncle, who avenged his niece's dishonour. The shattered condition of the Crown Prince's head gave rise to the rumour that it was smashed in by the butt end of a gun. According to the Countess Marie Larisch, based on the narrative of Dr. Wiederhofer, Rudolph was mixed up in a political intrigue, and fearing that his plans were discovered, he killed Mary and himself when inflamed by brandy. Ghastly indeed is the account of the removal and burial of the girl's body. Her uncles were summoned and told that the corpse was to be fully dressed and taken to a waiting carriage. "And," said the member of the secret police in charge of the affair, "you are to support the body between you in such a way as to make it appear that the Baroness still lives." As the awful last toilette of Mary was finished, and her uncles were preparing to put on her coat, her head drooped heavily on her breast. The ingenious police officer slipped a walking-stick down the girl's back, and bound her neck to the stick with a handkerchief. Thus forced into a horrible mockery of life, the corpse was taken through the night to the burial ground of the Cistercian Abbey of Heiligenkreuz, and, without a religious service of any description, consigned to a rough box and the kindly earth. For a few seconds her uncles knelt beside the grave in prayer. Then the policeman tapped them on the shoulder and told them they must not linger.

...

There is one adventure in Max Ritzenberg's *The Mind Reader*, a series of strung together episodes based on the un-

usual mental powers of Dr. Xavier Wycherly, that introduces an ingenious, novel, and yet singularly obvious method of secret communication.

Roulette

That is the use of the roulette table. The scene of the story is Monte Carlo. Dr. Wycherly meets an old acquaintance, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, who confides to him that French naval secrets are being transmitted to a foreign power. The object of his suspicions is a certain fascinating and notorious Countess, to whom several naval officers have been paying marked attention. The problem is to discover not from whom she is obtaining the information, but how she is passing it on. Her letters have been opened, her telegrams changed in wording, she is surrounded by clever spies. Dr. Wycherly watches her play at the tables and guesses the riddle. The thirty-seven numbers marked on the green cloth from 0 to 36 inclusive give in code the twenty letters of the alphabet, the ten numerals, and one number in excess. The number to be eliminated is the unlucky 13, which is to be used with especial significance. Thus the Countess, under the full glare of the light, is able to convey her messages to some one in the cosmopolitan crowd about the tables. Dr. Wycherly takes a seat opposite her, and by his placing of stakes gives the message in her own code that drives her in panic from Monaco.

...

There is a curious little touch in a publicity note sent out by the publishers for the purpose of exploiting *The Port of Land*" *Adventure*, by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. We are assured that "many of the well wishers of these American writers have



HAROLD KELLOCK, AUTHOR OF "MR. HOBBY"

expressed delight that they should have returned to their native land for the setting of their stories." This is news indeed. While we should be very glad to claim Mr. and Mrs. Williamson for this side of the Atlantic, we have an idea that Mr. Williamson was born a British subject and has persistently remained one, and that Mrs. Williamson, though born on the Hudson River near Poughkeepsie, has lived so long away from her native land that she has become, for all practical purposes, an Englishwoman. If it were a case of Mrs. Williamson alone, we should maintain any claim, no matter how slight, just as we insist on regarding the self-expatriated Henry James as an American author. But in that claim we could not possibly include Mr. Williamson.



(Last year plans were filed for an apartment house on the lot adjoining the Poe Cottage in Kingsbridge Road, Fordham. The public became suddenly sensitive to its existence; the press cried "Vandalism"; the City of New York appropriated five thousand dollars for its purchase and removal to a site in Poe Park. At the present time it is still in its old position and endangered by blasting and the falling of bricks and debris on the old shingle roof. From this little cottage issued "Annabel Lee," "Ulalume," "The Bells," "Eureka," "For Annie," "The Cask of Amontillado," and "The Domain of Arnheim." In it died the poet's wife, Virginia Clemm Poe.)

THE HUSK

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

THERE is no trace of wisdom in our scheme
 Of honouring the great: we grudge them bread
 When living, stint our praise; yet load them, dead,
 With costly stone inscribed with loud esteem.
 More justly fare the soldiers, for they seem
 Our saviours for a day; but those who bled
 For art are shunned until their fame has spread
 Our own—then watch our jostling plaudits stream!

Beauty and song have welled and love has kneeled
 Within the compass of this threatened husk;
 Here Poe, "the genius"—empty epithet!
 We boast Aladdin's lamp, and cannot shield
 One little roof from gain's encroaching dusk:
 We clamour for an hour and then forget.



THE HALLS' HOUSE IN A "SOMEWHAT SOMNOLENT SOUTHERN TOWN"

LITTLE PICTURES OF O. HENRY

BY ARTHUR W. PAGE

I—BORN AND "RAISED" IN NO'TH CA'LIINA

"The hero of the story will be a man born and 'raised' in a somnolent little Southern town. His education is about a common school, but he learns afterward from reading and life. I'm going to try to give him a style in narrative and speech—the best I've got in the shop."

These words are O. Henry's own.

I
 IN Greensboro, North Carolina, at the time of Will Porter's youth there were four classes of people: decent white folks, mean white folks, decent "niggers" and mean "niggers." Will Porter and his

people belonged to the first class. During the time that he was growing up there were about twenty-five hundred people in Greensboro. It was a simple democratic little place with rather more intellectual ambitions than most places

of its size, but without the hum of modern industry which the cotton mills have latterly brought to it or the great swarm of eager students that now flock to the State Normal School.

In this quiet and pleasant community William Sydney Porter grew up. He narrowly escaped being "raised" in Indiana, in which case he probably would have turned into a successful author in early youth and never had the opportunity to see the many sides of life that he later put into his stories. The prenatal escape from Indiana was in this wise: Governor Jonathan Worth, of North Carolina, had four sisters. Three of the four went to Indiana. The fourth, who remained in North Carolina, Will Porter chose as his grandmother. Algernon Sidney Porter, his father, was a doctor of skill and distinction, who in late life practised his profession little,



THE GRANDMOTHER WHO ESCAPED INDIANA



O. HENRY'S FATHER

but worked upon many inventions. His mother is said to have written poetry and her father was at one time editor of the *Greensboro Patriot*. A President, a planter, a banker, a blacksmith, a short-story writer or a sailor might any of them have such forbears as these.

If any dependence can be laid upon early "influences" that affect an author's work, in O. Henry's case we must certainly consider Aunt "Lina" Porter. She attended to his bringing up at home and he attended her instruction at school. His mother died when Will Porter was very young, and his aunt, Miss Evelena Porter, ran the Porter household as well as the school next door, and a most remarkable school it was.

Porter's desk-mate in that school, Tom Tate, not long ago wrote the following account, for his niece to read:

"Miss Porter was a maiden lady and conducted a private school of West

Market Street, in Greensboro, adjoining the Porter residence. Will was educated there, and this was his whole school education (with the exception of a term or two at graded school). There was a great deal more learned in this little one-story, one-roomed school-house than the three R's. It was the custom of 'Miss Lina,' as every one called her, during the recess hour to read aloud to those of her scholars who cared to hear her, and there was always a little group around her chair listening. She selected good books, and a great many of her old scholars showed the impress of these little readings in after life. One Friday night there was a gathering of the scholars at her home, and those were good times, too. They ate roasted chestnuts, popped corn or barbecued quail and rabbits before the big open wood fire in her room. There was always a book to read or a story to be told. Then there was a game of story-telling, one of the gathering would start the story and each one of the others were called on in turn to add their quota until the end. Miss Lina's and Will's were always interesting. In the summer time there were picnics and fishing expeditions; in the autumn chinquapin and hickory gatherings; and in the spring wild-flower hunts, all personally conducted by Miss Lina.

"During these days Will showed decided artistic talent, and it was predicted that he would follow in the footsteps of his kinsman, Tom Worth, the cartoonist, but the literary instinct was there, too, and the quaint dry humour and the keen insight into the peculiarities of human nature.

"The boys of the school were divided in two clubs, the Brickbats and the Union Jacks. The members of the Union Jacks were Percy Gray, Will Porter, Jim Doak and Tom Tate, three of whom died before reaching middle age. Tom Tate is the sole survivor of this little party of four.

"This club had headquarters in an outbuilding on the grounds of the old Edgeworth Female College, which some

years previously had been destroyed by fire. In this house they kept their arms and accoutrements, consisting of wooden battle-axes, shields and old cavalry sabres, and on Friday nights it was their custom to sally forth armed and equipped in search of adventure, like knights of old from their castle, carefully avoiding the dark nooks where the moon-



O. HENRY'S FIRST ARTISTIC EFFORT

light did not fall. Will was the leading spirit in these daring pursuits, and many was the hair-raising adventure these ten-year-old heroes encountered, and the shields and battle-axes were oftentimes thrown aside so as not to impede the free action of the nether limbs when safety lay only in flight. Ghosts were of common occurrence in those days, or rather nights, and arms were useless to cope with the supernatural; it took good sturdy legs.

"In the summer an occasional banquet was spread on the moss and grass under

the spreading branches of the old oaks that surrounded the club house. On one such festal gathering ginger cakes and lemonade constituted the refreshments. The lemonade was made in a tub furnished by Percy Gray, and during the after-dinner talks one of the Sir Knights imprudently asked if the tub was a new

one, and Percy replied in an injured tone: 'Why, of course it is; papa has only bathed in it three times.' To use an old quotation, 'Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro and blanching of red lips and so forth.' . . .

"After the short school-days Porter found employment as prescription clerk



CLARKE PORTER'S DRUG-STORE AS IT IS TO-DAY. "THE OLD PORTER DRUG-STORE WAS THE SOCIAL CLUB OF THE TOWN IN THOSE DAYS. AROUND THE OLD STORE BEHIND THE PRESCRIPTION COUNTER THE JUDGE, THE COLONEL, THE DOCTOR AND OTHER LOCAL CELEBRITIES GATHERED AND DISCUSSED AFFAIRS OF STATE AND INCIDENTALLY HELPED THEMSELVES TO CLARKE'S CIGARS."

in the drug-store of his uncle, Clarke Porter, and it was there that his genius as an artist and writer budded forth and gave the first promise of the work of after years. The old Porter drug-store was the social club of the town in those days. A game of chess went on in the back room always, and around the old stove behind the prescription counter the judge, the colonel, the doctor and other local celebrities gathered and discussed affairs of state, the fate of nations and other things and incidentally helped themselves to liberal portions of Clarke's Vini Gallaci or smoked his cigars without money and without price. There were some rare characters who gathered around that old stove, some queer personalities, and Porter caught them and transferred them to paper by both pen and pencil in an illustrated comedy satire that was his first public literary and artistic effort.

"When this was read and shown around the stove the picture was so true to life and caught the peculiarities of the dramatis personæ so aptly it was some time before the young playwright was on speaking terms with some of his old friends. 'Alias Jimmy Valentine's' hit is history now, but I doubt if at any time there was a more genuine tribute to Porter's ability than from the audience around the old stove, behind the prescription counter nearly thirty years ago.

"In those days Sunday was a day of rest, and Porter with a friend would spend the long afternoons out on some sunny hillside sheltered from the wind by the thick brown broom sedge, lying on their backs gazing up into the blue sky dreaming, planning, talking or turning to their books reading. He was an ardent lover of God's great out-of-doors, a dreamer, a thinker and a constant reader. He was such a man—true-hearted and steadfast to those he cared for, as gentle and sensitive as a woman, retiring to a fault, pure, clean and honourable."

In these characteristics Will Porter followed in his father's footsteps. It was a saying in Greensboro that if there

were cushioned seats in Heaven old Dr. Porter would have one, because of his charity and goodness to the poor. And there was an active sympathy between the old man and his son. The old gentleman on cold stormy nights when his boy was late getting home from the drug-store always had a roaring wood fire for him, and a pot of coffee and potatoes and eggs warming in the fire for his midnight supper.

At sixteen, Will Porter's short school-days over, he went into his Uncle Clark Porter's drug-store as prescription clerk. This timid, quiet lad, who would slip around to the back door of Miss "Lina's," if there was company in the front of the house, held a little court of his own at the drug-store. He was the delight and pride of men two and three times his age. They still talk of the pictures he drew, the quiet pranks he played; but their greatest pride in him is as a playwright. If you find one of that group now, and speak of O. Henry he will ask: "Did you ever hear of the play Will wrote when he was sixteen?" and then he will launch into a laughing description of the little play written thirty-five years ago.

His pencil was busy most of the time, if not with writing, with drawing. He was a famous cartoonist. There are several versions of the story about him and an important customer at his uncle's store. Young Porter did not remember the customer's name, but when the man asked him to charge some articles he did not wish to admit his ignorance. So he put down the items and drew a picture of the customer. His uncle had no difficulty in recognising the likeness. Perhaps one of the other versions of this story is the true one, but as they all unite upon the fact that he made a likeness that was accurate enough for his uncle to base his accounts upon, we may be certain that during his drug-store-club days young Porter was an adept at pencil mimicry as well as personal playwriting. It is as certain, too, that he dearly loved practical jokes. According to Mr. Charles Benbow, of Greensboro,

"there was an old darkey by the name of Pink Lindsay who swept out the drug-store, made fires and so forth. He was very fond of whiskey, and it took great care on the part of Will Porter and Ed Michaux, clerks, to keep Pink away from the whiskey used in prescriptions. They had a barrel of whiskey in the cellar and used a rubber tube to syphon the whiskey out of the barrel into a big bottle which was kept at the prescription counter. Notwithstanding the fact that the rubber tube was kept under lock and key old Pink or somebody was getting the whiskey. One day Will was in the cellar having Pink clean up the rubbish, and while sweeping down cobwebs he discovered two long straws hid on the wall of earth near the whiskey barrel. He said nothing. When Pink was out he examined the barrel and discovered a small hole bored into the top near the end of the cask. Immediately he divined how and where the whiskey went. He quietly took the straws up stairs and filled them with capsicum. He put them back exactly where he had found them. In those days we did not need pure food laws—capsicum was red pepper genuine. Pink was kept out of the cellar all day. The next morning being a cold one, Pink was both dry and cold. When Will sent him down cellar he was more than ready to comply. The cellar door opened out on the sidewalk and was one of those folding doors that when closed down act as a part of the sidewalk. It is usually closed as one goes down cellar. This time Pink happened to leave it open, and it was well for him. A few minutes elapsed and he let out a howl that would have done credit to a Comanche Indian. Yelling that he was poisoned, he made a bee line for the pump out in the street. Will pumped water for him until he could talk, and then he pumped the truth out of Pink about the straws. He was 'pizenized,' and he was afire, and he promised never to use the straws again. All the while Will was as sober as a judge. He never once smiled, and Pink did not suspect him."

In 1881 Dr. and Mrs. J. K. Hall went to Texas to visit their sons Richard and Lee Hall, of Texas-ranger fame, and Will Porter was sent with them, because it was thought that the close confinement in the drug-store was undermining his health. He never again lived in Greensboro, but Greensboro was never altogether out of his mind. Many years later, when he was living in New York, he wrote this account of himself—an account which gives an inkling of the whimsical charm of the man and his fondness for the old life in the old land of his birth.

"I take my pen in hand to say that I am from the South and have been a stranger in New York for four years. I am sometimes full of sunshine and at other times about as cross and disagreeable as you ever see 'em. But I know a restaurant where you can get real Corn Bread, clean, respectable, cozy, and draw the line at two things. I will not go to Coney Island and will not take walks on Sunday afternoons.

"It's a hard task to tell about one's self, for if you say too much you get turned down for an egoist, and if you don't say enough the man with the black mustache and side-bar buggy gets ahead of you.

"Now for something very personal and thrilling. It's about me."

(The next paragraph was cut from a newspaper and pasted on the letter.)

"He is a true soldier of fortune. He is still a very young man, but he has lived a varied life. He has been a cowboy, sheepherder, merchant, salesman, miner and a great many other nameless things in the course of a number of very full years spent doing our West, Southwest, Mexico, South and Central America. He went about with a keen eye and supplemented it with a ready notebook, into which he jotted down his impressions and things that happened his way."

"There are a few misstatements in the excerpt. I am not a 'very young man.' Wish I was. I have never been a cowboy, sheepherder, merchant, salesman, or

miner. But I lived 'on the ground' with cowboys for two years. I never carried a note-book in my life. But here I plead guilty."

(Then followed another newspaper clipping.)

"He carried an abundant good fellowship and humour with him and saw the bright and amusing side of things."

"Don't forget that I am the only original dispenser of sunshine.

"You may notice that I suppress my pen name in the quotations. I do that because I have been trying to keep my personality separate from my *nom de guerre* except from my intimate friends and publishers.

"I was born and raised in 'No'th Ca'l-lina' and at eighteen went to Texas and ran wild on the prairies. Wild yet, but not so wild. Can't get to loving New

Yorkers. Live all alone in a great big two rooms on quiet old Irving Place three doors from Wash. Irving's old home. Kind of lonesome.' Was thinking lately (since the April moon commenced to shine) how I'd like to be down South, where I could happen over to Miss Ethel's or Miss Sallie's and sit on the porch—not on a chair—on the edge of the porch, and lay my straw hat on the steps and lay my head back against the honeysuckle on the post—and just talk. And Miss Ethel would go in directly (they say presently up here) and bring out the guitar. She would complain that the E string was broken, but no one would believe her; and pretty soon all of us would be singing the 'Swanee River' and 'In the Evening by the Moonlight' and—oh, gol darn it, what's the use of wishing."

THE GRUB STREET PROBLEM

BEING A CONSIDERATION OF THE SCRIBE AND THE COST OF LIVING IN
VARIOUS PERIODS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART IV—DR. JOHNSON'S DAY

"LET you and I, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "go together and eat a beefsteak in Grub Street." Theoretically, that beefsteak cost him 35% more than it would have cost Dryden, for Arthur Young estimates that this was the rise of the eighteenth century over its predecessor in the price of beef, mutton, pork, butter, and cheese. Chalmers states that £1 had as much power over the necessities of life in 1689 as £2 9s. 8¾d. in 1800; and in 1760 £1 would command as many of the necessities of life as £1 12s. 10d. in 1800. The second calculation doubtless takes account of rent, fuel, and clothes; but still the discrepancy seems bewildering to a layman.

Side by side with these over-all calculations, however, he may place facts more suited to his comprehension. In 1677

the common subsistence of working people in rural districts, taking old and young together, had been placed at 4d. a day; in 1768 the general allowance for such a labourer's dinner was 6d. and for his day's complete board 10d. His wages had been 10¾d. a day in the seventeenth century and were 15d. in the last years of the eighteenth. The rise in the cost of living thus doubly indicated, is confirmed by the records of the Victualing Office. The prices paid for beef from 1740-1795 vary from 2½d. minus and show only slight fluctuations until 1773, when the price reaches 3d. and remains there with fluctuations throughout the century; mutton is generally about a tenth dearer than beef; pork beginning at 3d. goes to 4½d. with fluctuations; butter fluctuates from 4d. to 8d.,

but stays generally at 5d. and 6d.; cheese rises progressively from 2½d. to 5d. All these prices, of course, are considerably lower than those paid by the consumer—in 1795, for instance, beef was costing him 7d. a pound, over twice what it was in the wholesale market.

To all these impersonal records may be added testimony of a more human kind—to be appreciated by housewives who daily find themselves unable to match in the markets the quotations in the morning's paper. In 1765 M. Grosley found everything in London exceedingly dear to one used to Paris prices; though if he had come twenty-five years later he would have told a different story, since French prices had in the interval soared high above the English ones. He thought all English meats excessively flabby and fat, although the price might have biased him a little; and the few vegetables were not only proportionately dearer, but were disagreeable in the bargain. He paid 2½ or 3d. for bread, 4½d. for coarse meat, 8d. and 9d. for roasting beef, 10d. for bacon, 11d. for butter, and 7½d. for candles. But he must have had foreigner's luck in marketing, for the year before Arthur Young had found 2d. the price of bread in the London shops and 4d. of mutton and beef.

Well down to the middle of the century, the immense consumption of animal food by the common people distinguished England from the Continent. But as the century passed its meridian, the rise in prices, which had hitherto chiefly affected the landlord and the farmer, began to bear oppressively upon the labourer also. Toward the last third of it prices increased out of all proportion to his wages. Hume wrote that in the twenty-eight years between writing the sixth volume of his history and 1786, prices had risen perhaps more than in the preceding one hundred and fifty years. A pamphlet by George Dyer in 1793 stated that prior to 1756 cheese was almost the principal article of consumption among the poor, but now it had become a rare morsel, having more than doubled and

sometimes trebled at retail; and as butcher's meat was nearly double also, many poor families had to live for months on bread alone; fuel had within a short while seen an immoderate advance—yet in spite of all this the price of labour had remained about the same. For the greater part of this advance the wars were responsible. "Lord North's American War," wrote Bishop Watson, "rendered it difficult for a man of £500 a year to support the station of a gentleman, and Mr. Pitt's French War has rendered it impossible." Though he doubtless wrote with much exaggeration, during the Long War beef in the retail markets sometimes went to 9d. and everything was very dear.

"The station of a gentleman" is, of course, a term which varies with the man that uses it. But in 1786 the *London Advertiser* printed some estimates which must have been fairly accurate, since they did not arouse the usual storm of protest which follows any jaunty handling in the press of so grievous a subject as the cost of living. The first estimate is for a family of £200 income with on an average three joints of meat a week and fish and bacon besides. The weekly household expenditure over all is £88 10s. 2d. The man's clothes and pocket money are £8, and £4 for friends' entertainment. A desirable house can be had for £50, and a very good one for £150; while the taxes amount to about one-half the rent. Thus if this family contented itself with a house suitable to its income, there would still have been a good margin for incidentals and luxuries.

About twice as well lived the family in the second estimate, and so one may roughly set down their income at £400. This family consisted of a couple, four children, and two maids. Their weekly household expenses as follows—bread for eight persons, 8d. a week each; butter, one pound a day, 9d.; cheese, three and one-half pounds, at 5d.; meat, fish, or fowl, one pound for each person, 6d.; milk and cream, 2d. a day; eggs, 4d.; flour, 1s. 2d.; small beer at 14s. a barrel, twelve gallons consumed a week;

tea, 2s.; sugar, 3s.; candles (summer and winter), four pounds at 9d.; roots, herbs, decoraments for table, soap, blue, starch, washing, thread, needles, tapes, etc., sand, fuller's earth, small coal, etc.; repairs of furniture—are estimated at £3 13s. 5½d. They devoted 8s. a week to entertaining their friends and say they lived well. It is interesting to note that they consumed only a quarter of a pound of tea a week, from which it may be gathered that the maids had not yet learned to guzzle it at the rate of the English servant in the succeeding century. Or perhaps these two maids furnished their own tea, for in 1765 the average wage of a serving maid was six guineas, with one guinea extra for tea. This beverage (except for servants) had made its way as a luxury very quickly, but as a necessity very slowly. In 1728 the average price was 32s. 6d. a pound; in 1786 it was 8s., though often it dropped to as little as half of that; in 1833 its steady price was from 2s. 6d. to 4s. 2d.

Here is an interesting comparative estimate of the ordinary expenses of house-keeping in the last quarter of the century.

	1773	1793	1799	1800
Chaldron of coals	£1.11.6	£2.0.6	£2.6.0	£2.11.0
Meat	.4	.5	.7	.9
Butter	.6	.11	.11	1.4
Loaf of sugar	.8	1.0	1.3	1.4
Soap	.6	.8	.9½	.10
Candles	.6	.8	.9½	.10½

Nevertheless, in spite of statisticians, it does not seem that Dr. Johnson paid more for that famous Grub Street beef-steak than he would have paid at the beginning of the century. For the cost of eating at ordinaries appears to have increased very little. In the early years a man could get a sausage at a "farthing-fry" or at the cheaper dining-rooms have as much meat as he wanted for 6d.; and for 1½d. he could buy enough bread to last a whole day. This condition of affairs seems to have gone on throughout the century. A 3d. ordinary had been mentioned as low-water mark in Pepys's

time, but Chatterton wrote to his mother of a 2d. ordinary. "Many a pretty gentleman with a laced waistcoat," said the Scotch chandler who was Roderick Random's landlord, "dines very comfortably for three pence half-penny, and then goes afterward to the coffee-house, where he makes a figure with the best lord in the land." At this ordinary Roderick dined off a shin of beef with hackney coachmen and chairmen (who were all doubtless proclaiming loudly how this new-fangled umbrella was taking the bread out of their mouths), draymen, and a few footmen out of place; and then he betook his waistcoat to swagger it at the coffee-house. "The ordinaries between 1730 and 1735," says *Charles Macklin's Memoirs*, "were from 6d. to 1s. a head; at the latter there were two courses and a great deal of what the world calls mixed company in a mixed way." A magazine refers to a very good ordinary of two dishes and pastry at 10d. a head, including a penny to the waiter, at which the company generally consisted of literary characters. Macklin himself started an aristocratic 3s. ordinary in 1753; but although the town flocked for awhile to see the celebrated actor presiding at table and carving, he had no head for business and had to give it up. In 1754 the *Connoisseur* said there was a shop behind the 'Change where a man could order a 2d. mess of broth with a boiled chop in it; and a person habitually dined there off the broth and bread which he brought with him, and placing the chop between the two crusts of a penny loaf, he would wrap it in his check handkerchief and carry it away for the morrow's dinner. An eating-house where broth with chop was provided for 3d. (though possibly along with other food) had been mentioned a hundred years before. In 1793 the *European Magazine* described "a shoemakers' holiday," which Goldsmith liked to take in his less extravagant days. "Breakfast at one place, dinner at another, tea, and then supper—the whole expenses of the day's fête never exceeded a crown and oftener was four shillings or

less, for which the party obtained good air, good exercise, and good living." All this sounds very much like seventeenth century prices.

The progressive rise in prices shown by the minutes of London clubs during the century may be largely due to increasing luxury. The Royal Society Club had certainly changed very much in standard of living since its founding in 1743. The club had formed out of the habit of some literary people to meet for conversation at table where food and drink usually came to half a crown. The founder, relying upon the authority of his office, had tried to confine the dinner to fish and pudding—having no teeth himself, he naturally felt keenly the extravagance of other dishes. But the rest of the Philosophers insisted upon admitting meat. Their early menus include turkey and oysters, calve's head hashed, chine of mutton, two dishes of herrings, tongue and udder, leg of pork and pease, sirloin of beef, apple pie and pudding—all for the sum of 1s. 6d. In 1756 the charge was raised to 3s.; in 1775, to 4s., including wine, and 2d. for the waiter; in 1801, 5s. without wine. This last raise decidedly suggests that the increase all along had been occasioned by enlarging demands rather than by market prices.

It has always been a cause for general remark that scientific statistics compiled as an average for a whole period so little correspond with the individual experience. In spite of statistics as to the rising cost of food, two estimates from actual experience—one in 1731 and the other in 1766—show a singular agreement in housekeeping expenses. The city family of the first has two children and five servants, the country family of the second has four children and five servants; yet the second estimate is a trifle less—showing that what increased cost of living exists has been more than counter-balanced by the difference between city and country prices. The first is from a tract published in 1731, the full title of which is *An account of what a Wholesale Dealer of the City of London who lives*

in what they call a genteel and reputable way may reasonably be supposed to spend in a year, though he keeps no coach or chariot nor lives in a grand manner. "House rent on a high street, per annum, £60; furnishing stands him in per annum £30; charges of housekeeping for nine in family at 1s. per head per day—the master and mistress, two children, two maids, a journeyman, apprentice, and footman—£164; tea, coffee, chocolate suppose 1s. a day, £30; Master's expenses at the tavern and at his several clubs at 2s. 6d. a day, £45; His and Madam's Pocket Expenses for plays, operas, balls, assemblies, Whisks, Quadrille, toys, fruit, sweetmeats, money given to servants, coach hire, at 3s. a day, £54; His apparel and linen, viz. two suits per ann. one wig, three suits of linen, one hat, two pair of stockings, and four pair of shoes, £27; Fine clothes and common wear for Madam and her two children, £60; wages to two maids per ann., £10; Journeyman's wages per ann., £6. Total £486."

The second estimate is from *My Grandfather's Pocket Book 1701-1796*, and gives the expense of a country gentleman in 1766:

House rent and taxes suppose to be	£50
Pin money for wife and children	50
Her chariot and horses	50
Two daughters' board and cloaths	60
Two sons ditto ditto	60
Man and boy's wages and livery	30
Three maids	20
Housekeeping, say Victuals and Beer,	
39 shillings per week	160
Wine suppose 36s., coals 30s.	60
Doctors, Apothecaries, etc.	20
	£560

The third estimate has a date midway between the two, 1744. Besides the great value of its detailed account, it is of much importance in showing that not yet had the standard of eating become greatly different with different incomes. Spending about £100 a year less than the wholesale dealer and almost £200 less than the country gentleman, his house-

keeping allowance is proportionately almost the same. This deduction is confirmed in the case of servants at least, by Eden's *Enquiry into the Causes and Production of Poverty*. He estimates the board and lodging about the year 1788 of men residing in the families of their employers whether they be noblemen, professional persons, or tradesmen, at £15 3s. 4d. a year; of servants, boarding and lodging and clothes, £26; of women servants, board and lodging, £13. The name of this rather remarkable document is *An Apology for the Business of Pawnbroking*, with the quotation *Can anything good come out of Nazareth?* The pawnbroker who writes it is an equally remarkable man, and he says that taking one day with another he does not make above 9% profit. This, he says, is the lowest return he can get and acquit respectably the necessary charge of a family in the middling station of life, consisting of a man, his wife, four children, and one maid servant. This charge is as follows: "Bread for 7 persons daily 5¼d.; butter, 5¼d.; cheese, 1¾d.; fish and flesh meat, 1s. 5½d.; roots, herbs, salt, vinegar, mustard, pickles, spices, grocery except tea and sugar, 3½d.; tea and sugar, 7d.; soap for all kinds, 10½d.; thread, etc., and all sorts of haberdashery, 3½d.; milk one day with another, ¾d.—all this coming to 6s. 2d. weekly equals £112, 10s. a year. Candles a week, 1s. 3d.; sand, fuller's earth, whiting, etc., 2s.; ten shilling small beer, 3s. 1½d. a week; ale for family and friends, 2s. 6d.; coals between 4 and 5 chaldron per year, 2s. 6d. a week; repairs of household goods, 1s. 6d. a week. Cloaths for the master, £16 a year. Cloaths for wife, who can't wear much nor very fine laces with £16. Extraordinary expense for lying-in, £10, supposed to be about once in two years, £5 a year. Cloaths for four children at £7 each, £28. Schooling for four children at least 10s. per quarter for each, £8. The maids' wages may be £4 10s. Pocket expenses for master supposed to be about 4s. per week, £10 8s. For mistress and children to buy fruit and

toys, etc., at 2s. a week, £5 4s. Entertainments in return for such and such favours from friends and relations, £4. Physic one year with another may exceed £6. A country lodging sometimes, for the health and recreation of the family, £8. Shaving, 7s. 6d. per quarter, cleaning shoes, 2s. 6d. per quarter, £2. Rent and taxes may be somewhat more than £50. Expenses of trade with customers travelling charges, Christmas-box money, postage of letters, etc., £19 8s. Bad debts, £20. Total £315. There must be laid up for twenty years to leave each child and a widow if there should be one £75. Total £390."

RENTS AND LODGINGS

Perhaps as good an index as any of the rise in rent during the century is supplied by the Covent Garden Theatre. In 1732 the land had brought a yearly rental of £100; in 1761 of £300; in 1792 of £940. For the first half of the century London was showing a reaction from the phenomenal growth of the seventeenth, and only the most profitable business localities could have duplicated such an increase as this. In 1700 the city contained 550,000 people, and by 1750 only 50,000 more. Then it increased rapidly until by 1800 it neared the million mark. In 1765 M. Grosley had complained that house rent in London was extremely dear. "I lodged near Leicester Fields at one Mr. Martin's, belonging to the king's kitchens. He lets out to strangers apartments which are very slightly furnished, and consist of two or three little rooms in the first story at the rate of a guinea a week, and in the second of about half a guinea. The house in which I lived, of but three stories, was rented at 38 guineas a year and 6 guineas taxes." Whereat it is to be seen that the landlord, for all his high rent, made an excellent living out of his lodgings. So did landlords in less respectable parts of town. "A slum in 1788," says Percy's *London*, "possessed houses of fifty beds each. The usual price was 6d. for a whole bed or 4d. for a half one. In cribs littered with straw

the very wretched could sleep for 3d." This, according to Sir Gilbert Elliot, would have been the wildest extravagance. "Men of all ages drink abominably," he wrote, "and painted boards suspended from the door of every seventh house invite the poor to get intoxicated for a penny and dead drunk for two, straw whereon to lie until they had slept off one bout and are ready for another being furnished for nothing." "The common lodging house in 1788," goes on Percy, "had but one bed to a room, but sometimes four people in it." These four, it is hoped, rented the room out of a common purse rather than divided the bed into four halves at 16d.

DISSIPATIONS

"Yet amid so great wretchedness there is much of wanton extravagance," says he, "and those who have traversed the purlieus of the 'Holy Land' on a Saturday night must feel convinced that the money squandered in dissipation would have procured much daily comfort both in bed and board." The eighteenth century was quite living up to its predecessor in the matter of drink. In 1760 Maitland estimated 47 gallons of beer was produced for every London citizen; and allowing for infants and children 70 gallons a head; or 100 for men and 40 for women—which made for each man over a quart a day. Strong beer was 2d. a quart and 3d. at the tavern. All the writers of the century, in and out of Grub Street, did their duty by bottle and mug manfully. Dr. Johnson said that he drank three bottles of port at a sitting when at college and was none the worse for it, and he remembered the time when all the decent people of Lichfield got drunk every night and forfeited nobody's good opinion. But he lived to see both public and domestic drinking dwindle, and a tavern chair cease to be the throne of human felicity. One of the chief reasons for this was that the increased comfort of home living sent fewer men to the tavern for their social life, and better

cooking drove fewer men to drink deeply of forgetfulness at their own tables. Mrs. Rundell, in her *Art of Cookery*, had complained that no private kitchen in England knew how to melt butter or even to make toast. The accusation was probably correct, for she reaped a fortune on her book. People were now beginning, thanks to her, to eat much better at home. But there, as formerly at the tavern, they habitually overate, and the dinner of those who could afford it still consisted of everything there was in the market, and particularly in the butcher's shop. The cook-book of Mrs. Glass (she who said "first catch your hare") marshals a fear-inspiring phalanx of heavy dishes at the very contemplation of which the feebler modern stomach sinks. Smoking as well as drinking was decreasing in Johnson's time, and he said that it seemed to be going out of fashion. But gambling had never reached, even in England, such a pitch as toward the end of the century. That Cowper should write "conversation is now almost annihilated by universal card playing, and our people of quality scarcely ever meet but to game," is not particularly convincing, for the same lament had been made before he was born, and conversation, like the theatre, seems to elderly people always going to the dogs; but the vast fortunes staked in the clubs are a reliable index. Fox and Sheridan were monumental gamblers, and Horace Walpole is forever telling of staggering sums lost in a night.

THE GARDENS

In the early days of the pleasure gardens of London there was no charge for admission. The entertainment provided was supposed to loosen the purse-strings at the refreshment booths. Pepys had spent 20s. on three ladies and some other company at Spring Garden, where he heard "a fellow that imitated all manner of birds and dogs and hogs with his voice." The musical entertainments which later became such a feature of the gardens—like the burletta which Chatterton wrote for performance there—

were at first made very little of. The Spring Garden became in the last thirty years of the seventeenth century a notorious rendezvous for fashionable gallantry, says Mr. Warwick Wroth in his book *London Pleasure Gardens*. A correspondent of the *St. James Chronicle* was much shocked at the frequency of the request from unknown young ladies, 'Pray, sir, will you treat me with a dish of tea?' Whether as a consequence of this custom or not, the charge for admission grew in the next century to be a shilling. But evidently it was thought that such *al fresco* urbanities should not become too great a tax upon the gentleman, for he was given a metal check at the gate which enabled him to recover in refreshments part and at first even all of his initial outlay. So slowly does change come about in England, even in pleasure gardens. In 1780 admission into Vauxhall was raised from 1s. to 2s. and even went to 3s. Ranelagh was half a crown, including beverages. These were high prices at a time when middle class people always went to the one and two shilling galleries at the theatre. Thus, either the attractions at the gardens were of a very appealing nature or only free-spenders were desired. Certainly a man must have spent very freely if he transported as many ladies thither as the reckless Pepys or was more amiable to those he found there than was the *Chronicle* correspondent. London was always poking fun at the thinness of the slices of meat served there, and a journal of 1762 complained you could read a newspaper through them, and that the chickens were miraculously diminutive. An "Old Citizen," in the *Connoisseur*, exclaimed at every mouthful, "There goes two pence!" Here is a Bill of Provisions in Vauxhall, 1762. "Bottle of Burgundy, 6s.; of claret, 5s.; of cyder, 1s.; two pounds of ice, 6d.; table beer, quart mug, 4d.; a chicken, 2s. 6d.; a dish of ham or beef, 1s.; salad, 6d.; a cruet of oil, 4d.; orange or lemon, 3d.; a slice of bread, 1d.; ditto of butter or of cheese, 2d.; a tart, 1s.; a cheese cake, 4d.; a quart of arrack, 8s."

CHATTERTON

The three most famous Grub Streeters of the second half of the eighteenth century are Chatterton, Goldsmith, and Johnson. Tradition has it that Chatterton took with him to London in 1771 five guineas, and on his arrival lodged at the house of a plasterer in Shoreditch. Within ten days he wrote to his mother that he was getting four guineas a month from one magazine and would more than double it by odd jobs; and that he was already familiar at the Chapter Coffee House (where they were serving at that time a famous supper for a shilling). He soon made good his brave bragging letters and found rather steady employment for his pen. It was then that he moved to the house of Mrs. Angell, a dressmaker in Holborn—a much more respectable neighbourhood. Here he had a bed-sitting room at the top of the house, with a front window. "I employ my money now," he wrote, "in fitting myself fashionably and getting into good company." During his two months there, he sought unflinchingly to form connections at newspaper and magazine offices, coffee-houses and theatres. He even paid half a crown for Ranelagh and Marylebone gardens. These last investments decidedly paid him, for he picked up some jobs of writing lyrics for music and even sold a burletta for five guineas. Eleven contributions of his to magazines have been discovered, and he probably about doubled that number. All the time, too, he was writing for newspapers in and out of town. When Beckford, the Lord Mayor, died suddenly, Chatterton sent the following statement to his friend: "Lost by his death on this essay £1 11s. 6d.; Gained in elegies £2 2s.; Gained in essays £3 3s. Am glad he is dead by £3 13s. 6d." Another time he wrote: "I have not had five patriotic essays this fortnight; all must be ministerial or entertaining." In all, says Dr. Masson, he could not have made less than £10 or £12 in this plucky, industrious two months. Modern New

York, with its twenty literary markets for one of old London, could scarcely have done better for a friendless boy not yet eighteen. Any country lad would call this extraordinary success to-day.

Dr. Masson says his very conservative estimate would have provided but the barest livelihood. Listen to Dr. Johnson, who describes just such a life as Chatterton was leading, and who surely ought to have known. "Thirty pounds a year was enough to enable a man to live in London without being contemptible. A man might live in a garret for 18 pence a week. Few people would enquire where he lodged, and if they did, it was easy to say, 'Sir, I am to be found at such a place.' By spending 3 pence in a coffee-house he might be for some hours every day in good company; he might dine for 6 pence, breakfast on bread and butter for a penny, and do without supper." Chatterton was to the last degree abstemious, drank only water, and rarely ate meat. It could not have cost him more than 5s. a week to live, and at this rate his £12 should have lasted him many months. But flushed with his success and feeling sure of steady work, he had generously laid out his earnings on rather costly presents to his mother and sister and the rest (including pipes and tobacco for his grandmother). Suddenly he found himself penniless in the slack summer season. Mrs. Angell said she knew he had not eaten for two or three days, but she offended him when she asked him to dinner. At last, in what must have been a panic, the poor, proud youngster swallowed arsenic and died—a piteous and wholly needless end. But it was certainly not one that could be laid to Grub Street.

It is good to remember that it was brought about by his generosity and not by his self-indulgence. He affords a grateful contrast with the brilliant and courted Sheridan, whose colossal prodigality did not scruple to batten upon even the salaries of his actors at Drury Lane and whose final distresses scarcely deserve one drop of the bucketfuls of

sentimentality poured out upon them. A little pleasanter is it to contemplate the budget of the charming and irresponsible Goldsmith. Generous was he beyond bounds, and his poor pensioners were plentiful, but he inherited the calousness of his age as to the necessities of tradesmen and the confidence of his tribe in their divine right to nourish their heaven-born gifts with unpaid-for luxuries. Also he inherited in his own right a happy-go-lucky temperament which allowed him to dissipate three purses which his relatives had made up to assist him to a profession, one of them of £50 he gambled away overnight.

GOLDSMITH IN LONDON

When he first came to town in 1756 he found employment as apothecaries' assistant and paid 3s. a week for his lodging. Then he became an usher, and went from there to board and lodge with a bookseller under a small regular salary to get out the *Monthly Review*. He stayed here five months, feeling himself bound to a grindstone by a hard taskmaster (to relieve whose distresses at a later date he was quite willing to pawn a suit of clothes) and then he committed himself to the tender mercies of Grub Street. How he lived for a few months in this locality is unknown, but one payment of ten guineas for a translation is certain—which should have been sufficient to keep him from straits. "The name of an author naturally reminds you of a garret," he wrote. "Here I am writing for bread and expecting to be dunned for a milk-score."

At the close of 1762 his publisher, Newbery, agreed to pay Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming of Islington £50 a year for his board and lodging—a more prudent proceeding than continually advancing small sums of money, as he did later. Mrs. Fleming seems the typical kind-hearted long-suffering landlady (even though she did have her portrait painted by Hogarth) and her methodical account books are interesting. Three months' lodging she entered at £1 17s.

6d. Once she served four gentlemen friends of Goldsmith with tea for 18d., and wine and cakes for a similar sum. She fetched him ten sheets of paper for 5d. The moment he felt he could afford to do so, he moved to larger chambers and set up a man-servant; but in a while he was back with Mrs. Fleming again, who had apparently not learned much by her first experience. Once he hurriedly sent for Johnson to get him out of the hands of a bailiff. Johnson dispatched him a guinea and followed immediately, but not before Goldsmith had changed it and purchased a bottle of Madeira.

Mrs. Fleming washed and mended for him at the following rates:

3 shirts, 3 neckcloths, 4 pair stockings	0.1.5½
3 shirts, 3 neckcloths, 1 pair stockings	1.2½
4 shirts, 4 neckcloths, 3 pair stockings	1.9
To mending 3 pair stockings	.3

Three months' washing cost him 18s. ½d.—or rather cost her, for he never paid it. Her other accounts were finally settled by Newbery, but this remained. The three nights of *The Good Natured Man* produced him nearly £400, and Griffin paid him £100 more. With precisely these sums he at once purchased chambers in the Middle Temple, and furnished them, and inaugurated a period of prodigality and feasting his friends. "An author has a literary reputation," said he to Dr. Johnson, "when he can get 100 guineas for anything whatever he writes." Thus, according to his own estimate, his reputation flourished for some while. His ascertained gains from *She Stoops* in 68 are over £3000, which is probably below his actual receipts; and for the last six years of his life Mr. Austin Dobson calculates he must have lived at the rate of at least £800. Yet in the years 67 and 68 Mr. William Filby, his tailor, had many large unpaid accounts on his ledger.

Even when he was a physician he had dressed more conspicuously than was the custom, in purple small-clothes; and when he began to make money he spread

the tail of a peacock. Sir Joshua found him one morning kicking round his chambers like a football a masquerade dress he had bought the night before, which he now felt he could ill afford. Many gorgeous suits of Tyrian bloom satin and blue velvet with gold buttons has Mr. William Filby down in his ledger. At his death he owed that personage a seven months' bill. This, of course, might happen to any gentleman in a world where early arose the tradition that a tailor would rather wait for his money than not. But the two Miss Gunns, poor milliners who were so "sure that he will pay us if he can," found their confidence misplaced. Such testimony as theirs, says Mr. Dobson, outweighs unsettled bills. It would be interesting to know with whom; and how far even those persons can praise the generous warm-heartedness of a man who leaves his landlady's three months washing bill unpaid while he indulges himself in clothes and lavish entertainment to his friends. Reynolds thought his debts came to not less than £2000. "Was ever poet so trusted before!" wrote Johnson to Boswell.

DR. JOHNSON

Eight hundred pounds must have seemed a fortune indeed to Dr. Johnson. As he placed against it his own modest income; Goldy's resplendent raiment against his own invariable brown coat, waistcoat, and breeches, metal buttons and buckles, lace tie and ruffles; the Temple Chambers against the "garret" in which he had kept on living even after he became "the great Cham of literature;" and finally against Goldy's £2000 in debts his own £2000 in savings—he might well have pondered with some amusement on the vanity of human wishes and reflected upon the time in 1764 when he and Sir Joshua had formed the Literary Club at the Turks Head and had made Goldsmith one of its original members in spite of Sir John Hawkins's objection to him as a mere literary drudge.

"I came to London," the Doctor was

fond of saying, "with two pence half penny in my pocket; and thou Davy, with three half pence in thine." And it must not be forgotten that when he came he had an adored wife at home to support. His first lodgings were at the house of a staymaker in the Strand. "I dined very well for 8d., and with very good company at the Pine Apple. It used to cost the rest a shilling, for they drank wine; but I had a cut of meat for 6d. and bread for 1d. and gave the waiter 1d. I was quite well served—nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing." For the work of seven years on the Dictionary he received 1,500 guineas, and out of this had his assistants to pay. Twice in the next year he was arrested for debt. But even when he was in the full flush of his fame he was unable to drive a good bargain—for all his common sense, and even if he could demand and get for Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* £60, which he told Sir Joshua was more than he thought it was worth. The publishers who asked him to write the *Lives of the Poets* told him to name his own terms. He named 200 guineas. "They would," said Malone, "have given him 1000 or even 1500."

There had never been a time when the government was giving so few pensions to literary men, nobodies or somebodies. The patronage of the great had ceased, as Macaulay puts it, and the patronage of the public had not yet begun. The average middle-class citizen did not possess such a thing as a book. He read only the newspaper and the magazine. Of these, however, there were plenty. Every week saw a new one start into a brief existence. By 1791 there were 14 assured dailies, 11 thrice a week, 2 twice a week, and 13 weeklies in London. But one could see how this world went without eyes, for everything that happened was still bawled by balladists in the street. With the largest part of the public thus easily satisfied, letters languished. In spite of the general prudence of ministers, however, Johnson was offered a pension of

£300. He demurred at taking it, perhaps thinking it a humourless proceeding after having defined a pension as "pay given to a state hireling to betray his country." But when it was explained to him that the stipend was for services rendered rather than for those expected, he allowed himself to be won over. Possibly it was for this reason he afterward did much less writing. At any rate, he devoted most of his remaining days to proving that the tongue is mightier than the pen.

TRAVEL

When Johnson took his journey to the Hebrides, all Londoners thought he was foolhardy to risk his life in so barbarous and remote a country. In spite of the coaches established almost a century before, there had been little general travel in England on account of the discomfort of the roads. The inns on the whole were excellent, but the business of travelling, even as late as the time of Charles II, was exposed to the greatest hardship and danger. Posting on horseback cost 1d. a mile, coach fares averaged 2½d. to 3d. a mile. Pepys, in 1667, had found travelling with his party very expensive, although he took his own wine with him and didn't seem to mind what he paid. He seemed, indeed, to have learned Touchstone's lesson that travellers must be content. When in one little town he was charged 7s. 6d. for just bread and beer, however, he rebelled. At another little inn they had to rouse up a pedler, whose bed he and his wife took while the others had a truckle bed in the same room. Yet the reckoning at this place ("where the bed was good though lousy," records this droll creature) came to 9s. 6d. Private travellers in Pepys's day had to employ a guide in each district.

He seemed to have been robbed right and left—possibly on account of the state in which he travelled—for generally the country inns were cheap. Apparently in the earlier days the hosts of the smaller towns, usually the post-

masters, threw in the bed with the victuals; for travellers like Sir W. Brereton, who jot down their table expenses often say nothing of lodging. Even in 1720, passengers who took the Flying Coach for Exeter, doing 60 miles a day, slept at inns for a penny a night. The tariff of the new coaches in 1673 from London to Exeter, Chester, or York, was 40s. in summer and 45s. in winter, and about 4s. in tips to the coachmen, who were changed four times, and 3s. for their drink-money. In summer, then, the round trip cost £4 11s., and in the winter £5. To Northampton was 16s.; to Bristol 25s.; to Salisbury 20s.; to Bath 20s.; to Reading 7s.

The road to Bath began in the next century to be well travelled. Nevertheless, in spite of its intimate connection with London, it took three days to get there even in Johnson's time. Little by little, as the city of pleasure became prominent in eighteenth century annals, it ceased to be a toilsome and even dangerous expedition to be afforded only by the well-padded and well-guarded rich. But, like so many other places, no sooner had Bath become easily accessible than it began to decline. In the rough travel of Fanny Burney's day it was at its zenith, in the smoother-going days of Jane Austen its decline as a social and literary centre was approaching. Yet living at Bath and other watering places was not expensive, and society disported itself in a fashion as idyllic as it was arduous. Dr. Carlyle, in May, 1763, found that breakfast at the Dragon Inn, Harrogate, much frequented for its springs, cost the gentlemen 2d. for muffins, while the ladies furnished the tea and the sugar. Dinner cost 1s., supper 6d., chambers nothing at all, wine and other extras at the usual prices; and the company was served two haunches of venison a week.

M. Grosley, who visited England in 1765, went 28 leagues in one day from Dover to London by a coach carrying 7 passengers for one guinea, servants half price. The inns on the road were

somewhat dear, but he "never met on the road from Paris to Boulogne more than one inn which could come into competition with the English." As the increasing patronage of the coaches began to raise the ideals of comfort along the road, it began to raise also the ideas of the landlords—in a way which has been fully demonstrated by the present automobile tourist. Soon there arose complaints that hosts gave cold hospitality to all but good spenders. London, too, began to extend octopus arms. Arthur Young, about 1770, found that the excellent meals throughout the country at 8d. and 1s. became dearer as he approached the metropolis. Butter, which 170 miles away was 5½d. a pound was 6d. at 110 and 8d. at 20, which was the London price. His testimony is confirmed by George Colman the younger, who in 1775 took a journey with his father. He says that the charges progressively lowered as they got farther from London. Articles at first cheap not only grew cheaper but were finally not listed on the bill at all. The items were consolidated under the head "Eating One Shilling;" and this for plenty of everything, fish, flesh, and fowl, and all excellent. The *Annual Register* for this year says that stage coaches had eight places inside and ten outside, and there were 400 of them running.

Moritz, the German pedestrian, excited ridicule, pity, or vilification when he walked through a country where walking for pleasure or observation was yet unknown. Good inns refused to harbour so disreputable a person. "Good cheap quarters" cost him only 1s. for supper, bed, and breakfast, and 4d. for service. The average price of bread he found was 2d., butter 6d., beef and mutton 4d., cheese 3½d. In 1798 a Mr. Richard Twining congratulates himself on travelling 90 miles in 17 hours, with breakfast, dinner, and tea, for the small sum of £4 9s. 6d. There were now 19 mail coaches leaving London every night, each under a guard armed with a blunderbuss, and carrying with the mail

a limited number of passengers at 4d. a mile. In the city 104 inns sent out daily conveyances all over the country. Each posting house on the road became an inn of the first class, with horses and

beds always ready. And so with most roads opened at last and most of the highwaymen doing business on a large scale gibbeted, all aboard for the nineteenth century!

SOME MODERN DUTCH ETCHERS

BY CLEVELAND PALMER

THE famous French writer Diderot once referred with contempt to certain of Rembrandt's etchings as *gribouillages*, that is, scrawls or scribbles—a critical dictum that deserves to stand side by side with Voltaire's comments on Shakespeare, and with Dr. Johnson's curt dismissal of Milton's sonnets as mere trifles carved out of cherry stones. To-day, it is scarcely necessary to say, this rude dweller among the dikes, as Diderot and his contemporaries clearly regarded him, is recognised as the greatest of all etchers, and the seventeenth century Dutch school, to which he belonged, as the most important in the history of the art until its modern French revival in the first half of the nineteenth century. Even the Barbizon artists, as we have seen, derived their inspiration and their technical method from these Dutch masters of the needle.

Indeed, Holland may truthfully be termed the cradle of etching. This does not mean that her artists were the actual inventors of a process which had been widely employed in the fifteenth century and perhaps still earlier, by goldsmiths and metal-workers, for the decoration of arms and armour, or were even the first to practise it for the purpose of making prints. Lucas van Leyden was preceded by Dürer, although the latter worked only on iron; and even in the field of pure landscape, in which the Dutch genius was to find its fullest and most characteristic expression on the copper as on the canvas, Germany led the way with Albrecht Altdorfer, followed by Augustin Hirschvogel, Hans Sebald Lautensack, and the Flemish Lucas van

Uden. But on the other hand, while etching did not have its origin in Holland, it enjoyed there its widest popularity, and attained the highest point in its technical and artistic development. For the first time it achieved complete freedom from its sister art of line-engraving, became as thoroughly conscious of its peculiar opportunities as it had been previously of its limitations, and struck out boldly to realise itself in hitherto unreclaimed regions of nature and art. Till then etching had remained more or less tentative and experimental. The Dutch landscape etchers gave it a scope and variety of subject, a skill and certainty of method, and an ability to seize and assimilate detail without weakness or confusion of line—as well as to suggest subtleties of light and shade, tone and texture—that were wholly new and upon which no advance was made until our own time.

The charms of early Dutch etching are those of Dutch painting of the same period: a simple and uncomplicated approach to nature, and the attempt to render realistically, though by no means without a sense of their inherent poetry or a care for style, the scenes associated with the secular life of the race. Indeed, both painting and etching are to a very large extent the work of the same men. Nearly every Dutch painter of importance was also an etcher, and as Dr. Friederich Lippmann, late Keeper of the Print Room in the Royal Museum, Berlin, points out in his book on *Engraving and Etching*, some of the greatest masters found in the black and white medium

their principal means of artistic expression.

In an article planned to deal primarily with the modern etchers of this little country which has contributed so much to art, it is impossible to linger over this early period or mention more than a few names among the many which suggest themselves. Two of the most notable are those of Allardt van Everdingen (1621-1675) and Jacob van Ruisdael (1628-1682), who are bound together by a singular set of circumstances. Everdingen was once cast ashore in a shipwreck on the coast of Norway, where he remained some time and made many sketches. When he returned home to Harlem, he began to paint and etch those scenes whose wild and rugged aspect gave them an immense and immediate popularity among the home-abiding inhabitants of flat, tame, and domesticated Holland.

Meanwhile, the much greater artist, Ruisdael, was struggling without success in the same city to win fame and fortune—even a bare livelihood—by his faithful representations of the familiar spirit of Dutch landscape. Having nothing sensational to recommend them, his pictures attracted little attention until, yielding to temptation, he began to imitate the rocks and waterfalls of his rival which he himself had never seen. The result was a long series of ideal inventions which have slight artistic value. Fortunately, his etchings show no trace of this artificial manner. They are the intimate records of his absorbed mood, serious poetic nature, and penetrating powers of observation, and as such are among the products of Dutch art that have had most marked effect upon the work of later foreign artists.

As for Everdingen's little plates which, in spite of their unusually small size, are massively composed, and vigorously executed, they, too, are masterpieces, though of a totally different order. What was merely theatrical and meretricious in their scenic elements when transferred to Ruisdael's canvases, and there reduced to a formula, has, on the

copper of the artists who had received first-hand impressions of a landscape so unlike that of the Low Countries, freshness of romantic suggestion combined with a satisfying appearance of reality.

Except for a few men like Berchem and Jan Both, who had visited Italy and come under the empire of Claude Lorrain's "classic landscape," Everdingen remained a rather rare example of the exotic among Dutch etchers of the period. For the most part, as has been said, they kept pretty closely to the subjects suggested by their immediate environment. Thus Rughman, Hercules Seghers, Antonie Waterloo, Naiwynx, and many others devoted themselves, like Ruisdael, largely to landscape. Some excelled in the suggestion of its larger and more commonly characteristic Dutch aspects of distance and atmosphere; others, in the representation of quiet and sequestered villages and of woodland scenes, with or without figures, that gave an opportunity for the treatment of tree forms and foliage—always a favourite theme with these Dutch etchers, and one in which they are pre-eminently successful. Another set of artists, which included men like Cupp and Paul Potter, used the copper as a kind of notebook for studies of those animals with which they were principally preoccupied as painters. Still a third carried their interest in *genre* over into etching, and achieved vivid black and white evocations of that rude and often repellent life of the kitchen, of the tavern, and of the farmyard, for which Dutch art is so famous. Here van Ostade and Bega stand supreme; while in all that pertains to the sea and to ships at a time when Holland was at the zenith of her maritime power, Reynier Nooms, who was called *Zeeman*, and was admired and copied by Meryon, is the accepted master.

But admirable artists as all these men are, they tend to sink into insignificance when compared with Rembrandt. Scarcely one of them has a specialty in which he has not been surpassed by this genius who absorbs into himself all the

pictorial interests and activities of the period, and identifies himself, not with any particular branch exclusively, but with the entire range of art. Says Dr. Lippmann: "Almost every aspect of Dutch art, every quality that helped to form its character, is displayed in the work of that master-artist, Rembrandt Harmensz van Rijn (born Leyden 1606, died at Amsterdam 1669). The technical ability and the imaginative power of the school from which he sprang were widened and deepened by him to the limits which only a few select masters of painting had reached before his day, and to which none have since attained. He recognised no divisions in art; everything pictorial he claimed as his own; but he investigated everything in the clear light of truth, and on its reproduction he placed the firm stamp of his own personality, creating masterpieces by sheer power of mighty genius."

One quality, however, Rembrandt possessed that places him apart from the other artists of his school. What Dr. Lippmann calls the "imaginative power" of seventeenth century Dutch art is mainly a superior power of visualisation. Dutch artists have always been realists. They have rendered with extraordinary truth and intensity what they have actually seen. But when they have attempted to picture what they have merely imagined, they have failed, not as is so often the case with idealistic German art, through sheer inventive exuberance which weakens the hold of reality, but rather through the reverse, namely, an over-reliance upon the facts of sensual experience.

Indeed, it may be said that imagination as vision is almost altogether lacking in the Dutch artist. Not so, however, with Rembrandt. In him it is precisely this intellectual element that is the strongest, and dominates all the rest. Without being any less realistic, or even literal, than his contemporaries—see the way in which he peoples his Biblical pictures with figures studied directly from the streets of Amsterdam—he moves in a world that is remote from them—a

world of dreams, of visions, and of reveries.

While this ideally imaginative element pervades all Rembrandt's work, its presence is, of course, most immediately felt in those plates where it becomes actually creative, as in the famous "Hundred Guilder" print—so called because of the price originally paid for the plate—of "Christ Healing the Sick." Other Dutch etchers attempted this same style of subject in the seventeenth century, but Rembrandt alone was able to infuse any real life into it, to make it vital with dramatic interest, and with profound symbolic truth for humanity. Here, however, even he was only following a tradition of his art kept alive by a continuing demand for pictures of a religious, and specifically Christian, character. Perhaps, therefore, it is above all in such a plate as the "Doctor Faustus," with its mystical revelation and strange occult atmosphere, where the subject could have been chosen for no other reason than its intrinsic interest for the artist himself, that we come closest to a naked revelation of the brooding, restless, eternally questioning, mind which was the magician, Rembrandt.

II

Etching died away almost entirely in Holland during the eighteenth century, and was not revived there until about the middle of the nineteenth as a phase of the general European movement. Philip Zilcken, himself a distinguished Dutch etcher of to-day, writes as follows in his introduction to the Dutch section of *The International Studio's* valuable special publication* reviewing recent progress in etching and the allied arts: "Storm van's Gravesande, who was born at Breda in 1841, was our first etcher to meet with success both at home and abroad, and he did so long before any other Dutch etcher attained any reputation."

*Modern Etchings, Mezzotints, and Dry-points. Edited by Charles Holme. *The International Studio*. New York: John Lane Company. 1913.

It is difficult to account for this statement in view of the reputation Johann Barthold Jongkind had already achieved in Paris at a time, around 1860, when van's Gravesande could scarcely have begun to make even his humble début at home in Holland. Perhaps the fact that Jongkind, having received his artistic education in Paris, was more than half a Frenchman in his tastes and sympathies, explains Zilcken's failure to mention him in his brief historical résumé of the native school. Yet there is as much reason for

the great rivers and the horizons of his noble fatherland."

Moreover, the execution of these plates is quite in the traditional Dutch manner, though perhaps somewhat exaggerated through a certain excess of modern artistic consciousness. If Diderot called Rembrandt's etchings *gribouillages*, what would he have thought of these loosely scrawled sketches that are yet so full of character and truthful suggestion? Much of Rembrandt's work is elaborated very fully and with com-



Courtesy of George Busse

CANAL IN HOLLAND, NEAR ROTTERDAM. (WINTER.) BY JOHANN BARTHOLOM JONGKIND

Holland to claim him as there is for us to claim Whistler, the circumstances of whose expatriation and exile are precisely the same. At all events, Jongkind's talent, temperament, and particular vision of art were entirely Dutch. Charles Baudelaire, who groups him with Legros and Manet in his *Peintres et Aquafortistes*, as "men of a profound and mature talent," calls Jongkind "the charming and candid Dutch painter," and says that his plates "to which he has confided the secret of his memories and of his day-dreams," are as "calm as the banks of

plete pictorial intention. But Jongkind always drew a sharp line of demarcation between his paintings and his etchings. The latter, as Philip Gilbert Hamerton observes, he kept exclusively as a medium for his memoranda. Where other artists make these upon a bit of paper, Jongkind committed them to the copper and printed them. "This is the whole explanation of his work as an etcher."

Naturally, such work is very limited in its appeal. As Mr. Hamerton puts it, "the person living outside of art, when he sees one of these etchings first feels

puzzled, and then offended, and thinks that both artist and laudatory critic must be making fun of him. "Could not any child of ten years do as well?" The true answer to this question (it is not an imaginary question) is, that rude as this sketching looks, and imperfect in many respects as it really is, the qualities which belong to it are never attained in art without the combination of talent approaching to genius, and study of a very observant and earnest kind, quite beyond any possible experience of infancy. The right way to estimate work of this nature is to look upon it as the artist's manner of noting down an impression in all its freshness. Jongkind succeeds in this, either by an unconsciousness which is itself a great gift, or else by an effort of will strong enough to set himself entirely above criticism of ignorance."

In short, while etching can do considerably more than Jongkind demands of it as a medium, not merely of expression, but of representation, it seldom does

just what the artist intends—so much and no more—with such absolute and instinctive certainty. At least in Jongkind's work there is no sense of strain, of seeking to overcome difficulties, to distract the mind and to interfere with that pleasurable impression, to produce which is, or ought to be, the end of a work of art. The little skating scene here reproduced is slight, but how full it is of brisk movement and of crisp winter atmosphere! One can almost hear the ring of the skates, and feel the force of the wind that buffets the skaters, waves the long gaunt arms of the windmill, sets the leafless tops of trees astream like the hair of mænads and furies, and sweeps torn strips of cloud across the sky. Here, then, is the whole essence of "painter-etching," and it would be difficult to select a better example than one of these small prints to serve as a touchstone throughout the whole range of the art of etching.

Jongkind's life was an unhappy one,



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company
THE LANDING OF THE HERRING FLEET. BY CHARLES STORM VAN'S GRAVESANDE

and it was only the earlier part that was in any important sense productive. It presents a marked contrast, therefore, with that of Charles Storm van's Gravesande, who, past seventy, is still, according to Zilcken, as active as ever—though not, apparently, at present, with the needle: "In ten years I shall start again to etch," he is reported to have said recently to his fellow-artist, who comments on the "charming and almost 'Hokusai-like' irony" of this remark. It may be remembered that the great Japanese artist, when he had reached about the same age as Gravesande, said—we quote from the late John LaFarge: "From the time that I was six years old I had the mania of drawing the forms of objects. As I came to be fifty I had published an infinity of designs; but all that I have produced before the age of seventy is not worth being counted. It is at the age of seventy-three that I have begun somewhat to understand the structure of true nature, of animals and grasses, and trees and birds and fishes and insects; consequently at eighty years of age I shall have made still more progress; at ninety I hope to have penetrated into the mystery of things; at one hundred years of age I should have reached a decidedly marvellous degree, and when I shall be one hundred and ten, all that I do, every point and every line, shall be instinct with life—and I shall ask all those who shall live as long as I do to see if I have not kept my word."

To tell the truth, Gravesande resembles Hokusai more closely in his irony than in his art. Both have in common the "mania" for fixing the forms of things, and there is an affinity to the Japanese artist's intellectual attitude in the Dutchman's "subtly intelligent observation" of nature, as Hamerton expresses it. But where in Hokusai's most minute renderings there is the strength of style, there is, in much of Gravesande's sensitive response to impressions, a "tender and delicate beauty," if we will, but also a certain tendency toward diffusion and weakness. He attempts to render

too much of what he sees, or to render it with too great elaboration in the line. Here is all the Dutch quality of realism, with the Dutch appreciation of the poetry that inheres in subtle passages of light and shade. But there is little of that Dutch feeling for salient character which lifts realism from the range of sentimental nature-worship, to the level of forceful imaginative art.

It is only fair to add that in much of his early work his failure to realise the finest forms of expression in etching, together with a fatal tendency to repeat himself when he hit upon a popular subject or formula, was doubtless due to the necessity of executing commercial work for a livelihood; and that later, when freed from this *besogne*, a new element of breadth and simplicity enters into his work, and particularly into his dry-points. His subjects, however, have at all periods remained much the same. "It is easy to see," says one writer, "that he is fond of water and boats, that all the aspects of shore life and fishing villages have a fascination for him, that he is none the less impressed by the barren wastes of moorland, and the sullen terror of lonely cliffs, that the weirdness and mystery of nature take strong hold of his imagination, but his real power lies in the rendering of sun-glinted waters, over which freshening breezes speed, of luminous expanses of tranquil lake and sky, soft shadows of evening, that hang over town and river, of boats drifting lazily with the stream, or tugging at their anchors while their sails flap in the wind." He has done other things, too, notably forest scenes and glimpses of the cathedral architecture of his Dutch cities. But these views of sea and shore remain the characteristic exuression of his genius.

"After Storm van's Gravesande," writes Zilcken, "comes a generation of etchers, who first achieved prominence after 1880. We find these artists mentioned as exhibitors at the Paris "Exposition Universelle" of 1889. They include Miss Barbara van Houten, William Witsen, and myself. Miss van

Houten commenced her career mostly with reproductive work. She interpreted freely the masterpieces of Millet, Daubigny, Jules Dupré, and others. At the same time she often etched plates of still-life and figure-subjects, all direct from nature, treating them in a very individual and robust style. She succeeded

in expressing extreme delicacy of touch and texture with lines strongly bitten."

Zilcken has himself done reproductive as well as original work, and one of the features of the representative collection of his prints in the New York Public Library is a series of plates very delicately etched after paintings by Corot.



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

LION DESCENDING THE ROCKS, BY EVERT VAN MUYDEN



Courtesy of George Busse

THE SLEEPING CHILD. BY JOSEF ISRAELS



Courtesy of George Busse

DORDRECHT. BY WILLIAM WITSEN

As for Witsen, he is chiefly notable for his studies of Dutch towns, of which a typical example is reproduced. It will be seen that he achieves his effect largely by the inking of his plate, a method that was much employed by Whistler at one period (as in the celebrated "Nocturnes"), and that enables the artist to secure a high degree of painting quality in impressions from his plates. It represents, however, a long step away from the orthodox practice of the art, and one is not surprised to learn that "of late years he (Witsen) has executed many aqua-tints and sulphur-tints, and has done very little in pure line-etching."

More important as well as considerably earlier than these artists, were three men in whom the prestige of Dutch painting mainly centred in the second half of the nineteenth century; Israëls, Mauve, and Maris. Although by no means adepts in an art of which they made merely a subsidiary use as a medium for studies, their etched work has

all the value that work of any sort has when, however crude in execution, or even mistaken in principle, it expresses the sincere and serious vision of men who have something individual to say. Thus Israël's etchings, while they are little more than attempts to suggest the values, or the general scheme, of a composition, manage to absorb no small amount of that profoundly spiritual sentiment with which he surrounded the domestic aspects of lowly Dutch life, and, in particular, irradiated the relation between mother and child in the dark and dingy cottage interior. Mauve's extraordinary refinements of colour vision and of feeling for atmospheric effect, leave him less outlet for characteristic expression in a black and white medium, though the part which skilful draughtsmanship plays in even his most vaporous canvases becomes strikingly apparent when these are reduced to the skeleton of their elemental construction in his etchings.

Another etcher whom Zilcken omits,



Courtesy of Kennedy and Company

BACH I HAREM. BY J. A. MARIUS BAUER

but who has achieved considerable reputation abroad, if not in his own country, is Evert van Muyden. The French critic, Octave Uzanne, has written appreciatively of this artist's impressions of travel off the beaten track, and of his studies of animals—particularly the wild animals, tigers and lions, of the jungle and the desert—which are well known to American collectors. Nor do we find any notice of Roggen, like Witsen, an etcher of the architecture of Dutch cities. On the other hand, Zilcken includes one artist, Anton Derkzen van Angeren,

whose work somewhat suggesting that of Gravesande, has, so far as we know, never been seen in this country, but who is said to be regarded in Holland as one of the most accomplished of modern etchers. Certainly the reproductions of his prints that we have seen indicate a high degree of talent and charm.

III

Beyond question, however, the most interesting Dutch etcher of to-day is Marius A. J. Bauer, an artist the realis-



Courtesy of Kennedy and Company

ON THE THRONE. ONE OF THE SERIES OF ILLUSTRATIONS FOR VILLIERS DE L'ISLE-ADAM'S SYMBOLIC STORY, *AKÉDYSSÉRIE*, BY J. A. MARIUS BAUER



Courtesy of George Busse

A STREET IN AMSTERDAM. BY J. M. GRADH VAN ROOGEN

tic force of whose imaginative vision, no less than the character of that vision itself and the technical terms through which it is interpreted, often reminds us strongly of his master, Rembrandt. Of course, Bauer's realism, in clothing his evocations of the religious spirit of the East, takes quite another form from that found in the scriptural representations of Rembrandt. The modern artist is attracted to the Orient by considerations of "local colour" and truth of ethnic detail, that were unknown to the seventeenth century. But unlike so many other "local colourists," whose travels tend to stultify their imagination rather than to augment it, Bauer is by no means merely the slave of his visual perceptions. He once wrote: "To enjoy rightly Constantinople, one must have some imagination and think what this place was like two centuries ago." "So," adds Zilcken, "he sees Turkey, Egypt, India, and Tunis, making each subject a reconstruction of former glory."

Nor is there anything cold, archæological and abstract in these reconstructions. They are, as we have called them, evocations, rather. The past in them is wrought out of a profound passion for the present, and is suffused with a glamorous sense of its magic and mystery. And yet, behind the purely sensuous appeal of brilliant light, glowing colour, strange architectural effect in mosque and minaret, and the turbaned hordes of Islam and India, we feel an intellectual and emotional preoccupation with the spiritual forces that produced these alien and, in some respects, monstrous, civilisations of the East. As Sir Frederick Wedmore says rightly, it is "the faiths of Egypt and India, the hold of Mahomedanism or Brahminism on these Eastern peoples, and the people's daily lives, and, in India especially, their constant concern with great religious spectacle and service—with the sense of pageantry, the sense of awe," that are really the material of Bauer's plates.

His attitude toward this material is more external and objective than is Rembrandt's toward Christianity. It is

the believer rather than the belief itself in which he is principally interested. But otherwise their mood of drama and essential mystery is much the same. It was a mere accident due to circumstances that Rembrandt's expression was cast in a Christian mould. Yet it was a distinct advantage for him, artistically, to have a single, concentrated, and familiar material for his imagination to work upon. There is danger of diffusion and some sign of spiritual strain in Bauer's attempt to identify himself emotionally with each of the religions of the Orient in turn. And just as into the poetry of Southey and of Leconte de Lisle, so also for the same reason into his pictures, there enters a certain element of mechanism and melodrama, where too much of the pictorial effect is made to depend upon the mere physical accessories of ritual and worship.

Hence his inspiration tends to express itself upon a rather lower—that is, illustrative, or historical—level than is demanded by really great art. Indeed, many of Bauer's etchings are frankly conceived as illustrations. We reproduce one of a series he has made for *Akëdysséril*, that singular tale which Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, the troubled genius who claimed to be hereditary Grand Master of the Knights Templar, and who introduced so many exotic and esoteric elements into modern French thought and art, wrought out of the legends of Hindoo literature.

Akëdysséril is the daughter of the herdsman Gwalior. Finding her one day beside a spring, Sinjab, son of Seur the Clement, who rules over the immense country of Habad, marries her and makes her his queen. Then Sinjab dies, and Akëdysséril is left to reign alone as regent for his younger brother, Sedjnoun. But she is ambitious, and, fearful of the caprices of a new prince, she has him seized and imprisoned in a vast palace on the shore of the Ganges, while his fiancée is placed in another palace on the opposite shore. Then she leaves her capital to wage war with the neighbouring princes of Nepal, whom she conquers.

On her return to Benares she finds that a rival faction has been formed in favour of the young prince, and to assure her throne, she is advised by her viziers to have the royal children put to death. But she has visited them; and having heard their love for each other, the tender-hearted usurper, still warm with the memories of her own romantic wooing, cannot bring herself to the point of ordaining so cruel a deed. Finally, however, she goes to the priest of Siva, whose temple, scene of human sacrifices, is situated at the end of a long avenue of shuddering shade. She tells him of the ecstasy of her nuptial kiss, which she scarcely thought to survive, and asks him whether, with the aid of the god, some way might not be found whereby the children should expire of a love so intense, so thrilling, so far beyond any previous experience of mortals, that this death should seem to them more desirable than life itself.

The priest answers that this may be done, and Akëdyssëril goes away to another war, consoled in advance "by the beauty of her crime." But even while on the route, she learns through her spies and emissaries, that the priest has taken quite another means to rid her of the children—a way so harsh and so bitter that, hurrying home at the conclusion of the campaign, she seeks once more the temple of Siva, and there, standing before the colossal statue of the god, denounces to him the perfidy of his priest. Instead of heightening in these two children the bliss of love until their souls left their bodies on the wings of endless ecstasy and desire, she tells Siva that he so depressed them in their solitude with insidious words of despair, hints of sorrow and separation, that both, at the same moment, threw themselves into the waters of the Ganges and were drowned. She calls on Siva for justice, and ends her long declamation by turning to the priest who stands silent at the altar, with the menace that, if her prayer is not answered immediately, she will

bring her warriors into the temple and bid them destroy it.

The priest smiles at this threat. Then he reminds Akëdyssëril that she had survived not only the bliss of her lover's embraces, but the very death of that lover himself. It is not through any such disturbance and exaltation of the senses, therefore, that love achieves the power to destroy life. No, "it is only in nights of despair, nights dark and full of desolation, stirred by fitful breezes inspiring thoughts of death . . . that Love can enter freely into hearts and thoughts and senses to the point of dissolving them in a single and mortal commotion." This is why, he says, "I accumulated so much darkness in the being of these two infants." Then, as Akëdyssëril is about to smite him with her scimitar, the great veil of the altar of Siva is drawn aside, and on a bed of black marble are seen the children lying side by side and incarnating the "dream of a delight accessible only to immortal hearts."

Of course, the metaphysical and sublime essence of such a symbolic work of art must necessarily escape the graphic artist in any medium (as it has escaped in this brief summary of a story where the language is all, or nearly all). But what the illustrator can give in richness of decorative spacing and texture and in force of imaginative suggestion, Bauer has given in these plates, which constitute one of the notable illustrative achievements of our time. They are so recognised. For certainly this artist has suffered from no lack of appreciation either at home or abroad. Since the Paris Exhibition of 1900, Zilcken tells us, he has won the highest awards at most of the international exhibitions. Here in America alone his work remains for the most part unrecognised, and it was by the merest good luck that we secured the accompanying illustrations, which are doubtless the first examples of Bauer's art to appear in any American magazine.

THE LITERARY BAEDEKER

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

PART I—LONDON AND RURAL ENGLAND

IN no spirit of hostile criticism, and with a full sense of appreciation, it may be said that the red-bound books which have made the name of Herr Karl Baedeker a world-wide institution might, for the benefit of the traveller with literary tastes, be improved by considerable annotation. For example, you have crossed the Atlantic by one of the lines which make Plymouth the first port of call. A tender deposits you and your luggage on the dock, and after the most superficial of custom-house examinations, you take your seat in the carriage for the seven-hour railway journey to London. At a certain point in that journey you take out the particular red-bound book devoted to Great Britain, and thence derive a vast amount of more or less useful information. You learn that near by are the ruins of a fine abbey church of the twelfth century; that one mile from the junction is a new town, a creation of the Great Western Railway, with engineering works occupying an area of two hundred acres, and employing twelve thousand workmen, and that a town of 5,074 inhabitants, a few miles farther on, is well known for its corn and cheese markets, and possesses manufactures of cloth, churns and condensed milk.

Now it happens that in one of Rudyard Kipling's earlier stories, "My Sunday at Home," there was emphasised the very scene to which allusion is made in the above quotation from Baedeker. An American physician is making the journey. He is essentially a practical man, and yet it is neither the cheese market nor the churn manufactory that stirs his interest. "So this is the Tess country," he says. "And over there, somewhere to the north, is Stonehenge, where she died.

I don't wonder that people write novels about a place like this." So on the journey from Plymouth to London it is worth while to take along as companion the spirit of the American physician of "My Sunday at Home." He will point out on the way much that is not to be found in the conventional guide-book. Devon to him will be the land of Mr. Eden Phillpotts, and if he has a taste for lighter fiction he will peer out the window over the Tors for a glimpse of Conan Doyle's spectral Hound of the Baskervilles. Miles to the left and north, he will tell you, lies the Doone Valley, the scenes of the struggles between John Ridd and the sinister Carver. The fact that Bath lies in a certain direction will remind him of the wanderings of Henry Fielding's Tom Jones, and perhaps prompt him to inquire whether you are addicted to light fiction, and if so do you happen to have read *Monsieur Beaucaire*. Finally, as he takes leave of you as the train comes to a stop in Paddington Station, London, he may flippantly remark that it was from this very station that Sherlock Holmes and Watson started to make their investigations of the mysterious disappearance of the favourite for the Wessex Cup as narrated in the story of the "Silver Blaze."

Now Mr. Kipling's American physician will be content merely to outline, and the writer of these pages will go little farther. To treat with any degree of adequacy of the England of the English novelists would require not one magazine article nor a series, but twenty heavy volumes. There are at least a dozen books dealing with the subject of Charles Dickens and the scenes of his romances. Mr. Lewis Melville and Mr.

The Auld Licht House.

J. M. BARRIE'S COUNTRY. "AULD LIGHT IDYLLS"

William H. Rideing have both written about the London and the rural England of Thackeray. Similar works have been devoted to Sir Walter Scott's, George Eliot's, and Thomas Hardy's novels, and the late William Sharp left behind him a sturdy volume, entitled *Literary Geography*, which dealt with the country of George Meredith, the country of Stevenson, Dickens-land, Scott-land, the country of George Eliot, Thackeray-land, the Brontë country, Aylwin-land, the Carlyle country, the literary geography of the English lakes, the literary geography of the Thames, and the literary geography of the Lake of Geneva. Supplement this with the England of the later novelists, of Maurice Hewlett, Anthony Hope, Arnold Bennett, Conan Doyle, George du Maurier, Robert Hichens, J. M. Barrie, and twenty or thirty more, and the amount of material at hand is obviously immense.

In his chapter on Stevenson, William Sharp made the natural but singularly inaccurate remark that "the literary geography of Rudyard Kipling would be everywhere save where that distinguished writer's forebears dwelt." At first glance Kipling's domain would seem to be India, the East in general and the Seven Seas. In thinking of his men and women we build mental pictures of the Road to

Mandalay, of a remote corner in Afganistan penetrated by the Man Who Would Be King, of the Simla of the Gadsbys. From India we travel with him to streaked waters of the Borneo Archipelago, to South Atlantic Seas, where strange eruptions bring to the surface sub-marine monsters, "blind, white, and smelling of musk," to South Africa, to the South American forests, where the naturalist discovered the German flag and died of the discovery, to boom towns in Colorado and quiet villages in Vermont. So much has his range been world-wide that at first sight we are inclined to agree with Mr. Sharp's statement. But second thought reveals a Kipling's England, which might be made into a magazine article of very respectable proportions.

To begin with, *The Light that Failed* is compact of London. We might follow the trail of Dick Helder, point out that in this square he met Maisie, that in that corner of Fleet Street was the illustrated newspaper office for which he drew war pictures, that here was the lodging house in which he shared rooms with Torpenhow, the rooms where he went blind, where Bessie Broke mutilated the great picture, and where the war correspondents gathered to talk of "trouble in the Balkans" and to sing the "Battle Hymn

~Where **BARRIE** met the **SOLDIERS**~



J. M. BARRIE'S COUNTRY. "THE LITTLE MINISTER"

of the Republic." In the story of "The Redemption of Bedalia Herodsfoot" there is much mention of a certain Gunnisson Street, fascinating by reason of its very squalour and degradation. It was naturally in the East End not far from the docks. The present writer confesses that some months ago he spent a morning in quest of that thoroughfare, but could not find it by that name. But whatever it may be called the Gunnisson Street of Bedalia's heroism and death is as vital as, let us say, the Bleeding Heart Yard of *Little Dorrit*. Also before condemning Kipling's London as non-existent, think of the peregrinations of the unfortunate companion of Brugglesmith from the moment when he slips over the side of the ship in the Thames until he finally rids himself of the society of his terrible old man of the sea. Following Kipling into rural England, there is the

watering place of the opening chapters of *The Light that Failed*, the watering place of "Baa Baa Black Sheep," the scenes of "An Habitation Enforced," and rising somewhere above the Yorkshire moors, Greenhow Hill, where Lleroyd buried forever his first youth and took the "Widow's" uniform upon his shoulders. Nor can one overlook Holt Hangars, the residence of the American millionaire Wilton Sargent, who had almost become an Englishman when, over the question of a scarab, he made the mistake of flagging the Induna. If you would find Holt Hangars, all that is necessary is to find the line of the Great Buchonian Railway, for it is very definitely stated that Holt Hangars was just forty miles from London on that line. No, the man who was once the Man from Nowhere can never be regarded as quite the Man Without a Country.

There is a little-known letter of his, written to a motoring friend, in which he confided that the chief end of his car was the discovery of England.

To me it is a land of stupefying marvels and mysteries; and a day in the car in an English county is a day in some fairy museum where all the exhibits are alive and real and yet none the less delightfully mixed up with books. For instance, in six hours, I



JOHN BUNYAN'S COUNTRY. THE INSPIRATION
OF BEELZEBUB'S CASTLE

can go from the land of the *Ingoldsby Legends* by way of the Norman Conquest and the Baron's War into Richard Jefferies's country, and so through the Regency, one of Arthur Young's less known tours, and *Celia's Arbour*, into Gilbert White's territory. On a morning I have seen the Assizes, javelin-men and all, come into a cathedral town; by

noon I was skirting a new built convent for expelled French nuns; before sundown I was watching the Channel Fleet off Selsea Bill, and after dark I nearly broke a fox's back on a Roman road. You who were born and bred in the land naturally take such trifles for granted, but to me it is still miraculous that if I want petrol in a hurry I must either pass the place where Sir John Lade lived, or the garden where Jack Cade was killed. In Africa one has only to put the miles under and go on; but in England the dead, twelve coffin deep, clutch hold of my wheels at every turn, till I sometimes wonder that the very road does not bleed. *That* is the real joy of motoring—the exploration of this amazing England.

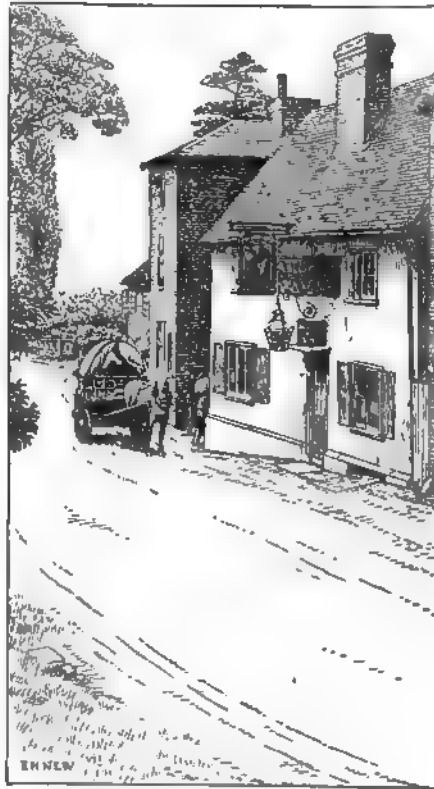
II

Where there is so much from which to select, and so little space for selection, perhaps it is wiser to take what is the more accessible and easiest to hand. There comes the memory of one discriminating reader who offered as his idea of the most dramatic of all situations in fiction the moment in *Ivanhoe* when the Disinherited Knight, riding down the lists, strikes the shield of the Templar with the sharp end of his lance, an amazingly unexpected challenge to mortal combat. It is easy enough for the imagination to reconstruct the gorgeous setting of Scott's novel, the mass of colour, the waving pennants, the warriors in shining armour, the bright eyes of the ladies, the richly attired courtiers around Prince John. But it would hardly be worth while to visit Ashby de la Zouche as it is to-day. Sherwood Forest is no more, and it would be hard to find a stone from the castle which Front-de-Bœuf, the Templar, Maurice de Bracy and their retainers were besieged by the Saxon yeoman under Cedric, Locksley, and the Black Knight. Take another of the great scenes of fiction, one, to the mind of the present writer, infinitely greater than that in *Ivanhoe*, the scene where Rachel Esmond tells the Duke of Hamilton, the betrothed of Beatrix, that Henry Esmond is his

father's lawful son and true heir, Marquis of Esmond and Viscount of Castlewood. That scene took place in the town house of the Esmonds, which was in Kensington, and may be seen in an accompanying illustration, while if one finds it convenient to visit Clevedon Court, in Somersetshire, the beautiful original of Castlewood, one need only reconstruct mentally the earlier chapters of the history of Henry Esmond, or else those thrilling episodes near the end of the book when Henry and Frank, after finding the letter of Beatrix in the copy of the *Eikon Basilike*, ride down from London to rescue her from the Prince. Then there is a third scene, dear to the heart of the Thackerayan, which the American in London can find without going so far afield. In Curzon Street, just back of Park Lane, within a stone throw of Dorchester House, the residence of the late American Ambassador to the Court at St. James, there is a little narrow dark grey house which may be quickly identified. It was there that Mr. and Mrs. Rawdon Crawley lived on "nothing a year," and there that Rawdon, returning unexpectedly after his imprisonment in the sponging house, found Becky and Lord Steyne, and hurled that nobleman to the ground while the little adventuress looked on and admired her husband, "strong, brave, and victorious."

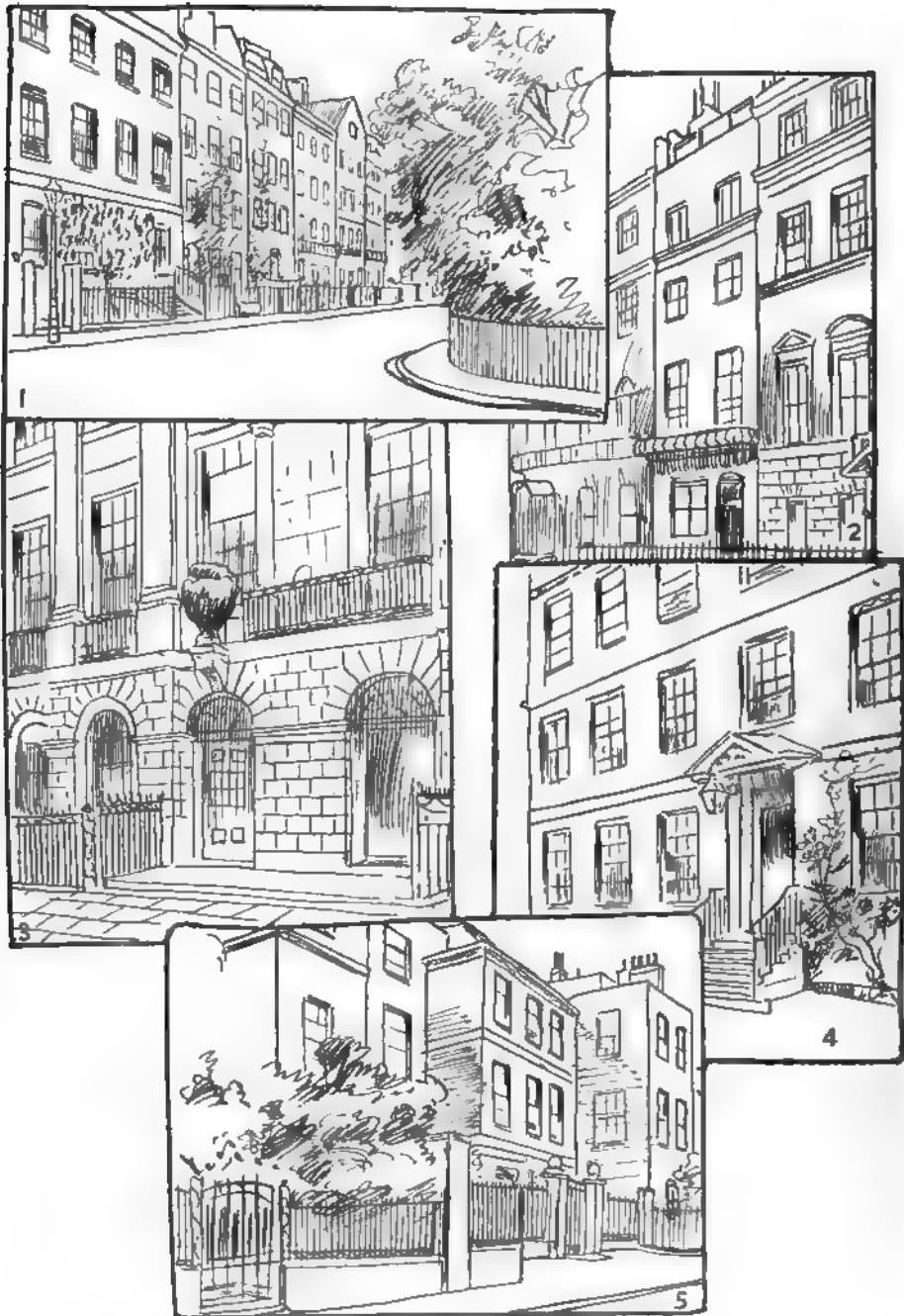
Unlike the London of Dickens, the London of Thackeray is not a London of quaint alleys and remote corners. Consciously or unconsciously the American seeing the city from the top of motor omnibuses in the course of a three days' stay will have passed dozens of structures associated with Thackeray's men and women. In Pall Mall are the ghosts of Arthur Pendennis and Sir Barnes Newcome. Travelling the Strand and Fleet Street from Trafalgar Square to St. Paul's you are in the footsteps of Arthur Pendennis and George Warrington, and a brief step aside at the Inns of Court would take you to Lamb Court—the Pump Court of the novel—where the two shared the lodging visited by the impressionable Fanny and sometime later

by Colonel Thomas Newcome. If you happen to be staying in one of the new hotels in the vicinity of Russell Square you are in the heart of urban Thackerayland. Over to the west of the square still stands the house of the Osbornes. A third of a mile away to west and north is Fitzroy Square, where is the hotel frequented by "Tom" Newcome and his Scotch friend James Binney. It was, there, it will be remembered, that took



THE TRAIL OF MR. PICKWICK. THE LEATHER BOTTLE AT IPSWICH

place the famous dinner where the Colonel sang his last song and young Clive threw the wine in his cousin Barnes's face. A short walk from Russell Square to the east will take one to the Charter House, the "Slaughter House" of Pendennis's school-boy days, and the "Gray Friars" of the author's kindlier, later years, where the old Colonel said "Ad-



THACKERAY LAND. 1. KENSINGTON SQUARE, WHERE LADY CASTLEWOOD LIVED. 2. BECKY SHARP'S HOUSE IN CURZON STREET. 3. COLONEL NEWCOME'S HOTEL IN FITZROY SQUARE. 4. LAMB COURT, MIDDLE TEMPLE. THE CHAMBERS OF PENDENNIS AND WARRINGTON. 5. WALPOLE HOUSE, CHISWICK HALL, THE ORIGINAL OF MISS PINKERTON'S ACADEMY

sum" when his name was called, and stood in the presence of his Master.

It is a far cry from the early eighteenth century to the music halls of Leicester Square by night. But it was of a night and not many yards away from where the glittering lights of the Empire and the Alhambra, that took place the famous duel in which Francis Esmond met his death by the sword of the ill-omened Mohun. All about this familiar theatre centre of London are

ghosts of other authors than Thackeray and other characters than Thackeray's. The present writer finds it hard to look at one of the quaint continental restaurants of the Soho section without conjuring up mentally that dinner given by George du Maurier's Little Billee to Taffy and the Laird, in memory of the old Paris days in the studio in the Place St. Anatole des Arts. *Trilby* is remembered almost exclusively as a story of Paris; yet very nearly half of the scenes



THE HEART OF ENGLISH CLUBLAND. HERE THE PILGRIM MAY CONJURE UP THE GHOST OF MAJOR ARTHUR PENDENNIS BOWING TO A DUKE

Thackerayan associations. You note Bury Street, and remember that Major Pendennis once had lodgings there. You stumble on a little narrow thoroughfare called Air Street, and recall that one of these ill-lighted doorways opened into the gambling hell to which the Vicomte de Florac used to run for diversion at such times as he had money in his pocket. You turn off slightly in another direction into the purlieu of Soho and you are still on the trail of the amiable French gentleman. But all about here are the

of the book are laid on the other side of the channel. Reverting to the Thackeray trail—but it would take too long. All over rural England, Scotland and Ireland are scattered Thackerayan backgrounds, and William Sharp contended that it would be rash indeed to assert of almost any fairly well-known place that it is unmentioned in Thackeray's writings. Some years ago, in an article about Thackeray's wide range, a writer said that Florence was perhaps the only English frequented town, and Rome the only



"SO THIS IS THE TESS COUNTRY? I DON'T WONDER PEOPLE WRITE NOVELS." KIPLING'S
"MY SUNDAY AT HOME"

capitol, with which Thackeray had no literary dealings in his fiction—evidently oblivious, for one thing, of a certain famous heroine who in Florence kept house for a while with the unattached Madame de Cruchecassée or, at a later date, as Madame de Rawdon, met at the Polonia Ball in Rome, and for the last time, George Gaunt, Marquis of Steyne.

If mention of the trail of Thackeray is so difficult to abridge, what of the London and England of his great contemporary? For one odd corner definitely associated with the author of *Vanity Fair*, there are probably a dozen linked with the name of the author of *David Copperfield*. Yet the very quaintness which Dickens sought in his backgrounds made them in many cases necessarily ephemeral. Most of his slums have either vanished or have been transformed beyond recognition. Oliver Twist, coming to London in company with the Artful Dodger, was taken to Fagan's den hard by Saffron Hill. All that sinister part of the London under-

world was swept away years ago in the building of the Holborn Viaduct. Later chapters in the story tell of the pursuit of Bill Sykes and his death in a corner of London on the south bank of the Thames, known as Jacob's Island. When the present writer first went to hunt for Jacob's Island some fourteen years ago it had become a neighbourhood of conventional and utterly unromantic warehouses. There is to be found to-day in London a blind alley bearing the name of Bleeding Heart Yard, but it is difficult to recognise it as the place dominated by the Patriarch of *Little Dorrit*. Again following the *Little Dorrit* trail, it is the easiest matter in the world to stroll over London Bridge, down the Borough High Street, and find St. George's Church. But of the famous Marshalsea Prison, which used to be just behind it, and which was the scene of so much that was vital in the tale, hardly a stone remains. Even the much tableted Old Curiosity Shop, just off Lincoln's Inn Field, has probably now disappeared



STONEHENGE, WHERE TESS WAS FOUND BY THE OFFICERS OF THE LAW

before the new wide thoroughfare that is being opened up northward from the Strand.

But if much of Dickens land has disappeared, much of it has remained. Walk round Lincoln's Inn Fields until you are facing number 58, which was the home of John Forster, and you will see the abode of Lawyer Tulkinghorn, of *Bleak House*, and the windows behind which he met violent death. Adjacent to Lamb's Court in the Temple, the Pump Court of Pendennis and Warrington, is Fountain Court, associated with Tom Pinch and Ruth of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. There is a legend of a Dickens enthusiast who yearly repeats the Pickwickian pilgrimage. He drives in a four-wheeler (as did Mr. Pickwick) from Coswell Street; he has an argument with the cabman on arrival at the Golden Cross Hotel on the Strand, which is too conspicuous to be missed by the most unobserving of travellers, and though he cannot now travel by coach from that hostelry, he continues

his journey by local trains from Charing Cross. Those local trains enable the literary pilgrim to follow not only the trail of Mr. Pickwick but also the trails of numberless other Dickens characters. He can go to the northeast through scenes associated with *Oliver Twist*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, and *Bleak House*, finally reaching the Yarmouth of *David Copperfield*; to the north, to Yorkshire, in quest of the Dotheboys Hall of *Nicholas Nickleby*; to the northwest into Warwickshire for the country of *Dombey and Son*; to the southwest, toward Salisbury, for the scenes of *Martin Chuzzlewit*; or to the south, over the Downs, to Portsmouth—the road traversed by Nicholas Nickleby and Smike on their journey from London to where fate and the Crummles family awaited them.

III

As has been said, many books and magazine articles without number have been devoted to the London and rural

England of the older writers, but so far very little seems to have been written about the scenes of the novelists of our own time. For example, there have been chapters about the Stevenson country which have dealt with the Scottish lowlands, the west highlands, with Flanders and the Dutch Netherlands, with Fontainebleau and the Cevennes, with the

Adirondacks, San Francisco, and the South Sea Islands. But has any one ever thought it worth while to ferret out the London scenes of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde? The present writer has that book before him at the moment. In skimming over its pages he notes that the house of Dr. Lanyon was in Cavendish Square, that Mr. Hyde, offering his ad-



IN THE BRONTË COUNTRY



THE CHURCHYARD OF GREY'S ELEGY

"The pride of chivalry, the pomp of power
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."



THE STAIRS OF LONDON BRIDGE. "OLIVER TWIST"

dress to Mr. Utterson, gave a number of a street in Soho which might be identified by the later information that it adjoined a gin palace, a French eating-house, and a shop for the retail of penny numbers and two-penny salads, that Harry Jekyll's home was the second house from the corner on a certain square

which from the elaborate detail of description should not be hard to find, that the house from which the maid witnessed the murder of Sir Danvers Carew was close by the river. Perhaps none of these clues is particularly definite, but the literary pilgrim is a privileged character in the matter of latitude. The trail of *The New Arabian Nights* would be far more specific. Turn into Rupert Street, off Leicester Square, and if you find a tobacconist shop it was unquestionably the one kept by the delightful Prince Florizel of Bohemia, nor would it be hard to find the restaurant associated with the Young Man with the Cream Tarts, and the sinister structure with the long garden behind frequented by the members of the Suicide Club.

Far more trivial, and perhaps of no real importance whatever, would be a glance at the London associated with the exploits of Sherlock Holmes. Yet Holmes is unquestionably the most widely known character in all fiction, he has afforded entertainment to hundreds of thousands of readers, and his London is exceedingly rich in detail and easy to follow. The American traveller visiting Madame Tussaud's Wax Works in Upper Baker Street can afford to spare five minutes more to glance up at the windows of the rooms occupied jointly by Holmes and Dr. Watson. Only the number, 221, given in the stories, is somewhat misleading. In "The Adventure of the Red Headed League" the most minute directions are given as to the



"TO THE NORTH, TO YORKSHIRE, IN QUEST OF THE DOTHEBOYS HALL OF 'NICHOLAS NICKLEBY'"

exact location of the pawnbroker's shop in Aldgate from the cellar of which the tunnel was run into the vaults of the adjacent bank. The opium joint which plays a part in "The Man With the Twisted Lip" was in Upper Swandam Lane, near the river. Near St. John's wood was Briony Lodge, the villa of Irene Adler, the heroine of "A Scandal in Bohemia," and the hurried nuptials of Irene and Godfrey Norton took place

of *The Sign of Four*; and walking along Regent Street any hansom will serve the imagination as containing the mysterious man with a black beard who outwitted the pursuit of Sherlock Holmes.

No. 3 Lauriston Gardens, just off the Buxton Road, was the scene of the murder of Enoch Drebber in *A Study in Scarlet*. Lauriston Gardens may be invention or disguise, but the Buxton Road is decidedly material. Drebber was



GEORGE MEREDITH'S COUNTRY. THE FARM OF "DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS"

in the Church of St. Monica on the Edgeware Road. Any poulterer's shop in Covent Garden Market will do as the one to which Holmes traced the goose as told in "The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle." The Government offices in Downing Street were the scene of the theft of the document of international importance of "The Adventure of the Naval Treaty." From the deck of the little river boat running down the Thames you can picture the exciting chase which ended the strange narrative

driven to the deserted house from the boarding-house of Madame Charpentier, which was in Torquay Terrace, Camberwell, and Joseph Stangerson met his death in Halliday's Private Hotel, in Little George Street.

Of far finer calibre than the Sherlock Holmes stories is Doyle's *Rodney Stone*, which among the author's works is so far the best that there is no second. With all due appreciation of Maurice Hewlett's *The Stooping Lady*, *Rodney Stone*, to the mind of the present writer, is the

most spirited picture of Corinthian England that has yet been written. And it tells of a London that may be more readily followed than the London of many books dealing with later years. Look into the windows of White's, that famous club at the head of St. James Street, where the old betting book with its entries of eccentric wagers is still to be seen, and remember the verbal passage at arms between Rodney's uncle, the great Sir Charles Tregellis, and Beau Brummel, an encounter in which the exquisite of history did not come off best. Pause here and recall that at White's

veteran Jack Harrison kept the blacksmith shop, that "Boy Jim" grew to manhood, that the "Play Actress" found a new life and inspiration, and Lord Avon finally stood forth, cleared of the crime of which he had been so long guilty in the eyes of the world.

It is all a matter of individual taste. The literary trails of London and rural England are so many and so tangled. There is no hard and fast convention that forces the pilgrim to follow the paths of Dickens or Thackeray, Scott or George Eliot, Meredith or Charlotte Brontë. There is more novelty to be found in the



"THE AMERICAN TRAVELLER CAN AFFORD TO SPEND FIVE MINUTES TO GLANCE UP AT THE WINDOWS OF THE APARTMENT OCCUPIED BY DR. WATSON AND SHERLOCK HOLMES

took place the card game related by Mr. Egerton Castle in *The Pride of Jennico* that led to the murderous duel between Basil and the Chevalier de Ville Rouge. Reverting to *Rodney Stone*, you can follow the hero to his uncle's domicile, to the gatherings of the naval officers, to the home of Lord Nelson, and to the haunts of the men of the ring, and if you should happen to take the more or less conventional coaching journey from London to Brighton do not fail to give more than a brief glance at the little village of Friar's Oak, for it was there that the

footsteps of the lesser men and women of the story-spinning craft. Perhaps during the past year or two, it is the work of Mr. W. J. Locke, or of Mr. Leonard Merrick, or Mr. William de Morgan that has been of particular interest to you. It is not necessary to cross to the Continent for scenes associated with the Beloved Vagabond, a short walk from your hotel in Northumberland Avenue and a little imagination will find the quaint, delightful proprietary club, where he was first introduced to the reader. *Idols, The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne,*

Septimus, Simon the Jester, all offer plenty of clues to the observant visitor with a taste for definite backgrounds. As for Leonard Merrick, well, Conrad Warriner stayed at the Carlton, haunted the doorstep of 42, his Great Titchfield Street, and invited ladies to take luncheon with him at the Café Anonyme in Soho. In *The Position of Peggy Harper*, Peggy and her friend Naomi Knight live in lodgings in Great Queen Street, over a little shop that described itself as "Dairy and Refreshment Rooms." Later migrations take the little actress to Liverpool Road, and when prosperity comes, to Keppel Street. In *The Actor Manager* Royce Oliphant first had rooms in Burton Crescent, then in Brunswick Square, and after his marriage with Blanche Ellerton, the young couple made their home in an apartment in Maddox Street, while there is a very distinct picture of the home of the Ellerton family near Earl's Court. Nor are these allusions to neighbourhoods and

thoroughfares merely casual, for it is obvious that in most cases Mr. Merrick has had definite structures in mind. The reader who happens to have a preference for Anthony Hope may amuse himself by picking out the particular aristocratic house of *The Dolly Dialogues*, or the club from which Rudolph Rassendyl started on his journey to the kingdom of Ruritania; the pleasant banks of the upper Thames may take on an added interest to the man who conjures up memories of Mr. Jerome's amusing *Three Men in a Boat*; while the narrow, dark, little streets about the East India Docks and Wapping Old Stairs brighten when re-peopled in imagination with the quaint sailormen of the tales of Mr. W. W. Jacobs. For what is true of the exalted in the world of invention—the Serene Highnesses and the Captains—is also true of the vassals and the privates in the ranks, that the heroes and heroines of fiction are living, while those of conventional history are not.

THE PLAYS OF YESTERYEAR

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

IN the eleventh chapter of *Other Days*, by Mr. William Winter,—a wistfully pathetic volume in which the author eloquently recollects the high delight he used to take in going to the theatre half a century ago,—the following statements may be found: "It is undeniable that the condition of the American Stage, at present, is unsatisfactory to persons who possess judgment, knowledge, and taste. . . . The pendulum,—which is always swinging,—has swung backward. The character of the Theatre has deteriorated, and there has been a corresponding deterioration in the character of its followers. . . . The immediate point is that the present day happens to be a day of theatrical decline. There has not been a time in the history of the American Stage when the Theatre received so much attention as it receives now, from

the Public and the Press, and there has not been a time when the quality of its average presentments so little deserved the respect of intellect and judicious taste. . . . The theatrical audience of this period is largely composed of vulgarians, who know nothing about art or literature and who care for nothing but the solace of their common tastes and animal appetites: on that point observation of the faces and manners of the multitude would satisfy any thoughtful observer. . . . The stage has 'fallen on evil days.' The pendulum may swing forward again, by and by, and the tide may rise again, but no indications are now visible that a change for the better is near at hand."

If these statements were true, no consideration in the world could tempt the present commentator to continue to criti-

cise the current drama, month by month, in the pages of this magazine. He could not afford to waste his evenings in so degenerate a theatre, nor to waste his mind in the analysis of such insignificant material. But Mr. Winter's statements are not true. The truth of the matter is that there has never been another time within its century of history when the American Theatre has been patronised by so many "persons who possess judgment, knowledge, and taste," nor when so many new plays have been presented every year which "deserved the respect of intellect and judicious taste." The pendulum is swinging forward with a tidal chant; and the quality of our dramatic art and the judgment of our audiences have risen steadily for fifty years and now are rising more rapidly than heretofore.

Mr. Winter's disparagement of the contemporary theatre-going public is sufficiently disproved by the civic success of Mr. Richard Bennett's recent production of *Damaged Goods*, a translation by John Pollock of the famous work of Eugène Brieux entitled *Les Avariés*. This piece was not intended as an entertainment: it is a clinical disquisition upon one of the most terrible of civic sores by the greatest living Professor of Social Hygiene. The purpose and the method of the preachment may best be indicated by the following words, which were composed by the author to be spoken as a prologue at the first and only presentation of the piece in Paris in 1902:—"The object of this play is a study of the disease of syphilis in its bearing on marriage. It contains no scene to provoke scandal or arouse disgust, nor is there in it any obscene word; and it may be witnessed by every one, unless we must believe that folly and ignorance are necessary conditions of female virtue."

The interest of this work is wholly intellectual; and since it offers no allurements to the prurient, and no entertainment to the idle-minded, one might have supposed that it would have appealed only to a small and special audience. It

was first presented at two private matinees, held under the auspices of the Sociological Fund of the *Medical Review of Reviews*; but in response to a general and undeniable demand it has since been offered to the public as a regular attraction at the Fulton Theatre. This house had had a disastrous season; for several weeks it had been dark; and a superstition had arisen that the public would not patronise a play that was offered on its stage. Yet *Damaged Goods* has run six weeks, attracting audiences that have tested the capacity of the theatre; and, except for the setting-in of summer, it might, apparently, have run for many months. In six weeks, over fifty thousand people have witnessed the production: over fifty thousand people have paid their money to listen to a lecture by the most earnest-minded dramatist of contemporary France.

This phenomenon seemed of sufficient importance to the present commentator to induce him to look in at the performance of *Les Avariés* on four or five occasions. Could it be possible, one wondered, that so eager an audience could be—in Mr. William Winter's words—"largely composed of vulgarians?" . . . On each occasion, the first hasty "observation of the faces and the manners of the multitude" was completely reassuring. The theatre housed no smutty-minded idlers. Such spectators as admire the half-dressed chorus of the Ziegfeld *Follies* were conspicuously absent. The auditorium was filled to the final row with people who looked like those who habitually furnish audiences for the great Free Lecture System of the Board of Education. They were earnestly eager to inform themselves of "the best that is known and thought in the world." Perhaps the majority of the auditors were men,—the sort of men who toil in Social Settlements to ameliorate the lot of their less lucky fellow-citizens; but it was, upon the whole, more interesting to observe the women in the audience. They were the sort of women who teach school, or work in other worthy ways to support the society that supports them.

The type of woman who meekly allows herself to be kept by her father or her husband and offers the world no intellectual return for the energy that is expended to maintain her in a desuetude that is at best innocuous seemed scarcely to figure in the audience. Many of the women auditors were young; and it was gratifying to observe that they listened to the lecture of the great Brieux without a simper or a blush. They would have denied indignantly that "folly and ignorance are necessary conditions of female virtue"; and they went away informed of many important facts which otherwise might not have been brought to their attention.

Would Mr. William Winter venture to maintain that such an audience as this could possibly have been assembled, for six weeks running, in any theatre of New York half a century ago?

Mr. Winter's other contention, that "there has not been a time in the history of the American Stage when the quality of its average presentments so little deserved the respect of intellect and judicious taste," can, fortunately, be disproved with equal ease. In recent years it has become the custom of many managers to devote the spring season to the revival of old plays; and several of the pieces that have thus been resurrected have cured us of any sentimental sighing for "the good old days." How lucky, on the contrary, we are, to have escaped the era of *The Lady of Lyons* and to have been born in an age when such writers as Pinero and Maeterlinck, Hauptmann and Barrie, Shaw and Sudermann, Galsworthy and Brieux, are devoting their mental energies simultaneously to the traffic of the stage!

It is surely not unfair to Mr. Winter to take the recent adequate revival of Lester Wallack's *Rosedale* as a text for considering what he has assumed as a "deterioration" in "the character of the Theatre" in America. *Rosedale* was by far the most successful play that was presented in America in the decade of the eighteen-sixties, and there seems no reason to doubt that it was one of the

best plays of that epoch. In its first season, 1863, it ran for one hundred and twenty-five performances, thereby setting a new record for American theatres; and it played, at the same time, to receipts that averaged \$900 a performance,—a sum looked upon, in that period, as unprecedented and likely never to be surpassed. The piece was received with scarcely less acclaim when it was revived in 1865, 1868, 1871, and 1874. Surely it seems not unfair to accept this enormously successful work as a representative example of the dramaturgy of its period.

Yet how does *Rosedale* look to-day "to persons who possess judgment, knowledge, and taste"? It seems, in comparison with only our second-best contemporary efforts, a mass of childish nonsense. This impression is not owing to the fact that its dramaturgic method is old-fashioned. Old fashions may be good fashions, in the theatre as in life; and a modern audience does not find it difficult to accept the immeasurably more antiquated technical devices of Molière or Shakespeare or even Sophocles. This fact was proved this recent winter by the deep impression made upon artistic minds by the production of *The Yellow Jacket*,—a play that easily conveyed its delicious blend of poetry and humour by the uncustomary and naive conventions of the Chinese stage. If *Rosedale* seems unsatisfactory to-day, it is not because of its soliloquies and its asides, its alternation of front and back scenes, its symmetrical balancing of character against character and mood against mood, or its dialogue of laboured and artificial prose. These were merely technical conventions in Lester Wallack's day; and a reasonable mind will always accept any convention of expression for the sake of receiving the thought to be expressed. The play seems silly to us now for a deeper and a more important reason. It is silly because it consciously and deliberately tells lies about life.

And here we set our finger on the difference between the best plays of fifty years ago and the best efforts of our

drama of to-day. When Mr. Winter was a young man, people went to the theatre to be told lies about life: now-days they go to the theatre to be told some serious and searching truth. This may seem an extreme statement; but it may be verified by anybody who will take the trouble to compare *The Lady of Lyons*—which is probably the best English play of the eighteen-thirties—with such a piece as Mr. Galsworthy's *The Pigeon*—which is only one of a dozen of the best English plays that have been written in the last few years.

The purpose of every artistic endeavour is to tell the truth; and no effort that is not actuated by this aim is worthy of the name of art. Half a century ago the drama, in the English language, had ceased to be an art; and it has resumed the responsibility and the dignity of art only in the last twenty years. In *Rosedale*, for example, no effort whatsoever was made to hold the mirror up to nature. The characters are false to life, the incidents are false to life, the plot is impossible, and the dialogue is lacking in any suggestion of veracity. But if these accusations should be fairly made against a new contemporary play, it would speedily be derided to oblivion.

It is an interesting fact that no one thought of urging these objections in the period when *Rosedale* was produced. No one thought, at that time, that it was the duty of the drama to endeavour to fulfil the aim of art. Otherwise this childish composition could never have been so highly vaunted at a time when Thackeray and Dickens had already accomplished their great labours and when George Eliot and George Meredith were at the height of their powers. How—unless the theatre was smilingly regarded as a realm of triviality—could any intelligent person of the eighties read such a novel as *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* and subsequently sit through such a play as *Rosedale*?

It is only lately that the drama has caught up with the novel as a medium for expressing an artistic view of life,—that is to say, a vision of life that is ac-

tuated by the high endeavour to enlarge the horizon of our understanding. The sum-total of what we know of human character has been increased by Pinero, Jones, Barrie, Galsworthy, Barker, and many other English-writing playwrights of the present period; but it seems scarcely an exaggeration to say that it was, to all intents and purposes, decreased by the playwrights of half a century ago. For, though people must have known in 1863 that Lester Wallack was lying, his piece was so effective in the theatre as to woo them for the moment to forget that they knew better than to believe the lies he told them.

When our modern drama, in the hands of Henrik Ibsen, began anew to illuminate the world with the torch of truth, it was assailed on all sides as "immoral" by people whose minds had been drugged and drowsed by easy and amiable lies. This is the accusation that is always raised by the unilluminated multitude against the Teacher who causes the light to shine before them; and it is upon the basis of this accusation that, in every age, they crucify him. Doubtless, at the present time, there are many who would accuse Eugène Brieux of "immorality" because, in *Damaged Goods*, he has dared to wage war against that horrible conspiracy of silence which continues to submit thousands of the innocent ignorant to the infection of a devastating disease of whose nature they are unaware. But the only immorality of which art is really capable is the immorality of bearing false witness against life; and it is just as immoral to make life appear more easy than it is as to make it appear more difficult. We are learning at last that such a play as *Rosedale* is immoral, and that the most pernicious works of fiction are those that smilingly assume what may be called a girl's boarding-school outlook upon life. *Rosedale* is immoral because it teaches the doctrine that virtue will inevitably be rewarded and villainy will always reap discomfiture. This is an easy doctrine, but it is not true. It is immoral, also, because it teaches that all people

may be divided into sheep and goats—those who are very, very good and those who are very, very bad—whereas we know that human character is so complex that no final and sweeping judgment can be passed upon the infinite entanglement of motives that leads to the lifting of a little finger. There is no soul so pure that it does not succumb occasionally to error; there is no soul so black that it does not rise occasionally to the height of human heroism. Such plays as this teach also that women are lovable in proportion to their ignorance, that all good people are handsome, that self-sacrifice is always noble, and innumerable other doctrines that are devastating to the mind. God defend us from the “sweet and wholesome” plays of yesteryear!

“ROSEDALE”

A few notes of a more technical nature may be appended concerning the four most important plays of other years which have recently been set before the public of to-day.

If we consider Lester Wallack's *Rosedale* solely from the theatrical, and not at all from the artistic, point of view, we shall not find it difficult to understand its enormous popularity in a period when the theatre was not expected to hold the mirror up to nature. Its incidents show no reasonable reference to life, but each of them is interesting on the stage. Its characters are not related to humanity, but each of them affords the performer an opportunity to make a successful appeal to the emotions of the audience. The dialogue is stilted and unnatural, but it is studded with speeches that invite applause.

Rosedale differs from the dramas of to-day in the fact that it emphasises the personalities of the actors, whereas our contemporary pieces emphasise the message of the author. Fifty years ago the playwright contented himself with concocting a dozen effective acting parts; but nowadays the author endeavours to say something about life, and uses his actors merely as media for the expres-

sion of his meaning. This shift of attention from the interpretative to the creative artist, from the tricks of the performer to the thoughts of the writer, has been accomplished only recently in the history of the American theatre; but not until this revolution was accomplished did our drama begin to attain the dignity of art. *Richelieu*—though it was greatly played by our supreme actor, Edwin Booth—remained, because of its inflated artificiality, a travesty of life; but *Hindle Wakes*—though it be played by nobody in particular—conveys a criticism of life that convinces us of the acuteness of Mr. Stanley Houghton's mind. In fifty years we have risen from the suits and trappings of an artificial stage to a real region of ideas.

A great deal of nonsense has been said in favour of the old system of stock-companies. This system was certainly advantageous to the actors, but just as certainly it was disadvantageous to the dramatist. In writing such a play as *Rosedale*, the author's primary concern was necessarily to provide a striking part for each of a dozen performers who were expected by their special public to do over again, in the new play, the sort of work that they had already done appealingly in other parts. The story had to be stopped for three minutes to allow an admired actor, Charles Fisher, to deliver a set speech in praise of the physician's calling, though this monologue had nothing whatever to do with the story of the play; and Lester Wallack himself, in the part of the soldier-hero, could not deny himself the opportunity to halt the plot at still another point in order to tell the audience at length what a noble thing it is to be an actor. But nowadays, with no stock-company upon his hands, the author may more nearly ape the modesty of nature and project a picture of life in which the performers are not continually taking the centre of the stage. A playwright of the present day may draw a servant who behaves like a servant; but in “the good old days” of the stock-company, a popular actor who was sent on as a servant expected, at the

very least, an opportunity to sing a song or to score with the audience by making impudent remarks to his employer. Every play had to contain a villain with a gruff voice, a handsome and athletic hero, a comic old man, a simpering and saccharine young lady (preferably an orphan), a self-sacrificing secondary hero, a female servant who was loudly boisterous, and (if possible) a regiment of soldiers. Every member of the stock-company had to be furnished with his special "line of business"; and life was beaten about until it surrendered to a formula. How grateful we should be for that "deterioration" of the drama in recent years that is made by Mr. Winter a theme for sentimental sighing!

"THE AMAZONS"

The Amazons, by Sir Arthur Pinero, although it was not produced until after *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, belongs in spirit to the earlier period of his artistry; yet so nimble is its attitude toward life and so deft is its adjustment to the theatre that it scarcely seems old-fashioned at the present time. To be sure, it shows a few traces of that excessive balancing of character against character which was common in Victorian comedy: for instance, the contrasted parts of André de Grival and the Earl of Tweenways are of the stage stagey, and, in their continual duologues, get a little on the nerves. The language of the lines is a little more formal than that to which the author has ascended in the writing of his recent comedies; but the dialogue is still effective, both in its passages of wit and in its passages of charm.

The Amazons was produced a full year before the very first of Mr. Bernard Shaw's comedies was brought to light; and it is interesting to note that Pinero, in this whimsical extravaganza, antedated Mr. Shaw in the employment of that special method of satire which has since come to be considered the particular property of the latter,—the method, namely, of making life look ridiculous by turning it upside down. The "new woman" movement was cur-

rent in the early nineties; and Pinero revealed the folly of attempting to subvert the natural distinction of the sexes by the simple expedient of imagining three girls brought up and educated to be boys and failing to sustain their acquired masculinity when cast into familiar intercourse with men. This is precisely the sort of pattern that Mr. Shaw habitually employs; but the Pinero comedy, though sharply witty, is more amiable in mood and more human in its implications than most of the satiric compositions of Mr. Shaw.

"ARIZONA"

Arizona is just as effective on the stage to-day as it was in 1900, when it ran for many months in both New York and London. It is the best play that Mr. Augustus Thomas wrote in the middle period of his productiveness, before he had grown to deem it his duty to preach his philosophy to the public on every possible occasion.

The most admirable phase of *Arizona* is the continuous *crescendo* of the action. The first act offers merely a reticent prevision of the plot; and each of the succeeding acts rises to a climax that easily o'ertops the interest of all that has preceded. The characters are human and ingratiating; and the dialogue is written with that great apparency of ease that is the essence of grace and charm.

The only point in this play that now strikes us as old-fashioned is the condolence, demanded from the audience, of the ethical attitude of the leading female character. When caught in a compromising situation by her husband, she allows the innocent hero to shield her by permitting himself to be regarded as her accomplice in guilt. Thereby she jeopardises his career and imperils the happiness of several other people who have faith in him. Even when her own sister becomes engaged to marry the self-sacrificing hero, the erring woman still neglects to speak the honest word that would clear his reputation. Her behaviour is true enough as an exhibition of a certain type of character; but the con-

duct of the plot requires that the audience should sympathise with her in her refusal to play the game like a gentleman.

That this demand should now seem to us old-fashioned is an evidence of the great advance that has been made, in the short space of thirteen years, in our general attitude toward the moral responsibility of women. We no longer consider them as spoiled children who may be forgiven for their moral weaknesses upon the assumption of mental inferiority: we have grown to consider them as mentally upon a par with men, and therefore as equally responsible for the probity of their behaviour. We have grown to expect women to toe the mark like gentlemen; and the leading female character of *Arizona* falls short of this requirement.

"DAMAGED GOODS"

The astonishing success of *Damaged Goods* is very gratifying as a social phenomenon; but it is to be hoped that the emphasis thus cast upon this play will not lead a public not otherwise acquainted with the works of Eugène Brieux to accept it as a typical example of his dramaturgic method.

M. Brieux has nearly always taken as his subject some political or social or religious proposition of profound importance to the French nation of to-day, has built up a definite body of belief about this proposition, and has striven to in-

culcate this belief by means of his dramatic art. His passion for public service is even stronger than his passion for the theatre. It is not inexact to call him, as he is usually called, a thesis dramatist; but very rarely, except in *Les Avariés*, has he permitted his thesis to override his drama.

The first act of *Damaged Goods* is merely a lengthy conversation between a young man suffering from syphilis and the specialist he has gone to consult; and the third act is nothing but an illustrated lecture, in which the same physician exhibits a series of his syphilitic patients. The essential drama of the composition is compacted into the second act, which rises, to be sure, to a sudden and abhorrent climax. But the fabric as a whole is lacking in narrative coherence. It has, in the proper sense, no plot; and the requirement of action is sacrificed by the author for the sake of what has seemed to him, in this instance, the higher requirement of talk.

Yet the talk is very interesting; and it is instructive to observe that the attention of the audience is held at every point by the intellectual earnestness of the discussion. But in fairness to the great art of M. Brieux it is to be hoped that some such play as *La Robe Rouge* may shortly be exhibited to the American public,—a play in which his dramaturgic craftsmanship is unhampered by the excessive insistence of his social theme.

WHAT IS DECADENCE?

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

WHO was it—Stevenson?—that defined man as an animal that does not subsist upon bread alone, but principally, upon catchwords? "Let who will make the laws of a nation," might have said Sidney, had he been a "practical" politician, a social alarmist, a literary dictator, or a moral reformer, "so long as I may be allowed to coin its catchwords."

A catchword in the last analysis is an appeal to vague sentiment, which it clarifies and renders conscious of itself. To coin one, therefore, it is essential first to divine the sentiment that is obscurely stirring in the breasts of men at any period, and then to associate with it some sounding vocable.

We have had many examples of this

government by catchwords in our time, and in particular we have been afforded the spectacle of one public man rising to the very apex of power almost exclusively through a peculiar aptitude in their employment. He has constructed a catchword for nearly every aspect of life, every problem, intellectual, moral, and economical, that confronts us, and a grateful people, or a very large party of it, flattered with the agreeable illusion of independent mental activity, proclaims him its leader.

For—to attempt a second definition—a catchword is a counter that passes current as an idea. A man who has his purse well lined with them can pass everywhere as possessing opinions, though he may never have formed one for himself in his life, and is, indeed, quite incapable of doing so. And as opinions are, of course, the most important things in the world, especially in a republic or under any constitutional form of government *à deux chambres*, as Stendhal insists,—what is public opinion but the latest contagious catchword?—no political activity can compare in importance with that engaged in their production. The increase of a country's income by a few million dollars per annum seems a petty thing side by side with the increment of our common stock of wisdom by a few score catchwords.

These constitute the true wealth of a country. Without them thought would be crippled, public discussion would be annihilated, and a crisis would be precipitated in the life of the nation. Think! Without catchwords there would be neither newspapers nor legislatures, campaign speeches nor popular forums, debating societies nor curtain lectures, vice commissions nor literary criticism! There would not, above all, be any Progressive Party, that organisation which more than anything else marks the triumphant rise of man from the bread, to the catchword, stage of civilisation.

For this reason we are on principle opposed to any analysis of catchwords that, by exposing possible fallacies in-

volved in them, might tend to impair their authority and thus to withdraw them from circulation. It does not make much difference after all whether a catchword is or is not true, so long as it appears true and is generally useful. And yet there is an element of perversity in man's nature, which he delights to call philosophy, and which renders him only too ready to tear down whatever is established. Thus Mr. Paul Elmer More, writing of Huxley in his recent book on *The Drift of Romanticism*, quotes approvingly the familiar saying of Hobbes: "words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools," and asserts that to-day, "when the real achievements of science have thrown a kind of halo about the word and made it in the general mind synonymous with truth, the first duty of any one who would think clearly is to reach a clear definition of what he means when he utters the sanctified syllables." In the same way, and with the same pedantic insistence upon the need of clearness in our conceptions, a French writer has attempted to analyse or, as he prefers to phrase it, to "dissociate," one of the most remarkable of modern catchwords, Decadence.

Decadence! what a world of sinister significance and suggestion is contained in these three syllables, and what terrifying visions they evoke of the long agony of the Roman Empire through century after century of dissolution! For it is in Rome that the idea of decadence has its root. Historians have found their greatest opportunity in painting the spectacle of this vast fabric sinking through sickness into senile decrepitude, and in every social fact they have seen a symptom of decay. Literature has not escaped. Were the poets in Rome under the Lower Empire, and were they different from the poets of the Augustan Age? Then they, too, were Decadent, and it is impossible to avoid the implication of intimate complicity on their part in this general débâcle, as if all changes in Latin civilisation were corruptions, and as if

all these corruptions sprang from a single source.

Small wonder, therefore, that when the word Decadence is whispered, in connection with some current literary manifestation, we are conscious, as it were, of a certain shudder of apprehension. It is not merely our sense of æsthetic, but of moral and social, stability, that is disturbed, as if artistic innovation were but the first sign, like a rash or fever, of some dread disease destined to destroy the whole world as we know it. It matters not to us that, as M. Remy de Gourmont acutely points out in his essay on *Stéphane Mallarmé et l'idée de décadence*, the idea of decadence is only the idea of natural death, and that this can never become the law for nations as it is for living organisms, since it takes no account of those accidents which have more to do with the fall of empires than does old age—"Long-champs leads to Sedan, without doubt, but also Epsom leads to Waterloo." Nor are we convinced by the reflection that periods of political and artistic decadence rarely coincide, the former being almost invariably the condition of a vigorous intellectual outburst. For we are here concerned with a vital instinct, a deep-seated human sentiment which seeks a principle of unity throughout all human experience, and which, in the present instance, supported by the prestige of a truly imperial image, is more powerful than any effort of the reason to combat it.

And yet this disquieting suggestion that we are, perhaps, but repeating the life-history of Latin civilisation, is of very recent origin. "Brusquely, toward 1885," says M. de Gourmont, "the idea of Decadence entered into French literature." It is true that the word had occasionally been heard, at an earlier date, in the circle that used to gather and experiment with hashish at the Hôtel Pimodan, Baudelaire's town house in Paris. "Decadent"; wrote that poet in a letter to Jules Janin: "it is a word very useful for ignorant pedagogues, a vague word behind which our idleness and lack of

curiosity concerning the law find shelter." But although Baudelaire was a great admirer of the Latin poets of the Decadence, whom he imitated in a set of rhymed Latin verses, and was the first to suggest a certain appropriateness in their style, half barbarous and half over-refined, to the violence and complexities of modern mystical emotion, it did not occur to him to press the parallel and to declare himself a Decadent. This brilliant idea was reserved for a group of poets who, about 1880, took Baudelaire as their master and sought to emulate him in the peculiarities of their expression.

It was the journalists, asserts M. Gustave Kahn, in his reminiscent volume, *Symbolistes et Décadents*, who invented the term which they applied in derision to this group. But it was at once defiantly accepted by them as their official designation, in the same spirit that led the Dutch patriots in the sixteenth century to adopt as their rallying-cry the opprobrious epithet, "*Gueux*," or beggars, contemptuously bestowed upon them by their enemies. Studiedly artificial in their manner, these young poets, who had read with seduction, in Théophile Gautier's preface to the definitive edition of *Fleurs du Mal*, his highly coloured account of the stylistic beauty which pertains to periods of Decadence. It delighted them to regard as such the age in which they themselves lived, and in this they found a powerful aid in the appeal to history. Indeed, from one point of view, the whole movement reflects but a fleeting phase of that imperial fantasy through which France passed from the time of Napoleon. If the First Empire, succeeding the Republic and Consulate, revived memories of the Imperium Romanum at the summit of its vigour and world ascendancy, so the Second Empire of Napoleon III, with its military misfortunes, readily suggested the Lower Empire, and Paris, seat of modern luxury and corruption, became for them the New Byzantium.

Such fascination did this fanciful interpretation of contemporary history ex-

ercise over the literary imagination, that it inspired a whole crop of Byzantine romances, among which the most notable were those written by Paul Adam, while the older romantic poet, Jean Richepin, dropping for the moment his blasphemies and the brotherhood of man, produced a novel on the theme of Heliogabalus. Even Verlaine, who had returned to life—that is, to Paris—to participate in the new movement as he had years ago in that of the *Parnasse Contemporain*, reflected the latest vagary of historic sentiment in a sonnet which begins

"Je suis l'empire à la fin de décadence,"

and which attained great celebrity.

Just when the curiosity of the public was most acutely aroused by the talk of Decadence, there appeared a slender volume of verse on the cover of which appeared: *Les Déliauesences, d'Adoré Floupette, Bysance, Lion Vanné. 1885.* "*Bysance*" (sic) was, of course, Paris, Lion Vanné, none other than Léon Vanier, the publisher of the Decadents, while the verses themselves were merely clever parodies of the prevailing mode of poetical composition. But so cleverly were they written, so completely did they, in the words of a recent writer, Jean Dornis, in his account of *La Sensibilité dans la poésie française*, "echo the poetry, paradoxical, deliberately artificial and perverse, libertine and mystical, of the Decadents," that, in spite of the thinness of the disguise, they long passed current as genuine productions.

But what did more than anything else to make the fortune of the word Decadent, was a novel which appeared in 1884 and made a sensation. This was J.-K. Huysmans's psychological and æsthetic fantasy, *A Rebours*. Huysmans had, hitherto, been known as a realistic writer engaged in describing the most sordid aspects of modern life, and as a member of the group responsible for *Soirées de Medan*, a collection of *contes* dealing with incidents of the war of 1870-1, which took its title from Zola's house, their rendezvous, in the suburbs of Paris.

He now essayed another genre. In M. Kahn's expression, he applied "his methods to an aristocratic portrait, and instead of being a sour-faced Jordans, he dreamt of raising himself to the level of a prophetic Van Dyke"—prophetic, because he wished to anticipate the ultimate excesses of an almost insane diletanteism. He found his subject in Comte Robert de Montesquiou. Des Esseintes, the hero of *A Rebours*, is but a thinly veiled caricature of that Parisian poet and dandy, who lectured in New York some years ago at five dollars a head; whose portrait, painted by Whistler, was shown recently in the exhibition of that artist's work at the Metropolitan Museum, and who, in 1884, had already attracted much attention by the refinements and eccentricities of his taste.

Montesquiou did not particularly relish his portrayal in *A Rebours*, and brought a suit for libel against its author. It is, indeed, an extraordinary characterisation. Des Esseintes is one of those men of perverse modern temperament, who, having the means to purchase all the solid satisfactions the world affords, derive no pleasure from their experiences. Idealists, they are perpetually striving after the unattainable in sensation, and are perpetually doomed to disappointment. Finally, worn out and unutterably weary, the victim of the most acute hyperæsthesia and spleen, des Esseintes determines to retire from the world. He takes a house in the suburbs of Paris and installs himself there in monastic solitude. Some critics have seen in Poe's M. Dupin the germ of the suggestion for Huysmans's hero, largely on the strength of the latter's passion for turning day into night by hanging heavy curtains over all his windows. But des Esseintes is a very different character from Dupin. What in the latter is a mere caprice, in the former is profound spiritual disorder, the sign of which is the failure of either his imagination or his senses to respond to natural stimuli. The whole book is a study in the artificial, and while it has no plot,

it proceeds by a series of incidents, each one of which turns on some ingenious invention whereby des Esseintes seeks to arouse himself from his torpor, and to overcome his spiritual sterility.

For this ingenuity, so lavishly indulged, Huysmans personally paid the penalty by having attributed to himself the tastes and adventures of his hero. For example, one of the sensual refinements described quite gravely and with great elaboration in *A Rebours*, is the "liqueur organ." This was an arrangement of casks containing various kinds of liqueur and so fitted with connecting pipes, that, by turning the taps, des Esseintes could mingle the flavours in endless combinations, secure elaborate "symphonic" effects, and even interpret musical compositions on his palate according to an arbitrary scale of liquid equivalents for the musical notes. This is one of the most absurd extravagances of which Huysmans was guilty, and was doubtless suggested to him one day after dinner by the contemplation of a *pousse-café*. But when he died several years ago in a Benedictine monastery to which he had retired to escape from a world which had always irritated him—for it may well be that he found the groundwork of des Esseintes's character, at once sensual and mystical, in his own temperament—the whole account was cabled over to the American papers as a sidelight upon his personality! Surely Huysmans had some right to accuse of *bêtise*, a world capable of such inane and idiotic credulity!

There are other inventions in *A Rebours* scarcely less bizarre than the foregoing and considerably more intellectual. But what particularly attracted attention to the book at the time and what is of particular interest to us here is the literary and artistic criticism it contains. Des Esseintes was, on the whole, no gross sensualist, and it was above all through books and pictures that he sought the ideal gratification that always eluded him. But his taste in both was, as the French say, *toute spéciale*, and he collected only those works that were dis-

tinguished by something at once excessive and refined in either the conception, or the execution, or both. Thus, in the field of art, he manifested a marked preference for the Flemish primitives, and for such a modern artist as Gustave Moreau, of whose *Salomé* he gives a word-picture worthy to be placed side by side with Pater's appreciation of *La Gioconda*; while in letters, he stocked his shelves largely with the Latin poets of the Decadence, to whom he added a few modern verse writers; among whom first place was assigned to Stéphane Mallarmé.

This poet, who belonged to the Parnassian generation, had made his début in the Sixties under the Second Empire; but his scrupulous craftsmanship, combined with an almost impossible ideal of expression, had precluded him from ever achieving the popularity of such a poet as Coppée, for example, or of even so reflective and philosophical a poet as Sully-Prudhomme. At the present moment he was living in entire obscurity, except for a small group of friends, which included many of the younger Decadent poets. These found in him a friend and master of incomparable taste and sympathy. After having, for a time, edited a woman's fashion magazine, he was now teaching English in a girls' school in Paris, and slowly composing those poems, based on a new system of musical suggestion, of which the longest and most important was *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*.

A Rebours brought Mallarmé fame, which he acknowledges gracefully in his piece entitled *Prose pour des Esseintes*. It also brought fame for the Decadent writers generally. There had still existed considerable uncertainty in their regard. Suddenly, says M. de Gourmont, this book enlightened all intelligences:

"An inexorable parallel imposed itself between the new poets, and the obscure versifiers of the Roman Decadence praised by des Esseintes. The outburst was unanimous, and even those who were decried accepted the decrimal as a

distinction. The principle admitted, comparisons abounded. As no one, and not even des Esseintes, perhaps, had read the depreciated poets, it was an easy game for the *feuilletonnistes* to couple with Sidonius Apollinarius, of whom they were ignorant, Stéphane Mallarmé, whom they did not understand."

From France the idea of Decadence spread abroad and became accepted nearly everywhere. Oscar Wilde, more than half French in his inspiration, and closely affiliated with Continental groups, had prepared the soil in England for its reception, and in the Nineties a considerable group of Decadents grew up about *The Yellow Book* and *The Savoy* magazines, which included such men as Aubrey Beardsley and Charles Conder among the artists, and Ernest Dowson, Arthur Symons, and Henry Harland, among the writers. The movement even spread to America, where it emitted some phosphorent sparks during the brief effulgence of *The Chap Book*. To-day it has died away nearly everywhere save in Germany, which, the last to be inoculated, lingers longest under the empire of the idea of Decadence.

But in passing as a definite theory of art, this idea has permanently enriched the critical vocabulary with a word of vast import and universal acceptance, Decadent. As we have seen, it owed its origin to an historic misunderstanding, and its vogue to the vanity of a lot of young artists whom it flattered to figure themselves as factors in a fading civilisation. Instead of being *fin du siècle*, as they used to say in the declining years of the last century, they were really *fin du monde*, and after them was to come the deluge. Even the vices they cultivated in the interest of this interesting illusion were suggested by the word itself and had no real underlying social significance. But it has pleased a certain school of critics to take them seriously and to point out in them grave symptoms of disintegration. They have used them, moreover, as a handle to attack that mood of experimentalism of

which the Decadents, in so far as they were real artists, and not merely *poseurs*—and who will deny that there were real artists among them?—were the modern exponents. Clearly if they could show that there was a necessary connection between experimentation in art and experimentation in life—and we all know the kind of attempt that has been made to saddle the responsibility for Oscar Wilde upon Walter Pater, than which no subterfuge would be more dastardly if it were not so ridiculous—they had an admirable argument in favour of renewing the old alliance between art and morality, in exalting reason at the expense of emotion.

But all creative art is experimental. Genius is always striving to express that which was never expressed before, or to express the old truths in a new manner. So, from the very first, the attack on Decadence, through the assimilation of this idea to its exact opposite, or the idea of non-imitation, was, in essence, an attack against art itself. The only possible construction that can legitimately be placed upon Decadent is incapacity for original creation:

"Neither Sidonius Apollinarius nor Mallarmé is Decadent," says M. de Gourmont, "since they both possess in different degrees an originality of their own; but it was for that very reason that the word was applied to the author of *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*, for it signified, very obscurely, in the minds of those who abused it, something imperfectly known, difficult, rare, precious, unexpected, new."

So it has been since applied to many another writer—William Sharp, for example, in English literature—and always at bottom for the same reason. For, as the same writer continues:

"A new manner of saying the eternal human truths is for men, and above all, for men who are too completely educated, a scandal. They experience a sort of fright; to regain their assurance, they have recourse to negation, to insults, or to derision. It is the natural attitude of the human animal before physical danger.

But how, he asks, "have we arrived at considering as a peril every real innovation in art or in literature? Why, above all, is this one of the maladies peculiar to our time, and perhaps the gravest, since it tends to restrain movement, and to thwart life?"

It is because imitation, fostered by popular education and commercialism, is now more than ever the law of society. Indeed "the idea of imitation has become the very idea of art or of literature. We can no more conceive of a novel that is not a counterpart or the continuation of a pre-existing novel than we can conceive of verses that are without rhymes or whose syllables can not be counted scrupulously one by one." We are perhaps less exacting in these particular matters than the French, and are more ready to accept irregularity, and even obscurity, than they are. It has never occurred to us to call Whitman a Decadent, although he was a great favourite of the French Decadent school, or Browning—possibly because his elaborate manner concealed such banality of thought—or Henry James, whose prose style is precisely that of Mallarmé, or Kipling, who owes so much to Huysmans. But when it comes to the larger questions of form, we show, if anything, a spirit still more conservative than the Continental. How many times has the Decadence of the novel been declared? As often, assuredly, as a new manipulator of that amorphous medium has ceased to imitate some one of his classical predecessors.

A Harvard professor has written a book called *The New Laokoon*, the purpose of which is to prove that we have gone too far in endeavouring to obliterate the boundaries between the various arts—in making music encroach on the domain of poetry, painting on that of music, poetry on that of painting, and so on. Doubtless this is true in individual instances. But the fact remains that there is no art to-day that does not owe its present richness of resources precisely to such attempts to transcend the barriers within which criticism has sought

to confine it. If this should end—if the artist should cease to seek expansion beyond the farthest limits that can conceivably be assigned him—art itself would cease. Indeed perpetual experimentation is the only guarantee of a continuing life in art.

The greater part of the effort thus expended will always be, as it appears to the frugal-minded, a waste of energy, if a strict economic test be applied. Is it necessary, however, to say that such a test is entirely out of place here? In art, as in life itself, a certain, and, indeed, a very large, amount of waste is requisite for the production of the highest and finest types. Much that is attempted leads necessarily to nothing, and seems to be suggested by mere caprice. But it is the condition of activity which it indicates, and not the immediate result which it may or may not attain, that is the essential thing in artistic experimentation; and it is under such a condition alone that genius, when it arrives, can manifest itself. Genius appears, not when forms are hardened and stiffened to receive it, but when they are still in a more or less indeterminate state of chaos. What, as we have sought to show, is incorrectly called Decadence, is nothing more or less than the attempt to prolong such a state at the very heart of an old and encrusted civilisation.

Thus the hatred of Decadence with all that it implies of originality and freedom and ceaseless endeavour, is in reality a hatred of genius, and is part of that old quarrel with the creative spirit in art which has existed consciously on the part of politicians and philosophers—and business men—since it was expressed by Plato. There is nothing about which there is so much confusion as genius. It is something that the world is always demanding and yet always refusing to recognise when it arrives. It is true that its advent is proclaimed at least once every year, but that is because we use the word to suit ourselves and to flatter our illusions. Just as Decadence is employed to discredit what is original, so genius is per-

verted to exalt what is unoriginal, or imitative. It is the reward which we bestow upon the utterly subservient.

The first condition we demand of genius is that it should resemble something that has gone before, and with which we are already familiar. Thus any poet since Tennyson who has reminded us of Tennyson has, for a time at all events, had a fair chance of being hailed as Tennyson's successor. When Stephen Phillips published *Marpessa* and *Paolo and Francesca*, there was an unmistakable Tennysonian strain in his inspiration that caused his immediate acceptance. But there was also something else—something on the moral side, primarily, a kind of fatalistic quietude in his gesture of tragic acceptance—that was all his own, or that was, at least, derived from no English poet—critics muttered the name of Maeterlinck, who had not as yet found the golden path out of De-

cadence into the mediocrity of commercial art—and this, accordingly, was characterised as morbid, or Decadent.

It is the same to-day with the imitators of Swinburne. It took us a long time to accept that poet, whose originality, both in form and in content, was the real offence in his work for its own generation. But having at length done so, we avenge or console ourselves for the effort of admitting a new archetypal conception, by proclaiming every one who prolongs his strain an original genius. For, after all, the real secret of our hatred of originality, of genius, of Decadence, or what we will, is not so much the danger with which it confronts us, as the discomfort it causes us, by interfering with our fixed habits of thought and feeling, or rather, our rumination and apathy. It awakes us, and we are obliged to turn over before we can go to sleep once more.

THE TECHNIQUE OF CONVERSATION AND SOME RECENT FICTION

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

IN the various text-books dealing with the craftsmanship of fiction there is usually a chapter devoted to solemn advice regarding the management of conversation, its purposes, its limitations, and the relative amount of space that should be assigned to it. All of which sounds quite wise and impressive until we stop to do a little independent thinking: and then we realise that, like so many other elements in story writing, conversation in its ultimate analysis is independent of any rule save that of the personal equation, the individual instinct of each author. Since man happens to be a speaking animal, any story dealing with human life, aside from a solitary Crusoe on a desert island, presupposes an interchange of thought through the medium of the spoken word. But in actual practice, the amount of dialogue recorded

may range from a single monosyllable to the sum total of the story. In other words, in order to realise the two possible extremes of method in story telling, let us think of any story that we have in mind as a drama to be enacted, first for the benefit of deaf mutes, and secondly, for the benefit of the blind. In the former case, the story must be conveyed solely by action; in the latter it must be wholly conveyed by dialogue. The one method is in actual practice employed on a gigantic scale in the moving picture; the other has a much more restricted application in the form of phonographic records.

In the written story, the exclusive use of either of these two extremes savours of a *tour de force*, a literary anomaly that detracts from the substance by over-emphasising the form. In Anglo-Saxon

countries at least, the habit of reading printed drama has never become general; and successes such as the *Dolly Dialogues* and *The Story of the Gadsbys* are too sporadic to be anything more than scintillating exceptions to a general rule. It is only abnormal persons who are sufficiently clever to reveal their most intimate joys and sorrows in a swift, ping-pong interchange of repartee. And equally extreme and apart from life is the story in which the characters think endlessly, without opening their lips. Such a story brings a sense of weariness, almost a physical headache born of contagious sympathy for such overworked brains. The present writer recalls one exceptional short story, read some years ago, which was of this type,—but exceptional in that it justified itself. There were just two characters in the story, a man and his wife, sitting together in the twilight; and throughout the story there was silence, the reader heard nothing but the poignant, insistent, unsparing thoughts of the wife,—until at the end she speaks just once, and he does not answer her. And the reason for his silence is that he is dead.

But in between these two extremes, the proportion of narrative which may be conveyed in the form of conversation permits of as many variations as there are authors. And as a general rule, you cannot say that any individual author is wrong in the extent of his use of dialogue. Another author, writing the same story, might advantageously have used less or more, and thereby done a better piece of work. But it is preëminently a question that each writer must solve for himself. It comes natural for some to think in terms of conversation. All they have to do is to set a man and a woman side by side on a park bench, or opposite each other at a restaurant table; and, presto! the ball of conversation starts rolling, and the only difficulty is to keep it from rolling too far or too swiftly. And another author, of equal or perhaps greater talent, who can do the introspective, analytical sort of soul-dissection admirably, will tell you in a burst

of confidence that often when he has arranged the most cosy and uninterrupted sort of tête-à-tête, he becomes conscious that his two characters have nothing to say, that they insist upon sitting there, facing each other, as silent and inane as wooden dolls. And the difference is that the one writer sees life in terms of dialogue and the other doesn't.

It is interesting, sometimes, when once you have formed the habit of noticing such things, to watch the devices to which some novelists of real ability resort, in order to dodge the necessity of recording the exact words that their characters must have spoken. They will describe some brilliant young society belle, encircled by an admiring host of devoted servitors, and holding them, one and all, under the spell of her swift flashes of wit and humour and audacity. And yet, if you pinned such an author down privately, and said, "My dear fellow, won't you satisfy a legitimate curiosity, and tell me just one or two of these brilliant and naughty witticisms for which your heroine was supposed to be famous," why, he simply couldn't do it, because he himself does not know. Or again, where the hero is a great statesman, and we read how he "held his audience spellbound with the mighty onrush of his eloquence, the fearlessness of his utterances, the clarion appeal of his invincible logic," it is quite likely that if the author attempted to report for us a single paragraph of these silver-tongued utterances, the result would be a grotesque anti-climax. And conversely, there are novelists who evidently are ill at ease when the exigencies of the plot require a certain amount of direct narrative, or first-hand descriptions; but the moment that they can invoke the aid of one of their characters, and let him finish the incident as seen through his own strongly marked individuality, they are at ease again, and the story flows on like an unpent stream.

But while it is a perfectly sound general rule that the great majority of stories could be told almost wholly in dialogue, or almost wholly in prose narra-

tive, or with almost any of the countless possible intermixtures of the two methods; still, it cannot be denied that there are certain exceptional effects to be gained through conversation, at the hands of an adept, that could not be duplicated by any other device known to the art of writing. There is the method, for instance, of conveying ideas, not by what is said, but by what is implied. This is the very caviar of conversation, when two persons just skirt the outermost edge of some unspoken thought, subtly suggesting, deftly implying, yet always delicately evading the positive and concrete expression in uncompromising words, of the thing which, behind the light exchange of seemingly harmless phrases, forms the whole preoccupation of their minds. This, which is preëminently the Henry James type of conversation, may be defined as simply one variety of the class of conversation that owes its interest, not to what it reveals but to what it hides: and that is why it never can be adequately replaced by narrative. Another familiar variety is the cross-examination of a witness, in detective fiction. Try to turn such a court scene into straight narrative, and you lose the very life of it, because the essential thing, the dramatic interest depends so much more upon what the witness does not tell, than upon what he does.

Still another analogous type is represented by Mr. Aldrich's whimsical little classic, *Marjorie Daw*. Although not literally conversation, since it is couched in the form of letters, it amounts practically to the same thing, *i.e.*, a series of utterances addressed by one person to another. The distinguishing feature is that these utterances happen to be false, a deliberate tissue of invention, the whole object of which is to study their effect upon another person.

"STELLA MARIS"

Considered from one aspect at least, Mr. William J. Locke's new volume, *Stella Maris*, belongs to the *Marjorie Daw* type of fiction. The Stella of the title, "Star of the Sea," as her little group of worshipping friends call her, is

a girl who from earliest childhood has been prostrate on her back, hopelessly crippled by some obscure and apparently incurable spinal trouble. Days and months and years slip away, and the child lives on, happy in a dreamland world, knowing nothing of actuality, a contented prisoner in her high turret room, overlooking the sea. Hither, as often as their duties permit them, come two men, busy, overworked, mature men, yet each of them under the spell of this fairy-like, fragile, pathetic little invalid. One of these two men is a journalist, with the creative gift of a born writer. His own life is more than prosaic; it is tragic with an ugly and sordid tragedy. He made an early and rash marriage; and his wretched wife, a degenerate with criminal instincts, is serving a long sentence for systematic and nameless torture inflicted on a young girl. The journalist finds relief in the hours that he spends in the turret chamber overlooking the sea; and to amuse the little cripple, he weaves a sort of fairy tale about an imaginary castle of his own, a wonderful castle with enchanted gardens, in the midst of London. Week by week, he expands and embroiders this tissue of dreams, not realising how deadly serious it is to the child, or how vividly she visualises it. In the course of years, Stella passes from childhood into womanhood, and a time comes when the journalist ceases to speak of his castle. But even through the silence that follows, she never for a moment doubts any part of the magic tale. She knows nothing of the outside world, and has no standards by which to test the truth of what is told her. But at last a miracle is wrought: among the many specialists that her family are constantly calling in, one is found who, while promising nothing, accomplishes much; and in a year the girl is physically well and strong. Now, the discovery which Stella is bound to make, that the wonderful palace is all a fabric of ingenious lies, is not in itself so momentous. But it symbolises far more important things. It is emblematic of the whole sheltered-life

system of education, and of the havoc that is going to be wrought in the exquisite sensibility of this young girl's soul when envious jealousy flings the mud of the gutters before her. The story is by no means representative of Mr. Locke's best manner. Indeed, there is a vein of sensationalism running through it that is reminiscent of his earlier style, in the period antedating Sir Marcus Ordeyne and Berzelius Nibbidard Paragot.

"AN AFFAIR OF STATE"

Mr. J. C. Snaith is one of the few contemporary novelists who can always be trusted to hold some sort of a surprise in reserve for each new book. He refuses to be definitely labelled as the producer of any one specified type of fiction; and in consequence he is always stimulating, even if his successive experiments are of widely different degrees of merit. His latest volume, *An Affair of State*, is in its conception and purpose easily the most ambitious attempt that he has yet made. It is nothing less than a portrayal of the present-day political life in England, with the Parliament Buildings ever looming up in the back of the stage setting, cabinet ministers, foreign ambassadors, even the King himself, playing prominent parts in the central drama, and the rise and fall of parties, the clamour of public opinion, the insistent intrusion of the burning questions of the hour all uniting toward the one end of producing a picture that is vitally alive, a counterfeit presentment of a nation passing through a crisis that almost tricks us into forgetting that it is sheer invention. And yet, frankly, the book falls short of real bigness. In thinking it over afterward, you realise that Mr. Snaith did not have anything sufficiently momentous to say to justify his ambitious preparations, his spectacular stage setting. Excepting in the most general way, his book is not based on contemporary history; it is not a *roman à clef*; if any of his statesmen are drawn from life, if any of the party issues and party machinations reflect present-day actuali-

ties, the only useful purpose served is to convey a greater impression of verity. Because what Mr. Snaith is trying to do is not to tell England how to solve her problems, but merely to relate some interesting private and domestic complications between two families who happen to be closely concerned with public affairs, and whose personal quarrels are in consequence a detriment to the public welfare. The kernel of the whole difficulty may be stated quite briefly: Draper, a born statesman and orator, sprung from the people, has married into the aristocracy, and in consequence has gone over to the opposite party, with the double zeal of the convert. He loves his wife, Aline, but he appreciates the cleverness of Evelyn Rockingham, whom he does not love, and who, from a mixture of motives, decides to make him Prime Minister of England. Rockingham, Evelyn's husband, covets this position for himself, not selfishly, but because he believes that his party is safer in his hands than in Draper's. Consequently he stops at nothing, in order to discredit his opponent, even blackening the name of his own wife, in order that the scandal shall destroy Draper's popularity. The final situation is well worked up; you get a vivid sense of the tensivity of a nation on the brink of civil war, as the days go by and no party, and no coalition of parties succeeds in breaking the deadlock and forming a ministry. And when Rockingham is finally made to see that Draper and no one else can save the country, he is so hedged around with pledges to his friends and treacheries to his foes, that if he yields, if he retracts, if he vindicates Draper, he cannot as a man with even a remnant of honour live to see the light of another day. This is the reason that a purely personal and family matter culminates in a suicide and is raised to the dignity of an *Affair of State*. And the chief reason why the whole story lacks bigness is that the specific story is not one that in its very nature demands the lofty setting of Parliament Buildings and Privy Coun-

cils; the same essential situation might have been as fittingly developed within the humbler circles of a Mayor and Board of Aldermen.

But, in point of technique, there is one feature about the volume in question that deserves special attention: the story is told almost wholly in the form of conversation. We see hardly any of the action at first hand; we get the chief incidents twenty-four hours later, when we hear Draper discuss them with Evelyn Rockingham, or Evelyn's husband tells them to Aline, or somebody writes a letter to some one else. And the structural advantage of this indirect method in a story of modern politics is just this: that it brings it all more closely within our own every-day experience. We are most of us unaccustomed to attend Parliament and to be present at meetings of Cabinet Officers; but we are in the habit of reading about them in the newspapers, and hearing them discussed quite irresponsibly by outsiders, and joining in ourselves, when we feel inclined. And the net result is that an event which, if narrated directly by a novelist, would sound preposterous, becomes almost commonplace when he lets us hear two or more people casually gossiping about it. Accordingly, whatever value the new volume by Mr. Snaith may have as a novel, it does have a very special interest as an object-lesson in technique.

"THE JUDGMENT HOUSE"

The first impression made by *The Judgment House*, like that of the majority of Sir Gilbert Parker's volumes, is that it is a work of distinct importance, the work of one of the very few living novelists of the foremost rank. There is obvious and conscious power, from the opening line onward; the people are real, and what is more important, they are unusual, exceptional people, of the kind that in real life make you instinctively turn your head for a second look, conscious that they play a rather momentous part in their own world. And yet, when the final page is

turned and the cover closed and you lean back to think it all over quietly, you realise why Sir Gilbert Parker is not really entitled to a place in the foremost rank, in the class with Kipling and Conrad and Hewlett. It is not that he lacks a knowledge of life, but that he insists upon trying to improve upon life's handiwork: he always wants spectacular climaxes, where nature is often satisfied to take things quietly. Page after page, he gives us unflinching, pitiless actuality; and then, at the close of a chapter, he resorts to a flagrant trick of sensationalism that is reminiscent of Ouida. So it is in *The Judgment House*. The scene opens at Covent Garden; there is a new prima donna, scoring an unforeseen success. There are just a few people in the audience whose importance we are made to realise: Adrian Fellowes in the stalls, whose personal interest in Al'mah the singer is partly official and partly a matter of conjecture; and in the box facing the royal box a group of three, the chief actors in the story: Jasmine Grenfel, beautiful, imperious, avid of admiration, with the idealism of a girl and the instincts of a woman; Ian Stafford, of the Foreign Office, who has scant financial prospects for many years to come, yet fondly imagines that Jasmine will be content to wait for him; and Rudyard Byng, the "South African nabob," unpolished, forceful, with the double charm of achievement and of money. And, just as the reader has become interested in the latent possibilities of the triangle, the sensational happens: the prima donna, taking her final curtain call, flaunts her draperies across a candle flame, and is instantly a column of fire: the whole vast house is silent with numb horror; then Byng, the man of action, makes a flying leap to the stage, armed with Jasmine's opera cloak, extinguishes the flames, and announces to the audience, "She is not seriously hurt, we were just in time." All of which comes perilously near to being frankly funny. Well, that flying leap helps Jasmine to make up her mind against Stafford and in favour of Byng; so she marries the nabob,

and soon discovers that, however efficient he may be as a rescuer, he lacks diversity as a husband. But he accommodatingly appoints Adrian Fellowes as his private secretary; and Adrian, while retaining Al'mah as his mistress, has plenty of reserve time to devote to Jasmine. Years pass, and then suddenly Stafford returns from some foreign mission, a man of importance, with fame and fortune; the Boer war breaks out, and Byng, who is one of the powers behind the whole South African situation, has less time than ever to keep a critical eye upon the comings and goings of his wife. In this later portion of the story, melodrama becomes rampant; Jasmine's illicit relations with her husband's secretary are alluded to with scant euphemism; she is on the point of dragging Stafford also into her net; and she is apparently conniving at a treasonable betrayal of all her husband's secret government services to the agents of Oom Paul. And then all at once, Fellowes is found murdered, and suspicion attaches to all four of the principal characters in turn,—and, of course, all four are innocent. Then the scene shifts to South Africa, there is much screaming of shells and groaning of the wounded; the heroine awakes to a realisation of the unworthiness of her past life,—it is a wonder what reformation a few weeks of Red Cross nursing will effect, in fiction!—and is quite ready to allow her wronged husband to forgive her and take her back. The people in the book are real enough; it is what they do that doesn't quite ring true.

"THE MATING OF LYDIA"

Of recent years, Mrs. Humphry Ward has ceased to be especially important in current fiction. In the old days of *Robert Elsmere* a curiously inflated value was attached to the distinctly heavy series of theological and controversial monographs which she and her readers chose to regard as novels. Lately, since the novel with a purpose has fortunately gone out of fashion, she has been forced to content herself with writ-

ing the novel of manners; and these later books, while not remarkable, are of a finished workmanship that many younger contemporaries might well envy. *The Mating of Lydia* neither is nor pretends to be anything more than the private history of a few rather unusual people. There is, first of all, Melrose, an eccentric, half crazy collector of art treasures, who brings home an Italian wife, destined to eat her heart out with loneliness, neglect and the need of common necessities, in the cheerless emptiness of a Georgian mansion isolated in the bleak stretches of the northernmost corner of England. Then there is Melrose's cousin, Lady Tatham, who, knowing too much of his selfishness and cynical cruelty, first refused to marry him herself, and later stood between him and her own sister, and by doing so laid up for herself an inheritance of hatred. Then there is the Italian wife who, sickening of nostalgia for her home, steals from her husband an antique vase worth thousands of pounds, and disappears out of his life, taking her baby girl with her. The main story opens years later and concerns chiefly two strangers to the neighbourhood: Lydia Penfold, a young artist in search of picturesque landscape; and Faversham, a young lawyer on a bicycle trip, who has a disastrous smash-up at Melrose's very gate, and is thrust by the local surgeon into the reluctant owner's treasure-house of art. Melrose discovers that Faversham is heir to a certain rival collector, Mackworth, recently deceased, and that he actually has with him six of the most valuable engraved gems known to have survived from antiquity. Melrose would sell his soul for a coveted antique; therefore he proceeds to make plans for retaining Faversham permanently in his household, offering him alluring inducements in the shape of high salary as his steward, and sole heir under his newly made will. Meanwhile, Faversham, if he is to keep in favour, must do the eccentric old tyrant's behests without question, grind down his tenants pitilessly, refuse needed repairs, neglect the commonest of sani-

tary reforms, see whole families wiped out by diphtheria, and in general aid and abet a systematic and despotic cruelty that make both master and man bywords of reproach throughout the neighbourhood. Now, Faversham means to set all these wrongs right when he inherits the property; but he also knows that old Melrose may live for years, and also that his Italian wife and daughter are alive and in dire distress. Has he, Faversham, the moral right to countenance wrong, that right may come of it? And should he consent to be the heir, knowing that morally the wife and child should inherit the whole property? These are the questions which Lydia Penfold, whom he loves, bluntly puts to him, making it quite plain that her decision depends upon his. All of which is pleasant if not profound; and while it helps to pass an hour or two agreeably, it may all be safely and easily forgotten quite promptly.

"THE PENALTY"

The Penalty, by Gouverneur Morris, is one of those exaggerated stories that are woven out of a tissue of sheer impossibility, and that, while refusing to be laid aside until finished, leave the reader mildly exasperated with himself for being beguiled into reading them. There is, first of all, an independent young woman who insists upon making a career for herself as a sculptor; there is the inevitable young man who is quite willing to make life easy for the young woman and save her from anxiety about the future; there is a crippled and misshapen beggar who represents precisely the type that she needs for her great statue of Satan after the Fall,—and who, incidentally, is fabulously rich and a sort of uncrowned king of the underworld, with whom the police department are wary of interfering. And lastly, there is Bubbles, the boy of the gutters, the only person who is not afraid of Blizzard, the beggar, and hence the only person capable of saving Barbara Ferris, the artist, from his diabolic designs against her. And in the end it turns out

that Blizzard is not naturally an evil-minded person at all, but a victim of brain disease caused by the pressure of a splinter of bone, resulting from an old injury. A simple surgical operation effects an immediate reform; his old associates in crime lose their leader; Bubbles, the waif, discovers that his arch enemy is his father, Blizzard marries an East Side girl, whom he had formerly deeply wronged, the sculptress capitulates to her devoted lover, and everybody promises to be happy ever after. All of which is diverting; yet there was a time when bigger things were expected from Gouverneur Morris.

"THE ADVENTURES OF MISS GREGORY"

The Adventures of Miss Gregory, by Percival Gibbon, is a series of unpretentious tales that nevertheless have a good deal of underlying strength. There have been plenty of other series of stories in which the central character goes through strange, fantastic, often dangerous adventures in all sorts of jumping-off places of civilisation. The one note of novelty in the present collection is due to the personality of the central figure. Imagine a self-sufficient Englishwoman of middle age, grey-haired, portly but not corpulent, with a kindly smile, a big heart, and an unwavering fearlessness; a woman of wealth and position, with powerful friends in the official and diplomatic circles of half a dozen European powers; furthermore, a woman with a strong hatred of injustice and an irresistible instinct to reach out a helping hand regardless of the consequences to herself: such in brief is Miss Gregory, intrepid seeker of adventure and author of *Saharan Solitudes*. We are privileged to follow her through all sorts of queer experiences, from a shipwreck on a Portuguese trader to arrest and imprisonment with a band of Russian nihilists. And no matter what happens to her nor where it happens, some man or woman thus brought into contact with her is destined to be the better for it in the years that follow. The stories are not especially original; indeed,

they make no lasting imprint on the memory, but they are entertaining, and they are wholesome, and they leave behind them an impression of a strong and kindly personality whom it would be a sort of moral tonic to know, if only we could meet Miss Gregory in real life.

"LORE OF PROSERPINE"

Lastly, in the present instalment of books, we come to the new volume by Maurice Hewlett, entitled *Lore of Proserpine*. It is an odd and unexpected sort of volume, and one somewhat difficult to classify. In a whimsical preface the author expresses a hope that no reader will ask him whether the contents are true or not, because it will in that case be his "humiliating duty" to answer that he doesn't know. They are a series of mid-summer day-dreams, fabrics woven of folk-lore and fairy tales and a poet's fantastic visionings. There is less in them of the familiar Hewlett spirit and Hewlett manner than in any other of his prose volumes; and yet you realise that no other living writer could have done the same thing in quite the same way. But in spite of his subtle wizardry of words, the occult and mystical element does not quite lie within the range of Mr. Hewlett's powers; he just falls short of carrying conviction. Take, for instance, such a tale as "Beckwith's

Case." Beckwith finds by the roadside a nameless, unclassified little creature, with the physical stature of a young child and the form and manner of a grown woman. We are asked to believe that this mysterious little waif is visible only to the man and his dog, and later to the man's little girl; that his wife not only cannot see it but does not know of its existence; that it lives for months in a dog kennel, from which it cannot escape, because the doorway of the kennel is edged with zinc, and a fairy cannot cross over zinc, any more than a witch can cross the keystone of a bridge; and finally, that one day, without warning, the mysterious little visitant vanishes, and in doing so, takes the man's child with her, and no further trace of either is ever found. Now, whether another writer could tell this sort of tale more persuasively or not is an open question. Perhaps Hawthorne might for the moment have tricked us into a creepy sense of the supernatural. But at all events Mr. Hewlett fails to be convincing. The most that he conveys is an appreciation of his painstaking ingenuity; but he does not for a moment awaken a real thrill, or move us to cast a swift, surreptitious glance over our shoulder, to assure ourselves of the absence of all the unnamed things that we should not wish to see.

SEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

ALFRED NOYES'S "TALES OF THE MERMAID INN"*

The critical commonplace about Mr. Alfred Noyes's *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern* is that he portrays the Elizabethan period and the writing, fighting, adventurous London that was then. And this, like many commonplaces, is a half-truth none the worse for winnowing. Certainly, in the sense of representing these spacious times as their own litera-

ture presented them, the book is not Elizabethan at all: there is hardly a page in it which could have been written before 1850, or which is not unmistakably dated as modern by form and prosody and style.

Marchaunt Adventurers, O what 'ull ye
bring home again?

Woonders and works and the thunder of
the sea!

Whom will ye traffic with? The King of
the sunset!—

What shall be your pilot, then?— A wind
from Galilee!

*Tales of the Mermaid Inn. By Alfred Noyes. New York: F. A. Stokes Company.

—Nay, but ye be marchaunts, will ye come
back empty-handed?—

Ay, we be marchaunts, though our gain
we ne'er shall see!

Cast we now our bread upon the waste wild
waters;

After many days it shall return with
usury.

Chorus:

Marchaunt Adventurers,

Marchaunt Adventurers,

What shall be your profit in the mighty days
to be?

Englande! Englande! Englande! Eng-
lande!

Glory everlasting, and the lordship of the
sea.

There is no need to argue about it,
or even to point out the demonstrative
details: the Elizabethans did not write
like that. They did not versify like that
either; nor, so far as we of this late day
have any means of judging, did they
think like that. But this subtler question
demands a little more analysis.

"Thy Summer's Night—eh, Will? Midsum-
mer's Night?—

That's a quaint fancy," Bacon droned anew,

"But—Athens was an error, Will! Not
Athens!

'Titania knew not Athens! Those wild elves
Of thy Midsummer's Dream—eh? Mid-
night's Dream?—

Are English all. Thy woods, too, smack of
England;

They never grew round Athens. Bottom,
too,

He is not Greek!"

"Greek?" Will said, with a chuckle,

"Bottom a Greek? Why, no, he was the son
Of Marian Hacket, the fat wife that kept
An ale-house, Wincot-way. I lodged with
her

Walking from Stratford. You have never
tramped

Along that country side? By Burton Heath?

Ah, well, you would not know my fairy-
lands.

It warms my blood to let my home-spuns
play

Around your cold white Athens. There's a
joy

In jumping time and space."

Now, here is a thoroughly modern bit
of criticism, albeit spoken in character.
Bacon might well enough have so ob-
jected, and Shakespeare so answered—if
the idea had ever occurred to them; but
we may doubt its occurrence to the
Bacon who, for all his learning, calls the
Witch of Endor a "Pythonissa" and
quotes his Homer in Vergilian Latin, or
to the Shakespeare who, both as poet and
as manager, costumed all times alike. It
is Mr. Noyes who feels a joy in jumping
time and space, and who shares with us
that pleasure: the Elizabethans, in a
manner of speaking, dwelt as gods out-
side and unconscious of time; and Shake-
speare could never have written *Bacchus*
and *the Pirates*, precisely because in his
mind they would have met as naturally
as Touchstone and Hymen. This con-
juring with great names borrows its
whole enchantment from distance: it is
wonderful for us to sit at table among
great names which have already outworn
the drums and trappings of three hun-
dred years; but for themselves there was
no such wonder. Wings are not wonder-
ful to angels; and it is obvious, though
inconceivable, that elephants do not feel
elephantine. What Mr. Noyes has done,
therefore, is more than merely to imitate
Elizabethan verse or to attempt a futile
realism of archeology. He is a poet, not
a fabricator of antiques; and his creation
is our own vision (and his) of the Mer-
maid Tavern, a new light and life upon
a tradition grown great in growing old:
a transfiguration of those souls of poets
dead and gone in bodies not the same but
glorified by centuries of imagining.
What the Elizabethan Age thought of
itself we see darkly through the glass of
its own literature; to that nothing can
ever be added; it is done. What the
Elizabethan Age actually was in daily
fact we cannot possibly know; it is gone,
erased, dissolved into oblivion. But
what the Elizabethan Age is now, for
us, is another and a living thing, as real
as a dream and as immortal as a soul;

and in recreating this Elizabethan Age of ours, Mr. Noyes has done again what Shakespeare did for the ancient Rome and Athens of his own day. And that, after all, is the only thing that really matters. We are concerned with past times and distant places only as they exist for us: with the present connotation of words like "Elizabethan" or "Athenian" or "mediæval"; with the traditional personalities of Alexander and Cleopatra and Cæsar and Hamlet and George Washington; for these are now a portion of our thought and an influence upon our living, whereas that which they actually were has long ceased to exist. Thus the Middle Ages of Scott and Victor Hugo, the Pompeii of Bulwer-Lytton, may be historically quite inaccurate; nobody really knows or ever will; but they are at least alive among us, and the facts are dead. Indeed, in a certain sense, these fictions are truer to the life than was that very life itself. Cæsar and Lincoln were in fact something more than they or their contemporaries knew: their future fame was part of them. It is no quibble to say of the actual Hamlet or Macbeth that their chief historical act was to furnish material for Shakespeare. And the whole truth about those gatherings at the Mermaid could not have been apparent to themselves, precisely because it has taken time to prove their greatness: there sat the characters of a poem which would not be written until the year nineteen hundred and twelve.

And in this imaginative embodying of the Elizabethan spirit as it has come down to us, this holding up of the mirror to our romantic and traditional sense of what the Mermaid must have been, these poems are marvellously successful. The book has that cross-section effect, as of a world created, which is the hallmark of a few great novels: that sense of a window opened upon a bright and busy scene wherein every sharp detail suggests unobserved complexities and more is felt than meets the eye. You have this feeling about the India of *Kim*, the Paris of *Notre Dame*, the Georgian society of *Vanity Fair*; but it is a very

rare thing to find it in a poem. Mr. Noyes's own *Drake*, for example, with all its fertility of gorgeous images, had no charm to unseal these magic casements. The *Faerie Queene* is perhaps the best example of the quality in English—if we except Shakespeare's creations of Bohemia and Arden. And the method by which this feeling is produced is a remarkable development of one of the first devices of literary craftsmanship—the device of going back into romance for the origin of something immediately familiar to the reader. It is that formula of the folk-tale which begins with the long nose of the elephant or the short tail of the bear, and tells a story to account for it: "and if you doubt the story, just look at the next elephant you see." The conjuring with great names, of which I have already spoken, is a part of this; the very title of the volume is a case in point; and the device is worked out imaginatively in a myriad of details, a gold thread woven through the poems to give the texture brilliancy. We meet with "brick-layer Ben"—

The T, for Tyburn, branded on his thumb,—

and the mention of that mark is like a credential and an identification. Some of us recognise it; others are informed so casually that they feel reminded. It is as simple as an inference of Sherlock Holmes—and as bewilderingly effective. These allusions, moreover, are not hung upon the work like tags, but imagined keenly and emotionally; they are the very stuff of which the dream is made.

I fitted her with morrice-bells, with treble,
bass and tenor bells;
The fore-bells, as I linked them at her
throat, how soft they sang!
Green linnets in a golden nest, they chirped
and trembled on her breast,
And, faint as elfin blue-bells, at her nut-
brown ankles rang.

Analyse that, after you have done merely enjoying it: try to resolve the elements of learning and artistry and sentiment;

see how information is informed with melody, how in the blending and modeling of all, one line will help the poem in various ways, how the brain serves the heart. And you will suspect why the old tradition of the world paid poets the honour of astonishment. For the test of any true creation is that the more you examine it and dissect and discover and understand, the more material you have for wonder.

To attempt a critical appraisal of this book within the limits of a page or two would be somewhat unsatisfactory and perhaps a little premature; for there is too much in it, both for better and for worse, to encourage the superficial balancing of a fault here against a merit there in the endeavour to anticipate posterity. Rather it has seemed of interest to approach a single phase of its craftsmanship in the character more of an observer than of a judge. There is many another phase of equal interest; and to one such in particular it is worth while to call attention. If any single book might comprehend and settle for all time that long-disputed question of morality and art, then that book is the *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*. It is all here, precept and example and illustration: for whomsoever will really read; the matter is concluded. But how and why these poems have offered a conclusion must be left for the nonce to the observation of the reader.

Brian Hooker.

II

HARRY A. FRANCK'S "ZONE POLICEMAN 88"*

Sauntering along the backbone of Central America on a walking trip, Mr. Franck reached the Panama Canal. It interested him and aroused a desire to study it at close range. At first, with his characteristic bent for investigating a thing from the bottom upward, he planned to enroll himself among the wielders of pick and shovel, and thus be

qualified to boast in after years,—“I helped to dig IT.” But this was before the author discovered the impassable gulf that separates the sacred white American from the common and coloured labourers of the Zone. It was also, probably, before the authorities discovered that a gentleman was in their midst who, by reason of having walked around the world and up and down in it many thousand miles, had acquired some familiarity with a score of foreign languages. With a working force hailing from seventy-two foreign countries and dependencies, Uncle Sam’s Canal Zone officials are hard pressed to find men who can converse in even a rudimentary manner with whole tribes of strange speaking employees. Accordingly Mr. Franck’s application for a position on the Canal Zone police force was promptly granted; and as a guardian of law and order the author had unusual opportunities for studying the inside and the underside of life in the Zone.

The Canal, it is devoutly to be hoped, is a permanent institution; and unless an earthquake, Japanese torpedoes, or some other agency intervene, will endure for ages. But the Canal-builders are a transitory population, swept together from most of the nations of the earth to live together for a few years under decidedly novel conditions. Before long they will scatter to the four winds; their hastily built towns will be deserted and left to decay; and the unusual and highly interesting life of this army of forty thousand workers and half as many hangers-on will become a memory. *Zone Policeman 88* is, therefore, a valuable contribution to the literature of the Canal, presenting as it does, from the author’s intimate knowledge of conditions, the life of a community which is so strikingly unique.

Of the effect of this life upon Americans, of whom, by the way, there were at the last census five thousand two hundred and twenty-eight out of a total of thirty-seven thousand four hundred and twenty-eight employees,—the author says:

**Zone Policeman 88*. By Harry A. Franck. New York: The Century Company.

The bringing together into close contact of Americans from every section of our broad land is tending to make a new amalgamated type. Even New Englanders grow almost human here among their broader-minded fellow-countrymen. Any northerner can say "nigger" as glibly as a Carolinian, and growl if one of them steps on his shadow. It is not easy to say just how much effect all this will have when the canal is done and this handful of amalgamated and humanised Americans is sprinkled back over all the States as a leaven to the whole. They tell on the Zone of a man from Maine who sat four high-school years on the same bench with two negro boys, and returning home after three years on the Isthmus was so horrified to find one of those boys an alderman that he packed his traps and moved to Alabama, "where a nigger is a nigger!"

Before taking up his regular duties as a policeman Mr. Franck, on account of his linguistic accomplishments, was assigned to the census staff of the Zone as an enumerator. For six weeks he pursued this special work, roaming up and down the Canal, and into it; to isolated clearings in the jungle; and through swarming settlements of Italians, Spanish, Greeks, Panamanians, and polyglot communities of most of the nations of Europe and America, not omitting Negroes of every variety and race known to man except the pure African and, curiously enough, the "States nigger." This latter variety is barely represented in the Canal Zone. Through visiting and questioning four thousand, six hundred and seventy-seven Zone residents who hailed from seventy different countries, the author became reasonably well acquainted with the population over whom he was to wave the policeman's club.

Illuminating was the remark made to him by a negress from one of the British West Indies.

"'You ain't no American?'"

"'Yes, I am.'"

"'Why, you de bery fust American ah eber see dat was perlite.'"

And in more than one place the author touches upon this unpleasant national characteristic of ours, mentioning the "roaring noises that Americans fancied Spaniards, or Greeks, or Roumanians must understand because they were not English noises."

With all our expanding over the surface of the earth in the past fourteen years there still hangs over us that old provincial backwoods logic, "English is good enough for me." . . . Child's task as is the learning of a foreign language, provincial old Uncle Sam just flat-foots along in the same old way, expecting to govern and judge and lead along the path of civilisation his foreign colonies by bellowing at them in his own nasal drawl and treating their tongue as if it were some purely animal sound. . . . It is not the least of the reasons why foreign nations do not take us as seriously as they ought, why our colonials do not love us, and, what is of far greater importance, do not advance under our rule as they should.

There is a delicious chapter about Socialism on the Canal Zone. "To begin with," says the author, "there isn't any of course. No man would dream of looking for Socialism in an undertaking set in motion by the Republican Party and kept on the move by the regular army." But there are a number of phases in the life of this paternally governed strip of earth which savour of the Socialist's programme. Not only does the Government prescribe what a man shall do, but also where he shall live; and it furnishes him with living accommodations, meals, transportation, medical care, amusements, sanitary regulations and commissary stores, and issues as medium of exchange not money, but books of coupons entitling the bearer to so many meals, so many rides in a train, all in payment for work performed. After discussing these phases and some obvious disadvantages attendant upon them the author concludes: "I have hinted at these little weaknesses to several Socialists. They merely answer that these things have nothing to do with the case."

Which is characteristically Socialistic of course.

It would not be worth while to read *Zone Policeman 88* for the sake of acquiring exact information about the Canal. The book is unique among books on Panama in that it does not once employ the phrase "stupendous engineering achievement." Nor does it mention the number of cubic yards moved in any day, week, year, or in toto. Nor does it skip lightly over historical events from Balboa to Colonel Goethal. But one cannot read this book without gathering vivid impressions.

Before and beyond were pounding rock drills, belching locomotives, there arose the rattle and bump of long trains of flat-cars on many tracks, the crash of falling boulders, the snort of the straining steam-shovels heaping the cars high with earth and rock, everywhere were groups of little men, some working leisurely, some scrambling down into the rocky bed of the canal or dodging the clanging trains, all far below and stretching endless in either direction, while over all the scene hovered a veritable Pittsburgh of smoke.

Or again:

The unbroken, deafening procession of dirt-trains scream by on their way to the Pacific,—straining Moguls dragging a furlong of "Lidgerwood flats," swaying "Oliver dumps" with their side chains clanking, a succession as incessant of "empties" grinding back again into the midst of the fray. . . . An endless stream of rock and earth racing by six days a week, fifty-two weeks a year.

Zone Policeman 88 sketches in vivid scenes like these, and sets in the midst of them the canal-workers, that great conglomerate of humanity welded together more or less effectively and guided and driven by our fellow-countrymen who are working far away below the Southern horizon. And in many ways the book partakes of the characteristics of these Americans as the author depicts them. It is not a formal, care-

fully arranged, precisely written kind of book. Far from it. Unconventional, slangy, free and easy, in its shirt sleeves so to speak, *Zone Policeman 88* may be. But then it does well what it sets out to do; and few books can do better than that.

Arthur M. Chase.

III

WILLIAM C. VAN ANTWERP'S "THE STOCK EXCHANGE FROM WITHIN"*

With the possible exception of love and politics there has been more misinformation printed and written about the New York Stock Exchange than any other American institution. It is the favourite bait of the agitator; familiar target of the demagogue, and the last and best excuse for the parting of a fool and his money. Yet as a matter of fact the Stock Exchange is an economic necessity. Without it prices would be demoralised and unstandardised and values unstable. It is an essential part of the organisation of modern business and a powerful agency for industrial progress and the whole commercial uplift.

It is a pleasure, therefore, to welcome such a book as Mr. Van Antwerp's, which is really and truly written from the inside. It is without the bias of the trader seeking business, and it has the solid foundation of actual fact illuminated by years of experience on the floor of that hiving battleground of billions. Nor is it a preachment or defence, because the structure of the Stock Exchange, interpreted in its best functions, really needs no defence. But he who runs may read in this book the simple, direct, almost eloquent elucidation of a machinery as mighty as it is militant, and as fascinating in its element of human interest as the most engaging of romances.

For what is more thrilling or epic than empire building; what is more dramatic than the play of millions staked on

*The Stock Exchange from Within. By William C. Van Antwerp. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

the ordinary hazard of commerce? Without the New York Stock Exchange many of our great railways linking East and West with bonds of friendly steel would not have been built and scores of leading industrial corporations whose production has combined to give us a world-wide commercial supremacy would never have seen the light of the business day. For, as Mr. Van Antwerp has pointed out, capital is naturally a very timid commodity. It not only needs much encouragement but also a definite organised agency through which to operate. The whole vast field of investment owes its existence to the fact that there is a great Stock Exchange and scores of smaller ones, through which business propositions are organised and identified, and whose securities find a common ground for sale or exchange.

Without the Stock Exchange the small investor (and he is the backbone of any nation's financial strength) would be at the mercy of the charlatan, the get-rich-quick impressario, and the bucket shop. It is not saying too much (and Mr. Van Antwerp has ample evidence for it) that it is due to the restrictions placed by the Stock Exchange that the financial brigand (and more especially the operator of the bucket-shop) has been driven to prison or retirement.

No one denies, and the author of this admirable book would be the last to say so, that there have been abuses of the machinery of the Stock Exchange. There has been, for example, the old tragedy of the "corner," whose illicit history was made scarlet by the exploits of Jim Fisk, Daniel Drew and Jay Gould. But that era is passing with the introduction of reforms.

Gone, too, is that brilliant and spectacular epoch of the manipulator, for with the death of "Jim" Keene the last master of that thrilling game bowed to the burden of years. Such scandals as marked the Cordage and Hocking episodes cannot be duplicated under the present-day restrictions. One good evidence of the tendency of the new order,

that the Board of Governors of the New York Stock Exchange has forbidden "matched orders" which, reduced to the simplest terms, means that there can be no more artificial or "wash sales." This was done after the printing of Mr. Van Antwerp's book, but it is just one fact in evidence of the statement he makes that whatever errors and abuses marked the Stock Exchange of the other days have disappeared or are fast vanishing under the beneficent influence of publicity, supervision, and what is more important, the realisation of the governors of the institution that the public not only must have fair play, but must be safeguarded in its security operations.

But your political agitator is not willing to believe that the average stock broker of Wall Street is a human being and a gentleman. He is generally pictured as a rough-necked shepherd, armed with foot-long shears ready to trim the innocent lambkin of all his hard-earned savings. No one was ever driven to Wall Street to invest or to speculate. Practically all the losses have been entirely voluntary and almost invariably due to that most universal of human impulses, which is to get something for nothing or the highest possible return compatible with safety of principal.

Nor does it seem possible, as Mr. Van Antwerp shows, to destroy the impression in the average public mind that Wall Street and the Stock Exchange are one and the same thing, and that all the fluctuations on the Exchange are caused by that mysterious, secret and uncanny agency called "The Street." No fallacy could be greater than this idea. As one eminent authority has declared, you might as well suppose that all the water in the Mississippi River comes from the adjacent banks, ignoring the innumerable streams and rills that contribute their share from countless sources, some of them many hundreds of miles away.

That narrow, winding, seething way, sentinelled at one end by Trinity Church and washed at the other by the waters

of the East River, is separate and apart from the Stock Exchange, which is not even located on it. Wall Street, like the Stock Exchange, performs its own great function, for it is the aorta through which our financial life blood rushes. It is more than a street; it is an institution because here was the forum of the Revolution, the very birthplace of a nation. Here lived Hamilton and here worked Washington Irving and Stedman. Of course, it is linked up with the Stock Exchange, but in the same way that the history of a retail street is allied with the careers of the great shops that front it.

Isaac F. Marcossou.

IV

E. S. ROSCOE'S "THE ENGLISH SCENE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY"*

Mr. Roscoe says the aim of his book is to systematise the facts of the eighteenth century, and so to give a clear and general view of the age. Thus, perhaps, one should not expect the colour and anecdote associated with any intimate inspection of society of this period, but rather a saliency and comprehensiveness of survey. Yet by compromising with his plan, the author fails to satisfy. He has not selected his details with a single view to the completeness of his picture, and he curiously bestows his colour on the less important of its outlines. Nevertheless, he succeeds at times in his second object very well—which is, to assemble seemingly unrelated or minute facts into a new and stimulating generalisation. The general temper of the book, too, is very human.

It is fatal, says Mr. Roscoe, to consider any epoch from our own point of view. It is well to remember that neither the agreeable nor disagreeable aspects of the time gave as much pleasure or as much pain as they appear to us to give. London must have been a tranquil

*The English Scene in the Eighteenth Century. By E. S. Roscoe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

and enjoyable place—although it seems to us torpid with good-natured conservatism, with a gross society, and a monotonous home-life. The Londoner was essentially a townsman, and only a few vigorous and energetic persons made tours for pleasure in England until quite the end of the century. He was sensible, unemotional, honest, ambitionless, and coarse-minded, with an inherited love of ferocious combat. Filthy streets and unconcealed vice and bad water made the chances of attaining to youth very much against the London baby, and old age was not frequent. London was a city of darkness, and the absence of good artificial light made the theatre the chief indoor place of amusement, for if people stayed at home they could do nothing but go to bed. For the same reason all the city rose early.

There were plenty of outdoor amusements. Pleasure-gardens for all ranks abounded, and the Londoner was at his best there. They afforded almost the only life of which the women partook. For the men apparently spent most of their leisure time in coffee-house and tavern. The coffee-house has a unique historical importance, and it was patronised for no idle fashion, but to supply a real want of the time. The distribution of the newsletters was slow, as was that of the subsequent newspapers also. People found it quickest and cheapest to read them in coffee-houses—where, too, they could get the comments of friends upon the news. The coffee-houses thus disseminated criticisms of the social and political events of the day. The taverns also were used as clubs and afforded opportunity for association of a general character. Here, in one or other, the Londoner spent most of his hours away from business.

In time women began to want to do something when their husbands were at the club and their sons at Ranelagh. The ordinary woman had no education and tried to pass the time in playing cards. The educated women spent their time observing social reactions of various kinds. Though some had begun to at-

tract attention by their mental activity, even they—unlike the French intellectuals—were not in the least subjective. The women of the middle class had a prevalent timidity and self-consciousness, and knew that it was expected of them. It came largely from staying too much indoors. To infuse an interest into their dull lives was the chief reason why the clever ones took to writing and the others to reading. The woman of letters had the same conventional ideals of femininity as the rest. They were at once eager to express themselves and apologetic at having done so. The very existence of a woman of letters was a revolt against prevailing ideas. Mrs. Radcliffe felt a native repugnance to authorship even in the midst of her splendid success. Her temperament was quiet, retiring, and cheerful—just what the age wanted a woman's temperament to be—yet she supplied the public with horrors to the full. In spite of her success in an unconventional field, her conventional ideals of femininity forced her to disappear from the world long before she was dead. It was because Anna Seward's sickly sentimentality reflected the sentimentality of the women of the middle class that nearly everything she wrote greatly pleased the taste of the time; yet hampered by the conventionality she adored, she still sought to express individuality within its prescriptions. Fanny Burney, the centre of a famous circle, was shyness and conventional correctness itself. Her work, says the author, shows most clearly the social relations of the two great sections of society, their approaching proximity, and the gradual breaking-down of ancient barriers. On the one side were awe with contempt, timidity with envy, doubt with ambition; on the other condescension with discreet politeness, arbitrariness with some tactful perception of the rise of a new power.

The middle class, indeed, was very new. Not until the eighteenth century did it exist as a definite body. The rise of master-manufacturers, the dissemination of reading matter, the influence of

India—all helped to bring it into being. Writers essentially middle class, like Defoe, began to write for it and to attempt to mould its opinions. But for it the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian* could not have existed. When the novel took a recognised place in literature, its existence became very evident. The new fiction was intended for it, and perceived that as a whole it had been worse off for amusement than either the peer or the manual labourer. During the century the middle class, with little political or intellectual stir, grew gradually so influential that its characteristics represented the nation at large.

The naval officer was a unique product of the age. Seamen were carried off in irons like slaves to a man-of-war, and thus he had to maintain discipline over a rebellious and turbulent crew. An officer who acted like a gentleman was neither obeyed by his men nor respected by his comrades. Furthermore daily difficulties beset the performance of his duty, and he was expected to surmount them in his own way and without assistance. But brutalised as he was, he was the darling of his day; for both his virtues—which were inherent qualities, partly personal and partly hereditary—and his vices—which were largely the result of the naval system—particularly appealed to it. The country clergyman was obsequious and weak, regarded partly with pity and partly with contempt; while the domestic chaplain was merely an idle upper servant. The living of the beneficed clergy was inadequate and difficult to come by; if a man were in comfortable circumstances, it was because he had more than one living. Consequently, not until the nineteenth century improved his physical condition did his spiritual condition improve. It was the country parson and the peasant who touched the lowest depth of the age. As the middle class had become more prosperous, the peasant had become more dependent. The social and economic changes which had benefited everybody else, but forced him into greater helplessness—a man without a

the truth out of justice to his memory and out of kindness to the lad's father. The long scene in which Carlisle and her lover argue this point, and in the course of which it gradually dawns upon her that Hugo's opposition to publicity is motivated by a desire to take the "easiest way" for both of them out of what threatens to prove an unpleasant scandal, while she, finally awakened by "V. V." to a sense of right and wrong in the abstract, is concerned exclusively with spiritual values, is admirably handled. It is no exaggeration to say that no other of our younger American writers could have developed this scene with so much subtle casuistry and at the same time with so much emotional poignancy and tenderness. It is a scene that Henry James himself might be proud to have written.

Its effect upon the character of Carlisle is decisive. She emerges from the trial a real woman, after having been up to that point a rather unreal and conventional American girl figure, some of whose traits seem too unconscious on the part of the author to be taken entirely as intentional satire. It is, perhaps, no very serious dispraise of Mr. Harrison to say that he has not yet learned to "frivol" gracefully, and the introductory efforts of both Hugo and Carlisle to indicate their social ease and elevation, are not wholly convincing; while their claims to superior breeding and cultivation sometimes rest upon singular assumptions. There is something extraordinarily primitive in the promptitude with which our young men and young women, of whatever social level, arrive at the personal note, anyway, after the first preliminary conversational commonplaces. Hugo and Carlisle are no exceptions to this rule in current American fiction, and testify rather to the writer's naïveté than to his talent. He is at ease only when, little by little, he begins to lose sight of his two characters as exceptional human beings, and to treat them as plain American boy and girl, charming in spite of their crudities—perhaps even a trifle because of them.

As for "V. V.," although he is the centre of the story, the source of all its significance and influence—its sweetness and light, as it were,—he is somewhat too lacking in the substance of reality, he tends to resolve himself too exclusively, at the suggestion of the title, into a fixed regard of pity and gentle self-effacement for us to accept him except as a sort of fairy, a Robin Goodfellow brought up to date and introduced into the world to help poor humanity out of its muddles. As such, however, he is very satisfactory, a wholly charming, tender, and whimsical creation. Artistically, also, he keeps his identity better than did Queed, partly because less is required of him in the ordinary modes of action. It is not so much what he does himself, as what he makes others do, that counts, and above all, he is not obliged to make love to the heroine. Generally we object to those accidental deaths at the end of novels which seem designed principally to produce pathetic effects. But in this case the taking off of "V. V." seems logical and necessary. But probably, being a fairy, he did not die after all, but just retired from the world after his work was accomplished.

Our one serious criticism on Mr. Harrison's new book is the style, especially at the start, is unnecessarily involved. It was not only a penance, but almost a practical impossibility to penetrate the first few paragraphs—pages even—and although the author may not lose many old readers through offering such barriers to their progress, he runs the risk of discouraging some new ones. It is a false ideal of art which unnecessarily complicates expressions, and regards obscurity as in itself, a high attribute of style or a sign of deep understanding. A certain amount of indirection may be admissible as an adjunct of humour and as a means of creating psychological atmosphere. But indulged in habitually, it soon becomes a vice, and neither Mr. Harrison's real whimsicality nor his rapidly growing spiritual insight requires any such extravagant verbal elaboration and conceit

as he has occasionally deemed necessary. Doubtless this is a mere passing phase of literary self-consciousness. Even now it leaves him for whole pages at a time, and then he writes not only simply and well, but with an unusual flexibility of expression.

Horatio Hart.

VI

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY'S "THE FETTERS OF FREEDOM"*

Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady is known to be a most prolific and versatile writer, as well as an entertaining one; and he himself would probably be among the first to acknowledge that there is an uncommonly wide divergence of merit between the different classes of his productions. Yet even those who most cordially give him credit for the best of his past achievements must be pleasantly surprised at the earnest purpose, the dramatic strength, the inherent bigness of his latest volume, *The Fetters of Freedom*. The shortest way to place and define the book is to say that it belongs to the type established by *Ben Hur* and *Quo Vadis?*—historical novels of imperial Rome, and based partly upon the biblical record and church traditions. But within the limits of this type there is a wide range of possibilities and abundant opportunity for blunders and errors of judgment. The principal characters may be all of them purely fictitious, as is mainly the case with General Lew Wallace's familiar volume, with just enough of the historical element to fix the period; or the leading parts may be assigned to the big figures of recorded history, as in the work by the great Polish novelist. Dr. Brady has followed the latter method, and has chosen as his central character no less a personage than St. Paul himself,—a venturesome experiment, because in handling figures which are seen by the popular mind surrounded with a halo of sanctity it is so easy to make some slip, throw in some

incongruous word, fall just short of the sustained dignity of treatment that is imperative. It is only fair to Dr. Brady to say at once that he commits no such errors. From first to last, his St. Paul is a personage of commanding presence, strongly individualised, consistent, an embodiment of the apostolic spirit. It is not too much to say that the author has so far succeeded in reincarnating the manners and conditions of ancient life and the mental, moral and spiritual standards of the period as to make the recorded life of St. Paul more actual, more comprehensible to many a reader than it has ever been before. Furthermore, without taking any undue liberties with the biblical narrative or with tradition, he has woven around accepted facts the clever embroidery of a fiction story, the specific interest of individual human lives; and all this he has portrayed through a series of vivid, tragic, compelling scenes, vibrant with the storm and stress of physical danger and spiritual anguish.

To retell the story of *The Fetters of Freedom* would be in part to repeat inadequately facts familiar to every Bible student, and for the rest, to divulge unfairly the element of surprise which so largely forms the lure of Dr. Brady's volume. Of one fact there can be no mistake: *The Fetters of Freedom* belongs to the class of books which simply insist upon being written; it was the product of the author's compelling love of his subject. You cannot miss his own honest joy in the achievement of each succeeding chapter, his justifiable pride in sterling workmanship, his zealous care to make none of these fatally easy blunders in archæology and classic lore. And in the latter respect, he is to be congratulated upon having steered a safe middle course: his volume neither bristles over-much with the terminology of a dictionary of classical antiquities, nor is it so modernised as to rob the reader of a proper sense of the remoteness of the scene in point of time; and the result is that the setting of the book is just what it ought to be, ever present

*The *Fetters of Freedom*. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

yet ever in the background. Without wishing to assign an inflated value to Dr. Brady's book, the present reviewer does wish, in conclusion, to repeat that it is a book possessing the element of bigness, and with all the better chance of public recognition because its strong theme is handled with the assured touch of the practiced craftsman.

Calvin Winter.

VII

OWEN JOHNSON'S "THE SIXTY-FIRST SECOND"*

To any one conversant with his books it is quite evident that Mr. Johnson has determined to try out many fields before deciding definitely to settle down to one. His first two published books, *Arrows of the Almighty* and *In the Name of Liberty*, may be lightly dismissed. They were the work of the years of apprenticeship, experimental, and youthfully imitative. Then came *Max Fergus*, a grim, sinister, powerful tale, which perhaps deservedly failed of popularity, but most undeservedly missed the appreciation to which it was entitled. The first two novels showed the influence of much reading of romantic tales; *Max Fergus* was the work of a man who had been drenching himself with Balzac. Then Mr. Johnson threw off literary shackles altogether, and with his stories of school-boy life, *The Eternal Boy*, *The Varmint*, *The Humming Bird*, and *The Tennessee Shad*, blazed what was regarded as an entirely new trail, which later carried his hero through the university in the pages of a book marked by humour, some fine descriptive writing, much preachment on matters of secret societies and their abuses, a rather tiresome love story, and one unworthy descent to clap-trap melodrama.

In *The Sixty-First Second* the background is not the Paris of *In the Name of Liberty*, the proletarian New York of *Max Fergus*, the Lawrenceville of *The Varmint*, nor the New Haven of *Stover*

at Yale. It is the intensely feverish New York of the days of the panic of 1907, and against this background are thrown almost a score or more of sharply drawn characters—the iron Slade of the Associated Trust Companies, the aristocratic Majendie of the ill-fated Atlantic Trust Company, Rita Kildair, Beecher, Mr. and Mrs. Cheever, Mr. and Mrs. Bloodgood, Nan Charters, Maud Lille, the Gunthers, father and son, the detective McKenna, Garraboy, and Emma Fornez. These men and women afford plenty of diversion for those readers who like to look for real originals of characters in fiction. At the beginning *The Sixty-First Second* seems a mystery story pure and simple. Mrs. Rita Kildair, an enigmatic person who remains enigmatic till the end, gives a supper party at which Slade, Majendie, Beecher, Mr. and Mrs. Cheever, Mr. and Mrs. Bloodgood, Garraboy, Nan Charters, and Maud Lille are guests. A ring of immense value, loaned to the hostess by Slade, is stolen. Mrs. Kildair locks the doors, tells of the theft, announces that she is going to count one hundred in the dark with those present standing round the table, and if, at the end of the count, the ring is not on the table, detectives will be summoned to make a personal search. At the sixty-first count there is a quick metallic sound, but when the count is finished the table is absolutely bare, the ring has apparently been stolen a second time. This is the problem which is not solved until the end of the story. But in the meantime the narrative moves in an atmosphere of high financial intrigue. The Atlantic Trust Company closes its doors and its president, Majendie, who has planned to elope with Mrs. Bloodgood, thinks himself trapped and commits suicide. There are scenes in higher Bohemian society, and at the opera, and a dramatic meeting of the money kings in Gunther's house for the purpose of stopping the impending panic. But perhaps the most effective chapter is that where McKenna shows young Gunther and Beecher the result of his investigations in the complete life histories of the various persons

**The Sixty-First Second*. By Owen Johnson. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

who stood round the table in Mrs. Kil-dair's dining-room. Structurally *The Sixty-First Second* is far from being a finished piece of work. Obviously Mr. Johnson's first aim was to make it a

good serial. But the characters are well drawn, the dialogue crisp and natural, and the narrative unquestionably interesting.

Arthur Green Hatton.

NEW BOOKS BY NEW WRITERS

FRANK L. PACKARD'S "GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN"*

One has rather hoped that the day of the hero who sacrificed his valuable career for a human skunk passed with Bertie Cecil and the rest of Ouida's grave, controlled, ineffably beautiful heroes. But no! Varge, in Frank Packard's *Greater Love Hath No Man*, to save the worthless son of the man and woman who befriended him, takes upon himself the crime of killing the good old man, deliberately arranges the incriminating evidence, surrenders to the authorities, pleads guilty, confesses and reconfesses in court and out of it, and, because of the mitigating circumstance of his confession is sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Within the prison environs appears the son of the murdered man, Harold Merton, not content to let sleeping dogs lie, and eager to get more assurance that Varge would not tell. He sees Varge's face through the bars: "face like a carven god's, of ivory, of wondrous strength and power, and there was no savagery, no passion, no anger in it, but there was—cold pity. Merton snatched at it ravenously. Pity—that was his cue.

But instead of taking pity, Merton tried to give it, and caught something in Varge's voice: "a world of passion suppressed, like a mighty tide that purls and bubbles and seethes against a dam that holds it back and will not let it have its way." However, the dam of Varge's will broke and rather frightened young

Harold. We doubt if the latter was quite brave enough to have faced Varge as his creator makes him.

Later ensue the usual paraphernalia of prison-novel tricks. There is a secret tunnel, uprising among the convicts, a hated guard, and the break for liberty. Varge beats off the convicts and we find ourselves resenting this too, too abnormal evidence of godlike greatness as much as the prisoners undoubtedly did. It was Varge's superhuman strength that turned this trick—though the guard died praising Varge—and we have neglected to speak before of this Herculean attribute that enabled Varge to bend iron bars; to fight a raging sea of convicts; to save—as a "trusty" now—the warden's daughter, Janet, from a burning house by a strong man's trick that takes pages to the telling; to warn Harold with a hiss and a vise-like clutch from poaching on Janet's life and love; to escape, because he himself loved Janet and "there was no other way"; to save the captain of the boat in which he escaped, and himself from death in a raging storm; to wrench from their sockets the iron bars of the rural prison in which he was put after his capture; to accomplish elsewhere and in minor detail needful deeds before which any other man's weaker arms must have dropped lifeless at his side.

The warden, the prison doctor, the warden's daughter, all unite in attempting to force Varge to speak, to say he is not the guilty man; but we who know our *Under Two Flags* know the rules of heroic self-sacrifice for a crawling cad, and prophesy that Varge will not admit the truth. He does not, but there is a subtle trick at the end whereby young

*Greater Love Hath No Man. By Frank L. Packard. New York: George Doran and Company.

Harold is made to scream out his guilt, and it is with distinct regret we learn on the next page that, instead of being taken away to Varge's empty cell, he has died. We realise, too, this with joy, that the penitentiary at Hebron was managed far more loosely than we have been led to believe penal institutions are run to-day.

This book makes us hopeful that the day of self-sacrifice is passing. Otherwise we might have accepted Varge's burnt offering of his life as beautiful. Instead it catalogues itself as a distinctly foolish piece of work, and we shan't reread *Under Two Flags* for fear our adolescent joy in that grand old romance should turn, at this day, into boredom.

TRUMAN A. DEWEESE'S "THE BEND IN THE ROAD"*

The Bend in the Road does what its author in his preface hopes it will do, clears away the city jungle and opens up the vista of your own plot of ground, your pruned red apple tree, your purple-clustered grape vines, your bee-hives filled with yellow honey, your strawberry bed and your flock of white, proud-stepping Leghorns. It has to do with the primal pleasures of seed-time and harvest, lived through upon your own "country place," however modest. It is a strong new voice to the chorus of the country-life movement.

It is not the sort of book that would be classed among modern contributions to the problem of "back to the soil." In fact here lies its newness, in its slight disdain of the push-button methods of intensive, electrified, up-to-date farming. This country place, you see, is for pure pleasure; the hoe is bought deliberately because it is more fun than the brassie or the cleek; the hissing sigh of the scythe as it mows down the grass brings back memories utterly forgotten until now, that you are the richer for, and that you will never do without again. You wish the conveniences of running

**The Bend in the Road*. By Truman A. DeWeese. New York: Harper and Brothers.

water in the house, but you respect the ancient well in your side yard, and you restore it joyously, deep-hewn wooden trough and all, and hang beside it the bright new dipper, for the thrill from your boyhood days that it gives you. You listen to the wheedling of the architect-friend who wants to change your old, old Colonial find into a suburban bungalow of the latest type, to cover your broad weather boards with stained shingles. You endure the landscape gardener's arguments, that man who hitches his horse to your favourite cherry tree and tells you that your four ancient elms give a sparse air to your place, and that California privet trimmed pyramidally or squared to the compass is a positive necessity. And, having listened, you send the architect and the landscape maniac away. You have no need for either. For you have your own pastoral picture of what your farm, after sufficient time has gone by, is to look like. The chapter on "Planting Pastoral Pictures" is as full of colour as a painter's colour-box.

It is a road sign, this book, to the city-driven man and woman who have achieved a competence and have lost health perhaps and the spirit of youth and the sense of vision. It has but little to do with the fertilising of soils and intensive theories generally, but it is more likely to start the reader to his long-contemplated hunt for an old, "abandoned farm," than the most precise of books on the new science of farming.

ROBERT DULL ELDER'S "THE SOJOURNER"*

It is interesting now and then to come on the delineation of a cad in a book that is written under a man's name. It happens but seldom, and in this particular instance Kenneth Spenser, cheat at Princeton, fake rescuer of women, is enough like women novelists' conceptions of good cads to be operated on for malformation of the brain. Jack Holi-

**The Sojourner*. By Robert Dull Elder. New York: Harper and Brothers.

day, son of a financier and in love with Kenneth's sister Violet—who later prates of Man and Superman and puts over again the incident of the boa-constrictor—is forced out of Princeton three months before he graduates by the united efforts of Violet and Kenneth to save the latter from the consequences of his cheating at examinations, when Jack said simply, "I'm on the Senior Council—how can I do otherwise than report you then?"

A flash of comprehension and wrath distorted Spenser's visage into the malign beauty of some powerful feline creature which lusts to crush and tear; he flung his gloves upon the floor and took one lithe stride toward Holliday, his hands balled into knotted marble. The venomous black eyes flared as close as might be to the level blue ones, but Holliday moved not a muscle. Spenser drew a quivering breath and stood up. "You damned Pharisee!" he snarled bitterly, "a vox humana on the pedal bass of a Satanic organ."

This is intense living, even at Princeton in one's Senior year.

Follows a quarrel between Jack and his father, the chivalric rescue of a little white slave, and then Jack's departure to the great West. Here he is a man among men, and acts as guide to Violet when she comes out to collect impressions of the mountains. Just why he should at the end marry Violet, who is a young Tartar in petticoats, capable of reversion to type at any crossing of her will, is a psychological mystery that is not made clear, however large a quota of illogical deeds we are wont to lay at the door of blinded love. It is very much like the marrying of Galahad with Catherine of Russia, which would always be a pity.

The Sojourner himself—he who has read Madame Blavatsky's—or is it Annie Besant's—story of the White Brotherhood will be strangely haunted by the reminiscent lines in this book. Jack Holliday runs into a young man on Broadway with a builder's square and a tool box under his arm whose eyes

are ineffably sweet. But it seems a dream. Out West a tall young man with a burro passes in the night prophesying good luck, and names himself "a sojourner in these mountains." But it seems a dream. Steve the outlaw crosses trails with a man whose eyes are the same earnest wells of light. "My name is Maestro," he tells Steve. "I might be any one." Steve wakes up to find himself in a hospital, brought there by a stranger on a burro. But all this, too, seems like a dream. Of Maestro there is either too little or too much. This attempt to blend visualised theosophy with breaking wild horses, a Western man hunt, and all the rest is not well enough done to do more than put one in mind not so much of *The Servant in the House* as of the gay and frivolous and unreverent comments on it.

JOHN MOROSO'S "THE QUARRY"*

The struggle of a man who has been thrust beyond the pale to regain his place in society is always a substantial theme. *The Quarry*, however, presents a variation of timeliness in the graphic recital of the downfall of its chief personage, James Montgomery, through the procedure of the police and the courts in New York City. That the author is making a special pleading may easily be argued against the logic of his fiction; yet no one may say that the case of James Montgomery could not have happened. Nor can the earnestness and sincerity of the author's purpose be doubted, even if there is an apparent drift toward sentimentality.

Montgomery, a country boy, by trade an apprentice mechanic, goes to the big city in search of work. Two safe-breakers, planning to rob a bank, pick acquaintance with him, promising to find him a place. The watchman of the bank gives the alarm and is killed for his pains. The robbers escape, but Montgomery is found in the neighbourhood with his bag of tools. At once the police begin to fasten the crime on Montgomery. This

**The Quarry*. By John A. Moroso. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

task is given to Kearney, the detective, who is even a more striking figure in the story than the hero. Kearney seems almost to be taken from life with the photographic eye of a reporter. He has no instinct except for his prey, the criminal; no feeling except for his old Irish mother, who keeps house for him and pampers him like a baby in their Cherry Street flat.

Kearney takes the appalled and famished country boy through the ordeal of Police Headquarters, the Tombs, and trial, until he sees him safe in Sing Sing, sentenced for life. Here Montgomery has as cell-mate a hardened old burglar, in whom the young fellow's simple goodness works regeneration. Through the burglar, whose own story forms a touching episode of the book, James Montgomery is largely aided to effect his escape from prison and make a new start in life.

With a somewhat too adroit manipulation of the hand of fate the author conducts James Montgomery through the second stage of his career. Where formerly all his luck went against him, now fortune favours him at every turn. While it is true in life that a man may have luck so treat him, nothing is more difficult of proof in fiction. In consequence the impression of *The Quarry* is that it is written according to the letter of realism, but not in the spirit. This does not detract from the genuine interest and importance of the book, which proceed from a dramatic story, honestly told, of a strange and saddening section of human society.

FREDERICK FERDINAND MOORE'S "THE DEVIL'S ADMIRAL"*

Frederick Ferdinand Moore takes as his pattern for writing a novel the enduring pirate yarn. He possesses the qualifications of knowing the sea and of writing in clear, concise English. Also, he knows how to build up from chapter to chapter the interest of his story. Yet

*The Devil's Admiral. By Frederick Ferdinand Moore. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

there is a certain lack of invention and execution in his characters and plot that may be attributed to his too sensitive consciousness of just what he had to do in order to produce a story for publication. In the opening chapters he gives in quick sequence two murders smartly done. No lover of murder in fiction could ask more. He tells his story in the first person, but hardly has the reader become gripped with the prospect of these mysterious murders being solved, before he realises that Mr. Moore's way of telling his story is a hamper to him.

The narrator, it should be said, is not the author himself, but a correspondent for the Amalgamated Press in China and the Philippines at the time of the Russo-Japanese War. In order to let the reader know what is happening, ever so often he has to overhear the other characters talking. There are situations impossible for the most proficient of eavesdroppers.

The correspondent goes to Manila on business, and bearing for an acquaintance a letter to a bank in that city. He discovers that he is being shadowed by a missionary. Then he is summoned back to China. The missionary and an official of the bank to which the correspondent took the letter are in the same boat. The bank official is aboard to look after certain cases of gold which are being shipped as cargo of an entirely different description. The missionary is really a pirate and has associates of his own kind among the crew. The pirates kill the bank official, run the ship on a reef and escape with the gold to an island. The press correspondent, the captain of the ship and his boy servant Rajah follow them, and the round of stirring adventure continues to a dramatic close that is the best situation in the book.

EARL DERR BIGGERS'S "SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE"*

Compounded of the prescribed ingredients to make a best-seller, *Seven*

*Seven Keys to Baldpate. By Earl Derr Biggers. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Keys to Baldpate would seem destined to appeal to the large public that enjoys running as it reads. The author not only takes up confidently the tried properties of the juggling story-teller, which may be grouped under the two heads of laughter and suspense, but he has the humorous temerity to pose himself vicariously as hero. Billy Magee is a popular novelist who has become bored of writing and drawing large royalties from this very kind of book. Toward the Christmas season he decides to seclude himself far from Broadway in a mountain summer hotel, which is closed and unoccupied. His intention is to settle in solitude and compose a really serious novel. Through a friend, whose father owns the hotel, he receives the first key to Baldpate. Almost immediately his isolation is broken by a second person, who also has received a key and who also wishes to withdraw from the world's madding crowd.

In rapid succession other people with keys arrive at Baldpate mysteriously. Among them is a college professor, who confesses that the newspapers have driven him to cover, because he declared that one peroxide blonde was worth twenty suffragettes. Another is an adorable young lady, accompanied by a vulgar woman whom she addresses as "Mamma." Also there are a political boss and his henchman. Additional strange persons prowl about the hotel until six of the seven keys are accounted for. To say that there is a package containing two hundred thousand dollars in the hotel safe, and that each of the seven persons wants it, or has it and loses it, through a series of galloping chapters, is to go far enough in despoiling the author's right to tell his own story.

If his book had remained farce or comedy from restless start to finish perhaps he would have revealed more individuality even in a work frankly designed for popular amusement. The melodramatic development of the latter pages stretches the rubber band of suspense to its limit. It might snap. Then, the indisputable political moral of the culminating climax

shows how far the author has strayed from the path on which he first started. Yet he leads beguilingly; and this is the day of uplift in all things, including moving pictures.

H. H. KNIBBS'S "STEPHEN MARCH'S WAY"*

The breath of the woods, of lumber camps and of the forest almost primeval permeates *Stephen March's Way*. There is no doubt that the author has lived in the country about which he writes. His trees are real trees, as is the sky above them. Brook and river are real, which he shows in their beauty, and the rapids in their threat of peril. The only artificiality in the book is the story itself. Curiously enough the author's characters are recognisable human beings. They fail of conviction through fault of the author's machinations, not of their own volition.

One believes in Slink Peter, the gumpicker, who sells whiskey to the men of the lumber camp against the express orders of the superintendent, John Hope. The hot temper of Hope is credible. He discovers Britt, one of his men, in Slink's shack buying the contraband liquor. Britt and the gumpicker attack Hope, who beats his employee and almost strangles Slink. Hope believes that he has killed the gumpicker, and flees to the company's office, confessing himself a murderer to one of the owners of the camp. But Slink is only badly injured. Britt burns his shack to the ground and steals away with the half-conscious Slink in the bottom of a canoe. Hope, the superintendent, hides in a remote and almost inaccessible part of the forest under the protection of a French half-breed.

Such is the premise of the novel, and it is not a very sound one. Hope had nothing to gain and all to lose by running away even if he had killed the gumpicker. It would have been a plain case of justifiable homicide. A man of the

**Stephen March's Way*. By Harry Herbert Knibbs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

calibre attributed to John Hope would never have pursued the course on which he is driven by the emergency of fiction. If Hope had not fled there would have been no way of Stephen March at all. Yet one will admit he did flee. No better hero could be illustrated than March on his way to Whisper Lake to arrest the father of the girl with whom he has been foreordained to fall in love. Truth to say, Arlis Hope, the heroine, is rather a living person and of distinct charm. Her surrender to March's siege for her affections is deftly and convincingly managed. March's conduct toward her father is in line with his duty; but the manner of making known John Hope's innocence of murder is lame. The people in the book might have learned it in the second chapter; and for the purpose of holding the reader the author should have kept the matter a question until the close of the story instead of divulging the secret at the beginning.

HAROLD KELLOCK'S "MR. HOBBY"*

"Mr. Hobby," Robert Dulworthy, is a delightfully inconsequent person. Fate had made him a lawyer and Nature had made him an entomologist. In the end, of course, Nature had her way. But the road to the end was long and it is the following of its windings that makes the bright little story which Mr. Kellock has embellished with so many humorous situations. There is a pretty romance in the love affair of the improvident and impecunious hero and Rose Allingham. All the obstacles are finally surmounted and we leave the hero to the enjoyment of bugs and domesticity. There are many quaintly amusing characters, graphically and felicitously drawn. J. Zinsheimer, the hustling office boy, who, while secretly deploring his employer's lack of enterprise, condones his shortcomings, and takes most of the responsibility on his own shoulders is a fresh type. The hero's New England relatives, from Aunt Abigail

*Mr. Hobby. By Harold Kellock. New York: The Century Company.

who had shattered her youthful romance because her sweetheart, Abner Judd, refused to give up his belief in the "Origin of Species" and Darwin, to Uncle Ezekiel, who owned the famous Dulworthy furniture, and left it by will to his relatives, attaching to his bequest well-nigh impossible conditions, are all life-like figures.

HUMFREY JORDAN'S "PATCHWORK COMEDY"*

Antony Carfew, the heir to an ancient name and great wealth, has followed the traditional course of the Carfew heirs in that he is a wanderer on the face of the earth. His name is well known as an explorer. On his return to England when the story opens, he is still young, but for a man who apparently has those desirable things, wealth, position, and fame, his life to himself seems singularly empty. Through his intimate friend, Michael Morton, a young sculptor, he meets Lady Gillanby, a young and beautiful woman whose husband is notoriously unfaithful to her. The world condemns her for having made a purely mercenary match, but her friends realise that she had been romantically in love with her husband until his infidelities disgusted her.

Carfew finds his father strangely changed and aged. At a conference with Bentham, the family lawyer, he first learns that his father has been paying heavy blackmail to a scoundrel who had learned of a misstep made by his mother when a slip of a girl before she had met his father. The blackmailer, who has lived in various places abroad under numerous aliases, is really the uncle of his friend Michael Morton, the black sheep of the family. Carfew, while equally anxious with his father to protect the family name, discovers the blackmailer's address in Paris and goes over to confront him. By a happy accident, Lady Gillanby is able to furnish him with a weapon which silences the blackmailer for a time. Under one of

*Patchwork Comedy. By Humfrey Jordan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

his many aliases he had once forged her father's name to a note of hand. The scoundrel is given forty-eight hours to leave Paris. By an unfortunate chance Carfew has given him a clue to the source of his information. The elder Carfew and Lord Gillanby both die suddenly of heart disease.

Morton contrives to compromise Lady Gillanby in an ingenious manner out of revenge. On the pretext of asking her opinion as to the genuineness of several paintings supposedly by her late father, a famous painter, she is persuaded to go to the house of one of the most notorious procuresses in Paris. She is seen and recognised by several persons. But once more the blackmailer is thwarted by Carfew. He escapes from the inn in Switzerland where they have confined him and meets his death in the mountains after having murdered his guide, it would seem rather gratuitously. The book ends with the marriage of Lady Gillanby and Carfew. The best characters in the book are Lady Gillanby and Morton, the villain. Carfew and Michael, the sculptor, who may be said to divide the rôle of hero, are somewhat vague and sketchy and are not particularly sympathetic.

CHARLES McEVoy's "BRASS FACES"*

The discreet and non-committal title of *Brass Faces* does not in the least prepare the reader for the Arabian Nights Adventures which begin almost with the opening pages of Mr. McEvoy's amusing tale. Indeed, at the close one feels almost as breathless as the hero must have been at the end of his strenuous five days. Up to a certain morning when his adventures begin, Mr. Robert Gilmour's life had been the commonplace one of the young man in London with an adequate income. On his way home from a late supper party he chances on a letter from a woman held captive against her will in the heart of London. He judges from the writing that she is

refined and educated and young. A strain of daring chivalry latent in his blood is quickened into life. He resolves to rescue her himself. In spite of the protests of the female dragon that guards the door, he breaks into the house and carries the lady—who is even younger and prettier than he had dreamed—to a little cottage not far from town. She is the adopted daughter of a steward on a great estate. The son and heir of the owner, Lord Inkerman, falls in love with her and she is consequently banished to school. Her lover, whose name is Francis, carries her off to the house of one of his dependents. There his changed tone and conduct so disgust her that she tells him nothing would induce her to marry him. For a day and night she has been forcibly detained. Her adopted father is too much of a time-server to risk the displeasure of Lord Inkerman, who is enraged at the entanglement with his son. She has nowhere to go. Gilmour returns to town only to find the papers full of the abduction. He is arrested and passes the night in a cell. At his trial the case is dismissed, as the girl's father and Lord Inkerman refuse to prosecute. The girl's letter is accepted as a sufficient defence. Immediately on leaving the court room, however, he is accosted by a female detective, an American, who demands to know the whereabouts of the girl. Her cowardly guardian has consented to Lord Inkerman's plan to marry her to his son's chauffeur, with whom they pretend to think she has escaped. How the detective makes it impossible for him to see the girl, how he is betrayed by a mercenary friend who cannot withstand a bribe, and how he continues to elude pursuit by means of an aeroplane are added amusing complications. In the end the fair lady decides that she has misunderstood her lover's fancied violence and everything ends happily.

Mr. McEvoy does not permit the rapid action of his tale to flag. His character drawing is not so surely done. It is improbable that such a determined, self-contained young woman as Iris

**Brass Faces*. By Charles McEvoy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

would be so vacillating as she shows herself in the supreme moment of her life. The American detective is quite impossible, as usual. In moments of excitement, she swears, "by Lincoln," which is a new English touch.

VERA NIKTO'S "A MERE WOMAN"*

The story and psychology of *A Mere Woman* is based on an "Old Rhyme" that leads all the pages:

Treat the woman tenderly, tenderly,
Out of a crooked rib God made her slenderly, slenderly.

Straight and strong he did not make her;
Let love be kind, or else ye'll break her.

Sonia, who tells her story in the first person, is one of the results of a union between a son of a German baron and a Russian girl. There is a good deal of detail put upon her childhood, in the far country regions and at St. Petersburg, and of her schooldays when, "in the highest class we were taught to get in and out of a carriage gracefully." When she was sixteen she was sent back to her lonely home, and there the troubles of her life began to develop.

For Petenka Sokoloff appeared, who knew all the tricks of Cossack riding, and could sing the Tzigane songs which are very beautiful and very, very sad. Because she was bored to death with her life in her father's home she married him, and, like most heroines of her type and rearing, presents the curious anomaly of a tarnished mind and one virginally innocent as well. In other words, marriage shocked and horrified her; and marriage with Sokoloff might well be unpleasant, for he was a sly and terrifying dipsomaniac, and after he all but murdered her, she left him and her father obtained for her her divorce.

And then, at her sister's bridal festivities she met one Vadim Orloff, who had mocking, light-coloured eyes, and their liason was the love of her life. Even though it ended brutally, and, because

there was nothing else left for her to do except marry a rich old merchant whom she loathed, she married a Russian Prince whom she half-feared and half-respected.

The rest of the story leads back to Vadim, who, coming into her life again, finds her present inaccessibility an unsuspected stimulation, and he and she and the husband, Prince Boris, play a little game that leads to death—Vadim's. The final page leaves Sonia, after the fatal shot, under her husband's imperious, significant gaze, lifting a hand that scarcely trembled, to move a pawn in the simple game of chess she was playing with her husband. Futility is the philosophy that lies on every page of this book. But it is not greatly done, and it leaves merely irritation at human weaknesses rather than a sense of the eternal pathos of human life.

RACHEL HAYWARD'S "THE HIPPODROME"*

To the majority of people who have moulded their ideas of Anarchy from the headlines of the modern newspaper, *The Hippodrome* will come as a pleasurable confirmation of their ideas concerning Anarchists. For this is a tale of "The Brotherhood," of The Cause, of a remorseless devotion to La Liberté, of secret meetings in a mountain pass, outside of Barcelona, of bombs and their making and hurling, of spies and police and prisons. The author remarks that "Anarchy is no plaything for spare moments, but a juggling with Life and Death," regardless of the fact that Emerson and Thoreau played through a calm life with remarkably good Anarchy, and have left a splendid trail of Anarchy behind them. She says that Arithelli's education in Anarchy commenced with the teaching of revolutionary songs, which is a rather absurdly emotionalistic basis on which to build a philosophy of life. In other words Miss Hayward is writing spiritedly of

**A Mere Woman*. By Vera Nikto. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

**The Hippodrome*. By Rachel Hayward. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Revolutionists who may be recruited from any clan or no clan upon the earth, and her definitions of Anarchy are rather funny than otherwise.

But her Irish-Jewish heroine is a vivid young person who deserved a better fate than she got at the hands of Revolutionists who got and held her. She learned to ride magnificently in her father's stables, now sold and scattered, and when the family fortunes fall, she gets an engagement as circus rider, first at Paris, then at Barcelona. As she steps from the train on her arrival at Barcelona she meets Count Poleski, better known to The Brotherhood as Emile, and he, having just passed a slip of paper with a casual cigarette to a cabby, catches sight of Arithelli's abnormally slim body and startlingly pallid face. He helps her with her Spanish, and mentally picks her as the "errand boy" for whom The Brotherhood is looking just then, an unsuspected, unsuspicious looking person to carry notes and make signals, etc. Poor Arithelli, who is made for love and ease and beauty!

The comradeship between her and Emile is done very well indeed, even to Emile's silent, steadily growing love for her, and Vardri's recognition of the Platonic character of their intimacy—Vardri being the man who loves her and whom she loves. And the book is thoroughly up-to-date: Marie Spirodonova and General Morel are mentioned in casual citation of facts that were, and one thinks of Ferrer many times.

But one goes back to reflections upon Arithelli, and to regretful musings that her fate was superimposed from without and not from within. Had she

found the revolutionists instead of them finding her, we could have seen her walk to her fate, whatever it might have been, with joyous hearts if it were a happy one, and if it had to be a tragic end, without regrets and with only Aristotelian pity.

MRS. T. P. O'CONNOR'S "LITTLE
THANK YOU"*

If any one still has doubts at this stage of our literary history that the sweetly sentimental may be overdone, let him mark with inward digestion this little story. Never, even in early Victorian days, was a more determined effort to lay on tenderness with a trowel. It seems ungracious to say that the charming title of this book is the only thing about it which does not confirm an uneasy suspicion that the author has made up her mind for a best seller; but the remark is put forth with good intentions. For there are gleams of humour and winsomeness here which make one regret that she has sought to corner a wide public by piling up the heart-interest. Mrs. O'Connor has by no means the naïveté which can make such a wallow of sentimentality seem her proper region, and she certainly knows better than to concoct ingenuously such an appallingly saccharine structure. The tale has moments of pleasing invention and real charm, but that it is heaped together with little study and small art matters less than its apparently cool exploitation of all the ingredients of appeal.

*Little Thank You. By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

CHESTERTON AS AN ARTIST

BY JOSEPH B. GILDER

MR. CHESTERTON is so familiar a figure in the book world that it is hard to realise that he was virtually unknown, in this country at least, till the present century was fairly started. *The Defendant*, appearing in 1902, a series of essays championing various notions that would seem to admit of no defence, was the

it is, withal, as youthful in spirit; for G. K. C. is not one of those conventionally clever young men who parade their wisdom solemnly in their early twenties, and withhold their foolishness till it has ripened with age. In *The Defendant* he leaped full-fledged into the cockpit (or, should one say, full-armed into the arena?), revealing himself from the first as a master of the difficult and dangerous art of paradox.

There are those who maintain that paradox is a mere trick, somewhat akin to standing on one's head, and usually indulged in to attract attention at the sacrifice of dignity. But how many a writer would be overjoyed if he could win the world's notice by so simple a device! It is of a piece with the delusion that one might be rich, if only he lacked scruples—as if the jails and almshouses were not filled with the unscrupulous as well as with the unfortunate. The late W. S. Gilbert, George Bernard Shaw, and G. K. Chesterton are famous, and with good reason; but there would be three hundred writers of equal fame to-day if all one had to do to gain renown were to transfix the world with one's pen and turn it topsy-turvy. Many a pen has split its nib in trying to penetrate the world's tough crust; and many another, piercing it, has got broken in trying to turn that ponderous spheroid upside down.

While G. K. C. has made his name—and his initials—a household word in the past decade, it is mainly as an essayist, only secondarily as a story-teller, still less as a poet and virtually not at all as an artist. Yet he has far more artistic talent, or at least accomplishment, than Gilbert disclosed in the droll and delightful cuts that accompany *The Bab Ballads*. And he comes honestly by it. For there is a certain oblong blue-



G. K. C. DRAWN BY HIMSELF

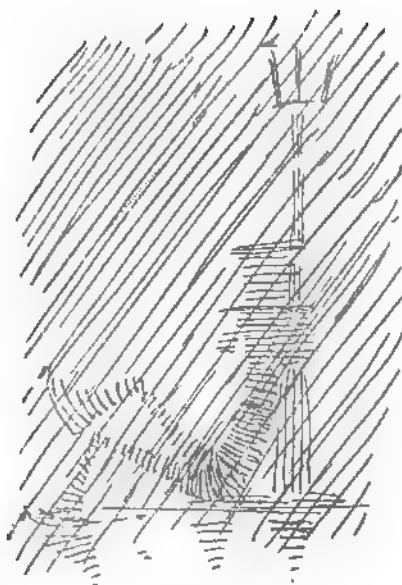
book that introduced him—though he had already published a volume of very original poems collectively entitled *The Wild Knight*.

The little book was as fresh, as daring, as heterodox and as paradoxical as anything the writer has since written. And

covered book for children, recounting *The Wonderful Story of Dunder van Haeden and his Seven Little Daughters*, by E. Chesterton, with Illustrations by the Author. And the author-illustrator of this simple little fairy-story in rather halting verse—long rhyming couplets that scan none too well, and are by no means excruciatingly funny—is G. K. C.'s father, Mr. Edward Chesterton, known in the Kensington district of London as a real estate agent.

Presumably it was the father's interest in art and letters that led to the son's being sent to the Slade School (after leaving St. Paul's), where he acquired a very fair mastery of the pencil and the brush, and dreamed of becoming a professional artist. It is worth noting in this connection, that his first regular literary work was the reviewing of art books for the *English Bookman*.

The ability to draw as well as to write is rare enough to excite wonder; though to prove its existence one need not go back to such masters as Michael Angelo and Da Vinci: in England we have seen Thackeray's individual, if not wholly accomplished, drawings as a



IN BAKER STREET

gloss upon his own text, and Rudyard Kipling's successful "Just So" pictures. (Mr. Kipling, by the way, once confessed to the present writer that he had long desired to illustrate a complete edition of his own writings; and most of us, doubtless, would prefer his vivid pen-and-inks to the sculptresque plates, by his father, in the *Outward Bound* edition.)

In deciding to become a writer rather than an artist, Mr. Chesterton did not cast aside the brush and pencil once and forever. On the contrary, three little books are indebted to him for drawings that give them their chief interest. First in significance is *Grey-Beards at Play* (1900); for of this he is the "sole begetter" of both text and illustrations. Next in interest comes a companion volume of *Nonsense Rhymes*, by Cosmo Monkhouse, the art critic. These two little tomes, in paper boards with coloured covers, bear the imprint of R. Brimley Johnson, who stood sponsor also for the elder Chesterton's *Dunder van Haeden*. The third of the trio is a pamphlet, "The Great Inquiry," by "H. B." (probably Harold Begbie, a well-known London



THE TWO LITTLE GIRLS OF CALCUTTA



NEBUCHADNEZZAR AND THE MONK OF BASING

journalist), "ornamented with sharp cuts by G. K. C."

The sub-title of *Grey-Beards at Play* is *Literature and Art for Old Gentlemen: Rhymes and Sketches*. There are three main divisions—"The Oneness of the Philosopher with Nature," "The Dangers Attending Altruism on the High Seas," and "The Disastrous Spread of Aestheticism in all Classes"—with an "Envoy" at the rear, and at the beginning a "Dedication to E. C. B.," the last

HE TRIED TO ENAMEL
THE FACE OF THE CAMEL

stanza of which is worth quoting in view of the author's avowed love for children and childish things:

Hoary and bent, I dance an hour:
What though I die at morn?
There is a shout among the stars,
"To-night a child is born!"

It is unnecessary to make any heavy draughts from this little book to show that its author excels in writing pure nonsense, as well as in other lines of literary work—and it is not of the writer but of the draughtsman that these lines are written. Yet the harmony between the text and the illustrations is not apparent unless some at least of the verses are



THROUGH STREETS UNTENANTED

given; so here are the opening stanzas of "The Oneness of the Philosopher with Nature":

I love to see the little stars
All dancing to one tune;
I think quite highly of the Sun,
And also of the Moon.

The million forests of the Earth
Come trooping in to tea.
The great Niagara waterfall
Is never shy with me.



I AM THE TIGER'S CONFIDANT

I am the tiger's confidant,
And never mention names:
The lion drops the formal "Sir,"
And lets me call him James.

I am akin to all the Earth
By many a tribal sign:
The aged pig will often wear
That sad, sweet smile of mine.

I love to bask in sunny fields,
And when that hope is vain,
I go and bask in Baker Street,
All in the pouring rain.

Come snow! where fly, by some strange law,
Hard snowballs—without noise—
Through streets untenanted, except
By good, unconscious boys.

Mr. Monkhouse's *Nonsense Rhymes*
are limericks. It is unnecessary to quote
more than a few of them:



THE AGED PIG WILL OFTEN WEAR THAT SAD,
SWEET SMILE OF MINE

There once was a barber of Kew,
Who went very mad at the Zoo;
He tried to enamel
The face of the camel,
And gave the brown bear a shampoo.

There once was an old monk of Basing,
Whose salads were something amazing;
But he told his confessor
That Nebuchadnezzar
Had given him hints upon grazing.

There were two little girls of Calcutta,
Who used to eat white bread and butter.
One day it was dark,
So they said, "For a lark,
Now let us have brown bread and butter."

Mr. Chesterton's drawing in illustration
of the last of these stanzas looks as
if it had been made after seeing—or tak-
ing part in—a turkey-trot or a tango!

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of April and the 1st of May.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Sixty-First Second. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
5. The Impossible Boy. Putnam. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
6. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Spring Days. Moore. (Brentano.) \$1.35.
6. Comrade Yetta. Edwards. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. My Autobiography. Mme. Judith. (Putnam.) \$3.50.
2. Keeper of Royal Secrets. Harmand. (Brentano.) \$3.75.
3. The Truth about the Titanic. Gracie. (Kennerley.) \$1.25.
4. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
5. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
6. Roast Beef, Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
5. The Life Mask. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.30.
6. The Case of Jennie Brice. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. The Land of the Spirit. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. A Small Boy and Others. James. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. Traveller's Tales. "The Princess." (Putnam.) \$2.00.
3. With the Victorious Bulgarians. Wagner. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$3.00.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) \$1.20.
3. A Story Garden for Little Children. Lindsay. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.00.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
6. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
3. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Bird Children. Gordon. (Volland.) \$1.00.
2. Oliver Twist. Jackson. (Jacobs.) 75 cents.
3. Motor Boys Over the Border. Young. (Cupples and Leon.) 60 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Right of the Strongest. Greene. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. The Lovers of Skye. Allen. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
6. The Case of Jennie Brice. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
2. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
6. The Mischief Maker. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Our Vanishing Wild Life. Hornaday. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. A Small Boy and Others. James. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
3. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00

JUVENILES

1. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
2. The Red House Children at Grafton. Douglass. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.00.
3. The Wireless Man. Collins. (Century Co.) \$1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Day of Days. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
5. The Lost Million. Alden. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

6. Within the Law. Dana and Veiller. (Fly.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
6. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
2. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Fourth Down. Quirk. (Little, Brown.) \$1.20.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Hill of Venus. Gallizier. (Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
6. The Road of Living Men. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Lucky Pehr. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.50.
2. Easter. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.50.
3. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre on Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.25.
4. Scientific Sales Management. Hoyt. (Woolson.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. The Story of Little Black Sambo. Bannerman. (Stokes.) 50 cents.
3. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

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2. Keeper of Royal Secrets. Harmand. (Brentano.) \$3.75.
3. The Truth about the Titanic. Gracie. (Kennerley.) \$1.25.
4. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
5. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
6. Roast Beef, Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
5. The Life Mask. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.30.
6. The Case of Jennie Brice. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. The Land of the Spirit. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. A Small Boy and Others. James. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. Traveller's Tales. "The Princess." (Putnam.) \$2.00.
3. With the Victorious Bulgarians. Wagner. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$3.00.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) \$1.20.
3. A Story Garden for Little Children. Lindsay. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.00.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
6. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
3. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Bird Children. Gordon. (Volland.) \$1.00.
2. Oliver Twist. Jackson. (Jacobs.) 75 cents.
3. Motor Boys Over the Border. Young. (Cupples and Leon.) 60 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Right of the Strongest. Greene. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. The Lovers of Skye. Allen. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
6. The Case of Jennie Brice. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
2. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
6. The Mischief Maker. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Our Vanishing Wild Life. Hornaday. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. A Small Boy and Others. James. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
3. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
2. The Red House Children at Grafton. Douglass. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.00.
3. The Wireless Man. Collins. (Century Co.) \$1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Day of Days. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
5. The Lost Million. Alden. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

6. Within the Law. Dana and Veiller. (Fly.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
6. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
2. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Fourth Down. Quirk. (Little, Brown.) \$1.20.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Hill of Venus. Gallizier. (Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
6. The Road of Living Men. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Lucky Pehr. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.50.
2. Easter. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.50.
3. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre on Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.25.
4. Scientific Sales Management. Hoyt. (Woolson.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. The Story of Little Black Sambo. Bannerman. (Stokes.) 50 cents.
3. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
4. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
5. War. Long. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
6. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
5. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. Back Home. Cobb. (Doran.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Dramas. Hauptmann. (Huebsch.) \$1.50.
2. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
3. Death. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.00.
4. The Necessary Evil. Kennedy. (Harper.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Sixty-First Second. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
2. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
5. Jezebel. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. What is New Thought? Patterson. (Crowell.) \$1.00.
2. Spring Days. Moore. (Brentano.) \$1.35.
3. Irish Plays and Playwrights. Weygandt. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.00.
4. With the Victorious Bulgarians. Wagner. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Champion of the Regiment. Tomlinson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. Roger Paulding, Gunner's Mate. Beach. (Penn.) \$1.20.
3. The Wonderful Electric Elephant. Montgomery. (Saalfeld.) \$1.50.

DES MOINES, IA.

FICTION

1. Roast Beef, Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) \$1.20.

2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Poor, Dear Margaret Kirby. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.30.
6. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
3. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Uncle Peter—Heathen. Stapp. (McKay.) \$1.00.
2. The Kewpies and Dotty Darling. O'Neill. (Doran.) \$1.25.
3. The Book of Woodcraft. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. Within the Law. Dana and Veiller. (Fly.) \$1.25.
3. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
6. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
4. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Alma's Sophomore Year. Breitenbach. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Boy Scouts of the Air Series. Stuart. (Reilly and Britton.) 60 cents.
3. The Scout Master of Troop 5. Thurston. (Revell.) \$1.00.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. The Road of Living Men. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.

6. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. The Impossible Boy. Putnam. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
5. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
6. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
2. A Montessori Mother. Fisher. (Holt.) \$1.25.
3. The New Industrial Day. Redfield. (Century Co.) \$1.25.
4. Complete Poems. Noyes. (Stokes.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Old Mother West Wind. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.
2. The Boy with the U. S. Foresters. Rolt-Wheeler. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.50.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. Desert Gold. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.
5. The Port of Adventure. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Melting of Mollie. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples and Leon.) 60 cents.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.

2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.

3. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

5. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

6. The Port of Adventure. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Education of the Will. Payot. (Funk and Wagnalls.) \$1.50.

2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.

3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

4. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Mother West Wind's Animal Friends. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.

2. Hollow Tree Snowed-In Book. Paine. (Harper.) \$1.50.

3. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Stellar Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.

2. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.

5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.

6. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. California Coast Tales. Chase. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.00.

2. Irish Plays and Playwrights. Weygandt. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.00.

3. Field Days in California. Torrey. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

4. Hindle Wakes. Houghton. (Luce.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.

3. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

4. The Unforgiving Offender. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

6. Tackling Matrimony. Burton. (Harper.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Port of Adventure. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
5. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Sixty-First Second. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
3. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. The Case of Jennie Brice. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
- 5 The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. My Boyhood and Youth. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.00.
2. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. The Discovery of the Future. Wells. (Huebsch.) 60 cents.
4. The Life of the Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Æsop's Fables. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Japanese Twins. Perkins. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
3. The Kewpies and Dotty Darling. O'Neill. (Doran.) \$1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.

3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. The Daughter of Brahma. Wylie. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
6. The Isle of Life. Whitman. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Social Life of the Insect World. Fabre. (Century Co.) \$3.00.
2. A Guide to the Montessori Method. Stevens. (Stokes.) \$1.00.
3. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. Climb to God. Quayle. (Methodist Book.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Sinopah, the Indian Boy. Schultz. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.10.
2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
3. The Tale of Mr. Todd. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. Martha-by-the-Day. Lippman. (Holt.) \$1.00.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Desert Gold. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.
6. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Enchanted Island. Noyes. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
2. Tales of the Mermaid Inn. Noyes. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
3. A Small Boy and Others. James. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and the Runaways. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.25.
2. Nineteenth Century Stamp Album. (Scott Co.) \$3.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
5. The Sixty-First Second. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
6. The Island of Beautiful Things. Dromgoole. (Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Atlantis. Hauptmann. (Huebsch.) \$1.50.
2. The Madras House. Barker. (Kennerley.) \$1.00.
3. The Joy of Living. Sudermann. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
4. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Blue Bonnet's Ranch Party. Jacobs and Read. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.
3. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. Lyric Diction. Jones. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. Royal Auction Bridge Up-to-Date. Clark. (Dodd, Mead.) 60 cents.
4. Fine Points of Auction Bridge. Irwin. (Putnam.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
4. Seven Keys to Baldpate. Biggers. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
5. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
2. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.

3. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
4. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
2. Along the Road. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. Increasing Home Efficiency. Bruere. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. A Small Boy and Others. James. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
2. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. High School Boys Series. Hancock. (Altamus.) 50 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
6. Concert Pitch. Danby. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. In the Courts of Memory. Hegermann-Lindencrone. (Harper.) \$2.00.
2. The Truth about the Titanic. Gracie. (Kennerley.) \$1.25.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
4. Lectures on the Civil War. Rhoads. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
4. The Mischief Makers. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. Once Aboard the Luggage. Hutchinson. (Kennerley.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, OREGON

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
5. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
6. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
3. Plays. Strindberg. (Luce.) \$1.50.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Every Child Should Know Series. (Claf-
lin.) 50 cents.
2. Betty Wales Series. Ward. (Penn.) \$1.25.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. Desert Gold. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
4. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
2. Sinopah, the Indian Boy. Schultz. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.10.
3. The Young Fisherman. Pendexter. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.20.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
2. The Story of a Round House and Other Poems. Masfield. (Macmillan.) \$1.30.
3. Genetecs. Walter. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Panama. Fraser. (Cassell.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
3. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. Milestones. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and the Runaways. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.25.
2. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. The Silent Battle. Gibbs. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
5. The Crock of Gold. Stephens. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
6. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Victorian Age in Literature. Chesterton. (Holt.) 50 cents.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
4. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
5. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Every Woman. Brown. (Fly.) \$1.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scout Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. The Sixty-First Second. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
5. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
2. Plays. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. Smith and the Church. Beattys. (Stokes.) 60 cents.
4. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Silver Island of the Chippewa. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.00.
2. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
3. Mother West Wind's Animal Friends. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. The Port of Adventure. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
6. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Intimations. Barry. (Elder.) \$1.50.
2. Carefree San Francisco. Dunn. (Robertson.) \$1.00.

- 3 The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
- 4 Poems. Sterling. (Robertson.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Baldy of Nome. Darling. (Robertson.) \$1.00.
2. The Girl of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Grosset and Dunlop.) 50 cents.
3. Freckles. Stratton-Porter. (Grosset and Dunlop.) 50 cents.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
- 2 The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
5. The Mischief Maker. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
2. Lectures on the Civil War. Rhodes. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

1. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Boy Scouts Handbook. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. The Book of Woodcraft. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse and Hopkins.) \$1.00.
2. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. Advertising as a Business Force. Cherington. (Doubleday, Page.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

FICTION

1. Guinevere's Lover. Glyn. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
6. Within the Law. Dana and Veiller. (Fly.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Mussion Co.) \$1.25.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Copp-Clark.) \$1.50.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (McLeod and Allen.) \$1.35.
4. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (McClelland.) \$1.50.
5. Where Are You Going (My Little Sister). Robins. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
6. The Long Patrol. Cody. (Briggs.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Sixty-First Second. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
4. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
5. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
6. Within the Law. Dana and Veiller. (Fly.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann the Iconoclast. Brann. (Herz Brothers.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
5. Desert Gold. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.
6. Comrade Yetta. Edwards. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. A Montessori Mother. Canfield. (Holt.) \$1.25.

2. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
4. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Book of Woodcraft. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
3. Nancy Lee. Ward. (Penn.) \$1.20.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
5. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
6. The Port of Adventure. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
3. Along the Road. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
3. Old Mother West Wind. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st on any list	receives	10
" " " "	2d " " " "	" " " "	8
" " " "	3d " " " "	" " " "	7
" " " "	4th " " " "	" " " "	6
" " " "	5th " " " "	" " " "	5
" " " "	6th " " " "	" " " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

POINTS

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35 379
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40 313
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35 310
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35 168
5. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35 62
6. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) \$1.35 54

THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

JULY, 1913

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

EVIDENTLY the "good old days" of Donnybrook Fair criticism are not entirely gone. We find the following paragraph in a recent issue of the London *Academy*, which, in the not very remote past, was itself somewhat inclined to belligerency:

The Old Time Spirit following paragraph in a recent issue of the London *Academy*, which, in the not very remote past, was itself somewhat inclined to belligerency:

We should like to enter a vigorous protest against the coarseness that passes under the heading of "Reviews" in a certain undistinguished weekly contemporary. "*The Manchester Guardian*," we read, "compares Mr. ——— with Heine, Mr. Yeats, and Henley; we compare him with a monkey, a barrel-organ, and an ungreased sausage machine." Then, after a short quotation, follows a sentence so offensive that we will not reproduce it. Fortunately, most authors are aware that this sort of would-be smart writing is worthless, considered as criticism; the pity of it is that papers can be found so utterly oblivious to good taste as to print such hopeless, gutter-bred paragraphs.

With Volume XII in the uniform edition of the works of Sir Gilbert Parker, we come to *The Right of Way*, unquestionably the author's most powerful and popular book.

The Real Charley Steele When he was writing it Parker realised its importance. He confessed that he was a bit of a fool over it. It aroused all the old ardent dreams of youth and springtime. He could not lay it down, and he could not shorten it. The novel

was to make or break him—prove him human and an artist or an affected literary bore. Of course when *The Right of Way* was finished there were innumerable inquisitive letters about the relations of Charley and Rosalie. To these letters there was but one reply. It was that all the author had meant to say concerning these unhappy yet happy people had been said in the book, to the last word. All that he had meant not to say would not be said after the book was written. Thirteen years had gone by since Gilbert Parker wrote *Finis* to *The Right of Way*, yet that controversy about Charley Steele and Rosalie Evanturel still continues.

...

There have been many statements as to the original of Charley Steele, but Sir Gilbert Parker says that he has never seen a story which was true. Many people have told him that they have seen the original Charley Steele in an American lawyer. They knew he was the original, because he himself had said so. As a matter of fact the author has never seen him. The real Charley Parker he knew as a boy. He died long ago. For over twenty years before writing *The Right of Way* the novelist had carried him in his mind, wondering whether, and when, he should make use of him. Again and again he was tempted, but was never convinced that the time had come, for the life story of Charley Steele seemed to end with his death at the Côte Dorian.

There came a day, however, when that all ended, when the doors were flung wide to a new conception of the man, and of what he might have become. I was going to America, and I paid an angry and reluctant visit to my London tailor thirty-six hours before I was to start. A suit of clothes had been sent home which, after an effective trying-on, was a monstrosity. I went straight to my tailor, put on the clothes, and bade him look at them. He was a great tailor—he saw exactly what I saw, and what I saw was bad; and when a tailor will do that, you may be quite sure he is a good and a great man. He said the clothes were as bad as they could be, but he added: "You shall have them before you sail, and they shall be exactly as you want them. I'll have the foreman down." He rang a bell. Presently the door swung open and in stepped a man with an eyeglass in his eye. There, with a look at once reflective and penetrating, with a figure at once slovenly and alert, was a caricature of Charley Steele as I had known him, and of all his characteristics. There was such a resemblance as an ugly child in a family may have to his handsome brother. It was Charley Steele with a twist—gone to seed. Looking at him in blank amazement, I burst out: "Good heavens, so you didn't die, Charley Steele! You became a tailor!"

...

Readers of Sir Gilbert Parker's *The Weavers* have endeavoured to identify the leading characters of the story with actual figures in Anglo-Egyptian and official public life. David Claridge has been regarded by many persons as having been drawn from General Gordon. Sir Gilbert, however, assures us that he was entirely a creature of the imagination, though he concedes that, as he was saturated with all that has been written about Gordon, it is quite possible that something of the great man may have found its way into the character. The true story of David Claridge, however, may be found in a short story called "All the World's Mad" in *Donovan Pasha*, which was originally published by Lady Randolph Churchill in the *Anglo-Saxon Review*.

The truth is that David Claridge has his origin in a fairly close understanding of, and interest in, Quaker life. I had Quaker relatives through the marriage of a connection of my mother, and the original of Benn Claridge, the uncle of David, is still alive, a very old man, who in my boyhood days wore the broad brim and the straight preacher-like coat of the old-fashioned Quaker. The grandmother of my wife was also a Quaker, and used the "thee" and "thou" until the day of her death.

Let me say that criticism came to me from several quarters both in England and America on the use of these words *thee* and *thou*, and statements were made that the kind of speech which I put into David Claridge's mouth was not Quaker speech. For instance, they would not have it that a Quaker would say, "Thee will go with me"—as though they were ashamed of the sweet inaccuracy of the objective pronoun being used in the nominative; but hundreds of times I have myself heard Quakers use "thee" in just such a way in England and America. The facts are, however, that Quakers differ extensively in their habits, and there grew up in England among the Quakers in certain districts a sense of shame for false grammar which, to say the least, was very childish. To be deliberately and boldly ungrammatical, when you serve both euphony and simplicity, is merely to give archaic charm, not to be guilty of an offence. I have friends in Derbyshire who still say "Thee thinks," etc., and I must confess that the picture of a Quaker rampant over my deliberate use of this well-authenticated form of speech produced to my mind only the effect of an infuriated sheep, when I remembered the peaceful attribute of Quaker life and character. From another quarter came the assurance that I was wrong when I set up a tombstone with a name upon it in a Quaker graveyard. I received a sarcastic letter from a lady on the borders of Sussex and Surrey upon this point, and I immediately sent her a first-class railway ticket to enable her to visit the Quaker churchyard at Croydon, in Surrey, where dead and gone Quakers have tombstones by the score, and inscriptions on them also. It is a good thing to be accurate, it is desperately essential in

a novel. The average reader, in his triumph at discovering some slight error of detail, would consign a masterpiece of imagination, knowledge of life and character to the rubbish-heap.

A little over three years ago there appeared the first three volumes of John Bigelow's *Retrospections of an Active Life*. Of these volumes we then said that they were veritable mines of anecdote, to be placed on a convenient shelf, and to be browsed over at leisure. There is no reason why we should say anything different of Volumes IV and V, which have just come from the press of Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company, except that they are not quite so rich in literary anecdote as were the first three volumes. Even at that they give us some entertaining and seemingly fresh impressions of Byron, and Dickens, and Bulwer Lytton, and Samuel Rogers. Of course the anecdotes about Byron came to Mr. Bigelow at second hand. They were told him by the German, von Bunsen, who had heard them from his father. One of them concerned the authorship of the famous poem on the burial of Sir John Moore. All England talked of it, and it was assumed that there were but two men who could have written it, Tom Moore and Lord Byron. Moore promptly came forward and said that he had not written it, glad as he would have been to have done so. Byron, on the other hand, never contradicted the report as to himself, but allowed it to prevail. In von Bunsen's opinion, Byron was one of the worst men that ever lived. Von Bunsen's father had told him that Byron seemed always to be acting.

When the order was sent to Thorwaldsen at Rome for Byron's bust by some of his (Byron's) admirers, Thorwaldsen said to Mr. von Bunsen senior that he could not take the bust of a man he had not known; he would like to meet and have a little conversation with him. Von Bunsen senior brought them together at his house two or three times. When Byron went to Thor-



AUSTIN DOBSON'S BOOKPLATE

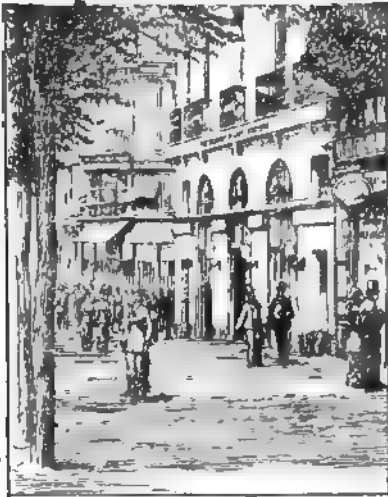
waldsen's atelier to sit, Thorwaldsen, who was making the preliminary work, more or less independent of the sitter, at last turned to him to get a definite impression. On the instant Byron drew himself up and gave to his face a theatrical expression as far as possible from that with which Thorwaldsen was familiar. "Why, my Lord," said Thorwaldsen, "that is not your face." "That is the way I wish it to go down to posterity," replied Byron.

Another anecdote about Byron concerns Samuel Rogers, who was the author of *Pleasures of Memory*, and who, in 1850, declined the English laureateship. When Rogers was in Italy Byron suddenly began a most fervent correspondence with him, saying that he would return to England covered with glory. In time Rogers returned. Byron gave a great dinner in his honour, to which he invited every one that was famous. Rogers had the seat of honour, and was to lead the conversation, and the greatest deference was apparently paid by Byron to what he said. The invitation had been accepted by Rogers with the understanding that he was to leave early to meet a previous engagement elsewhere. In due time he took his departure. Byron followed him to his coach with as much attention as if he were a Minister of State. When the door finally closed upon

the retiring guest, Byron returned, went to Rogers's seat, plucked out a poem from under the cushion and read it aloud. It was the most venomous and merciless satire upon Rogers and his poetry that could be written by a man with Byron's genius and devilish disposition.

...

If Byron was possessed of an enormous vanity Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton was quite his equal in that respect. There



THE CAFÉ ANGLAIS

was a medium by the name of Home who in the course of an eventful life held spiritualistic meetings in the United States, England, and on the Continent of Europe; was expelled from Rome as a sorcerer; married twice, each time to a Russian lady of rank; and published various books. Home was particularly disliked by Charles Dickens, who applied to him all the hard names of which he could think. Mr. Bigelow once remarked to Dickens that Bulwer had faith in the medium. "Oh, yes," Dickens replied, "but you see Bulwer is deaf and does not like to have it remarked; so Home would say, 'Do you hear those raps?' and Bulwer would say, 'Oh yes, I heard them perfectly.'"

...

Once Mr. Bigelow asked Dickens if in any of his novels he had ever given

prominence to a nobleman, remarking that he could recall none. The novelist replied that the only case—or the nearest to it—was perhaps a Baronet in *Bleak House*.

I remarked that his stories had in this respect seemed to mark an era in the history of literary fiction. The older romances usually turned upon the fortunes of princes and princesses. Then came the stories of high life. He said he knew that, and wrote with that view. He then added that he had often been called to account by the aristocracy about that, and his usual reply to them had been, "You have had your day; I mean now to give those a chance who have not had theirs." This was interesting. It is curious to see fiction's sympathy with history, and how, as common people are becoming heroes, a novelist is always the first to become their biographer.

...

The Café Anglais is no more. The famous restaurant in the Boulevard des Italiens closed its doors early in April. In recent years the Café Anglais has been known chiefly by the quality of its cooking and of its wines. Formerly it was a sort of monument in literary Paris. Aurélien Scholl, the last of the great "boulevardiers," was faithful to it till his death. In the days of the Second Empire it was a kind of a literary club. There Méry, Alphonse Karr, Jules Janin, and Théophile Gautier sat side by side. They breakfasted with great noblemen, the Duc de Grammont-Caderouse and the Prince Demidoff. One night in the winter of 1866 Demidoff entertained his friends at the Café Anglais at a supper that cost him thirty-five thousand francs. Even this prodigality did not equal that of the elder Dumas. The good Alexandre divided his time on the boulevard between the old Maison Dorée and the Café Anglais, and at a table in the latter restaurant he was in the habit of writing his daily contribution to his newspaper, *Le Mousquetaire*.

Mr. Cleveland Palmer, in his article on "Some Modern French Etchers," in the April number of

**The New
Balzac**

THE BOOKMAN, referred to a new edition of the complete works of Balzac, for which the well-known French artist, Charles Huard, who married the daughter of Francis Wilson, was making the illustrations. The first volumes of this new edition, which enjoys the unusual distinction of being printed at the Imprimerie Nationale, or government printing office, in Paris, and which is here published by Brentano's, have now reached this country. We reproduce herewith some of M. Huard's black-and-white drawings, including his interesting study of Balzac himself, which serves as a frontispiece. All the pictures, of which

it is announced that there will be some fifteen hundred, are being engraved on wood, and for this purpose are drawn directly on the block by the artist himself, just as Doré and so many other famous French and English illustrators used to draw them in the palmy days of the nineteenth century before the advent of photographic reproduction. Not only has M. Huard admirably caught the spirit of Balzac's characters, but his costumes and accessories are so accurately studied from the 1830 period, that they might well be the work of a contemporary illustrator.

...

The new edition, which really is a new edition and not merely a reprint, since the text is being carefully revised and many useful notes, bibliographical



BALZAC. FROM THE DRAWING BY CHARLES HUARD



DRAWING FOR "LE BAL DE SCEAUX," BY CHARLES HUARD

and explanatory, are added, is planned to run to forty volumes. There will also be three supplementary volumes, one containing a life of Balzac, the author of which is as yet unannounced, another, a series of notices on the literary history of the works of Balzac, in which there will be identified, as far as possible, the real types which served as models for the personages of *The Comédie Humaine*, as well as of the historical events and other incidents which inspired Balzac with his plots, and finally, a third volume will contain a general alphabetical table of the names of characters, of places, and of things—the household furnishings and so forth on which so much stress has been laid by Brunetière and others as making Balzac not only the first French realist, but the social historian of the bourgeois monarchy of Louis Philippe. In anticipation of this last feature, there is annexed to each volume of *La Comédie Humaine* a "little biographical lexicon," as the editors express it, something really rendered necessary for the reader, since the order in which Balzac arranged his works in this colossal scheme for the purpose of illustrating the life of the period, is not the biographical order of the characters themselves.

Maupassant's name appears very often in the familiar correspondence of Vincent Van Gogh and Maupassant (*The Letters of a Post-Impressionist*). But it would seem that this ill-fated Dutch painter never met the great French writer. Yet they must have been near each other many times between 1885 and 1890 without knowing it. For Van Gogh, like Maupassant, was an extravagant lover of the Midi, and lived both at Arles and at St. Remy. It was in connection with the women of the former city, so much admired both by "François" and his master, as the former told us in the *Recollections* which appeared last year, that Van Gogh, who wished to paint them, wrote: "But—I do not feel that this is my allotted task—I am not enough of a 'Bel-Ami' for the work. But . . . I should be mightily glad, I say, if an artist could be born among painters, such as Guy de Maupassant among writers, who could joyfully paint the beautiful people and things which are to be found here." He adds: "I cannot imagine this painter of the future leading the life I lead. He would not have to go to small restaurants, wear false teeth, and visit third-rate cafés frequented by Zouaves."



DRAWING FOR "LA MAISON DU CHAT QUI PELOTTE," BY CHARLES HUARD

Here, doubtless, we get a glimpse of the real reason why the two men did not meet. There was a wide gulf between the prosperous, sleek, well-groomed author who went everywhere, and the poor artist who, supported by his brother, lived once for four days on twenty-three cups of coffee, and often dined on a crust.

The most interesting passage in the letters is that in which Van Gogh describes his method of painting a portrait. "Just suppose," he says, "that I am to paint the portrait of an artist friend—an artist who dreams great dreams and who works as the nightingale sings, simply because it is his nature to do so. Let us imagine him a fair man. All the love I feel for him I should like to reveal in my painting of the picture. To begin with, then, I paint him just as he is, as faithfully as possible—still this is only the beginning. The picture is by no means finished at this stage. Now I begin to apply the colour arbitrarily. I exaggerate the tone of his fair hair; I take orange, chrome, and dull lemon yellow. Behind his head, instead of the trivial wall of the room—I paint infinity. I make a simple background out of the richest of blues, as strong as my palette

will allow. And thus, owing to this simple combination, the fair and luminous head has the mysterious effect, upon the rich blue background, of a star suspended in dark ether." This arbitrary method of using colour was, as M. Charles Moreau-Vauthier tells us in *The Technique of Painting*, recently translated, that employed by the artists of ancient Egypt, and many examples of it in the primitive pictorial work of all races, are shown by H. G. Spearing, in *The Childhood of Art*. Doubtless it is some such influence from the remote past, brought to bear through archaeological research and scholarship, that has affected so many modern artists, and produced a reaction against the naturalistic tradition of so many centuries.

...

We extend cordial congratulation to the author of *The Little Minister*, *A Window in Thrums*, *Auld Licht Idylls* and other books too familiar to need mentioning. To our way of thinking a baronetcy is rather an inadequate reward in view of his fine services to literature, and such as it is, it has been entirely too long in

Sir James
Barrie



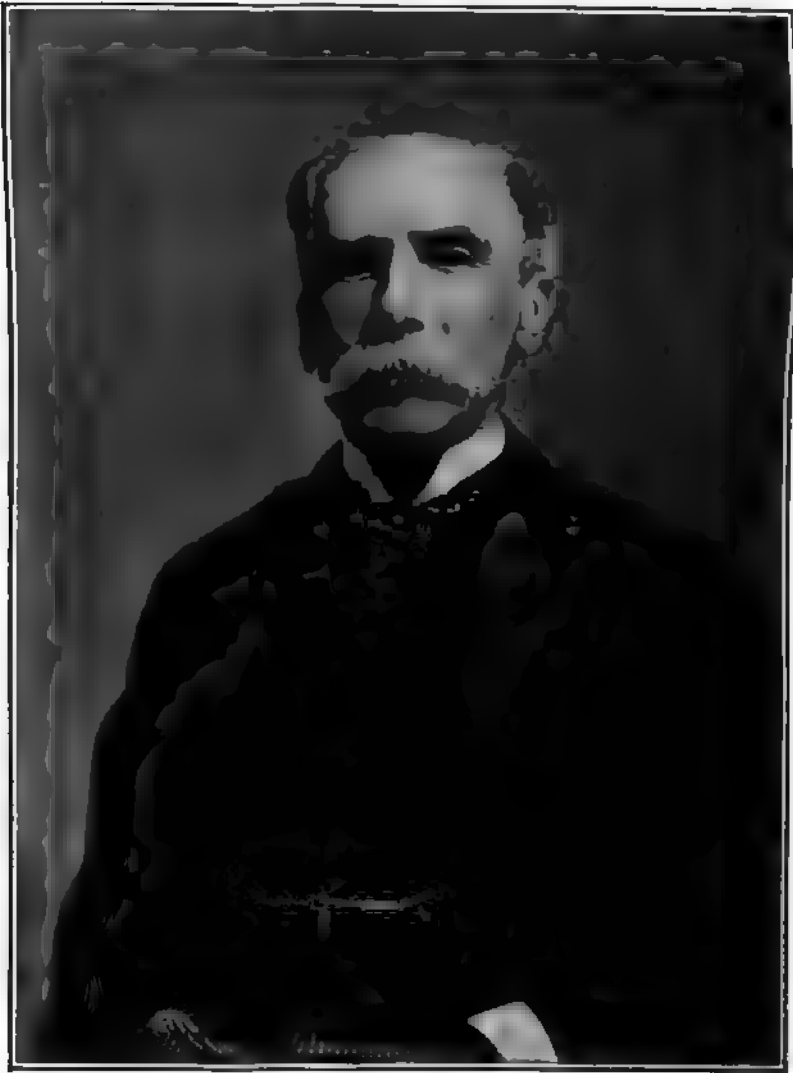
EDMOND ROSTAND
READING TO THE UNI-
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HIS "CANTIQUE DE
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TION. NOT TO BE OUTDONE BY HIS
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coming. But after all it is not the mere knighthood usually conferred; Sir James is probably well pleased, and he is the one to be considered. Meanwhile, we are still waiting to hear of Sir Rudyard Kipling, or, even better, of Baron Kipling, of Rottingdean.

...

From time to time we receive assurances that Rudyard Kipling's verse is quite as popular as it ever was, and that his name has the same magic ring that it had in the last two or three years of the nineteenth century. We should be very glad if we could believe all this to be true. But if

anything were needed to convince us to the contrary the apathetic allusions to his name in connection with the next English laureateship would be quite enough. When the late Alfred Austin, in 1896, was appointed to the post that had been vacant since the death of Tennyson, conditions were far different from what they are to-day. Kipling was then not yet thirty-one years of age, and was still a rebellious, unconventional, and rather flippant spirit. Queen Victoria was on the throne, and Court circles had not yet recovered from the shock of his poetical allusions to the "little old widow of Windsor." Then again, another poet of the first order, Algernon Charles Swinburne, was still living, and also more or less in official disgrace. It was quite reasonable to explain the neglect of the one by reason of the existence of the other. To have appointed Mr. Kipling would have been a slight to Mr. Swinburne, and vice versa, which



THE LATE ALFRED AUSTIN

extenuated the selection of respectable mediocrity in the person of Mr. Alfred Austin. But even under those conditions there was a strong party that urged almost passionately Rudyard Kipling's claim, pointing out that he was essentially the poet of empire and that his verse embodied the spirit and the ambition of the English race. To-day, if such a party exists, it has been strangely silent.

A great many persons will be inclined to laugh away the whole question with the remark that the poet laureateship of England is a matter of no great importance after all. But that is hardly sound in view of the glamour which Lord Tennyson brought to the title during his long tenure. There have been some great men among the laureates of England, and there is no sensible reason why there should not be another great man



JOHN BIGELOW IN HIS STUDY



TWO OF HIS MAJESTY'S JUSTICES OF THE PEACE

Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M., the novelist and poet, and Mr. Edward Clodd, the author of "The Childhood of the World," on the beach at Aldeburgh in Suffolk, of which county Mr. Clodd has just been made a justice of the peace.

in the person of Rudyard Kipling. The objections to him that were brought forward seventeen years ago no longer hold. He has reached the years of discretion, and his present respectability is almost painfully emphatic. The post itself is fitted to the Kipling of to-day; his right to it rests on the splendid achievements of the Kipling of the past—the Kipling of the "Recessional," "The True Romance," "The Native Born," "McAndrews Hymn," "Tomlinson" and "Mandalay." We are not in the least lacking in esteem of the work of the several other gentlemen whose names have been suggested in connection with the next appointment. Mr. Stephen Phillips is an excellent poet, and so is Mr. Alfred Noyes. But despite the absolutely unromantic figure that is being cut to-day by the man who has been flippantly yet cleverly summed up as "Mr. Joseph R. Kipling," we cannot quite forget the fire and achievement of the old days. Think of him waiting until all of England's other poets had given to the world their polished and ephemeral little verses, and then, of how, like a trumpet call rang out:

God of our fathers, known of old
Lord of our far flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

They were wont to talk of his flippancy in the old days. Was it a flippant hand that penned, a flippant brain that saw, "The True Romance":

Thy face is far, from this our war,
Our call and counter cry.
I shall not find Thee quick and kind
Nor know Thee till I die.
Enough for me, in dreams to see
And touch Thy garment's hem;
Thy feet have trod so near to God
I may not follow them.

• • •

A few lines in reminder about the history of the laureateship. Although the *International Encyclopædia* considers John Dryden to have been the first laureate, there seems to be no reason for withholding the title from Ben Jonson and Sir William Davenant. As a matter of fact the subsidising of writers of verse goes back many centuries. Robert



HAROLD MAC GRATH. FROM A PAINTING BY KARL ANDERSON

Baston was paid minstrel to Edward II. Chaucer had a pitcher of wine daily from the table of Richard II, besides several royal grants, and was addressed as "laureate" by poetic disciples. In the reign of Henry VII, Skelton repeatedly described himself as "poet laureate," and Queen Elizabeth, in appreciation of *The Faerie Queene*, granted Spenser a pension of fifty pounds a year. But on February 1st, 1616, Jonson received the title of Poet Laureate and a pension of one hundred marks by Letters Patent under the Great Seal. The patent under which the existing laureateship is held is dated March 26, 1630. Jonson died in August, 1637. There was a delay of sixteen months before the laurel was conferred upon Sir William Davenant. With John Dryden, appointed in Au-

gust, 1670, the post of Poet Laureate and historiographer royal were temporarily combined. Regarding Jonson, Davenant, and Dryden as the first, second, and third laureate respectively, subsequent laureates have been as follows: William Shadwell, fourth laureate, appointed 1689; Nahum Tate, fifth laureate, appointed 1692; Nicholas Rowe, sixth laureate, appointed 1715; Laurence Eusden, seventh laureate, appointed 1718; Colley Cibber, eighth laureate, appointed 1730; William Whitehead, ninth laureate, appointed 1758; Thomas Warton, tenth laureate, appointed 1785; Henry James Pye, eleventh laureate, appointed 1790; Robert Southey, twelfth laureate, appointed 1813; William Wordsworth, thirteenth laureate, appointed 1843; Alfred Tenny-

son, fourteenth laureate, appointed 1850; and Alfred Austin, fifteenth laureate, appointed 1896. The longest time in which the title was in abeyance was from 1892 to 1896, from the death of Alfred Tennyson till the appointment of Alfred Austin. Tennyson (1850-1892) held the post the longest period of any of the laureates. The *BOOKMAN* for August, 1902, contained a complete set of portraits of the poets laureate of England with the exception of that of Nahum Tate, the fifth in the line of succession, of whom no known portrait is in existence.

According to Mr. Clement K. Shorter in the *London Sphere*, Borrow is on the way to wonderful recrudescence at the moment. A Borrow Society has recently been organised, with the Lord Mayor of Norwich as its president. Norwich has at length awakened to the distinction of one of its two greater literary sons. It long since erected a monument to Sir Thomas Browne. It is no small thing that one city should have produced two masters in English prose in two separate epochs so supremely great as Browne and Borrow.

Now as a general rule, we are very sceptical when we read about these so-called "recrudescences." Usually they are based on the slightest of grounds. But in the case of George Borrow there are perceptible reasons for a genuine recrudescence. Some months ago a reader of Jeffrey Farnol's *The Broad Highway* came to us with what he regarded as a discovery. "Do you know where Farnol got that book?" he said. "He simply rewrote Borrow's *Lavengro*." Now, as a matter of fact, Mr. Farnol did nothing of the kind. He simply sensed that the time was ripe for a return to the romance of the road. He borrowed the Borrowian spirit, and produced *The Broad Highway*, and its successor, *The Amateur Gentleman*, and Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson followed in his footsteps with his delightful *The Happy Warrior*.

To say that these writers owed a certain amount of their inspiration to Borrow does not in the least reflect on the originality of their achievement.

July 1st being the fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of the battle of Gettysburg the month has marked the publication of the expected group of books dealing with the battle. Among others there are *The Life and Letters of General Meade*, Jesse Bowman Young's *The Battle of Gettysburg* and Mrs. LaSalle Corbell Pickett's *Bugles of Gettysburg*, and *Pickett and His Men*. General Meade naturally



GEORGE BORROW'S HOUSE IN NORWICH

needs no introduction, and Mrs. Pickett is of course the widow of the man whose name is associated with the famous charge. The Reverend Jesse Bowman Young, the author of *The Battle of Gettysburg*, which is published by the Messrs. Harper, served during the war in the Union army, ending as a Captain in the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers. He has been in the Methodist ministry since 1868, and was for several years editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*, of St. Louis. He



MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE GORDON MEADE

is the author of numerous books and articles on religious subjects. For twelve years after the war his ministerial duties carried him over a wide circuit in Pennsylvania, thus familiarising him with the territory. At the time of the battle he was a First Lieutenant.

...

It was ten or a dozen years ago that Miss Bertha Runkle was first widely exploited in connection

Bertha Runkle with the publication of *The Helmet of Navarre*. *The Helmet of*

Navarre was not at all a bad story, and in common with a great many other historical romances that were appearing about the same time, it served a useful purpose in illustrating how immeasurably the elder Dumas was beyond any and all of his imitators. *The Helmet of Navarre* is recalled by the recent publication of Miss Runkle's *The Scarlet Rider*, after a long period of apparent literary inactivity. The fact that Miss Runkle

is being in a way reintroduced, gives us an opportunity of reprinting, from the pages of an old scrap book, a review of the earlier book, which we hold to be an admirable and instructive specimen of the book review at its very worst.

This exciting story charmingly told by the fair young authoress, foreshadows a brilliant future for her in the literary world.

The scene of the story is laid in Paris, during the investment of the city by King Henry of Navarre, previous to his entry of the city, to give his formal adherence to the Catholic Church.



JESSE BOWMAN YOUNG (STANDING) AND MAJOR-GENERAL SILAS CASEY (SITTING)

The four days here described are full of adventure and narrow escapes.

The clash of the sword in the left hand of the chivalrous young knight makes one shudder. His reckless daring is only commensurate with a love that was deep and strong.

The revolt of the high bred and sweet spirited young girl against the wishes of her guardian in trying to make of her and her life's happiness a mere barter and trade is but the natural revolt of a true woman's heart.

The kindly interest of King Henry in the love affairs of these, his subjects, marks him as a warm-hearted and sympathetic man.

...

There have been a great many books on how to make the home or the farm pay, but the latest method is that adopted by Miss S. C. Nethersole. Write a novel about it. Miss Nethersole comes of a longline of farmers, and though she has never actually gone out with the hoe herself, she has always been intensely interested in farming. "And so," she said



S. C. NETHERSOLE



BERTHA RUNKLE

when some one asked her about her recent story, *Wilsam*, a review of which will be found elsewhere in this issue, "what better could I do than to make farm people and farm life my characters and my scenes?" Miss Nethersole's home is an old farmhouse known as Crihall Court, which is in Kent "between the villages of Goodnestone and Staple, five miles from the ancient town of Sandwich." This quaint description seems almost to have been taken from the pages of *Wilsam*. Hops and hop-growing play a quite important part in *Wilsam*, and what Miss Nethersole says about this particular branch of agriculture proceeds from an intimate knowledge of the hop industry and has the interest of the unusual.

...

Wilsam is not Miss Nethersole's first attempt at writing. "I have been doing such things ever since I can remember—short stories, agricultural articles and the like," she explains, "and though I prefer to write fiction, I prefer to read essays,



GERALD STANLEY LEE

particularly those of Bacon, Hazlitt and Emerson." Seemingly without fear of her fellow-authors she openly declared in favour of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century novelists to those of today. "And my best loved pursuit, for of course you want to know what that is, as that is what an author is always asked, is not motoring, golfing, tennis or even reading; it is the collecting of old china and books, specialising in the latter in old histories and folk-lore of Kent. Or perhaps I should say," Miss Nethersole added naïvely, "this would be my favourite pursuit if I had the time and the money for it."

...

Doubtless one of the strangest of the many strange experiences that can happen to a publisher, was that of Doubleday, Page and Company recently, when from outside sources they heard that some one unknown to them was carrying on an extensive advertising campaign for one of the books on their list, and that the campaign was creating considerable stir among booksellers, advertisers and ad-

vertising men in Chicago, where it was being waged. In fact, one of the first results of this campaign felt by Doubleday, Page and Company was the doubling of orders from several of the book stores in Chicago. The visitor from Altruria evidently had read Gerald Stanley Lee's *Crowds*, and conceived it to be his duty to bring it to the attention of other business men like himself, to whom it would mean an expression of something that seemed to him good and important. Therefore, for the pure love of the thing, he wrote out nine or ten advertisements for *Crowds*, which appeared in the Chicago papers during the week following the publication of the book on June 4th.

...

Another link with the American literary life of yesterday was broken when

Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson resigned the editorship of the <i>Century Magazine</i> , a periodical with the fortunes of which he
--



ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

had been associated for forty years. Mr. Johnson was born January 12, 1853, in Washington, D. C. At the age of eighteen he was graduated from Earlham College, an institution of the Society of Friends at Richmond, Indiana, and after two years in the western agency of the Scribner Educational Books, at Chicago, he became connected with *Scribner's Monthly*. Dr. Holland was then the Editor of the magazine, with Richard Watson Gilder as Associate Editor. In 1881 Dr. Holland died. Mr. Gilder became the Editor, and Mr. Johnson succeeded him as Associate Editor, a relation which continued till the time of Mr. Gilder's death. In addition to his editorial labours and other literary work, Mr. Johnson was actively connected with the International Copyright movement, having been for several years Treasurer of the American Authors Copyright League, and a member of its Executive Committee of five. In recognition of his services for copyright, the French Government conferred upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honour in 1891, and in 1895 he received from King Humbert the Cross of the Crown of Italy, while for the same cause Yale gave him the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

...

We find an old friend in new and somewhat extravagant raiment in A. W.

Macy's *Curious Bits of History*, which came a few months ago from the Cosmopolitan Press.

It is an anecdote which illustrates the changes in tone of the Paris press in 1815 from the time of Napoleon's escape from Elba to his arrival in the capital. In the old version a certain newspaper began with the information that "the rebel Bonaparte has escaped from Elba." Then, a few days later: "Bonaparte has landed at Cape Juan." Then "General Bonaparte is on his way to Paris;" and finally, "The Emperor is at Fontainebleau." Mr. Macy's version is much more elaborate.

On March 9, 1815, it was announced that "The Cannibal has escaped from his den." On the 10th: "The Corsican Ogre has just landed at Cape Juan." On the 11th: "The Tiger has arrived at Gap." On the 12th: "The Monster passed the night at Grenoble." On the 13th: "The Tyrant has crossed Lyons." On the 14th: "The Usurper is directing his course toward Dijon, but the brave and loyal Burgundians have risen in a body, and they surround him on all sides." On the 18th: "Bonaparte is sixty leagues from the capital; he has had skill enough to escape from the hands of his pursuers." On the 19th: "Bonaparte advances rapidly, but he will never enter Paris." On the 20th: "To-morrow Napoleon will be under our



JEAN WEBSTER, AUTHOR OF "DADDY-LONG-LEGS"

ramparts." On the 21st: "The Emperor is at Fontainebleau." On the 22d: "His Imperial Majesty last evening made his entrance into the Palace of the Tuileries, amidst the joyous acclamations of an adoring and faithful people."

LITTLE PICTURES OF O. HENRY

BY ARTHUR W. PAGE

PART II—TEXAN DAYS

WILL PORTER found a new kind of life in Texas—a life that filled his mind with that rich variety of types and adventures which later was translated into his stories. Here he got—from observation, and not from experience, as has often been said, for he was never a cowboy—the originals of his Western characters and Western scenes. He looked on at the more picturesque life about him rather than shared in it; though through his warm sympathy and his vivid imagination he entered into its spirit as completely as any one who had fully lived its varied parts.

It was while he was living on the Hall ranch, to which he had gone in search of health, that he wrote—and at once destroyed—his first stories of Western life. And it was there, too, that he drew the now famous series of illustrations for a book that never was printed. The author of that book, "Uncle Joe" Dixon, was a prospector in the bonanza mining days in Colorado. Now he is a newspaper editor in Florida; and he has lately told, for the survivors of Will Porter's friends of that period, the story of the origin of these drawings. His narrative illustrates anew the remarkable impression that Will Porter's quaint and whimsical personality, even in his boyhood, made upon those who knew him. "Uncle Joe's" story is this:

"Years before I went to Colorado, John Maddox—now one of the most influential men of Texas—and myself had been intimate friends in Texas, which State was my home. In 1877 he and I learned of the gold excitement in the Black Hills of Dakota and had started for that region and were stranded in Chicago, where we were fleeced like lambs by the Chicago Board of Trade, when we tried a little flyer in the wheat

market. Maddox returned to Texas, where he made a fortune in the land business, but I stopped in Kansas City, got into the newspaper work and made that my home. It was from there I went to Leadville in 1879 and spent several years in the Rockies prospecting for gold and silver.

"One day Maddox wrote to me, after I had been in the Rockies for some time, and said: 'Joe, your carbonates lie at the bottom of an ink well. Come back and put down the pick for the pen, and you'll make a fortune. A man who can see what you can see in the common things of life, and can write of them as you can write of them, can create a gold mine of his own. Come back to Austin and write a book. I will stake you for six months or longer, and you write of your life in the Rockies, as you can write of it, and your fortune is made.'

"I hesitated, but John kept writing to me, so in 1883 I went.

"John owned a lovely home in the suburbs of Austin, and so there I settled in the lap of luxury to write the book that was to make me famous.

"'Take time, all you want,' said John, 'and I will have the book illustrated and published in the very best style, and when it is finished we will go to Galveston and take boat for New York and ourselves see that it is well launched.'

"I shut myself up and worked early and late over the story, which I called *Carbonate Days*. John came in every now and then to read and praise and to declare that I was the coming writer of the age.

"One day he came in and said: 'See here, Joe—there is a young fellow here who came from North Carolina with Dick Hall, named Will Porter, who can draw like blazes. I believe he would be

the very one to make the illustrations for your book. Dick Hall owns a sheep ranch out not very far from here, and Porter is working for him. Now, you might go out there and take the book along and tell him just about what you want, and let him have a crack at it.'

"It looked like a pretty good idea to me, for it seemed to me that a man who had seen something of the same life might better be able to draw the pictures.

"I found Porter to be a young, silent fellow, with deep, brooding, blue eyes, cynical for his years, and with a facile pen, later to be turned to word-painting instead of picture-drawing.

"I would discuss the story with Will in the daytime, and at night he would draw the pictures. There were forty of them in all. And while crude, they were all good and true to the life they depicted.

"The ranch was a vast chaparral plain, and for three weeks Porter worked on the illustrations, and he and I roamed about the place and talked together. We slept together in a rude little shack. I became much interested in the boy's personality. He was a taciturn fellow, with a peculiar little hiss when amused, instead of the boyish laugh one might have expected, and he could give the queerest caustic turn to speech, getting off epigrams like little sharp bullets, every once in a while, and always unexpectedly.

"One night Mrs. Hall said to me: 'Do you know that that quiet boy is a wonderful writer? He slips in here every now and then and reads to me stories as fine as any Rider Haggard ever wrote.'

"Mrs. Hall was a highly cultivated woman and her words deeply impressed me. After I had gained Will's confidence he let me read a few of his stories, and I found them very fine.

"'Will,' I said to him one day, 'why don't you try your hand at writing for the magazines?' But he had no confidence in himself, and destroyed his stories as fast as he wrote them.

"'Well, at any rate,' I said, 'try

your hand at newspaper work.' But he couldn't see it, and went on writing and destroying.

"At last he got a position in a land office, and later, when that position failed him, he secured a job as a 'soda water jerker' in a drug-store on Pecan Street. Soda water 'jerking' was too much for Will, and the next thing I heard of him he had gotten into the newspaper game—but that was after I left Austin. And when I left I did not stand on the order of my going.



O. HENRY AS A CHILD

"For six months I had been working on the book. As July approached, and with it the completion of the book and the trip to New York to the publishers, I began to get nervous.

"'I'll pack the book in my trunk,' said John, 'along with the illustrations, and we'll leave to-morrow for New York, via Galveston, and when you come back, old fellow, you'll be famous. I'm going to have this book brought out in great style—the very best, and you are

going to be known far and wide as the greatest Carbonate discoverer that ever came over the Rockies.'

"I sat with my head in my hands and thought about it. That book was dear to me. Sometimes I thought it was a great book, a humorous book, a book full of human nature. And again I thought that book was a great hoax and I looked upon myself as a gigantic fraud. The book would cost John hundreds of dollars. What right had I to let him throw away his money on a book that I felt

wished that I lay under their cool covering.

"I had spent months over a book that I now considered worthless. A book that my dearest friend was going to squander a small fortune on bringing, still-born, into the world.

"I made a motion to pitch the manuscript into the water, and then I remembered that there were others, who did not love me, who believed that I could write—men who knew well the writing game—and I hesitated. *Scribner's*, attracted by descriptive letters I had sent to a Kansas City paper, had asked for the name of the writer, and had later written me, requesting me to send them some sketches. But I had been too busy with *Carbonate Days* to attend to it.

"I drew the bulky package back, and then I remembered that the trip was less than six hours off. For the train to Galveston left about five in the morning and it was then nearly midnight.

"I hesitated no longer. I opened the package, and deliberately tore the story into fragments, chapter by chapter. Then I threw it into the placid waters of the Colorado River, and turning my back on the Maddox home, retraced my steps to Austin.

"I wrote a letter to John telling him the awful truth and then, in the vernacular of the West—I pulled my freight.

"I didn't see John again for five years. But I was told that he made the riverside ring when he got my note telling him the story with which he had intended to make me famous was floating on the bosom of the Colorado River.

"He got out a searching party and they put off in a boat early in the morning and found the defunct *Carbonate Days* lodged up against a sand bar. It was fished out and John, with the wet remains, went back to his home, jammed the corpse into his trunk and took the next train for New York. He employed an expert to try to patch it together and they spent weeks over the task, but death by drowning had been complete. And John Maddox went back to Texas with his faith in human nature shaken



MISS LENA PORTER

was foredoomed to failure? John loved me and I loved John with a great love.

"I started up the street at last with the manuscript of *Carbonate Days* carefully wrapped up, to deliver it to him, feeling like a thief in the night. I was tired with the grinding work I had put into the book. I felt dull, dispirited, unhappy.

"Austin lies along the lovely, curving banks of the Colorado River. I looked down into the placid waters and almost

and his belief in me mangled beyond recognition.

"But John Maddox had preserved, without knowing it, something far more precious, and this was the work of O. Henry—the forty illustrations drawn for *Carbonate Days*. I had handed them in to him some time before I finished the story and he had them carefully put away in his big trunk.

"John has never quite forgiven me that bad turn.

"As for Will Porter—I never saw him after he became O. Henry.

"A short time after I left Austin I was editing a country newspaper in Texas. I used to notice, while looking over the exchanges, a column to a column and a half of work in the *Houston Post*, called 'Postscripts.' One day I spoke of it in terms of praise and one of the men in the office said: 'That is the work of a young fellow named Will Porter, who has been on the *Post* a short time.'

"I immediately went to Houston to look Will up. I went into the business office and asked the manager where I could find him.

"'That is just what the editor would like to know,' returned the Business Manager. 'He hasn't shown up here for three days.'

"The next time I heard of him he was in Central America. It was then, doubtless, that he gathered unconsciously much of the material for the stories that later made him the greatest short-story writer of his time.

"For he was a great writer, and a modest one.

"Little did he and I think, as we roamed over the chaparral plains, or played casino in the little shack, that he would come to be the writer of all writers beloved, who walked the city streets of New York, to see in the sordidness and the glamour the same wide vision of life that even then in the far West he had caught glimpses of.

"For it was in the West that he first struck his gait—a gait that he maintained until he fell asleep in the arms

of his mother—the mother who had always believed him a genius, and whose faith was justified."

Other friends, who knew him more intimately than "Uncle Joe" Dixon, saw other sides of Will Porter's character. With them his boyish love of fun and of good-natured and sometimes daredevil



THERE WAS AN OLD DOCTOR NAMED HU
OF THE WESTERN PER-AR-IES HAD READ.
BUT THE UNHEALTHY AHR
WHICH HE FOUND TO BE THAR
WAS WHAT CAUSED HIM SO EARLY TO FLED.

This was sent by Will Porter to a Greensboro friend, without the name of the subject. Under the limerick on the back of the sketch the friend wrote the name, recognising the character from both picture and verse.

mischief came again to the surface, as well as those refinements of feeling and manner that were his heritage as one of the "decent white folks" of Greensboro. And with them, too, came out the ironical fate that pursued him most of his life—to be a dreamer and yet to be har-

nessed to tasks that brought his head from the clouds to the commonplaces of the store and the street. Perhaps it was this very bending of a sky-seeking imagination to the dusty comedy of every day that brought him later to see life as he pictured it in *The Four Million*, with its mingling of Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid's romance with the adventures of shop-girls and restaurant keepers. At any rate, even the Texas of the drug-clerk days and of the bank-clerk period appealed to his sense of the humorous and romantic and grotesque. Here is what one intimate of those days recalls of his character and exploits:

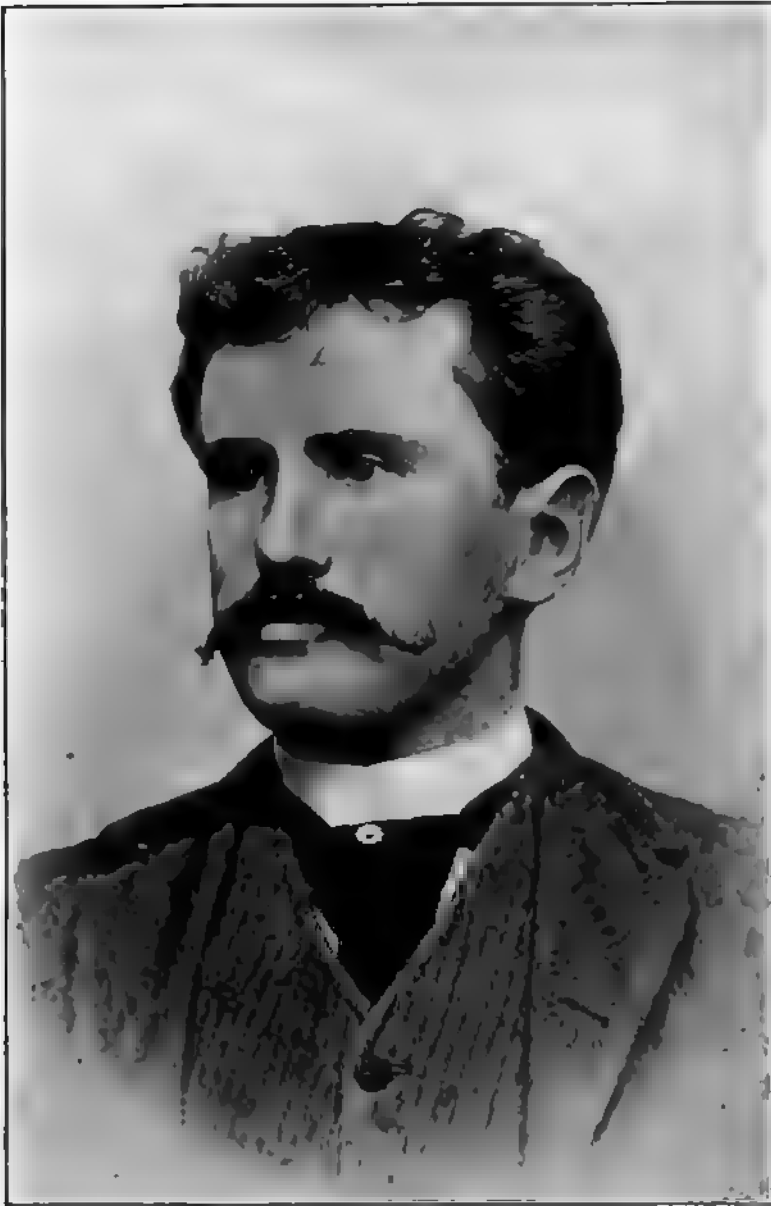
"Will Porter, shortly after coming to Texas became a member of the Hill City Quartette, of Austin, composed of C. E. Hillyer, R. H. Edmundson, Howard Long and himself. Porter was the littlest man in the crowd, and, of course, basso profundo. He was about five feet six inches tall, weighed about one hundred and thirty pounds, had coal black hair, grey eyes, and a long, carefully twisted moustache; looked as though he might be a combination between the French and the Spanish, and I think he once told me that the blood of the Huguenot flowed in his veins. He was one of the most accomplished gentlemen I ever knew. His voice was soft and musical, with just enough rattle in it to rid it of all touch of effeminacy. He had a keen sense of humour, and there were two distinct methods of address which was characteristic with him—his business address and his friendly address. As a business man, his face was calm, almost expressionless; his demeanour was steady, even calculated. He always worked for a high class of employers, was never wanting for a position, and was prompt, accurate, talented and very efficient; but the minute he was out of business—that was all gone. He always approached a friend with a merry twinkle in his eye and an expression which said: 'Come on, boys, we are going to have a lot of fun,' and we usually did.

"The story of 'The Green Door' in its spirit and in its fact was just such a

thing as might happen with him any night. It is but justice, in order to give balance to this unique character, to say that he made no religious professions; he never talked infidelity nor scepticism; he had such a reverence for other people's views that he never entered into religious discussions; and, personally he seemed rather indifferent to the subject, though in no wise opposed to it. He rarely ever missed church, and the Hill City Quartette were nearly always to be found in either the Baptist or the St. David's Episcopal Church choirs, though he usually attended church on Sunday evenings at the Presbyterian Church and sang in their choir.

"He got interested in society and lost all taste for the drug business. Being a fine penman, a good accountant, well educated, and with good address, it was an easy matter for him to make a living without working every day and Sunday, too, and most of the evenings besides. The fact of the matter is, while W. S. P. would not have admitted it for the world, I think he really wanted a little more time for love-making. So during the time of our association, he went to work at eight in the morning and quit at four. He always had sufficient money for what he needed; if he had any more, no one knew it. He was very fond of going fishing, but he let you do the fishing after he went. He loved to go hunting, but he let you kill the birds, and somehow I always thought that on these trips he got something out of the occasion that he enjoyed all by himself; they were not occasions which invited the introduction of sentiment, and I believe his enjoyment of them were purely sentimental. He loved the mountains and the plains; he loved to hear the birds sing and the brooks babble, and all those things, but he did not talk to the boys about it.

"He was accomplished in all the arts of a society man; had a good bass voice and sang well; was a good dancer and skater; played an interesting game of cards, and was preëminently an entertainer. There were no wall flowers to



O. HENRY AT THIRTY

Porter, and the girl who went with him never lacked for attention.

"The Hill City Quartette formed the centre of the Social Circle in which W. S. P. was the central figure during the period of this writing.

"If W. S. P. at this time had any ambitions as a writer, he never mentioned it to me. I do not recall that he was fond of reading. One day I quoted some lines to him from a poem by John Alexander Smith. He made inquiry about



WILL PORTER, SHORTLY AFTER COMING TO TEXAS, BECAME A MEMBER OF THE HILL CITY QUARTETTE, COMPOSED OF C. E. HILLIER, R. H. EDMONDSON, H. H. LONG, AND HIMSELF

the author, borrowed the book and committed to memory a great many passages from it, but I do not recall ever having known him to read any other book. I asked him one day why he never read fiction. His reply was: 'That it was all tame compared with the romance in his own life,'—which was really true.

"Mr. Porter was very careful in the use and selection of language. He rarely used slang, and his style in ordinary conversation was very much purer and more perfect than it is in his writings. This can be accounted for in the fact that he was an unusually polished gentleman, but writing in the first person, the character which he selects to represent himself appears to be along a much lower and commoner line than he himself actually lived; but on the other hand, the stories that he writes and the quaint way he has of putting things were largely characteristic of his personal daily life, and the peculiar turn that he gives to his stories—in which he leads you to think along logical lines until you think you have anticipated his conclusion, then suddenly brings the story to a reasonable but wholly unexpected conclusion—was even in this early day an element in his common conversation.

"In the great railroad strike at Fort Worth, Texas, the Governor called out the State Militia, and the company to which we belonged was sent, but as we were permitted a choice in the matter, Porter and I chose not to go. In a little while a girl he was in love with went to Waco on a visit. Porter moped around disconsolate for a few days, and suddenly said to me: 'I believe I'll take a visit at the Government's expense.' With him to think was to act. A telegram was sent to Fort Worth: 'Capt. Blank, Fort Worth, Texas. Squad of volunteers Company Blank, under my command tender you their services if needed. Reply.' 'Come next train,' Captain Blank commanded. Upon reaching the depot no orders for transportation of squad had been received. Porter actually held up the train until he could

telegraph and get transportation for his little squad, because the girl had been notified that he would be in Waco on a certain train. She afterward said that when the train pulled into Waco he was sitting on the engine pilot with a gun across his lap and a distant glance at her was all that he got, but he had had his adventure and was fully repaid.

"This adventure, and the following, are only two of thousands of such incidents that commonly occurred in his life. He lived in an atmosphere of adventure that was the product of his own imagination. He was an inveterate story-teller, seemingly purely from the pleasure of it, but he never told a vulgar joke, and as much as he loved humour he would not sacrifice decency for its sake and his stories about women were always refined.

"He told a great many stories in the first person. We were often puzzled to know whether they were real or imaginary, and when we made inquiry his stock reply was: 'Never question the validity of a joke.'

"One night at the Lampasas Military Encampment of Texas Volunteer Guards, the Quartette, with others, had leave of absence to attend the big ball at the Park Hotel, with orders to report at 12:00 sharp. Somehow, with girls and gaiety and music and balmy Southern breezes and cooing voices, time flies, and before any of us had thought to look at a watch it was five minutes past twelve and we were in trouble. We had all gathered near the doorway looking toward Camp when we saw the Corporal of the Guard approaching the building to arrest us. Of course, what follows could never have happened in a camp of tried veterans, but Porter knew the human animal, as few people do. He got a friend with an unlimited leave of absence to meet the Corporal's squad at another door and suggest to them that they should not carry the guns in among the ladies. So the squad stacked their guns on the outside and went into the other door to arrest us. Up to this point Porter had worked the thing with-

out taking us into his confidence. As soon as the guns were stacked he beckoned to us to follow and we did not stop for explanation. We knew where Porter led there would be adventure, if not success. He took command; we unstacked the arms of the corporal's squad; all our boys who did not carry guns were marched as under arrest. Now none of us knew the countersign, and our success in getting by the sentry was a matter of pure grit. As we approached the sentry we were crossing a narrow plank bridge in single file, at the end of which the sentry threw up his gun and Porter marched us right straight up to that gun until the front man was marching time with the point of the gun right against his stomach. Porter just said to the sentry, 'Squad under arrest. Stand aside.' The whole thing was done with such courage, decision, and audacity, that the sentry never noticed that we had not given the countersign, but stepped aside and let us pass. A few yards into the camp, we stacked our guns, and sneaked into our tents. When the real corporal and squad came back to camp and told his story the sentry refused to accept it and had the whole squad placed in the guard-house for the night. When the boys began to whisper the joke to their comrades in their tents, the disturbance became so great that the Corporal's Guard came down to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, but in looking into the tent found only tired soldier boys snoring as though they had been drugged. There was quite a time at the court-martial next morning, at which the corporal and his body were given extra duty for their inglorious behaviour on the previous night, but no one ever knew our connection with the story."

But the lure of the pen was getting too strong for Will Porter to resist. Life as a teller in the First National Bank of Austin was too routine not to be relieved by some outlet for his love of fun and for his creative literary instinct. An opportunity opened to buy a printing outfit, and he seized it and used it for a year to issue *The Rolling Stone*, a

weekly paper that suggested even then his later method as a humourist and as a photographic portrayer of odd types of humanity. Dr. D. Daniels—"Dixie" he was to Will Porter—now a dentist in Galveston, Texas, was his partner in this enterprise, and his story of that year of fun gives also a picture of Will Porter's habit of studying human nature at first hand—a habit that later carried him into many quaint byways of New York and into many even more quaint and revealing byways of the human heart. Here is Dr. Daniels's story:

"It was in the spring of 1894 that I floated into Austin, said Daniels, and I got a place in the State printing office. I had been working there for a short time when I heard that a man named Porter had bought out the old *Iconoclast* plant—known everywhere as Brann's *Iconoclast*—and was looking for a printer to go into the game with him. I went around to see him, and that was the first time I met O. Henry. Porter had been a clerk in the Texas Land Office and a teller in the First National Bank in Austin, and when W. C. Brann went to Waco decided to buy out his plant and run a weekly humorous paper.

"I talked things over with him, the proposition looked good, and we formed a partnership then and there. We christened the paper the *Rolling Stone* after a few discussions, and in smaller type across the full-page head we printed 'Out for the moss.' Which is exactly what we were out for. Our idea was to run this weekly with a lot of current events treated in humorous fashion, and also to run short sketches, drawings and verse. I had been doing a lot of chalk-plate work and the specimens I showed seemed to make a hit with Porter. Those chalk-plates were the way practically all of our cuts were printed.

"Porter was one of the most versatile men I had ever met. He was a fine singer, could write remarkably clever stuff under all circumstances and was a good hand at sketching. And he was the best mimic I ever saw in my life. He was one of the genuine democrats

that you hear about more often than you meet. Night after night, after we would shut up shop, he would call to me to come along and 'go bumming.' That was his favourite expression for the night-time prowling in which we indulged. We would wander through streets and alleys, meeting with some of the worst specimens of down-and-outers it has ever been my privilege to see at close range. I've seen the most ragged specimen of a bum hold up Porter, who would always do anything he could for the man. His one great failing was his inability to say 'No' to a man.

"He never" cared for the so-called 'higher classes,' but watched the people on the streets and in the shops and cafés, getting his ideas from them night after night. I think that it was in this way he was able to picture the average man with such marvellous fidelity.

"Well, as I started to say, we moved into the old *Iconoclast* plant, got out a few issues, and moved into the Brueggerhoff building. The *Rolling Stone* met with unusual success at the start, and we had in our files letters from men like Bill Nye and John Kendrick Bangs praising us for the quality of the sheet. We were doing nicely, getting the paper out every Saturday—approximately—and blowing the gross receipts every night. Then we began to strike snags. One of our features was a series of cuts with humorous underlines of verse. One of the cuts was the rear view of a fat German professor leading an orchestra, beating the air wildly with his baton. Underneath the cut Porter had written the following verse:

With his baton the professor beats the bars,
'Tis also said beats them when he treats.
But it made that German gentleman see
stars

When the bouncer got the cue to bar the
beats.

"For some reason or other that issue alienated every German in Austin from the *Rolling Stone*, and cost us more than we were able to figure out in subscriptions and advertisements.

"Another mistake Porter made was when he let himself be dragged into a San Antonio political fight—the O'Brien-Callaghan mayoralty campaign. He was pulled into this largely through a broken-down English writer, whose name, as I remember, was Henry Rider Taylor. How Taylor had any influence over him I never was able to make out, for he used constantly to make fun of him. 'Here comes that man Taylor,' he'd say. 'Got a diamond on him big as a two-bit piece and shinin' like granulated sugar.' But he went into the political scrap just the same, and it cost him more than it was worth.

"We got out one feature of the paper that used to meet with pretty general approval. It was a page gotten up in imitation of a backwoods country paper, and we christened it 'The Plunkville Patriot.' That idea has been carried out since then in a dozen different forms, like 'The Hogwallow Kentuckian,' and 'The Bingville Bugle,' to give two of the prominent examples. Porter and I used to work on this part of the paper nights and Sundays. I would set the type for it, as there was a system to all of the typographical errors that we made, and I couldn't trust any one else to set it up as we wanted it.

"Porter used to think up some right amusing features for this part of the paper. I remember that about then we had on hand a lot of cuts of Gilmore, of Gilmore's Band, which played at the dedication of the State capitol at Austin. We would run these cuts of Gilmore for any one, from Li Hung Chang to Governor Hogg.

"The Populist Party was coming in for all sorts of publicity at this time, and the famous 'Sockless' Simpson, of Kansas, was running for Congress. Porter worked out a series of, 'Tictocq, the Great French Detective,' in burlesque of 'Lecocq,' and in one story, I remember, had a deep-laid conspiracy to locate a pair of socks in Simpson's luggage, thus discrediting him with his political following.

"The paper ran along for something

over a year, and then was discontinued. Following the political trouble and the other troubles in which Porter became involved, he left the State. Some time was spent in Houston; the next stop was New Orleans; then he jumped to South America, and only returned to Texas for a short period before leaving the State forever. His experiences on a West Texas ranch, in Texas cities and in South America, however, gave him a thorough insight into the average run of people whom he pictured so vividly in his later work. He was a greater man than any of us knew when we were with him in the old days."

Readers of the O. H. Western stories will recognise at once the familiar touch in this sentence from an article in *The Rolling Stone*: "Your words," said the reporter, "convince me that you have uttered what you have said." And this, from an editorial: "An iconoclast can knock down a great many idols when somebody sets 'em up frequently." But they are only flashes of the matter that made his later style both droll and sparkling. The quotation that follows shows him already developing "lightning change" of mood which he used so effectively.

"The hour grows late. The clock strikes! Another day has vanished. Gone into the dim recesses of the past leaving its misspent hours, false hopes, and disappointed expectations. May a morrow dawn that will bring recompense and requital for the sorrows of the days

gone by, and a new order of things when there will be more starch left in cuff and collar, and less in handkerchiefs.

"Come with me out into the starlight night. So calm, so serene, ye lights of heaven, so high above earth; so pure and majestic and mysterious; looking down on the mad struggle of life here below, is there no pity in your never closing eyes for us mortals on which you shine?"

"Come with me onto the bridge. Ah, see there, far below, the dark, turbid stream. Rushing and whirling and eddying under the dark pillars with ghostly murmur and siren whisper. What shall we find in your depths? The stars do not reflect themselves in your waters, they are too dark and troubled and swift! What shall we find in your depths? Rest?—Peace?—catfish? who knows? 'Tis but a moment. A leap! A plunge! —and—then—oblivion or another world? Who can tell? A man once dived into your depths and brought up a horse collar and a hoop-skirt. Ah! what do we know of the beyond. We know that death comes and we return no more to our world of trouble and care—but where do we go? Are there lands where no traveller has been? A chaos—perhaps where no human foot has trod—perhaps Bastrop—perhaps New Jersey! Who knows? Where do people go who are in McDade? Do they go where they have to fare worse? They cannot go where they have worse fare!"

PERSONAL PORTRAITS

I

W. B. TRITES

FOUR men were gathered about the flagpole on Market Square at St. George's, the old-time capital of Bermuda.

"H'm! They arrived by night," said the Constable with a suspicious shake of his head. "But you ought to see them walking. They pass the Police Station

every afternoon at three, reg'lar as the noonday gun—wet or dry!—and her reading to him the whole time out loud."

"Never a drop of tea for *him*," contributed Jake Hintner, the Central Local Bureau of Information. "I 'xpect I know. It come to me straight from Maudie who waits on 'em. 'Tea interferes with his work' and 'They *must* have their meals served in their apart-

ments!" he aped. "More high-toned than the Mil't'ry even. A 'Good-morning' to no one! Ain't I seen 'em at the Post Office, mail-time, and receiving more newspapers than all the rest of the parish. And Maudie, she says they clip 'em up and paste 'em in a scrap-book thicker 'n your arm."

"Hear, hear!" boomed the third, the Hon. Cecil Pierpont, one of the leading coloured gentlemen of the community. "But mark you, Officer, as I was returning from the Lodge late Saturday evening, I observed the sound of a type-writer issue from their chambers. It was early Sunday morning by rights. They break the Sabbath. Scandalous, I maintain. Furthermore, I am informed this person is a journalist!—Shades of Tom Moore!" he apostrophised, rolling his eyes.

The fourth, solemnly attentive, now detached himself from the group, leaving them at their favourite form of exercise. Turning into York Street, he stopped at a two-story building facing the Public Garden, a low stone building with walls of salmon-pink, green upper veranda and the characteristic snow-white roof of Bermuda. He rang and asked to have his card presented to Mr. Trites. In a moment he was ushered to the second floor, where he was met by a tall, slender, distinguished-looking man of about forty with a clean-cut, clean-shaven face, armed with a provoking smile.

"Mr. Trites, it is rumoured that you drive by night, walk by day—weather permitting or not—, that you do not drink tea and are a recluse, snob, crank and journalist. Permit me to congratulate you and to know you!"

An unconventional opening, but then Mr. Trites is not the average man, nor does one have to be a Bertillon to recognise it.

"Sit down. I've been intending to drop in on you. You write yourself, I am told. But first two questions: What do you think of H. G. Wells and what about Theodore Dreiser . . . his Hurstwood, for example?"

It was tit for tat, a shibboleth in fact.

The answer was given equivocally but with proper seriousness: "Wells is the novelist of to-morrow. As for Hurstwood, he's unforgettable."

"We will be friends," said Mr. Trites, his eyes less quizzical and no longer cold.

There is the man in a nutshell: over-quick to jump at conclusions; slightly distrustful, but once disarmed, too apt to take the word for the deed. That afternoon and on many to follow, the world, the flesh and the spirit came up for comment and discussion.

"Yes, journalism of the higher type is the only clean-paying field open to a struggling author in America," he burst out one day. "He can make money handling facts and use his leisure to write as an artist. You still think the magazines admit of both. Ridiculous! What do they want with distinction, art, truth? They want and pay for 'Slush, slush, luv-a-ly slush!'" he quoted from Mr. Booth Tarkington's *The Flirt*, which had delighted him. "Journalism is the game! Not reporting necessarily; but special articles, anecdotes for the Sunday supplements, syndicate work. There's a glorious chance for any one with real intelligence. The supplement is easy to get at and always open to new ideas. By sticking to such work three days a week, a man of ability can readily make fifty dollars or so. Even I have made a living out of it," he cited modestly. "I've written ever since I was twelve—yes, twelve!—verse for a long while. It didn't pay. Then short stories! They were never accepted. Brutal stuff, they were called, brutal and badly written. Plays . . . several in London. Rotten all of them! I might have written one good novel in the time it took me to turn out two bad plays. I tried to make them *popular*," he confessed. "No, journalism every time! A man can call his soul his own, earn his keep and let loose on the things that count. Besides, newspaper work keeps a fellow awake, alert and it trains his eye. Now look at the fiction magazines! Can you imagine them running after Howells? And yet think of his works. 'They are America's

most splendid contribution to literature',” he added, quoting himself with a bitter smile.

“How about Wells? The magazines——”

“Yes, but within a year; and not because his stuff is great, but because he has become popular in England, a fad. And what do they do with the novels? Hack them to pieces. He stands it for financial reasons, no doubt; for he told me never on any account to make any changes suggested by editor or publisher—that they were always wrong!” He laughed grimly. “Inducements were being held out to me if I would cut out certain passages of *Barbara Gwynne*. You may recall what Hardy had to do to put through the American serialisation of *Tess*.”

The writer did not recall the facts, so he looked wise and said: “Conrad gets along without the aid of journalism, and I saw a story of his in a popular magazine not a week ago.”

“Perhaps that is why the Crown has given him a pension,” he scoffed.

“You don’t like Conrad?”

“Like him? Why, he is magnificent. He has brought to English prose the same distinction which Milton brought to its poetry. Tolstoy and Conrad . . . giants! Conrad is one of the few men I have wanted to have influence my style. *Heart of Darkness*—delicate, profound, marvellous!” He seemed intensely moved.

“My impression is that it came out first in a London magazine.”

“Are you positive? Well, it should have appeared in a newspaper.”

Mr. W. B. Trites talks and smiles like a Diogenes whose sun has been exchanged for, say, the eight moons of Saturn. He is a fanatical idealist, but an idealist, and he doesn’t know it.

Richard Butler Glaenger.

II

ELLEN KEY

ELLEN KEY, the author of *Love and Marriage*, lives in a romantically remote

and beautiful country retreat in the interior of Sweden. The house, modelled after an old Swedish manor, long and low and roomy, stands on the shores of a great lake called Vetter Sea. It is indeed more of an inland sea than a lake, and at night, when the waves break against the rocks at the foot of the garden, it is difficult to believe that one is not listening to salt surf. Surrounding the house is a terraced garden, and back of it looms a dark mountain covered with forests of fir and oak trees.

Strand, as Ellen Key calls her house, is one of those rare and delightful things, a Dream Come True. During thirty industrious years spent in Stockholm, Berlin and other Continental cities, she was planning her house and setting by, little by little, the money to build it. Not until she was sixty years old was the dream realised. At sixty most people are too old and too tired to make any radical change in their living conditions, but Ellen Key at three score was as intensely alive and ambitious as she had been at twenty. She not only set to work to build her house, but she made, out of a mountain wilderness, a charming garden, doing a great deal of the actual labour with her own hands. Huge stones had to be moved, some trees cut down and others trimmed and straightened, soil carted and distributed, before the work of planting began. “We worked,” this remarkable woman tells you with pride, “eight and ten hours a day.”

Ellen Key believes that the secret of her unusual vigour of body and mind, perfectly preserved at sixty-three, is due to the freedom and unconventionality of her early life and education. Her great-grandfather was a friend and loyal disciple of Jean Jacques Rousseau. He named his oldest son Emile, after the hero of Rousseau’s work on education, and he brought up his numerous family after the Rousseau naturalistic method. Emile’s oldest son, Ellen Key’s father, followed this example. Emile became a hereditary name in the Key family, and the Key children were:

permanently guaranteed an education after the Emile tradition. Briefly this means that they were allowed to grow up out-of-doors, and were given more freedom of thought and action than most European children enjoy. For Ellen it meant release from most domestic duties as well as from the embroidery and piano practice that fell to the girls of her generation. It meant also that she never went to school, but was educated with her brothers by French and German tutors. Much of the studying and reciting was done in the old-fashioned garden surrounding the Key country home.

In the early eighties Sweden passed through a crushing period of financial depression. In the general crash the Key fortune was swept away, and Ellen, then a woman of thirty, faced the necessity of wage-earning. She became associated with another woman of advanced ideals in a school where children of liberal-minded people were given an education along broad lines. The school became famous, partly because it broke away from the narrow theological bias which was the basis of most education at the time, and because it demonstrated that children could be educated without the assistance of physical violence at the hands of their teachers. This was a very new idea to the Sweden of the eighties.

For many years Ellen Key remained a teacher, both in and out of the school-room. She lectured on literary and historical subjects at the People's University, an admirable institution, maintained by ambitious working men and women in Stockholm. She wrote innumerable pamphlets and magazine articles, interpreting to the Swedish public such foreign authors as Ruskin, Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, the Brownings, and our Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman.

In 1903, when she was fifty-four years old, she began the publication of a series of articles which later were expanded into the books that made her famous. These articles were called "*Lifslinjer*," Lines of Life, and certain chapters formed the basis of the work known as

Love and Marriage. These articles were so unconventional in their expression that they smashed at a blow the immense popularity that Ellen Key enjoyed in Sweden. They did not exactly alienate her friends, but they raised up an army of foes. The church, the press, the universities, the respectable middle classes united in a chorus of disapproval and invective. Ellen Key had committed the unforgivable sin. She had suggested that the institution of marriage might conceivably be studied with a view to its improvement. So severe, and at times so coarse and brutal, were these attacks, that Ellen Key was glad to exile herself for several years in more friendly Germany.

Most of the bitterness and acrimony caused by her radical idealism have disappeared from Swedish public opinion. By a very large public Ellen Key is regarded as Sweden's most illustrious citizen. Her home is coming to be a goal for ardent young pilgrims, young men as well as women. Every summer since her house was built she has entertained scores of strangers.

The land on which Strand and its garden stands, as well as the towering mountain in the background, is government property, part of a large forest reserve. Ellen Key secures her leasehold on a thirty-year contract, but it is her dream to have this lease extended at least a hundred years. The house was built not alone for her occupancy, which cannot be much over thirty years, but for the benefit of women yet to live. It is to be bequeathed to working women of Sweden as a rest and vacation home. Twenty years ago Ellen Key began to organise working women in Stockholm into reading and recreation circles under the guidance of women in more fortunate circumstances than themselves. The circles have held together and have increased in number through the years. It is these women in particular who will inherit Ellen Key's house.

"When I no longer need my house," she said to me on the threshold, "I shall still go on entertaining here. I love the thought of tired women walking in my

garden, sleeping in my beds, eating at my board, and going away strengthened and refreshed. The house was planned for them more than for myself."

Over the door inside are inscribed Goethe's words, "Memento Vivere," Remember to Live—the motive of Ellen Key's philosophy. Most of the first floor is occupied by a huge living-room, with windows to catch every breeze in summer, every ray of sunlight in winter. It is an interesting room full of fine old furniture, hung with many signed paintings, etchings and photographs. Several writing desks here and in Ellen Key's bedroom upstairs are constantly covered with manuscripts and note-books. It is part of her restless energy that she likes to have more than one place to write. In the upper corridor there is a desk that speaks of the love of a childless woman for other women's children. This is a big, old-fashioned secretary desk which constitutes Ellen Key's private lending library for the children of the countryside, who otherwise would have very few books. Every Sunday afternoon the little things come in from the farms and cottages; and Ellen Key plays librarian.

In her country retreat Ellen Key lives entirely alone save for a housekeeper and a great dog of purest St. Bernard lineage. The dog bears for a name the Swedish equivalent of Wild, in spite of the fact that he is of a tameness and an amiability most extraordinary. Miss Key explains that the name is hereditary with her dogs. "Besides," she adds, "this dog deserves it because he has preserved so perfectly his racial traditions."

We were walking under the arched boughs of the mountain forest. The first snow of the winter had fallen the night before, and the dog was in transports of delight. He rolled in the snow, he devoured great mouthfuls of it, he ran around in circles sniffing it, he dashed into every thicket in search of lost travellers. Once in a while "Veeld" has the felicity in his rambles to come across a farm labourer who is "lost" not on account of weather, but because of a bad choice of pleasures. Then does the blood

of St. Gothard ancestors animate the huge animal. He utters deep, basso profundo barks. He breathes on the unfortunate and prostrate yokel, he howls, licks the man's hands, pushes and pulls and contrives in every way to get him to his feet. More than one local farm has had its full quota of labourers in the morning because of Ellen Key's dog. Her keen blue eyes twinkled thoughtfully as she regarded him in the snow. Plainly she was thinking it a strange and pitiful thing that the human race spends so much intelligence in breeding splendid animals, and so little in creating perfect men and women.

Rheta Childe Dorr.

III

ELIZABETH ROBINS

AMONG contemporary women of achievement, Miss Elizabeth Robins is perhaps unique in that she may be regarded as an actress, or as a novelist, as a dramatist, or as a suffrage leader—and in any case be prominent. But her first success was as an actress. Her stage popularity resulted from her presentations of Ibsen's characters during the seven or eight years that Ibsen wrote most of his dramas, from 1891 to 1899; for Miss Robins presented Ibsen's plays in London as fast as they were written. It is not generally known that her production of Ibsen was undertaken entirely by herself and a friend, Miss Marion Lea, also an actress. They had tried to induce various managers to produce *Hedda Gabler*, but without success, so in 1891 they produced the play themselves at the "Vaudeville" Theatre in London. It was a stupendous undertaking, but it met with instant success, and thereafter came the long series of his dramas, produced by Miss Robins and forming the greatest presentation of Ibsen's plays that the English-speaking world has known.

Miss Robins, even as a young girl, had long cherished the ambition to go on the stage. An American by birth, she was early sent to a seminary in Zanesville, Ohio, near the home of her grandmother,



W. B. TRITES

where she led a most secluded life, and up to the time that she was fifteen or sixteen had only seen two plays. But these were enough to fire the girl's imagination. Scenes from *Macbeth* and *Ingo-mar*, the two plays in question, were practised by her and her girl friends to the exclusion of all school work. Finding school impossible and her family's opposition equally impossible, Miss Robins went to a friend in New York who introduced her to James O'Neil, who gave her a small part in *The Two Orphans*.

She was obliged to begin her stage career under an assumed name, "Clare Raimond"—Raymond being her youngest brother's name—and one which with the slight change to "C. E. Raimond" stood her in good stead in later years as the pseudonym under which she wrote many of her earlier novels. Following her stage debut in New York came two years of hard work with the now disbanded Boston Museum Company. But it was work which brought her into prominence and to the notice of Edwin Booth. At



ELLEN KEY IN HER STUDY

once her success was assured. For several years she toured with Booth and with others, covering in her travels nearly every place of any size in the United States. Her subsequent career on the English stage seems to have been brought about almost by accident. A friend, Mrs. Ole Bull, invited her on a trip to Norway. During their stay of a few days in London, Miss Robins met Mr. (now Sir) Herbert Beerbohm-Tree, who, as Captain Swift, was then causing considerable sensation in the theatrical world. Mr. Tree was so impressed with the young American actress that he induced her to abandon her trip and cancel a New York engagement in order to rehearse, on approval, a curious and unusual rôle in a play he was at that time considering. Unfortunately this play, *Judah*, was never produced by Mr. Tree and Miss Robins found herself without an engagement. She remained in London, however, and soon appeared in a number of plays, winning a moderate success. Her English stage career then

culminated in the marvellous run of Ibsen's dramas. Of Miss Robins's presentation of *Hedda Gabler* Edmund Gosse has said, "Their (Miss Robins's and Miss Lea's) performance has been admitted, by those who have studied the matter closely, to be the most satisfactory rendering of Ibsen yet seen on an English stage. . . . In the absorbing and perplexing part of *Hedda Gabler* all is to be lost or gained. Miss Robins gained nobly, triumphantly." *Hedda Gabler* was followed by *The Master Builder*, which succeeded in spite of all the London critics. Miss Robins has said of her part as Hilda Wangel in *The Master Builder*: "I remember that as the crowning pleasure of my theatrical life." And so on through the whole range of Ibsen's plays, Miss Robins continued to appear, producing them herself and taking the leading rôle, achieving an artistic triumph unequalled in the rendering of Ibsen's dramas.

Editors had asked Miss Robins to write of the stage and of her work in



THREE VIEWS OF ELIZABETH ROBINS'S ENGLISH HOME

Ibsen's plays, but she always refused, not believing that she had any talent in that direction. The thought had been suggested, however, and one day she wrote out a story, the plot of which had been running in her mind for some time. She feared that if she signed her own name, her work would be accepted simply as a curiosity; so she again took the name she had used in her early stage days, but slightly changed to "C. E. Raimond." This first book, *George Mandeville's Husband*, published in 1894, met with a very favourable reception. So began the second period in her career. Since the publication of *George Mandeville's Husband* she has written steadily, even giving up her stage career with the conclusion of the Ibsen run in order to devote her whole time to literary work. All of her novels have been well received—probably more favourably in England than here. With the publication in 1898 of *The Open Question*, the secret of "C. E. Raimond" was revealed, though up to that time it had been well kept and Miss Robins's ability as a novelist had been proven without the aid of her stage reputation.

The writing of *The Magnetic North* resulted from an incident in Miss Robins's life that came near to having a tragic ending. Her brother, Raymond Robins, had some time previously been seized with the gold fever, and had gone prospecting in Alaska. His letters became fewer and fewer, and finally nothing was heard from him, and Elizabeth Robins undertook, alone, a journey to Alaska to find him. Her plucky search was rewarded, but she contracted typhoid fever at Nome, and nearly died of it. She induced her brother to return with her, and, after a brief sojourn in France and Italy, she rejoined him in Virginia, where brother and sister took a riding tour to recover their health. But Miss Robins had seen the great north and had felt its lure.

In *Votes for Women*, Miss Robins tried her hand at the drama, and this play, produced at the London Court Theatre in 1907 by Mr. Granville

Barker, was a distinct success. Its title has since gone all over the world as the slogan of the woman suffragist cause. England has for some time known her as an active suffrage worker, but *Way Stations* is her first introduction to this country as a self-disclosed militant suffragist.

Miss Robins has made her home in England ever since she first took up her stage career there. She lives in Sussex in one of those quaint brick cottages, tile-roofed and vine-clad and nestling in the shade of a magnificent old oak. About it are velvety green lawns and an old-fashioned flower garden, a wilderness of flowers surrounding a gleaming sun-dial—all forming a little gem-like scene set in the rolling spread of English downs. In the *Open Question* Miss Robins describes the old family mansion of the Robins family in Zanesville, Ohio,—a relic of the troublous Indian times, half fort and made of stone and half a more modern wooden addition, yet wholly gloomy, vast, uncanny. To those who know Miss Robins it even seems at times as though this musty old mansion with its lore of the past, the home of her early childhood, may still throw its sombre shadow athwart the life of this mild-voiced, gentle, appealing woman—a woman so unusual that in the height of her womanhood and in the full glory of the renown she has won, she has deliberately turned from her career to devote her talent and her capacity for work to the service of her fellow-women—the "Little Sisters" as well as the big, grown sisterhood of womankind.

George G. Wyant.

IV

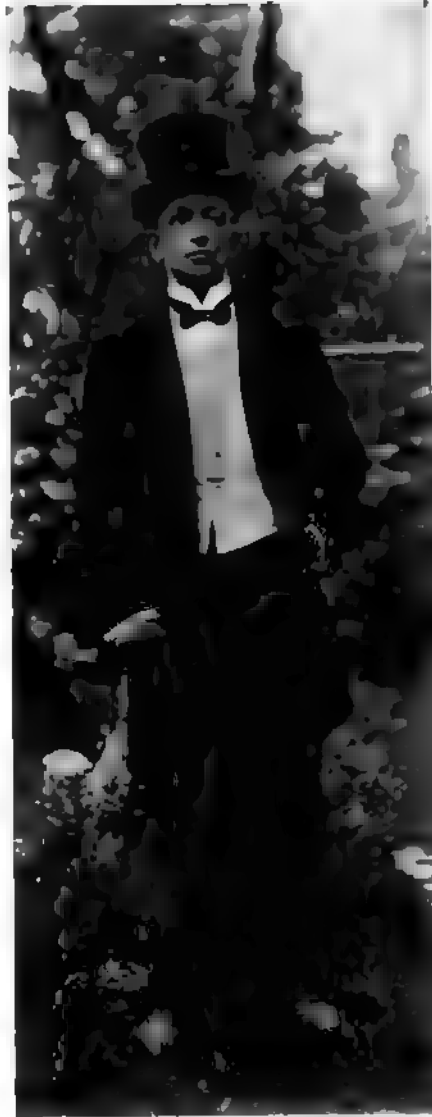
A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

THE author of *Once Aboard the Lugger* and *The Happy Warrior* ascribes his success to luck. But before *Once Aboard the Lugger* this young Englishman had made good in the newspaper and magazine world by sheer persistency. Yet he says, "When I look back at the ease with which—absolutely without influence—I

got my footing in Fleet Street, I know I have been extraordinarily lucky." At the time he wrote his first novel Mr. Hutchinson was employed on two London newspapers, beginning his writing for one at nine o'clock in the morning and the other at ten o'clock at night. A less ambitious man would have despaired of ever finding sufficient leisure to complete a full-fledged book. He also considers that he was lucky in having *Once Aboard the Lugger* accepted by the second London publisher to whom it was offered. As a matter of fact the wonder is that any one should have declined the manuscript.

Mr. Hutchinson does admit that he is conscientious. Had he listened to the call of the publisher his second book would have been published late in 1911 under the title of *The Unbalanced Scale*. But he was dissatisfied with his own work, and, ignoring the appeal of his publisher, who had already announced the book, this "vilely conscientious" writer, as he calls himself, deliberately rewrote the story from start to finish at a time when he was performing the exacting and exhausting duties of night editor of the *Daily Graphic*. He ascribes it to "luck" that he happened to take down from his library shelf a volume of Wordsworth's poems and opened to the one called "The Happy Warrior," for that proved to be the ideal title for his book. In his den at the top of his home off Highgate road near Hampstead, he has preserved the two manuscripts of *The Happy Warrior*—the one his English publisher was so impatient to bring out, and the other one that has been given to the public. "The rewriting was an appalling task—for I denied myself to everybody and everything—yet I was really sorry when I reached the end," he laments. "I grew to love the characters in the story—although this may seem like affectation—and it was with genuine regret that I took leave of them."

If A. S. M. Hutchinson had been endowed with normal eyesight the British army would have gained another officer from the Hutchinson family and the



A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

reading public would probably have lost a novelist. Coming of military stock, the young man, who was born in India, had expected to follow in the footsteps of his father, General H. D. Hutchinson, now retired, and his brothers, and entered the army, but defective vision prevented. After two years' study at St. Thomas' Hospital, London, where he learned that he was not fitted for the profession of

medicine, the young man—who had been sending unacceptable manuscripts to the periodicals for some time—determined to take up writing as his life work. After he had had two humorous poems accepted by a monthly magazine which neglected to pay for them he succeeded in making an arrangement with a weekly paper to supply four or five comic verses every week for the modest stipend of five shillings. Later he was on the magazine staff of C. Arthur Pearson, and subsequently went to the *Daily Graphic*, where he rose to the position of chief editor. It is now his intention to resign and devote his entire time to the writing of fiction.

Horace Fielder Joyce.

V

ALBERT EDWARDS

WHEN Albert Edwards was in Russia during the revolution a few years ago some solicitous relative wrote to him begging him to exercise a proper care for his personal safety. "You know," wrote this anxious one, "it is always the innocent bystander who is hurt." "Never fear," was the reassuring reply, "I'm neither innocent nor a bystander."

For the particular truth of this anecdote I cannot vouch, but it is illuminatingly characteristic of Mr. Edwards's way. Under a manner of admirable detachment and unconcern he hides, I suspect, a consuming interest in life which can only be satisfied by active participation. Yet his mental temper is that of the thinker, the student, and so he presents the somewhat rare combination of the observer of events who can take his place in the struggle which he observes without losing his impartial *sang-froid*.

It would be worth while for a biographer to try to account for this peculiarity, which certainly flavours Mr. Edwards's writings. This is not a biographical notice—I do not even know the A-B-C of Mr. Edwards's biography, the time and place of his birth—but if I were to hazard an interpretation of his character in the roughest, most general

terms, I should say that Mr. Edwards is a Puritan born out of his time. That attitude of the disinterested observer comes oftener than not as the result of a struggle—a struggle in which early ideals have gone by the board because they had proved insufficient. But—let me assume for the moment that this is the case—the Puritan ideal, thrust out of the religious door, comes back through the window of social consciousness. This consciousness of the claims of society—it is something very like a religion to many a man of the younger generation, who has outgrown a traditional faith and found nothing better to take its place.

Mr. Edwards is a Socialist. His brand of Socialism may or may not fall completely under any of the current definitions, but of the essential fact no one can be in doubt who has read *A Man's World* and *Comrade Yetta*. He is also a critic of Socialism, for he is one of the rare men who never allow an enthusiasm to carry them out of the range of facts. Indeed, his one enthusiasm seems to be to know the fact—the truth. This one absorbing pursuit is apparently at bottom of all Mr. Edwards's varied and incongruous activities. He is a student, not by reason of any systematic work but by a habit of mind. He is also a man of action, a wanderer who has seen many cities and lands. Always the effort to come to grips with life at first hand. He was a settlement worker before he was a writer—a disillusioned yet perfectly cheerful settlement worker, one may guess. He has held a position in New York's penal system, where he gained the shrewd knowledge of the half-world of criminals and political graft that he puts to such good use in *A Man's World*. He has travelled in many countries: in Panama, about which he has written a standard work, Russia, the Balkans, Turkey, Greece, North Africa, not to mention the beaten paths of the tourists. He has faced difficulties and encountered adventures with the imperturbability that is one of his personal charms—for he is of those fortunate ones who never appear excited, who can contemplate a



ALBERT EDWARDS

night alone in an African desert with the same nonchalance with which they would spend an evening at a New York Club.

It is a further sign of Mr. Edwards's personality that he by no means looks the adventurer—if the word may be applied to him in no derogatory sense. A tall, thin, loose-jointed, bearded young man, wearing big spectacles and with the slight stoop that is supposed to de-

note the burner of midnight oil; mild of manner, gentle of speech, almost to the point of diffidence. But back of the spectacles a pair of grey eyes looks out on the world with steady, reflective inquiry. His talk is so wholly free from self-assertion, so simple and straightforward, that one realises only in retrospect how good it is. Here is a man who has kept his mind open while he has used his eyes, who has a passion for es-



RICHARD PRYCE

Richard Pryce was born at Boulogne in May, 1864, of English parents, his father being a colonel in the English army, and his mother the daughter of General Christopher Hamilton. He spent much of his childhood abroad, but returned to England to be educated at Leamington. He was only nineteen years old when his first book, "An Evil Spirit," was published, and since that time he has devoted himself entirely to writing. Mr. Pryce is best known in this country by the novels "Christopher," "The Burden of a Woman," "Elementary Jane," "Time and the Woman," and "Jezebel," and by the play "Op o' me Thumb," which has been given successfully by Miss Maude Adams. Mr. Pryce is a nephew of the Reverend Richard Pryce, a witty divine of the old school, of whom it is related that he once accepted a challenge to preach *ex tempore* on any text which should be handed to him in the pulpit, and that when he found only a blank piece of paper, he immediately delivered an eloquent sermon on 1 Kings 18: 43, "And he went up and looked and saw there was nothing."

tablishing the right relations of things, stronger than any prejudice in favour of this or that "interpretation." This is, you see, the strongest impression of the man that has been made on one, at least,

of his friends: an impression that is, I think, confirmed by the evidence of those strongly personal documents, the novels, *A Man's World* and *Comrade Yetta*.
Burton Bancroft.

RICHARD PRYCE

AN APPRECIATION

BY FELIX TRENT CARNEY

No one possessed of a discriminating taste in fiction can read any one of the novels of Richard Pryce without becoming at once aware that he has encountered a vigorous and interesting personality that well deserves a closer acquaintance. And if one obeys the promptings of impulse and proceeds diligently to assimilate the contents of the remaining volumes, the first favourable impression tends steadily to increase. There is in all his work the unmistakable stamp of quiet strength, of close observation, of an assured mastery of the rudiments of his craft, the line-work, so to speak, of verbal picture making. And yet, when one stops to analyse dispassionately the sum of his actual achievement, it is a trifle puzzling at first to determine where their chief merit lies, and indeed what there is about them altogether to justify their claim to high consideration. There are some authors that take us by storm with the boldness of their eccentricities, the iconoclasm of their innovations, the irresistible onward sweep of tumultuous phrase and sentence. There are others who charm with the grace of an impeccable style, the nice instinct for just the right word, building their phrases with the loving care of a setter of rare jewels; there are still others who are intent only on something of big import that they feel impelled to say, and they care little for the mere form of the saying, so long as the message finds intelligible utterance. Richard Pryce belongs to none of these classes; his first and chief distinction lies in his self-restraint; he is never flamboy-

ant, never eccentric, but always emulating, in his themes and in his style, the principle that true refinement and distinction lie in an inconspicuous correctness.

It is this fundamental trait that makes Mr. Pryce somewhat difficult to place, for inconspicuousness is also frequently a characteristic of mediocrity. Yet as you become better acquainted with his books, you experience very much the same sort of growing exhilaration that you are occasionally privileged to feel in meeting a stranger whose outward quiet correctness of garb is absolutely non-committal, and who little by little, in keen, incisive, brilliant flashes, reveals something of the fires within. There are few of the younger novelists who are so free from mannerisms. It is even hard to guess which of the older or the contemporary novelists have served him as models, or even coloured his style. Here and there, for a moment, we think that we are on the brink of a discovery, that we have solved the secret of his literary genesis: there are pages in *Jezebel* in which a conscious straining after effect, a forced inversion of a phrase, bring the name of Henry James leaping to the lips; there are whole sections in the same volume in which those who seek it might almost fancy they could see the influence of Hewlett. And similarly one could enumerate a score of other writers who, taken as a whole, are equally remote in spirit and in method from Mr. Pryce, and who nevertheless seem to peer out at us from his pages for fugitive instants.

All of which means, not that he is in any sense an imitator, but that he has read wisely and widely, not confining himself to the older generation, but keeping pace with what the best of his contemporaries have done and are doing at the present hour,—and this, of course, is the only way in which a novelist can be truly and fully of his own times.

And because he is thoroughly a modern in his tastes and his methods, it is quite true, as so many of his reviewers have pointed out, that he belongs in the school of younger British realists which already includes Galsworthy and Bennett, Leonard Merrick and W. B. Maxwell, to mention a few of the names most familiar to American readers. These writers, as is true of most so-called schools, may be found to have, on closer inspection, more points of divergence than of similarity; but they do have in common a clear-eyed outlook upon life, undimmed by the mists of illusion, a satiric enjoyment of the foibles and vanities of human nature, and an appreciation of the infinite importance of trifles in the practical working-out of the bigger problems of life. And this, which is the essence of the new realism, is also in the main the old realism as well; it differs less in kind than in degree from the realism of Jane Austen and Susan Ferrier.

But while speaking of the kinship between Richard Pryce and John Galsworthy, it is worth while to point out one wide divergence in particular, and one that serves as nothing else could, to emphasise a salient characteristic of the author whom we are mainly discussing. Galsworthy has undeniably a knack of seizing a personality and embodying it in a single sentence, with a touch of pungent satire thrown in that impresses its memory indelibly. So in a less pungent manner has Mr. Pryce. But here comes the difference: Galsworthy, even while he is drawing his people, flinging them in with an almost spendthrift generosity, labelling each one as conspicuously as though they bore on their persons the balloon-like labels with which Hogarth

and Gillray were wont to adorn their caricatures,—Galsworthy, with all his gift of characterisation, plainly uses people as a means to an end; he is always far more interested in humanity as a whole than in the individual man or woman; one even suspects that he is more interested in abstract theories of ethics or sociology than he is in humanity. Mr. Pryce stands at the opposite extreme: Humanity, society, this little village community or that small social clique are all very well in their way; but his chief interest, first, last and all the time, is the individual Man or Woman,—especially the Woman. In the five volumes now before us, he has painted a whole portrait gallery of them that stretch in a lengthening line of memorable feminine witchery. They number among them both good women and frail women, women whom the world has labelled "bad," and others who assume a virtue though they have it not. Who could forget, even if he would, Cora St. Jemison or Araby Ruthven, or Mary Redwing, or Jezebel Dormoral,—Jezebel, who is perhaps the most haunting of all his comely young women? And it is not merely the young women of high or low degree that he can draw with a dangerous facility: his faded spinsters, his opulent dowagers, his neglected and disillusioned wives in the autumn time of their years, his nurses and lady's maids, one and all bear the assured touch of the precocious connoisseur of women.

Yet from this paramount interest in the individual rather than in the race comes the one real weakness of Richard Pryce, the one valid reason for regarding him as of less serious importance than several of his contemporaries,—to be specific, since we have already been comparing them, than Mr. Galsworthy himself. It is this: he not only cares mainly for the individual, but he cares vastly more what that individual is than what he does; he finds such contentment in telling us day by day and hour by hour how his people feel and what they think and what they say, that much of the time their actions, the ultimate destinies which

they are building for themselves seem to be, in his eyes, of second importance. Indeed, it is difficult to extract from any of his stories any really important philosophic principle, or the solution of any of the bigger problems of life. In *The Burden of a Woman*, to be sure, he teaches that chastity is not solely a matter of specific acts, and that the woman who sins in her heart is less worthy than the frailer sister who repents. All of which is good New Testament teaching, but without any element of novelty.

Indeed, in view of the extent to which he makes his stories hinge upon what his characters are, rather than upon what they do, one is tempted to coin a paradoxical term to define him, and call him an optimistic fatalist. It is really the only term that quite describes the unvarying cheerfulness with which he shows us a long succession of likable men and women, one and all moving forward to some crisis foreordained for them by their inherited temperament, or by the physical laws of life. To revert for a moment to *The Burden of a Woman*, here we have, in the picturesque setting of a little Welsh farming village, the study of a woman who is expiating one youthful error by daily dread of exposure of her secret and the stigma of shame that will attach to her fatherless child. In the course of time she becomes almost happy in the fancied security of this village where she has buried herself; but fate intervenes and decrees that Peter Davidson, stubborn and unyielding as the day of judgment, shall fall in love with her, and that the woman's native honesty shall force her to tell him her story. She cannot help being honest, he cannot help being hard and unyielding, and so it is inevitable that Hannah Rees, with a clean record and a wanton disposition, shall win him and teach him some elemental truths of the meaning of chastity.

Then there is *Elementary Jane*. Jane Smith, who for vaudeville purposes comes to be known as Jennie Tandem, passes unpolluted through all the temptations and pitfalls of music-hall life,

simply because she is so constituted; her nature is simple, childlike, unawakened,—and even after its awakening, she remains "elementary," single throughout life in her affections: she might at one time have married either one of two men and loved truly whichever she chose; but having once made her choice, it is not in her nature, even after she finds that she has chosen unwisely, to love a second time.

Or take *Time and the Woman*: In Joan Ruthven we have one of those unwholesome, unscrupulous, vampire-like women, such as, according to Mr. Kipling, abound in the Anglo-Indian social circles; she delights in annexing young men of wealth and breeding and good looks, and keep them dangling after her so long as they personally please her or their devotion causes anxiety to their family,—the latter being perhaps the keener source of amusement. But, unfortunately for herself, Mrs. Ruthven has a young daughter, Araby, an "impossible" girl, her mother insists, a girl with a clean mind and worthy ideals, and physically a slim, straight body and proud little head, crowned with a glory of red hair,—“How I hate red hair,” Mrs. Ruthven is fond of telling her daughter, “go away, your hair makes my eyes ache!” Well, the time comes when Mrs. Ruthven carefully plans to “annex” young Gerald Ventnor, not only because it will make younger women envious, but also because she is more than usually attracted, and perhaps also because she realises that fate is not likely to grant her much longer immunity from the ravages of time. But Gerald, just on the verge of falling a victim to her practiced arts, catches sight of Araby, the impossible daughter, wavers, compares age and youth, and elects to make the older woman his mother-in-law rather than his mistress. All of which, as Mr. Pryce with his accustomed cheerfulness makes quite clear to us, is far less a matter of temperament or of free will than simply of the passage of time, the slow, inexorable circuit of the earth around the sun.

Then there are *Christopher* and *Jezebel*: In the former, a young man makes his family quite wretched because he sets his heart upon marrying a young person who happens to be the daughter of a woman they "cannot afford to know," a woman with whom Christopher's stepfather once eloped. But Cora St. Jamison, the girl in question, has inherited something of her mother's wanton blood, and in the end she solves the awkward family deadlock by unceremoniously breaking loose and flinging Christopher aside. And here once again the solution depends on inherited traits. And lastly in *Jezebel* we also have a kindred situation of a young man who wishes to marry the daughter of their nearest neighbour, Lord Dormoral, in spite of a lasting family feud. Jezebel is supposed to be an illegitimate child, and the fact that her mother eloped shortly after her birth gives colour to the local gossip. But the whole point of the book turns upon the fact that gossip is wrong, that

Jezebel is soul and body a true Dormoral,—and since it is a characteristic of the Dormorals to obtain what they set their hearts upon, she ends by overbearing opposition and receiving the blessing of both families upon the union.

These brief notes fall far short of touching upon the novels in question in anything like the way they deserve. But the limits of a brief paper preclude more detailed analysis. The one object has been to point out Mr. Pryce's persistent use of heredity and fate as solutions for the problems of life. That they are factors in it needs no argument; but men and women are free agents to a much greater extent than Mr. Pryce seems to admit. If he would occasionally allow his people to be victors instead of vanquished in the fight of the individual against heredity and environment, he would make a long stride forward toward the high place to which he would seem to be entitled.

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The August instalment of "The Grub Street Problem" will leap the Atlantic and survey the cost of living in the Eastern States in Poe's time—roughly speaking, during the first half of the nineteenth century. It is a picturesque period of physical and spiritual transition from a government of aristocracy to a government of democracy. In the history of the world no locality ever changed more rapidly or radically than New York City during this time; and throughout the seaboard States the introduction of the new methods of communication reacted on the cost as well as on the style of living in a way that bewildered people. This caused them to write down very fully their impressions in diary and letter, and to sound more loudly than it had ever been sounded before the ancient lamentation that the good old days had departed and that the poorhouse was staring them in the face.

THE GRUB STREET PROBLEM

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART V—IN MR. PICKWICK'S LIFETIME

"My dear Madam," said one of the Longmans in the early forties, "nobody wants poetry now. Bring me in a cookery book and we might come to terms." The lady did. That book has been selling ever since, but no one bought the poems she issued on the strength of its success.

Such a person Carlyle would have called a Rope-Dancer or at least Cham-eleonic! And in less than no time he could have whipped up a mighty scorn of such miserable timeservers. "My dear sir," in 1847 he wrote to an aspirant, "the incomes of literary men even of a high reputation vary, according as

the men work for popularity by itself or for other objects, from £4000 a year to perhaps £200 or lower. Reporters to the daily papers, whose industry is the humblest of all real or unseemly kinds in literature, receive, as I have heard, about £200 a year. Perhaps, all things considered, a man of sense reduced to live by writing would decide that in the economical respect these men's position was actually the best. A person of real toughness and assiduity, not ashamed to feel himself a slave, contrives in some popular department of *rope-dancing*, with moderate talent otherwise, to gain sometimes considerable wages; in other cases dies of heartbreak, drinking, and starvation. But for a man really intent to do a *man's work* in literature in these times, I should say that even with the highest talent he might have to be fed oftentimes like Elijah by the ravens."

But high-souled or low-souled, there were 4,000 people in London in 1837 who lived, or said they lived, by literary work. Never had Grub Street been so populous. "It is now some twenty-three months since I earned one penny by the craft of literature," Carlyle testified in 1835. This is perhaps the cost of having a soul; it is our business to ascertain the cost of having a body.

THE CARLYLES

"I find living here very high," Thomas Carlyle wrote to his mother from his Edinburgh lodgings. "An hour ago I paid my week's bill, which though 15s. 6d. was the smallest of the three I have yet discharged. This is an unreasonable sum when I consider the slender accommodation and the paltry, ill-cooked morsel which is my daily pittance. I know not how to speak about the washing which you offer so kindly. Surely you thought five years ago that this troublesome washing and baking was over." His mother was sending him up by carrier oatmeal, cakes, and butter—a habit which she continued all her life.

Nevertheless, in spite of his high lodgings and his low earnings, he had managed to save £200 to begin housekeeping

with Jane Welsh in 1826. From the Edinburgh house where they spent their honeymoon he wrote his mother that his wife helped out the one maid with cooking "custards, pancakes, and other like ware," once using up some of the country eggs that the carrier had cracked on the way. "A woman comes here weekly with a fresh stock of eggs and I eat just one daily, the price being 15d. per dozen."

Then they went to live at Craigenputtock, a lonely farm belonging to her mother. "Jane watches [the workmen] with an eye like any hawk's, from which nothing crooked, unplumb, or irregular can hide itself a moment. And then, to crown our felicity, we have two fowls hatching in the wood, a duck with twelve eggs and a hen with (if I mistake not) eleven, from which great things are expected. Three nights ago we slew a Highland stot and salted him in a barrel, and his puddings even now adorn the kitchen ceiling." Mrs. Carlyle wrote to a friend: "Husbands, I was shocked to find, wore their stockings into holes and were always losing buttons, and I was expected to 'look to all that'; also that it behooved me to learn to cook, no capable servant choosing to live in such an out-of-the-way place." Her two immediate predecessors in this out-of-the-way place had gone mad and the third had taken to drink. But Mrs. Carlyle—not having her husband's cloud-capped schemes to occupy her mind—had a sudden inspiration that "in the sight of the Upper Powers there was no mighty difference between a statue of Perseus and a loaf of bread, so that each be the thing one's hand has found to do. Determined will, energy, patience, resource would work out no more fitly with one than the other." The Perseus she carved out upon that lonely moor became a radiant and virile rescuer in the years to come, to many lorn Andromedas.

When she was going down to London to join her husband in the lodgings he had taken, she wrote to his mother. "Carlyle wants me to bring some butter, oatmeal, etc., which are not to be got

good in London for love or money." When they set up housekeeping in Cheyne Row, both she and Thomas bragged of her management, as well they might have done. Of Leigh Hunt's house near by he wrote to his brother: "It is a poetical Tinkerdome without parallel even in literature. In his family room you will find half a dozen old rickety chairs gathered from half a dozen different hucksters, and all seemingly engaged and just pausing in a violent hornpipe. On these and around them and over the dusty table and ragged carpet lie all kinds of litter—books, papers, eggshells, scissors, and last night when I was there the torn heart of a half-quartern loaf. Yet he receives you in his Tinkerdome with the spirit of a king." Jane wrote: "To see how they live and waste here, it is a wonder the whole city does not 'bankrape,' flinging platefuls of what they are pleased to denominate crusts (that is, what I consider the best of the bread) into the ashpits. Mrs. Hunt, in plain unadorned English, is the most wretched of managers and is often at the point of not having a copper in her purse."

Thomas wrote his mother a list of provisions he wanted her to send. "We take two pounds of potatoes daily, and they sell here at three half-pence or at the lowest a penny, and are seldom good. We need almost a pound of oatmeal daily. Our meal has been done for a fortnight, and we have the strangest shifts for a supper. Amongst others flour porridge, exactly shoemaker's paste only clean; and at last have been obliged to take some of the Scotch oatmeal sold in the shops here—very dear, 5d. a quart by measure. The butter is always excellent (churned I believe out of milk) at the easy rate of 16d. a pound. N.B. We get coffee to breakfast (at eight or nearly so), have very often mutton chops to dinner at three, then tea at six. We have 4d. of cream, 2d. of milk daily. This is our diet." Jane wrote to his mother:

Mrs. Hunt torments my life with borrowing. She actually borrowed one of the brass

fenders the other day. Irons, glasses, tea-cups, silver spoons are in constant requisition; and when one sends for them, the whole number can never be found. Is it not a shame to manage so with eight guineas a week to keep house on? It makes me very indignant to see all the waste that goes on around me, when I am needing so much care and calculation to make both ends meet; when we dine out, to see as much expended on a dessert of fruit (for no use but to give people a colic) as would keep us in necessities for two or three weeks. My present maid has a grand-uncle in town with upward of £100,000; at a great dinner he had he gave £5 for a couple of pineapples when scarce; and here is his niece working all the year through for £8 and he has never given her a farthing since she came to London.

After a visit in 1845 she writes: "The housekeeping in my absence has been carried on at some 6 or 7s. a week less than if I had been at home, which is all as it should be, for I defy three people to live as we do on less than 30s. a week. I do think the little creature is very careful."

In 1855 he demurred at making her a larger housekeeping allowance. Thereupon she presented him with the delightful declaration of independence which (much condensed) follows. She calls it the Budget of a Femme Incomprise.

Through 6 and 20 years I have kept house for you at more or less cost according to given circumstances, but always on less than it costs the generality of people living in the same style. You don't understand why the allowance sufficient in former years is no longer sufficient. The beginning of my embarrassment was the repairing of the house. We have a servant of higher grade than we ever ventured on before; more expensive in money. Anne's wages are £16 a year; Fanny's were £13. Most of the others had £12; and Anne never dreams of being other than well-fed. The others scrambled for their living out of ours. Her regular meat dinner, regular allowance of butter, etc., adds at least £3 to the year's bill. But I see houses not half so well kept with cook, housemaid, and manservant. Anne is the last item I should vote for retrenching in.

I may set her down, however, at six additional pounds.

Provisions of all sorts are higher priced than in former years. 4s. a week for bread instead of 2s. 6d. makes at the year's end a difference of £3 18s. Butter has kept all the year round 2d. a pound dearer than I ever knew it, there is a difference of 21s. 8d. by the year. Butcher's meat is 1d. a pound dearer—at the rate of a pound and a half a day, bones included—no exorbitant allowance for three people—the difference on that at the year's end would be £2 5s. 6d. Coals which had been for some years at 21s. per ton cost this year 26s.; last year 29s., bought judiciously too. If I had to pay 50s., as some housewives had to, God knows what would have become of me. (Passionate cries of Question! question!) We burn or used to burn—I am afraid they are going faster this winter—12 tons, one year with another. Candles are 12s. composites 1s. a pound instead of 10d.; dips 8d. instead of 5 or 6d. Of the former we burn three pounds in nine days—the greater part of the year you sit so late—and of dips two pounds a fortnight on the average. Bacon is 2d. a pound dearer; soap ditto; potatoes at the cheapest 1d. a pound instead of three pounds for 2d. We use three pounds of potatoes in two days' meals. Who could imagine that at the year's end that makes a difference of 15s. 2d. on one's mere potatoes? What I should blush to state if I were not at *bay*, so to speak; ever since we have been in London *you* have in the handsomest manner paid the winter's butter with your own money, though it was not in the bond. And this gentlemanlike proceeding on your part, till the butter became uneatable, was a good £2 saved me.

Add up these differences.

1. Rise on servant	£ 6. 0.0
2. Rise on light and water	1. 14.0
3. On taxes	7. 16.8
4. On provisions	12. 0.0
5. Cessation of butter	2. 0.0
	<hr/>
	£29. 10.8

Anne must have been a treasure if so excellent a housekeeper thought she was worth £16; and even Fanny seems to

have got more than the average. For an inspection of the advertisements in the *Times* shows that £10 and £11 was the common wage for general servants and housemaids in the fifties in London. (£20 a year was the modern equivalent for the corresponding London servant yesterday!) But it is a rash man who would impugn Jane's housekeeping (as another doubting Thomas found out), and Jane got off very cheaply on her food at any rate. In 1841 it was estimated that the average expense of board and wages for a female servant was £35 a year, and of a male servant, including livery, £60.

But servants even of Jane were not always treasures. "As a specimen of the waste of my incorrigible goose of a big beautiful housemaid," she wrote in 1864, when they were keeping two servants, "figure three pounds of fresh butter at 20d. a pound regularly consumed in the kitchen, and half a pound of tea at 4s. made away with in four days!" For all her thrift, Mrs. Carlyle did not find out until later that she was paying dear for her housemaid's beauty rather than her stupidity—the goose was entertaining several admirers nightly in the kitchen. Poor, splendid Jeannie! She never could spend much on herself, as her husband wrote afterwards and blistered it with tears. "The only part of my own money I can be said to have spent needlessly," she wrote in 1864, "was a guinea and a half for—you would never guess what!—for a miniature of you!! Such a beauty. Every one who sees it screams with rapture over it. Even Ruskin!" She groaned when, toward the end of her ailing life, the doctor ordered a fly for two hours a day—though the keep of his horse had for many years been 25s. a week. She did not like to cost him 7s. several times a week. At last Carlyle, having spent years in talking about it, started out to buy her a Brougham. Careful of his money to the end (though a good deal of it was hers!) she dragged herself to half a dozen coachmakers before she bought one. At £60 her livery stable man considered it a great bargain,

"perfectly new and handsome in a plain way."

How she was bedevilled (to use her favourite expression, but in another connection) by poor Carlyle! Fancy a man who pays £35 a year for his house being willing to pay for an addition to it (which nobody was to use but himself) the tidy sum of £170! For this is what the famous sound-proof room cost at last—constructed on the roof, above the noise of cocks and street-cries and neighbours' pianos. This while they were living at the rate of £300, considerably over half the year's expenses! Yet he chides her for exceeding an allowance long outworn—though from it she had squeezed £5 as a bribe for wringing the necks of some neighbourly cocks which had driven him frantic.

LONDON LODGINGS AND RENTS

Like other visitors before him (though with perhaps less trustworthiness on account of his dyspepsia), Carlyle spoke of the stench and horrors of Edinburgh lodgings. He found the task of room-hunting in London less abominable. His English landladies, too, were far better than his Scotch ones. "I have a good, clean, quiet bed," he wrote, "and the landlady and her pretty granddaughter almost become as dead women every time we speak, so reverential are they and so prompt to help." He found a "very beautiful sitting-room and an immense bedroom above, quiet and airy," for which he paid 25s. weekly. "I live at the rate of 5 and 40s. per week," he wrote to his brother at another time, "a fine clean quiet spot with a landlady and a couple of rooms almost exactly such as I was wanting." This he called "horrible expensiveness," possibly because a friend had offered to board him and a horse for £40 a year at his house in Epping Forest. "How poor we were and yet how rich," he writes of the time when he and his wife lodged in Ampton Street Grays Inn Lane, "a clean and decent pair of rooms and quiet decent people reduced from wealth to keeping lodgings and prettily resigned to it."

In 1834 he wrote to his brother he in-

tended to give up the establishment at Craigenputtock, sell off the furniture, keeping only enough to equip a very modest house in the suburbs of London. "We imagine some suburban house may be got for £40. Leigh Hunt talked much about a quite delightful one he had (for 'ten children' too) at Chelsea, all wainscoted, etc., for thirty guineas. With £200 we fancy the *rigour* of economy may enable us to meet the year." He went back to his old London lodgings and walked till his feet were lamed under him, he said, looking for a suitable house. Finally he took one sixty yards from Hunt.

Chelsea was once the resort of the Court and great, hence innumerable old houses in it at once cheap and excellent. The house itself is eminent, antique, wainscoted to the very ceiling, all new-painted and repaired; broadish stairs with massive balustrade (in the old style). It has three stories beside the sunk story, in every one of them three apartments, in depth something like forty feet in all—a front dining-room, a breakfast-room, a china-room or pantry all shelved and fit to hold crockery for the whole street. Every bedroom with a dressing-room or second bedroom. On the whole a massive, roomy, sufficient old house with places, for example, to hang up, say, three dozen hats or cloaks on, and as many crevices and queer old presses and shelved closets as would gratify the most covetous Goody [her pet name]—rent £35. Finally Chelsea abounds more than any place in omnibi, and they take you to Coventry Street for sixpence.

Carlyle's rent of £35 was never raised in all the years he lived there. Other people, however, were not so fortunate. Lodgings had been going up, as was to be expected from the rapid growth of the city. In 1800 the population had not reached the million mark, but in 1840 London had 1,700,000 people inhabiting 263,000 houses. Carlyle had gone once to look up Dr. Johnson's old lodgings and found the landlord remembered that a famous "school-master" had lived there; but in spite of the fact that no one was more interested in prices than Car-

lyle, he—maddeningly enough—neglected to say what the landlord wanted for the rooms he was so anxious to let. Possibly almost double, for rents had been steadily growing since Johnson's day and his "garret" was in a well-settled part of town and not in a suburb as Carlyle's were, with a bus fare in every direction. This made a difference, for even in 1817 Charles Lamb was paying almost as much for two rooms on the third floor and five above, as Carlyle for a whole house and garden.

Living at Number 4 Inner Temple Lane—"where Hare Court's trees come in at the window so that it's like living in a garden"—cost Lamb £30 a year in 1809. These were certainly no cheaper than some apartments, with an inner staircase to himself, which he told Coleridge were luxurious in 1801—for in 1809 his salary as clerk was about £300, whereas in 1801 it was about £140. "The Baron lives on the ground floor for convenience of the gout; I prefer the attic story for the air. N.B. When you come to see me mount up to the top of the stair—I hope you're not asthmatical—and come in flannel, for it's pure airy up there. I can see the white sails gliding by the bottom of King's Bench walks as I lie in bed." The year before this, he lived in Chancery Lane—"I have got three rooms including servant under £34 a year." As Lamb had an "attic" it has pleased sentimentalists to think of him as poor, but his salary had always been sufficient and increased automatically until in his last year of office it was £730.

John Dickens had paid in 1804 for his house at Portsea the same sum as Carlyle. He was seventh assistant clerk in the Navy Pay Office at £80 when he married, and yet he paid almost one-half of it in rent. Carlyle had allowed one-fifth of his income for that purpose. From this alone, one may gather that John Dickens would have been a bad manager if he had ever tried to manage anything. In spite of the fact that his salary in 1816 became £200 without extras (a round solid sum, said Carlyle,

for which a man is likely to do much) and in 1820 became £350, he began to go down hill. "Substitute him for Mr. Micawber and Mrs. Dickens for Mrs. Micawber and make David Copperfield their son," says Marzials, "and you will have a record of Dickens's childhood." John (and Charles, too, for that matter) was as temperamentally unable as Mr. Micawber to remember long that if a man had £20 a year and spent £19 19s. 6d. he would be happy, but a shilling the other way would make him wretched.

Some men even in John Dickens's class had but £20 a year in his time. In 1810 there were twelve livings in England and Wales not exceeding £10 and seventy-two not exceeding £20. These clergymen had to live and it was notorious that, like the Vicar of Wakefield, they brought up large families rather than merely talked of patriotism. It is, perhaps, too much to expect of the average man that he be the good manager mentioned in a London newspaper in 1814. "A clergyman died lately at the age of ninety. During the early part of his life his benefice brought him only £12 a year. It was afterward increased (perhaps by Queen Ann's bounty) to £18, which it never exceeded. On this income he married, brought up four children, lived comfortably with his neighbours, educated a son at the University, and left £1,000 behind him." Congratulations to this long-dead economist! Jeannie Carlyle herself would have wondered how he contrived even with 90 years to have saved 55 years' salary.

But titans aside, Samuel Phelps, the actor, married on an irregular wage of 18s. a week considerably later than John Dickens. Fred Belton, in 1834, was getting £1 5s. and his intended got 30s. (when they got it). Both were "well educated, sensitively alive to the value of delicate living and clothing; yet upon this bare stipend we honestly contrived to pay our way and live respectably in every sense." Haydon, the artist, records that the two porters at the Academy in 1808 received £50; and that he admired one

of them very much for the comfort of his house and the respectable rearing of his family. Thus it seems that John Dickens might have got along on his £350.

The Journal of the Royal Statistical Society gives us a list of the rents of the working classes in St. George's Parish, Hanover Square, in 1842. The greater part of the parish, it says, is occupied by the houses of the higher class and of opulent tradesmen; and the rents are extremely high on account of this aristocratic proximity. The average is 4s. 3d. a week; 4s. 6d. and 5s. are the usual sums paid for an unfurnished room on the second and third floors. Consequently if Mrs. Dickens and her children had been able to leave "the two parlours of the emptied house in Gower Street, where they were camped out like gypsies," before they went to stay with Mr. Micawber (or rather Mr. Dickens) in prison, they might have lived in very respectable lodgings for about 6s. thirty years earlier than this. In 1827, when Charles was fifteen, he entered the office of a second solicitor in Gray's Inn for 13s. 6d. a week, afterwards 15s.; and a stripling on that stipend could have found very suitable lodgings for a third of that sum in a less sanctified neighbourhood than Hanover Square. In 1806 Lamb had a crotchet about not being able to write at home. "Have taken a room at 3s. a week to be in between 5 and 8 at night," he wrote to Hazlitt, "to avoid my nocturnal—alias *knock-eternal*—visitors." This room must have been in the neighbourhood of the Temple, and Charles Dickens could have got a less desirable one twenty years later for 4s. at the most.

POST AND CONVEYANCE

Postage during the first twenty years of the century was no inconsiderable item. With the coaches the charge depended upon the distance, and the smallest letter to any remote part of England cost 1s. 6d. To Cork the rate was 17d., to Edinburgh 13½d., to Manchester 11d. It was not considered polite to prepay the postage, and thus the arrival

of a letter was often embarrassing. The poor, of course, never wrote letters at this rate. "A letter costs a dinner," wrote Wilkie Collins senior, "so write nothing unless you have other business." It was the high cost of letters that made people write such small hands and then criss-cross them, for two sheets meant double postage. Miss Mitford spent six hours copying out a microscopic letter. The exorbitant tax on letters, like the exorbitant tax on hair-powder, defeated its own object. People gave up powdering and wrote only when they considered it worth the money. "Out of my last shilling," said Phelps, "I sent a letter home telling the good news and paid 8d. for the postage." John Litchfield, in London, wrote Charles Mathews in York: "£69 at your benefit! You can afford to pay for my letters." Mathews wrote back: "It was £96. Though had it been 69 I should have paid postage with pleasure, and hope I shall again in a few days."

Not until 1838 were the mails carried by the railways. Just to Brighton a single sheet folded and sealed cost 8d., and if it weighed over a quarter of an ounce the postage shot up—a letter over 1¾ ounces and under 2 became 4s. 8d. Yet a proposed change in even these preposterous conditions met the brick wall of opposition which in England confronts all novelty. In 1840, however, a uniform penny post was put into operation; and the post-offices, which numbered 3,000 to 11,000 parishes when Victoria came to the throne, began to change their ratio to the population; and contrary to croakers, nothing smashed but rural isolation. In 1840 a letter to France by the Dover Packet cost 10d., to Germany and Belgium 1s. 4d.; to Greece and Turkey 2s. 8½d.; to Italy 1s. 7d. By steam vessels to the few countries which had them, the postage was higher. A letter to the United States cost 1s.; to Cuba and Mexico 3s. 1d. In 1850 the rate to Continental countries via Belgium had fallen to 8d., via France 5d.; but the rate to the United States still remained 1s.

As for London conveyances, the rates of chairmen in 1803 were 1s. 6d. for the first hour and 6d. for every hour afterward. If paid by the distance 1s. not exceeding a mile; 1s. 6d. not exceeding a mile and a half; for every half mile afterward 6d. It was still fashionable for ladies to do their shopping sitting in their chair on the street and examining the goods which the shopkeeper urbanely displayed before them—a custom which doubtless proceeded from the fact that the purposely darkened shop-room of the Elizabethans made it unsafe to do any purchasing inside. Almost fifty years later Mrs. Carlyle speaks of sitting in her Brougham and inspecting cloth for purchase. The hackney coaches of 1800 were generally old ones discarded by wealthy people. In 1802 there were 1,100 public coaches, and in seventeen years there were only 200 more. The fares were fixed by law and were the same for four persons. In the second decade people began to give up using the Thames as a street, and by 1860 the watermen's fares were no longer published in the *Annual*. In 1803 these fares were 7s. to 10s. 6d. per day; 14s. from London Bridge to Windsor for a whole boat or 2s. for each person; down to Gravesend 6s. or 1s. each person. To cross below the bridge 1d., above 2d.; a half mile for scullers 3d. and for oars 6d.—scullers to take four persons and oars six, at those fares. But nobody was ever surprised when boatmen emphatically refused legal rates. The three bridges were generally choked with traffic, and ramshackle London Bridge—as enshrined in children's song—perpetually threatened "falling down." The first cabs in London came in 1823, and other people than the Wellers were opposed to such mad locomotion. The first omnibuses (which made other localities than Chelsea accessible) were arks holding twenty-two persons inside and drawn by three horses. The fare was 6d. for any part of the journey. At first, they left the suburbs at 9 A.M. and returned from the City at 5 P.M. By 1837 there were licensed 400 omnibuses, 1,200 cabs, 600

hackneys. The hackneys now charged 1s. a mile or half-hour, and 6d. every additional mile or quarter-hour. Twenty years later they were charging 6d. a mile; or if hired at 2s. the hour, the driver did not have to go faster than four miles an hour. "Harriet Martineau's soirées were frequent and crowded," wrote Carlyle in his journal, "and we, for the sake of the notabilities or notorieties, were willing to attend. My darling was always dressed to modest perfection, but the expense of 10s. 6d. for 'a neat fly' was never to be thought of—omnibus, with clogs and the best of care, that was always our resource. Surely, even I might have taken a cab from Regent Street, 1s. 6d. Shame on me!"

SCHOOLS

Although John Dickens's salary in 1823 was £350, Mrs. Micawber (that is to say, Mrs. Dickens) tried to lighten their increasing poverty by keeping school. Here is a school advertisement of 1800.

The Young Ladies are boarded and taught the English and French languages with grammatical purity and correctness, history and needleworks, for twenty-five guineas per annum, washing included. Day boarders three guineas per quarter; day scholars one and one-half guineas. Wanted, a young lady of a docile disposition and genteel address as an apprentice or half-boarder. She will enjoy many advantages which are not to be met with in the generality of schools. Terms, thirty guineas for two years.

Note the suggestion conveyed in not capitalising the young person last desired and in demanding docility. One hopes that such academies often harboured a Becky Sharp. In 1814 Carlyle took a position as mathematical tutor at Annan and made £60 or £70 a year at school-mastering. His expenses were not large, for in four years he saved about £90. This was an excellent wage for a school-master, not only in proportion to what was paid elsewhere but to what first-class artisans of the period were earning. The largest sum Carlyle's father ever earned in one year as country mason was £100.

The Scotch, of course, thought more of educated men than the English, but not every Scotchman was willing to pay well for an education. "Two guineas a month for each hour! That is perfectly extravagant," said an Edinburgh man when Carlyle applied as instructor of mathematics in 1819. "I believe it to be the rate," answered Carlyle stiffly, "at which every teacher of respectability in Edinburgh officiates." Afterward, he received £200 a year for tutoring two young men, he finding expenses.

In London the inclusive charges at St. Paul's were £36. At the schools in the suburbs the charge for board and lodging, with education on the side, was generally £20 a year; but mending and tips, books, paper and pens were usually extra and often doubled the sum.—The masters might well have charged for pens if of steel. In 1830 steel pens were still dear, says John Ashton in *Old Times*. "Warranted not to require mending," runs an advertisement, "and to write better than any other pen whatever, as cheap as the common pen. Price per packet of 9 pens of the best quality 3s. 6d." In 1837 they had gone down to 1s. 3d.—A middle-class school in 1830 six miles from London, "for the reception of gentlemen designed for mercantile pursuits, the legal and medical professions, the naval and military institutions and the Universities," advertises its terms per annum thus: "A mercantile course with mathematics, history, geography, use of the globes, astronomy and so forth, 25 guineas; or with the classics and including drawing, music, and dancing, 30 guineas." A better class one advertises: "Young Gentlemen are received from 4 to 20 years of age. Terms from 4 to 10 years, 25 guineas; 10 to 15, 35 guineas; 15 to 20, 40 guineas; parlour boarders, 80 guineas per annum." Girls' boarding schools cost as much as boys, but their day-schools were very cheap—one guinea a quarter and taught by "professors of eminence."

In the country men would take boys as low as £10. Dotheboys Hall at the delightful village of Dotheboys, near

Greta Bridge in Yorkshire, had its schoolmaster, Mr. Squeers, attend daily at the Saracen's Head, and its charge was 20 guineas per annum and no vacations. Dickens could have seen almost any day an advertisement in the *Times* of Bowes Academy, Greta Bridge, Yorkshire, "to provide youths with education, board, and clothes, and every necessary at 20 guineas; and the master of another school attended daily at the Saracen's Head. The real Squeers was not so black as he was painted, says a communication in *Notes and Queries*, and the boys were used very well and fed as well as could be expected for the money.

CLOTHES

As lady authors flocked in with the century (Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Jameson, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Opie, Hannah More, Ann Radcliffe, and all the rest), our list of Grub Street expenses must be widened.

A West-End Coiffeur advertised in 1800:

Correct imitations of Nature. To Ladies of Rank and Fashion. Full Dress Head-Dresses of long hair, judiciously matched and in beauty far superior. Price 4, 5, 6½, 8, 10, 12, 15, 20 guineas.

Real Natural Curl Head-Dresses. These cannot be described, they must be seen. 5 guineas.

Forced Natural Curl Head-Dresses of such Natural Curled Hairs as have not a sufficient curl; therefore it is assisted by Art. 4 guineas.

Plain Curled Head-Dresses made of Hair originally straight but curled by baking, boiling, etc. 3 guineas.

In order to account for the apparent high prices of the above, it is necessary to observe that all that Bowman uses is collected at Fairs from the French Peasants on the Continent, which (from the present convulsed state) is very dear, and no part of it is Men's Hair.

Ladies' Hair dressed at 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d.

W. Welsford, Tailor, in the *Morning Post*, 1805

respectfully informs the public that he continues to pursue the plan originally adopted by him six years since of SUPPLYING CLOTHES on the following Terms. Four Suits of Superfine Clothes, the old Suits to be returned in one year £16. Five Suits £18 18s. Six suits £21 10s. Those Gentlemen who should not prefer the above Contract may be supplied at the undermentioned reduced price. A coat of the best Superfine Cloth, complete £2 12s. A fine Fancy Waistcoat 14s. Superfine double-milled Cassimere Breeches £1 4s. Superfine Pantaloon £1.

Ladies' pelisses cost less than gentlemen's coats. Jane Austen notes in her correspondence in 1811 that they were selling in London for 17s. each. Checked muslin, she says, cost 7s., coloured muslin 3s. 6d. Beaver hats for both sexes were very expensive, but they could be repaired by made to last a long while.

Breeches disappeared and pantaloons were worn in their stead. But the new fashion came in cautiously, as befitted so momentous a change. Pantaloons were first neutralised by being made very tight and worn with knee Hessians. "I remember," says Fred Belton, "that in his Hessian boots and nankeen tights a great beau would never sit down, lest he should bulge at the knees." Then the more radical audaciously discarded the boots and frankly sported pantaloons of elastic stuff fitting tightly. These required well-turned legs, and false calves now added a new expense to life. While the way a man might encase his legs offered the most obvious play to the individual temperament, its most subtle manifestation was his neck. Neckcloths might be six fold and hours could be spent in their exquisite adjustment, though it was not until another decade that they rippled and glided in a rivulet of satin meandering through a meadow of shirt front with dim vistas of flowered waistcoat beyond.

When wigs were given up, Walpole said it meant farewell to all individuality. But only the giddy-pated thought of wearing their hair short or naked. Most respectable people had it veneered

with powder. "A thorough head-dressing for drill cost my uncle three hours," said Belton. "It commenced with a good washing to get rid of the old dressing; then a basin of lard and flour was brought to thicken the hair; then to it was attached a kind of rough foundation with false pigtail; then his own hair raised over it, forming a kind of toupé. It was then left slowly to dry, the dresser by degrees puffing with a small bellows from which issued violet powder until the mass became firm, hard, and faultlessly white. This kept good for a week or more with occasional powder and a new black ribbon to give it freshness. This torture was insignificant to what the ladies suffered. The poor things had to lie for nights in one position, for fear of disturbing their towering head-dresses."

We might possibly still be powdering our hair (for now that ear-rings have returned, who will dare assert that we are of a saner age!), had it not been that God sent bad harvests and the scarcity of flour made an excessive tax on powder. In 1812 there were more than 46,000 "guinea-pigs" in England, as the people were called who paid the tax of one guinea for powdering their hair. But with a tax of £20 on an income of £200, one began to think twice about such matters; and the rich began to beat their powdering closets into linen-shelves.

In the Greville Memoirs is this note of interest for 1830. "I went yesterday to the sale of the king's wardrobe. He never gave anything away except his linen. These clothes are the perquisites of his pages and will fetch a pretty sum. His profusion in these articles was unbounded, because he never paid for them." The *Times* said there were many pairs of boots and shoes, which sold at 5s. one with the other. The cambric and silk handkerchiefs produced a guinea each, although the pages said they were not worth but 7s. A pair of fine kid trousers of ample dimensions, lined with white satin, went for 12s.

Jane wrote to her mother in 1834:

Now that franks are coming back into

the world, one need not wait for an inspired moment to write; if one's letter is worth nothing, it costs nothing. I have made up the old black gown with my own hands, and shall get no other this winter. My bonnet, I flatter myself, has an air. The diameter of the fashionable ladies at present is about three yards; their *bustles* are the size of an ordinary sheep's fleece. The very servant girls wear bustles. Eliza Miles told me a maid of theirs went out one Sunday with *three* kitchen dusters pinned as a substitute.

But in spite of increasing diameter, Mrs. Carlyle even as late as 1855 told her husband she could keep up her dignity and her wardrobe on £15 a year. She had many things given her by friends, it is true; but she shopped a great deal and was always a careful buyer. Miss Jewsbury agrees with Thomas that she dressed with quiet elegance.

The illustrations of *Pickwick* and *Nicholas Nickleby* have made us very familiar with the masculine wear of the later part of the period. Elderly gentlemen still wore breeches and stockings. Stocks now hugged the chin with whale-bone clamps, and the Spanish cloak intoxicated its owner with the attitudes it afforded. Here is an advertisement in the *Times*, 1834.

Spanish cloak of superfine blue cloth, a complete circle of $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards £4 4s.; opera ditto £2 2s.; boy's ditto £1 1s.; camlet ditto 11s.; boy's ditto 12s. Fashionable Petersham great coat, bound £2 2s.; Saxon frock coat faced silk £4 4s.; the very best that is made £4 15s. Suit of livery £3 3s. Contract prices—Two suits per year £6 6s.; extra fine quality, the very best £7 7s.; three suits

£10 17s.; ditto £12 5s.; four suits £14 6s.; ditto £15 18s.; the old to be returned. Stout cloth winter trousers 13s. 6d.

"To-day (wrote Jane in 1845) Count D'Orsay walked in. I had not seen him for four or five years. Last time he was as gay in his colours as a humming-bird—blue satin cravat, blue velvet waist-coat, cream-coloured coat lined with velvet of the same hue, trousers also of a bright colour, I forget what; white French gloves, two glorious breastpins attached by a chain, and length enough of gold watch-guard to have hanged himself in. To-day, in compliment to his five more years, he was all in black and brown; one breastpin and only one fold of gold chain round his neck, tacked together right on the centre of his spacious chest with one magnificent turquoise. Well! that man understood his trade; if it is but that of a dandy, nobody can deny that he is a perfect master of it." The Count was the Count of course, but most young or trimly built persons were dandified in the forties; and his expenses were echoed even in Grub Street. For George IV had made literary lions popular, and from 1799 to 1840 there were few literary men of note who had not been a guest at the Holland House, says John Ashton. In 1831 their favourite meal seemed to be breakfast—a rather imprudent proceeding, one would think, on their part. Still, a late hour and a determination to make the best of things can work wonders even in the way of breakfast. Besides, one might eat himself into an appetite for dinner, for London was still spreading interminable repasts.



INCONCLUSIVENESS AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

NEXT to saying that every story must have a beginning, there is probably no remark that would seem to be more superfluous and self-evident than that every story must come to a finish. The crucial point of the earliest nursery tale is to know "how it all ends." The keenest thrill of childhood's first experience with magazine serials is latent in the momentous words, "to be concluded in the next number." The one distinctive feature that stamps the modern novel as a work of art, in contrast to the amorphousness of the earlier types of romance, is its well-rounded symmetry, its clearly marked intention, its orderly progress toward a foreordained conclusion, a winding up of the argument, an unmistakable moment at which the author says, "Checkmate." The mimic game of life which we call fiction differs from the chessboard in the unlimited expanse of its squares, the varying number of its pawns, the infinitude of its possible gambits and resulting problems; but when the game is ended, there is no such thing as going on with it; we must either put the men back in the box or else begin another game.

Now, the curious thing about a good deal of the fiction of to-day, the work of many of the younger writers of promise, is that they show a tendency to forget or to ignore this very obvious, almost axiomatic requirement of the modern novel. A phenomenon is taking place not unlike what in the physiological world is called an atavistic reversion, a throw-back to types of an inferior degree of development. Sporadic cases, of course, are to be expected; but the present widespread and still spreading tendency toward a greater looseness of construction, a vaguer central idea, cannot fail, if it continues, to rob the novel of some of its recently acquired dignity.

For centuries, fiction had no higher function than to provide public entertainment; it is only within the last half century that it has come to be recognised as a legitimate vehicle for the presentment and discussion of momentous questions of the day, social, ethical, moral and religious. Little by little, the best methods for combining the two purposes,—that of entertaining with the specific story of individual lives, and that of propounding serious general problems and working them out symbolically in a big, sweeping, conclusive fashion,—have been evolved and built up, until to-day the highest type of novel has been so far formulated that, while here and there a genius may be big enough and bold enough to break one or more of the rules, there is no one so great that he can afford to break them wholesale. The novel, of course, because of its very nature as a mirror of life, must not ever be allowed wholly to crystallise,—after the rigid manner of the sonnet,—yet, on the other hand, it has acquired, like architecture, certain definite laws, and its further development should be an outgrowth and variation of these laws.

After all, the theory of the modern novel is so simple that one sometimes wonders that so much faulty work is turned out. It is the novelist's business to study life at first hand, to ponder over it until its concrete happenings have taught him something, have grouped themselves in his mind with a new and enlightening significance; and then, and not until then, he is ready to make such a selection of the actualities that have come under his notice as will best serve to convey his message with clearness and emphasis. But the fault of many writers of to-day is that they are too impatient to produce; their fertile imagination visualises quite clearly the salient

events in a score or more of human lives, but they have not waited to learn the real significance of these happenings; and what they themselves see only hazily, they must of necessity present to others through a dense fog. Quite lately a certain publisher, speaking confidentially of a newly accepted manuscript, said, "I know that we have a rather big thing in this story, and yet, try as I will, I cannot find just the right way to put it before the public; I can't seem to find any phrase that will tell briefly what it is all about." And this was not surprising, because the manuscript in question, while containing a certain amount of pure gold, was simply so much unrefined ore,—the author had not taken the time needed to find out what he himself really believed about life; and as an inevitable result his work lacked a sense of relative proportion.

To take another specific example: one of the novels of the current month, a review of which is included in the present paper, is defined in the publisher's note as "the study of a social, not a sexual problem, even though through many a chapter may run an inherent sense of sex instinct." On the surface, this phrase sounds for the moment as though it really said something; but if you stop a minute to study it, you come to the conclusion that here is another case of a book seen as through a glass, darkly. Every modern novel of serious import is in a measure a social problem; indeed, it would be difficult to conceive of any human problem so selfishly individual, so secretly private as to be quite outside the pale of society at large. And on the other hand, no human problem truthfully presented by a writer who has the eyes to see and takes the trouble to use them, can be wholly free from "an inherent sense of sex instinct," because so long as human nature remains what it is, men and women must be healthily conscious that they are respectively men and women and glad of the fact; and no moral or ethical problem is of so generalised a nature that the factor of sex can be eliminated; the divorce problem

treads close upon the heels of the temperance question, and as Mr. Kipling once reminded us, the world's peace cannot be disturbed without forcing Mr. Thomas Atkins to "leave a lot of little things behind him." No, the novelist of the first magnitude is the one who, without over-insistence, never forgets and never allows the reader to forget that the human species is a bi-sexual species, and also that mankind is instinctively a social, gregarious animal, and that his most intimate problems are really the problems of the many. Of course, in the case of the novel above referred to, the author had certain ideas more specific than the publisher's note gave him credit for having; but they are so vaguely expressed or suggested that the reader may well be in doubt as to what he was trying to say.

"VIRGINIA"

It is pleasant to be able to begin the present survey of the month's fiction with a volume in which the above-mentioned shortcomings are so conspicuously absent as in *Virginia*, by Ellen Glasgow. One of the leading qualities of Miss Glasgow's work is her sureness of touch. She not only knows precisely what she is trying to say, but she also quite unerringly says it, with just the right inflexion, just the suitable variation in emphasis needed to carry, to any reader of discrimination, the full measure of her meaning. It is this fact which explains why her novels are at one and the same time preëminently local and as wide as humanity itself. She knows her people and her locality with an assured knowledge as welcome as it is rare; but this knowledge is not given forth again until it has passed through the crucible of a keen and alert intelligence and become transmitted into symbols of big, basic truths. In after years, *Virginia* will be remembered as a transition work in Miss Glasgow's literary development. As compared with her previous volumes, it is surprisingly simple in the economy of its structure, its theme and its caste of characters. Indeed, it might almost be

defined as an intimate study of just one woman, the Virginia of the title. She represents the type of Southern gentlewoman of the generation immediately following the Civil War, when changed conditions had not yet begun to make inroads upon time-honoured traditions. She is the type resulting from centuries of masculine assumption that woman's whole duty is to be gracious and charming, to preside over her household, train her children, accept the homage of her male friends and relatives as her just prerogative, and diffuse an atmosphere of generous hospitality, a lingering impression of low, sweet laughter and soft-spoken words. Virginia is of the period when women still accepted as a matter of course the necessity of living up to the ideal that masculine egotism prescribed for them; and being by nature a born wife and mother, she does not rebel as a more modern woman would have done, when her illusions are one by one rent to tatters, but can still wear the mask of outward serenity, when in the course of years her heartache over the infidelities of an errant husband is replaced by similar pangs on behalf of her children. In all of this the picture is Southern to the last degree; it glows softly, with a sense of the mellow warmth of glad sunshine, the redolence of exotic blossoms, the tender witchery of youth and beauty. Yet at the same time it sums up in the heart throbs of just one woman a problem as old as motherhood and as wide as civilisation: how shall a woman share herself between husband and children? How shall she do her duty as a mother and yet not awaken a jealous resentment on the part of the man who has hitherto held first place? Above all, how is she to learn that the daily joys and sorrows of childhood do not necessarily have the supreme interest for the father that they have for her, and that a nightly chronicle of such household details begets weariness and satiety? Such is the wider significance of *Virginia*; and it is conveyed with a wise understanding of masculine selfishness and feminine shortness of sight that awaken an answering throb of con-

tagious sympathy. *Virginia* is a picture painted on a more modest canvas than such volumes as *The Battleground* and *The Deliverance*; it lacks something of the robust vigour of the author's earlier manner. But on the other hand, it shows a gain in subtle shadings and delicate intuitions; in short, it represents a new and welcome phase in an author whose rare volumes it would be hard to await with patience, if it were not for the fact that their long delay testifies to the faithful workmanship and careful polishing that make them the finished product that they are.

"THE SON OF HIS MOTHER"

Clara Viebig occupies in Germany a position well-nigh as prominent among women novelists as Miss Glasgow does in America; and in theme and treatment she has a similar clearness of thought and expression. *The Son of His Mother* is not, at first sight, a theme of wide application, but on the contrary a quite special and exceptional case. A married couple of good social standing and in fairly prosperous circumstances are still childless after a number of years of wedlock. To the man, it is a matter of keen disappointment; to the woman it is an obsession, an ever-present torture, a physical menace that disorders her whole nervous system, necessitates medical care, change of scene, recurrent visits to various health resorts,—and all to no purpose, because the one thing that she craves is still denied her. But one day, among the Swiss mountains, she comes across a little child, the son of a peasant woman, the sort of child that has for years haunted her dreams,—and suddenly the daring thought of adopting him dawns upon her. It takes courage to conceive this thought and to put it into words, because hitherto the husband and wife have kept their disappointment to themselves, and she has no knowledge how he will look upon the scheme. But as it happens there are no difficulties: the husband grasps eagerly a plan that promises to be a cure for his wife's invalidism; the child's mother, an illiterate, over-

worked drudge of a peasant, with more mouths at home than she well can feed, consents, with sullen resentment, to part with the boy for a stated sum; the child himself is too young to retain distinct memories of his infancy, and soon grows to believe that his adopted parents are his true ones. But the honest couple's happiness is destined to be short-lived: before long it becomes evident in a host of little ways that the boy is unmistakably the son of his mother; he has certain inherited instincts of a baser sort, a mental and moral coarseness that no amount of loving care can eradicate; there is a latent viciousness in his nature and a physical weakness in his constitution. He is destined to become a source of constant anxiety in place of a joy; and when finally his excesses have so far impaired his vitality that he falls an easy victim to illness, his death brings more of relief than of sorrow. The story is a poignant little study in heredity, but it is something more besides. The author would seem to teach the bigger lesson that there is no royal road to motherhood, that it is a joy to be bought only through much suffering, and that nature rather grimly insists upon a later atonement for any attempt to cheat her of her purposes. At all events, this is a book which makes one think, and it certainly deserved a more careful and idiomatic translation.

"WILSAM"

Another current novel, the plot of which turns mainly upon an adopted child, is *Wilsam*, by S. C. Nethersole. The opening chapter shows us a shipwreck on the Kentish coast; and from it a tiny girl, the sole survivor, is washed ashore, and almost into the arms of the person to whom the label, pinned to her dress by her dying mother, consigns her. The significance of the title is explained by a line quoted from an ancient Anglo-Saxon record, "Wilsam, Goods driven ashore when no Wreck or Ship is visible, hence called Goods of God's Mercy." And hence also Wilsam is the name given by those who love her best to Mercy Pardilow, the child of the wreck.

But, having written so far, by way of explanation, the reviewer suddenly finds himself in something of a dilemma; the volume does not lend itself readily to a brief and lucid epitome. It has unmistakable qualities of strength and insight. It shows us a score of genuine, homespun types of men and women, rugged, stalwart farmer folk, in whom kindness and an unyielding stubbornness are often curiously blended. It shows us specifically a queer entanglement of lives due to the fact that Mercy Pardilow's father had first loved and wronged her mother's sister Milly, before making a runaway match with Mercy's mother. It was Hannah Anseed, Milly's one faithful friend, who saw her through her trouble, in the dreary isolation of Lucksbeat Farm, from which no whisper of a new-born soul reached the gossipy outside world; it was Hannah Anseed who, when sought in marriage, laid down the condition that the man she should wed must accept as his own son a child who was neither his nor hers, and must ask no questions; and it was Hannah Anseed who throughout all the years that followed kept an ever watchful eye upon Lucksbeat Farm, where Milly Gatehouse, after a year in the asylum, returned to live, placid with the limited intelligence of a clouded brain and docile as a little child. So in these two adjacent homes of Milly Gatehouse and Hannah Anseed a boy and a girl grew up, Milly's niece Mercy and Hannah's adopted son, Albert-Edward,—neither guessing that through the father they had never seen they were brother and sister. But in all this we have only a single detail of a pattern of interwoven threads so intricate that while we read we have an annoying sense of being too close to it, of being unable to get far enough off to see it in the right perspective, or so that the different happenings would assume their relative proportions. Apparently the author's purpose is simply to show quite minutely the life of just one person, the heroine, from the hour when she was cast up by the sea until the bitterest trials of her married life

are over. It may be frankly conceded that to a large extent the result is a success: single episodes are admirable, the physical background of nature and the moral background of human nature are beyond reproach; there are times when the author's style is reminiscent of Hardy and then again of Eden Phillpotts. But taken as a whole, as a record of one human life, with its mistakes and frailties, its joys and sorrows, its compulsory payment for its earlier errors, the book strikes one as a very good average sample of the type referred to earlier in this paper, the type of vague, inconclusive story, where the author's own views of life have not yet crystallised. We watch Mercy Pardilow grow to attractive womanhood, in spite of much drudgery and unkindness, we see her after many obstacles and much heart-ache, marry the man of her choice, and then we see that man, because of an inborn streak of dogged self-will, bring about the death of his first-born and become himself a piteous, ghastly, raving creature, who must of necessity be removed to "the house on the hill." And when the last page is turned, and the shadow of madness has lifted, and Mercy has a chance of a belated and crippled happiness, we ask ourselves, What is the meaning of it all? It is very cruel and very vivid and very true; but it all seems so unnecessary. It lacks that element of the inevitable which forms the keynote of all really big life studies. Nowhere do we feel convinced that what happens is the necessary sequel of what the heroine has previously done, her joys and sorrows are not directly begotten by her temperament. Instead of feeling that Mercy Pardilow's life was what it was because it had to be, we feel that it simply was one of a score of possible lives, in each of which the whim of chance amused itself by playing grim practical jokes. *Wilsam* is undeniably a work of considerable promise; but the fulfilment is yet to come.

"MICHAEL"

Mrs. Henry de la Pasture is, on the contrary, an author with a fully matured

talent, and she is quite aware what she has in mind to say. The theme of *Michael* may be stated with almost telegraphic brevity: A young Catholic girl is in love with an agnostic, but refuses to marry him unless he becomes converted. A certain amount of religious doctrine and theological controversy necessarily obtrudes itself into the narrative; yet this is so tactfully managed as to produce the required atmosphere without ever for a moment becoming wearisome. Mrs. de la Pasture knows how to get the biggest possible value out of a situation: the hero, the "Michael" of the title, is possessed of vast wealth, so that his conversion is of material as well as spiritual importance to the Church; his betrothed is a simple, ardent, saintly spirit, the stuff that martyrs were once made of, and there is no hope that, if his honest wish to be converted fails of fulfilment, she will even be persuaded to commit the sin of marrying him in spite of it. As one of his spiritual advisers admits, it soon becomes evident that nothing short of a miracle will ever open his eyes to things heavenly; and just what this miracle is, it would be unfair to divulge beforehand,—even though it is a very simple flesh-and-blood miracle, with nothing really miraculous about it excepting the wonderful timeliness of its occurrence and the magic of its efficacy. In short, the book is not only a piece of fine and honest workmanship, but it succeeds in suggesting a conclusive and satisfactory ending, although it stops, with a fine artistry, before the last word is written.

"THE DECLENSION OF HENRY D'ALBIAC"

The Declension of Henry D'Albiac, by V. Goldie, is a serious, yet light-handed satire on the follies and pretensions of smart society in present-day England. The hero of the title is a young Frenchman who is making a protracted stay in London and at various English country houses, and incidentally is betrothed to one of the leading beauties of the current season,—a creature of such exquisite sensibility that she turns quite faint at the mere mention of anything so

vulgar as a clash between the police and the militant suffragettes, and yet can witness the butchery of a fox or a score of pheasants with frank enjoyment. D'Albiac is so deeply in love that he is quite blinded to the lady's obvious shallowness, but his awakening comes in so accidental a manner that it would seem to be the direct intervention of Providence. In the opening chapter we see him one evening unintentionally hemmed into a side street in the midst of a packed mass of humanity; and before he quite knows what is happening, a sudden surge brings the centre of the vortex within arm's length and he sees a dishevelled and pallid, yet unmistakably attractive young woman, struggling in the rough grasp of a policeman. D'Albiac's Gallic gallantry comes to the surface and, regardless of consequences, he tackles the policeman and effects the girl's rescue. This is the beginning of a Bohemian acquaintanceship whose far-reaching consequences the young man by no means foresees. Quite unconsciously, he imbibes from the pretty suffragette certain views of politics, ethics and social standards which with equal unconsciousness he airs as his own across the dinner-tables of the socially elect, and is sadly puzzled at the consternation that his utterances arouse, and the growing disfavour and aloofness of his betrothed. It is all excellent comedy, and it carries a number of wise and salutary lessons with it.

"HAGAR REVELLY"

Hagar Revelly, by Daniel Carson Goodman, is a bold but unsuccessful attempt to present us with an unforgettable object-lesson of certain phases of the existing evils of our social system. Its direct purpose, so far as one may disentangle it from a host of subservient motives, is to study the question of woman's virtue as affected by the problem of a living wage. This question, by the way, has been handled often enough in fiction to have lost its novelty; but Mr. Goodman attacks it with the zeal of a pioneer, the pride of a discoverer, that reminds one of nothing so much as Arthur Hen-

ry's similar naïve pride, some years ago when, in *An Island Cabin*, he discovered the momentous fact that, by tacking, one could make a sail-boat go against the wind. In substance, however,—if you forget for a moment the thesis of it—*Hagar Revelly* bears a certain analogy to Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*, with the important difference that it is not nearly so well done, and that it is gratuitously and unpardonably offensive in details where, for art's sake if for nothing else, a tactful reticence would have been far more effective. The present reviewer does not happen to know the nationality of the author of *Hagar Revelly*; but, whoever and whatever he is, he has certainly caught the flavour of that particular New York dialect that is the unmistakable hall-mark of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. For instance, neither he nor any of his characters ever light the gas, or strike a match,—they always "make a light," or they ask each other, "Will I make a light?" The scene of the story is New York, the shops and restaurants, hotels and department stores are all spoken of with no attempt at disguise; but the characters, although many of them bear Anglo-Saxon names, are unmistakably foreign in thought and act. More specifically, the story of Hagar is that of a young girl's downfall, due, not to any question of wage, but simply to the riotous blood of youth and the bad example of a dissolute mother. Hagar leaves home because her mother's lover is apparently about to transfer his unwelcome attentions to her; she secures employment in a Sixth Avenue department store and promptly the manager of the store casts covetous eyes upon her and makes advances which any young girl of Hagar's liberal New York Street education must have understood the significance of. But she continues to accept them, in blind serenity, until one night when a certain scene is enacted that in vividness of narration out-Zola's Zola, and in sheer crudeness of detail is unparalleled in current fiction. The present reviewer is not squeamish; his quarrel with books of

the type of *Hagar Revelly* is not with their subject matter, but with their inartisticness. That was the fault with a vastly bigger and better book of kindred subject, Sudermann's *Song of Songs*,—a volume which one suspects has influenced Mr. Goodman in no small degree. Both books show the same prolixity, the same insistence upon extraneous and irrelevant detail, the same tendency to offend by an audacious outspokenness, where the French method of light suggestion would be infinitely more effective. Finally, *Hagar Revelly* is much too long; even those to whom the spice of its indecencies will appeal, must grow satiated with the sameness of the heroine's many adventures. And in the closing chapters the amazing elasticity of a thousand dollars, which takes Hagar to Paris, supports her there for many weeks in affluence, buys her infinite new gowns, hats and jewels, sends a draft of two hundred and fifty dollars home to fetch her sister across to join her, and then pays the hotel bills of that sister, her nurse and child for some weeks longer, all forms a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* that adds the last touch to the reader's annoyance. Mr. Goodman should study the French school rather than the German; his work would profit by it.

"THE CATFISH"

The explanation of the odd title which this book bears lies in the unfamiliar fact that in the old days when fishermen in the North Sea caught cod-fish, they stored them in huge tanks in the schoo-

er's hold; and from inactivity the fish reached land flabby and tasteless. But one day an inventive genius conceived the happy idea of putting one catfish into the tank, and the result was that abundant exercise kept the other fish in prime condition. Well, in Mr. Charles Marriott's new volume there is one woman who throughout her life plays the part of the catfish in the life of a man who secretly loves her, but never tells her so until almost on the eve of her death. In a measure the title is misleading, because the greater part of the book, by actual count of words as well as in question of relative interest, deals with the man himself, dating from his earliest recollections as a small boy and studying the development of his abnormally sensitive organisation, his almost uncanny imaginings, his utterly topsy-turvy and disordered philosophy, his morbid secretiveness, so unlike the mental and moral life of the ordinary normal child,—and yet in which, at the same time, every reader must recognise, here and there, some flash of resemblance to some momentary and unforgotten fancy of his own early days. This book is one to be read rather than discussed at second hand; it is a big advance upon the author's earlier work, it is a wise book, full of keen observation of the successive phases of youth, adolescence and full maturity, and of the problems and errors associated with each. In short, it is one of those comparatively rare books which the veteran book reviewer hails with pleasure and delights in passing on to the discriminating few.

IN MEMORIAM

THE OBITUARIES OF THE AUTHORS CLUB OF NEW YORK FOR 1912

THOUGH our late member, JOHN JACOB ASTOR, was a hundred times a millionaire, and perhaps was oftenest thought of as such, his great wealth was by no means his best title to respect and remembrance. He was born at Rhinebeck, New York, July 13, 1864,

and was graduated at Harvard, in the class of 1888, with the degree of Bachelor of Sciences. He travelled abroad for two or three years, and then the management of the family estates devolved upon him by the death of his father, William Astor. He was an

earnest student of science, and he fitted up in his house a laboratory for experiment and invention. Here he invented a brake for bicycles, a pneumatic road-machine, and other useful devices. His first enterprise in real estate was the building of the Astoria Hotel, adjoining the Waldorf, which had been erected by his cousin, who is now a resident of London and a subject of the British Crown. John Jacob Astor was a member of the staff of Governor Levi P. Morton, with the rank of colonel, in 1895-96. At the beginning of the war with Spain in 1898 he presented the Government with a completely equipped field battery, at a cost of about \$100,000, and was appointed a lieutenant-colonel of volunteers. After service as assistant inspector-general in the camps at Chickamauga, he was assigned to duty on the staff of General Shafter and served in the siege of Santiago.

His only publication in book form is *A Journey in Other Worlds*, a quasi-scientific narrative of a flight from the earth to one of the moons of Jupiter, after the manner of Greg's *Across the Zodiac*, and similar stories. This tale of an impossibility is so well done, the scientific points so carefully guarded, that it is difficult to put one's finger on the fatal spot of the impossible, and it is told in good, clear English.

Colonel Astor did not often visit the Club rooms, where his agreeable companionship would have been welcome; but those of us who knew him best knew that he bore in mind and valued his connection here. His life ended in that terrible disaster, the sinking of the *Titanic* in mid-Atlantic, on the night of April 14th. Like most of the men, he stood calmly back while the women and children were being put into the boats, his young wife among them. His coolness and kindness were shown by a simple incident. A little boy had been refused a place in one of the boats, when Colonel Astor picked up a woman's hat, put it upon the boy's head, and, saying, "Now you are a girl," handed him into the boat. R. J.

WILL CARLETON is best described as "poet of the natural man"—not the man of the Stone Age, but contemporary man unspoiled by exotic environment. He called much of his work "Ballads"; and his ballads of city life were inferior to those of the farm, because freedom of the fields more widely awakened him. He was truest interpreter of thoughts born around the fire-sides of plain, homely, honest folk who lived close to Mother Earth. They were people he absolutely understood! No friend of Carleton's will rank him with Longfellow or Whittier, who did nobler work along more ambitious lines, but in his own province neither the one nor the other surpasses him. He was surely a poet of nature—meaning human nature, rather than green fields and gurgling streams. Ocean, sky, or forest made less appeal to him than did the simplest human creature whose pulse throbbed responsive to sorrow or to joy. A master of syntax, he cared not for the periphrasis of noun and adjective. He always used the simplest of Anglo-Saxon words, yet I recall an apostrophe to "Republican France," written in heroic couplets that in metre and diction fulfil the severest rules of Dryden or Pope.

Wherever Will Carleton's place in American literature may be, he will stand far above the American sonnet writers.

But, after all that might be said about his *Farm Ballads*, *Farm Legends*, and *Farm Festivals*, or his verses on city life similarly entitled, the poet was but half the man. With Rousseau, he thought man by nature honest, wise, and free.

Carleton's success as a public lecturer attested a general popularity; the affection in which he was held by associates added the hall-mark of friendship. He began his career, after leaving college, as a hustling newspaper man, and unto his last day his instinct for news was unerring. This news sense aided him in his lectures. He possessed a fine stage presence and when upon the plat-

form never was at loss for speech: not a word in our language could say him nay! His popularity in Great Britain was almost as great as in the United States. Throughout this country, his name was familiar to every household. In this big city, where he had made his home for thirty years in Brooklyn Borough, he was always prompt to volunteer to aid the programme of every worthy charitable benefit. As a member of his Masonic lodge, I can affirm that Carleton was everything a member of the craft should be, and we, his fellow-members of the Authors Club, will long remember his unfailing loyalty to the Club and will miss the genial greeting of the friend we have lost. He died on December 18, 1912, aged sixty-seven, young in the joy of living—almost juvenile in the earthly contentment he radiated.

J. C.

FREDERICK KEPPEL was born in Tullow, Ireland, in March, 1844, and died in New York in March, 1912. His father was of English stock and his mother Welsh and Irish. He attended, for a short time, a boarding school in Dublin, but his education was mainly attained under a private tutor. At the age of fourteen he went with the family to Liverpool, whence his father moved to Guelph, Ontario, where Frederick set manfully to work as a farmer.

Before he was twenty-one he came to Utica, New York, gathered some experience in the publishing business, and, later organised, with George Gebbie, in Philadelphia the firm of Gebbie & Keppel, publishing subscription books. This business did not prove either attractive or successful, and in the late sixties he established himself in Beekman Street, New York, as a print dealer.

The change from subscription books to prints was accidental. Keppel had acquired a portfolio of etchings and engravings, and these proved so easy to dispose of at good prices, that he entered that field, hitherto well-nigh neglected. Sixty-six Beekman Street soon became a

Mecca for print lovers, as were, later, his delightful shops in Sixteenth and in East Thirty-ninth Streets. There gathered the leaders of the "cognoscenti" in the art of etching, and to them the judgments of Keppel were final. To him is due the introduction here of the works of the great foreign masters of etching, while to the American, Joseph Pennell, he was a loyal friend and supporter. It was a treat to hear him relate anecdotes of the men and their peculiarities, anecdotes always good-natured, though keen and analytical.

As well as being the collector and dealer, Keppel was a constant contributor to the magazines upon the subject of the literature of his field of study; and he was the author of two books, *Christmas in Art*, and *The Golden Age in Engraving*. At the time of his death he was at work upon a third and very important book, which, unfortunately, remains unfinished. An omnivorous reader and gifted with a marvellous memory, he could recite offhand whole pages of poetry, and he wrote verse fluently and easily. Stedman's *Anthology* has a selection which is far from being his best work in that line. He was also a graceful and accomplished lecturer. His election to membership in the Authors Club was always a source of satisfaction and pride to him.

When a young man he was a chorister in Trinity Church, and music, particularly church music, was one of his chief enjoyments. A lover of birds and animals, he delighted in relating tales of their traits and sagacity. At his country home at Quogue, Long Island, his garden was a show place in which he took great pride.

Personally Frederick Keppel was a most delightful man, a genial, sympathetic companion, and a scholar of marked attainments. His blameless life, his devotion to his calling, and his warm-heartedness and generosity to those less fortunate than himself have endeared his memory to all who knew him.

G. W. E.

If ever a literary life could be held up as a banner of encouragement to the young postulant in the world of letters, it was that of JUSTIN MCCARTHY. He was truly the architect of his own fortunes, owing nothing to favour, having no accolade declaring him worthy at the beginnings of his struggles, and without a coin except one he had earned to challenge the world withal. Historian, novelist, essayist, lecturer, statesman, he passed away, leaving not merely an honoured but a beloved memory after eighty-two years of living, sixty-five of them spent in the battle of the pen. One should not, however, look merely at the opening and ending of his career. Without a penetrating sense of the fierce continuity of effort that marked every step he took, the lesson of his life will not be interpreted. Perhaps its most interesting feature is that in journalism he found his university. More purely than any man of our time who reached eminence was he a product of journalism. He had a schoolmaster who taught him fluent Greek and Latin as well as clean and clear English, and that was in his native town of Cork, Ireland; but his schooling was over before he was seventeen. Born in 1830, in 1847 he became a reporter on the *Cork Examiner*. In Great Britain and Ireland, to every journalist, London is the Land of Promise, and Justin McCarthy at last found his way thither. We need not follow him there in detail, for the world knows the story pretty well. Parliamentary reporter, leader writer, editor, surpassingly busy man at his desk or in "the gallery," he filled every crevice of his waking hours with the writing of novels, essays—sermons, for all we know—and a few, very few poems. It was a hotly competitive London then as it is now—the London of Thackeray, Dickens, Reade, Wilkie Collins, Ruskin, of Gladstone, Bright, Disraeli, Delane, Lord Derby—and McCarthy worked steadily on. In his youth he had been a Young Irelander, the '48 equivalent of the Fenian of '65, and the breath of freedom that filled his nostrils

then never left them. He was a Liberal of the advanced type in England, and hence always allied to the Liberal press. In 1868 he came to the United States for a visit. So well did he like us that, save for a brief trip to London, he remained here for three years, writing and lecturing with equal assiduity, and winning golden opinions from every one he met, and whom did he not meet? It was, however, on his return to London in 1871 that the broadly developed writer truly found himself. *Dear Lady Disdain* had an immense success, but *A History of Our Own Times*, appearing in successive volumes, crowned his fame. No history published in the latter half of the nineteenth century approached it in popularity and critical approval. Here we have perspicuous English without adornment or flourish, warm with feeling, eloquent in narrative, sweetened with subtle humour, informed to an astonishing degree, and fair to the extreme. It proved as popular in America as in England, and is his literary monument. In 1879 he went to Parliament for an Irish constituency, joining Parnell's forces when Parnell arose, taking active part in the fiery debates, and finally heading that branch of the Irish party that separated from Parnell. He was a good debater and excelled as an after-dinner speaker. Socially indeed he was charming. Nothing but an iron constitution could have held up under the strain of his duty, his personal work and his social engagements. He had, says T. P. O'Connor, "a two o'clock in the morning courage," ready to face anything at any hour. His bespectacled, bearded face, his clear eyes, his fine forehead will not be forgotten, nor the smile of a sunny nature that beamed from him. Ardent as his pursuit of fact, sober as the greater bent of his writing, and solid as the steps by which he mastered his medium and made the world his friend, what he said of the mysticism of the Celt was true of him: "Half his thoughts, half his life belong to a world other than the material world around him." We admire

him for all his other qualities: we love him for that.

J. I. C. C.

The membership of ADDISON PEALE RUSSELL in the Authors Club was one of many that illustrate the fact that the Club is the national organisation of our craft and not merely local and social. He joined in 1894, a resident of the Middle West, and for eighteen years, until his death, July 24, 1912, he loyally maintained his membership, although he was never able to visit the Club or to avail himself of its social life and companionship.

He was born at Wilmington, Ohio, September 8, 1826, and was given a common school education. All the rest he won for himself. At sixteen years of age he went to work as a printer in a newspaper office, and when he was but nineteen he became editor and publisher of *The News*, a small paper published at Hillsborough, Ohio. Two years later he formed a connection with *The Western Star*, of Lebanon, Ohio, and in 1850 was appointed clerk of the Ohio Senate. Later he returned to Wilmington, where he became half owner of *The Clinton Republican*. Member of the Ohio Legislature from 1855 to 1857 and Secretary of State from 1857 to 1861, he was, in 1862, appointed by the Governor of his State to be its financial agent in New York City, a post he held with honour and credit through several administrations, retiring from public life in 1868 to devote himself to the literary pursuits that had always appealed to him most strongly.

His first book, *Half Tints*, had appeared anonymously from the press of D. Appleton and Company in 1867. Study and literary work in his quiet Wilmington home thenceforth absorbed his time, and in 1875 Hurd and Houghton brought out his *Library Notes*, which soon attracted much favourable criticism and wide attention. *Thomas Corwin: a Sketch* appeared in 1882, and in 1884 Houghton Mifflin published a companion volume to *Library Notes*, entitled *Characteristics. A Club of One: Pas-*

sages from the Note Book of a Man who might have been Sociable, is to me the best of his books. It appeared in 1887, and the monologue, *In a Club Corner*, in 1890. His last work, *Sub-Cælum: a Skybuilt Human World*, was published in 1895, and is a protest against the materialistic and socialistic tendencies of the times.

A philosopher, a scholar, and a simple, kindly gentleman, it is a loss to our Club that he was never with us; an honour to it that he, nevertheless, desired and appreciated the affiliation.

D. O.

WILLIAM BABCOCK WEEDEN's death, at the age of seventy-eight years, came as a surprise to his friends, who had become accustomed to regard him as among the vigorous middle-aged men of the Authors Club. He had been a member for several years, but his residence in the city of Providence, Rhode Island, caused his presence at the Club to be only occasional. He was always here on Watch Night, and interested in all that pertained to that occasion.

Mr. Weeden was an example of a man who has both a vocation and an avocation. He added to his entire familiarity with the textile industry a real interest in literature which resulted in the production of several books dealing in a fine way with the economic and social conditions of New England. The call to the Civil War, in his young manhood, interrupted his studies at Brown University, after three years of work there. In 1861 he went to the front as first lieutenant of Battery A of the First Rhode Island Light Artillery, and, later, was ordered to relieve Brigadier-General Griffin, in charge of artillery and ordnance, a post which he filled with distinction. After the war Captain Weeden returned to Rhode Island and organised the Weybosset Mills, which he controlled until its amalgamation with the American Woollen Company.

His literary work began with his investigation of the prohibitive liquor laws and their bearing upon social and

economic conditions. In 1881 he produced a very careful study of the social law of labour, following it a few years later with an economic and social history of New England, two volumes which were in constant request by students. A later volume had to do with the government, Federal and State, of New York and Pennsylvania, and he was an illuminating writer upon the part played by Indian money as a factor in New England civilisation.

Mr. Weeden was an excellent example of the varied interests in which the New England business man and scholar combine. His unremitting industry was not diverted into literary channels, but ran parallel to them, and one who knew his life intimately would recognise a great resource in the social activities which made his home a centre for his many friends. He was concerned in all that concerned his city, both in public benefaction and private good will. A man without foolish sentiment, but of self-sacrificing devotion to the community, he attracted magnetically the personal regard of men of large affairs, who were sure always of sympathy from him in what had awakened their interest and of a devoted consideration of their plans for the public good. Men of philosophic

habit of mind, such as Professor Hedge of Harvard, Dr. Henry W. Bellows in his long ministry in the city of New York, and Edward Everett Hale, whose summers were made more radiant by daily association with Mr. Weeden, his near neighbour at Matunock, found in him a sympathetic listener and a wise contributor to their thought. He was able to enlist himself effectively in the detail of a matter because he was alert to its philosophic implications. He had the philosopher's habit of dealing with causes, not simply with results.

For a member of a small community so traditionally bounded as Providence and Rhode Island, his interest in affairs was peculiarly free from political and personal ambition. It was much more natural for him to be ambitious as president of the Rhode Island Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa, or director of the Massachusetts Historical Society, or member of the Providence Art Club, than to associate himself with the activities of the State administration which attracted smaller men.

The Authors Club takes satisfaction in pointing to this man of business and of affairs who conducted a great industry as a part of the effectiveness of personal and social life.

T. R. S.

THE LITERARY BAEDEKER

PART II—PARIS AND RURAL FRANCE

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

I

To begin with a note of candid egotism, it has been the good fortune of the present writer to have made many literary pilgrimages of the kind slightly outlined in these frankly superficial papers. At home he has spent innumerable pleasant days in and about New York City on the trail of the characters of fiction from the time of Irving and Cooper to the days of W. D. Howells, Marion Crawford and Henry Cuyler Bunner. He has journeyed into the beautiful Blue

Grass Region of Kentucky, not so much for the sake of the region itself, but for the satisfaction of finding the scenes associated with the novels of Mr. James Lane Allen. In other lands he has been even more industrious and persistent in the pursuit of the trail. At one time it was a pilgrimage into the Doone Valley to the Waterslide climbed by John Ridd. Disillusionment came there, for the Waterslide, far from being as formidable as it was represented to be in Mr. Blackmore's novel, is quite within the powers

of the least courageous of travellers. The name of Edinburgh conjures up the memory of days with the shades of the people of *The Heart of Midlothian*, of wanderings with Jennie and Effie Deans along the Canongate, and into the surrounding country. In London the soles of many pairs of American shoes have been worn out scuffling about to find this or that particular structure associated with this or that particular family of Dickens or Thackeray, Charles Reade or Wilkie Collins. If the writer happens to have a week in Paris, it is most unlikely that he will give a morning to revisiting the galleries of the Louvre, but it is morally certain that he will make the arduous ascent to the summit of Montmartre to see again the scenes of certain of the characters of Emile Zola, and to identify the particular attic in which Mr. Leonard Merrick's Tricotrin was wont to dine on a herring; worm

in by way of the tortuous Rue de la Pas de la Mule to the Place des Vosges, where D'Artagnan and Porthos met Aramis and Athos, as told in the beginning of *Vingt Ans Après*, and where, nearly three-quarters of a century earlier, there took place the famous duel between the three followers of the Duc de Guise and the three minions of Henry III; wander on to the cemetery of Père Lachaise to reëvoke the figure of Eugène de Rastignac hurling his defiance at the light of the great city—"à nous deux maintenant"; and finally drift along among the little streets south of the Pantheon, and into the courtyard of number 24 Rue Tournefort, in Balzac's time known as the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Genève, to look up at the windows behind which Père Goriot passed his last and anguished days. Then there is the memory of a journey that took him first to the old city of Tarascon with its Castle of King René and its Tarasque, thence to Marseilles and across the Mediterranean to Algeria, the only passenger on a tramp steamer, following the trail of the immortal Tartarin.

But there is one pilgrimage, perhaps the best of all, which he has not taken except in pleasant day dreams. If a kindly fate sometime brings these day dreams to reality he will find himself by the Porte St. Denis in Paris at the steering wheel of a purring, high-powered motor car, about to follow the route of the most spirited journey in all fiction, that made by D'Artagnan, Athos, Aramis, and Porthos to frustrate the scheming of the great Cardinal and to save the honour of Anne of Austria. Certain sceptics will probably be inclined to take exception to the motor car, decrying any sort of speed as iconoclastic, and contending that Old World romance demands a lagging gate. A lagging gate indeed! What but the motor car could have kept pace with those iron horsemen? It will be a far different France from that in which Richelieu planted his emissaries, but beyond the old barrier the route is plain, the road open, leading first to Chantilly, where Porthos was left behind.



"THE ARDUOUS ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF MONTMARTRE"

embroiled in a duel with the belligerent stranger, then to Beauvais, where Aramis fell with a bullet through his shoulder, then to Amiens, where Athos was the third to be halted, on a trumped-up charge of using counterfeit money at the Inn of the Golden Lily, and finally on with D'Artagnan alone to the gates of

the *imperiale*, and take your seat. In a general way the scene here is quite familiar to any American who has spent even three or four days in the French capital. Picture it. There is the pretty flower market, the stately church, Durand's across the way at the southeast corner, and the Rue Royale stretching



THE MAISON VAUQUER—"THE MOST FORTUNOUS SETTING OF THE SCENE IN ALL THE LITERATURE OF FICTION"

Calais and the vessel that bore him to England and the Duke of Buckingham.

II

Without any question the most familiar of all the omnibus routes in the city of Lutétia is that which carries the sign "Madeleine—Bastille," and runs from the square fronting the church that looks down the Rue Royale, the length of the great boulevards to the Column of July. As a beginning to these wanderings the present writer begs you to stroll with him down to the Madeleine, there climb the spiral steps leading to

down to the Place de la Concorde with the obelisk in the centre, and beyond, the bridge over the Seine to the Chamber of Deputies. There is time for a brief glance about before the omnibus starts. We recall that in the Madeleine was celebrated the marriage of George Duroy—we should say Du Roy de Cantel—and Suzanne Walter, in the last chapter of Guy de Maupassant's *Bel-Ami*. On the southwest corner opposite there is a café. It was there that, in Alphonse Daudet's *Sapho*, Jean Gaussin was stopped by the sculptor Caoudal and the engineer Dechelette, made to sit down

with them, and there for the first time heard the details of Fanny Legrand's tempestuous past. A little farther down the Rue Royale was the Agency of Tom Levis in Daudet's *Kings in Exile*. A stone's throw away is the Rue de l'Arcade, where Fanny Legrand lived luxuriously before throwing in her fortunes with Jean in the small apartment in the

fiction is limited. There are here plenty of associations with English and American heroes and heroines. The Grand Hotel looms up. In the courtyard as it was in former days, not as it is now, George du Maurier's Little Billee, Taffy, and the Laird dined and talked of the Trilby O'Ferrall of the days of the studio in the Place St. Anatole des Arts,

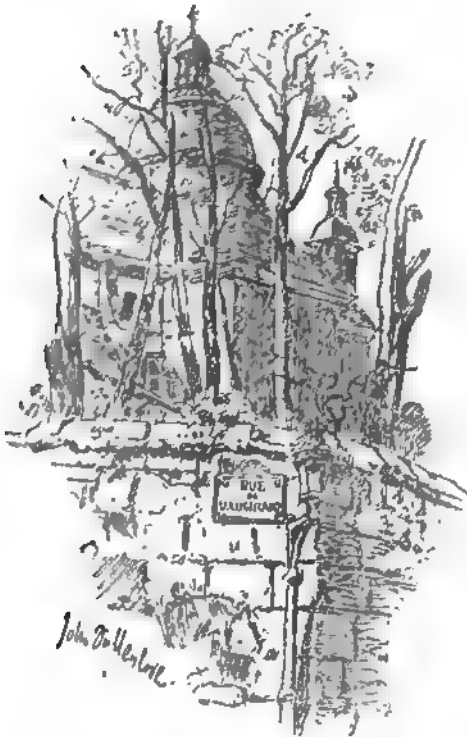


THE HOUSE OF THE CAT PLAYING BALL. DRAWN BY CHARLES HUARD FOR THE NEW EDITION OF THE WORKS OF HONORÉ DE BALZAC

Rue Amsterdam, opposite the Gare St. Lazare. The omnibus starts, the guard stumbles over your feet, collects your three sous, and enquires whether you want "correspondence." A few seconds have whirled you the length of the Boulevard de la Madeleine and the Boulevard des Capucines, and you are at the Place de l'Opéra. Assume for the moment that your knowledge of French

and Svengali struck little Billee and made his nose bleed, and promptly had his own long proboscis tweaked by the ponderous Taffy. Almost part of the Grand Hotel is the Café de la Paix, much frequented by cheeky Americans in the novels of Archibald Clavering Gunter, by innumerable romantic heroes of Richard Harding Davis, and at the corner table, which has been called "the

centre of the civilised world," a pathetic though perhaps ephemeral hero of three or four years ago, the amiable Ansolini of Booth Tarkington's *The Beautiful Lady*, exposed his shaven and illuminating head to the laughter of the passing throng. But for the pilgrim who is not confined to lighter fiction, there are the ghosts of other and greater figures. Balzac's men and women flittered across the great square in the masquerade balls of



THE CARMES-DECHAUX. BEHIND THE WALL ATHOS, PORTHOS, ARAMIS AND D'ARTAGNAN MET AND VANQUISHED THE GUARDS OF THE CARDINAL

the 1830's. Cousin Pons was first introduced to us in the elaborate description of his daily walk along the Boulevard des Italiens. It was when strolling of an evening on the same thoroughfare that George Duroy met his old army comrade Forestier, and began his unscrupulous climb to power and fortune. The Boulevard des Italiens is also exceedingly rich in associations for readers of Zola's

novels. At the old Théâtre des Italiens, from which the Boulevard took its name, Renée and Maxime saw Ristori in *Phedre*, a play fraught with such tragic significance for them both. A hundred feet to the north was the apartment in which Nana was installed by her Russian prince, and at the Café Anglais, Saccard père and Saccard fils nightly sowed their wild oats together. In the adjacent Rue Basse du Renfort, Renée forced Maxime to take her to a ball given by the demi-mondaine Blanche Müller, and the evening, with its infamous sequel, ended in the white and gold chamber of the Café Riche.

But as the motor bus pursues its course there is little time for long reflection. Stopping for a second at a corner, we recall that in the street to the right were the offices of the newspaper where George Duroy learned the secrets of Parisian journalism, depicted by Maupassant with a savage cynicism which matched that of Balzac when he wrote the second part of *Illusions Perdus*. In less time than it has taken to read this, the omnibus has reached the end of its journey and we descend to the pavement of the Place de la Bastille to pursue on foot and at closer range one of the three or four corners of the Paris of fiction that are to be touched on in this paper.

III

Retracing our steps a little way, we turn in to the Rue de la Pas de la Mule, and emerge on the Place des Vosges, formerly known as the Place Royale. Herr Karl Baedeker of the red-bound books will tell you many historical facts about the Square and add the information that Victor Hugo once lived at No. 6. He will make no mention of the fact, however, that the same structure was the residence of the infamous Lady de Winter, and that she was visited there by D'Artagnan masquerading as the Count de Wardes. Nor will he allude to the meeting of the four which ended with the vow that henceforth their motto should be "One for all, and all for one."

But significant as this corner of Paris is in the Dumas novels that deal with Louis XIII and Louis XIV, it will be appreciated to the full only by the reader who is familiar with the Valois trilogy and the exploits of the delightful Chicot the Jester, a character almost, but not quite, as good as D'Artagnan. Sitting on a wooden bench exactly in the south-eastern corner of the Place des Vosges, Chicot, on the morning of Sunday, April 27, 1578, witnessed the duel between Antraquet, Livarot, and Ribierac, on the one side, and Quélus, Schomberg and Maugiron, a duel of which Quélus was the only survivor. In addition to having been the home of Victor Hugo and of Milady, No. 6 Place des Vosges was also at one time the residence of Marion Delorme. Alfred de Vigny in his *Cinq-Mars* brings together in her *salon*, among many nameless fine people, Descartes, Grotius, Corneille, Molière, then a youth of eighteen, and known as Poquelin, and even John Milton, who was represented as entertaining the gathering with passages from his *Paradise Lost*. As a matter of fact Milton had long before passed through Paris on his way home from Italy, and *Paradise Lost* was not written until twenty years later. Hard by the Place des Vosges is the Rue Saint-Antoine, rich in French history, and also rich in fiction. There, in the Hotel de Boissy, Quélus, the instigator of the duel in the *Dame de Monsoreau*, was carried, to die slowly of his wounds. A little distance away, at the corner of the street which is now the Rue Sevigné, was the town house of the Comte de Monsoreau. It was there that Bussy was lured and done to death by the Count's retainers after a combat which Robert Louis Stevenson held to be one of the finest in all fiction. This assassination and the subsequent duel in the Place des Vosges illustrate what Du Maurier called "the good Dumas' habit of playing ducks and drakes with history." In the novel the duel followed the death of Bussy within twenty-four hours. As a matter of fact the duel preceded the murder by almost eight

months. A little farther along the Rue Saint-Antoine is the church of St. Paul and St. Louis, which was selected by Monsieur Gillenormand, of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* for the marriage of Marius and Cosette. Farther north, in the Marais, was Gillenormand's own home, and nearby was the site of the factory of Daudet's *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné*, the residence where Sidonie played out her capricious life, the home of the actor Delobelle, his wife, and their pathetic little daughter Desirée, and a little farther to the west, the birthplace of Sephora Leemans, for whose smiles King Christian flung away the throne of Illyria.

IV

We are on the south bank of the river, in the Place St. Michel. Yonder are the tall towers of Notre Dame. Centuries ago in Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame* the hunchback Quasimodo peered down over Paris from the gargoyles, and Esmeralda danced on the pavement below. In the early part of the last century, behind the Cathedral, was the labyrinth of narrow, ill-lighted streets in which in Eugène Sue's *The Mysteries of Paris*, Rodolphe, Grand Duke of Gerolstein, made acquaintance with the Slasher and the School Master, and rescued Fleur-de-Marie from the clutches of the Ogress. If you have read *Trilby* you remember vividly the impression that the stately cathedral made on the four musketeers of the Brush and the shudders with which they visited the little white morgue behind. Within a stone's throw of the Place St. Michel is the Place St. Andre des Arts, which was the real Place St. Anatole des Arts, where was situated the studio of the "Trois Angliches" and where Trilby came with her cry of "Milk below." Climbing the incline of the Boulevard St. Michel in company with Mr. du Maurier's heroes we are also amid scenes associated with Henry Murger's *La Vie de Bohème*, and the exploits of Rodolphe, Schaunard, Marcel, and Colline—the great writer, the

great musician, the great painter, and the great philosopher. Almost at the top of the ascent, and slanting diagonally backward in the direction of the Seine, is the Rue Monsieur le Prince. If you have ever read the second chapter of Daudet's *Les Rois en Exil*, and the wonderful description of the visit of the two monks to the house that sheltered Elysée Merlaut and his dreams, you will regard this somewhat ill-favoured street with more than a little reverence. But in this neighbourhood you are once again in the buoyant atmosphere of the Three Musketeers. Strange to say, the trail of that novel, which dealt with the Paris of about 1630, is far easier to follow than the trails of novels of Balzac, dealing with the city of two centuries later. D'Artagnan, riding into Paris on his orange-coloured horse, sought the house of De Treville in the Rue du Vieux-Colombier, which can be easily found to-day, close by the Place de Saint-Sulpice. At the corner of the Rues de Vaugirard and Cassette, there still stands the ancient, moss-covered wall behind which the Three Musketeers of the King, aided by the young Gascon, fought and vanquished the five guards of the Cardinal. The rooms of Athos were in the Rue Ferou, within two steps of the Luxembourg. The street still bears the same name and is not greatly changed. Porthos lived in the Rue du Vieux-Colombier, and Aramis, "the dainty friend of Duchesses," in a ground-floor apartment in the Rue de Vaugirard, just east of the Rue Cassette. D'Artagnan's first home in Paris may be found in the present Rue Servandoni, where he occupied a garret over the quarters of Constance and her annoying husband; while twenty years after he patronised the inn kept by the pretty Flemish Madeleine in the Rue Tiquetonne. Be it remembered that in those belligerent days the spacious Boulevard St. Michel did not exist, and that troops of horsemen, making their way from the Luxembourg to the river, went by the Rue de la Harpe, only a small part of which is still in existence.

V

From the Luxembourg Gardens walk up the Rue Soufflot to the Pantheon, there turn off to the right into a labyrinth of Old-World streets, and within five minutes you will be standing in front of No. 24 Rue Tournefort. Probably not more than one out of every ten thousand American visitors to Paris have made this particular pilgrimage. Yet here is a monument to French genius which should be as enduring as the column in the Place Vendome. Here, to all practical purposes as it was in 1830, though fallen low in the social scale, is the Pension of Madame Vauquer (*née de Conflans*), which Henry James has called "the most portentous setting of the scene in all the literature of fiction." As the present writer saw it last in February, 1912, No. 24 Rue Tournefort was, by reason of its unchanged state, its romantic appearance and its vivid associations, the show place among all the shrines of great fiction. In Balzac's day the street itself was known as the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Genievieve. Last year the gateway of No. 24 was still open, and the visitor was at liberty to prowl freely about the garden in which Vautrin poured his temptations into the ears of Rastignac. One corner of the garden has been converted into a storehouse for wood, but you can still peep into the dining-room where *Trompe le Mort* was taken by the police.*

But with so vast a subject and so limited a space we cannot dwell too long on the Balzac trail. Much of the stage setting of the creator of the *Comédie Humaine* disappeared before the vast changes wrought by Baron Haussmann. For example, the wretched Rue du Doyenné, where Baron Hulot first saw Valerie Marneffe, and where Bette kept guard over the Polish artist in his miserable garret. On the other hand the Quai Voltaire is little altered, and there may be

*Since the above was written there has come the melancholy intelligence that No. 24 Rue Tournefort, so vividly associated with the *Lear* of French fiction, has just been torn down.



THE TOWERS OF NOTRE DAME. "CENTURIES AGO THE HUNCHBACK, QUASIMODO, PEERED DOWN OVER PARIS FROM THESE GARGOYLES AND ESMERALDA DANCED ON THE PAVEMENT BELOW"

found the antiquary shop in which was laid the opening scene of *Le Peau de Chagrin*, that which depicted Raphael accepting the magic skin that was to grant his every wish at such a terrible price. When you are in the neighbourhood of the Bourse, recall the enterprises of Baron de Nucingen; in the Rue Saint-Honoré remember that on the northern side, near the Rue de Castiglione, within a stone's throw of the southwest corner of the Place Vendôme, was the shop of Cæsar Birotteau; among the stately mansions of the Faubourg Saint-Germain think of the long list of men and women of the aristocratic world of 1830 that Honoré de Balzac knew and painted so well.

VI

As has been suggested earlier in this paper, Paris in fiction would be well worth serious attention even if French fiction did not exist at all. From the highest to the lowest English and Ameri-

can writers has been exploiting the cities by the Seine since the days of Laurence Sterne and before. The Paris of Charles Dickens would be worth while studying even if we were to confine ourselves exclusively to *A Tale of Two Cities*. The Thackerayan in Paris can find literary diversion by hunting out the original of Terré's Tavern, immortalised for all time in the "Ballade of the Bouillabaisse," the Pension near the Champs Elysées, which was the scene of the Homeric battle involving the Bayneses, the Bunces and the McWhitters, the hotel of Monsieur and Madame de Florac, to say nothing of the associations with *The Paris Sketch Book*. The Poe enthusiast can busy himself with the discovery of the Rue Morgue—so far as the present writer knows there is no street bearing that name—in picking out the home of the astute Dupin, and in following the exceedingly elaborate trail outlined in *The Mystery of Marie Roget*. If, twenty years ago, you were



D'ARTAGNAN'S LODGING IN THE RUE TIQUETONNE

addicted to the somewhat sensational romances of Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter, you will find plenty of material in *Mr. Barnes of New York*, which, beginning at the Salon, takes you on that trivial but unquestionably amusing journey from Paris to Monte Carlo in the course of which the astonishing American starves Miss Anstruther into tractability; while in *That Frenchman* there is a picture of the Paris of the Second Empire that is as vivid as it is gorgeously inaccurate. Allusions have been made to the Paris of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's men and women, and to Mr. Tarkington's *The Beautiful Lady*. Lutétia was also the background of the latter writer's *The Guest of Quesnay*. The amount of fiction achieved by Mr. Robert W. Chambers has already reached appalling dimensions, but for sheer honesty of purpose he has never excelled that first volume which dealt with student life in the Paris Latin Quarter. One of the most striking tales in that collection was entitled "In the Rue des Quatre Vents," and if you were to spend two days rambling about the

south bank of the Seine you could not very well miss making acquaintance with the street in question. It would be superfluous to emphasise the Paris of Mr. Henry James, for his characters are quite as much at home in the Avenue Bois de Boulogne as they are in Park Lane or in Washington Square. At the moment the present writer does not recall the particular book by the late F. Marion Crawford in which the French capitol figured, but it is hardly conceivable that there is any prominent place in the civilised world of which Mr. Crawford did not at some time write. With Mr. W. J. Locke you can visit Paris on the trail of *The Beloved Vagabond* or *Septimus*; Mr. Leonard Merrick is quite as much at home, if not more so, in Montmartre and Montparnasse as he is in Fleet Street or Earls Court, and the Paris of the fiction of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle



LES HALLES. ZOLA'S "LE VENTRE DE PARIS"

ranges from the city as it was in the time of the Hundred Years War, through the city of Louis XIV and the *Maintenon*, down to the modern city of the last incarnation of Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

VII

Perhaps no Paris has made a stronger appeal to the heart of the world than that embodied in the works of Victor

utes' walk from the Bourse. As you stand in the Place de la Bastille you can reconstruct mentally the huge wooden elephant that stood there less than a century ago, and in which the gamin Gavroche of *Les Misérables* made his home. But perhaps the best way of all, to get the spirit of Hugo's Paris, is to trace the flight of Jean Valjean and Cosette from the pursuit of the relentless Javert.



THE HOME OF BALZAC'S EUGENIE GRANDET

Hugo. To begin with, *Notre Dame* shows you vividly the city as it was in a bygone age, takes you with Quasimodo up to the turrets of the old Cathedral, and introduces you to the sinister Cour des Miracles, where the beggars had their strange kingdom. A very small relic of this last-named spot exists to-day, and may be reached by five min-

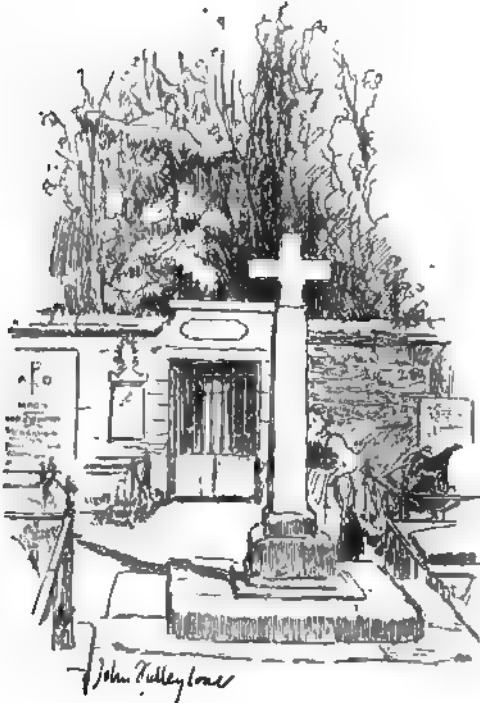
utes' walk from the Bourse. That may be done without undue difficulty, and almost with accuracy. The flight began from the Gorbeau tenement, which had served already as the scene of so many thrilling incidents in the novel. The tenement was on the Boulevard de l'Hôpital, far over on the southern bank, near the home of the Gobelins tapestries. From there Valjean started with Cosette.

By a winding route he made his way to the river, through the deserted regions between the Jardin des Plantes and Val-de-Grace, and then turned strategically on his tracks. Peering around a corner at the police station in the Rue de Poissy he saw the three men standing under the light and knew to a certainty that he was being followed. He turned back from the river, made a long detour, emerged again on the Quay, and crossed the Seine by the Pont d'Austerlitz. Thence, through the maze of old roads and lanes, he made his way to the high grey con-

Here is the high grey wall, stretching along the eastern side of old Rue de Picpus and the southern side of the new wide Avenue Saint-Mandé. This wall—of stone, covered with crumbling plaster—is as old as the garden of "Les Religieuses de Picpus," which it surrounds, and as the buildings within, which it hides from the street. We may enter the enclosure by the old gate at No. 35 Rue de Picpus, the very gate through which Cosette was carried out in a basket, and Valjean borne alive in the nun's coffin to his mock funeral. About the court within, the red-tiled low roofs of the ancient foundation peep out among more modern buildings. Behind all these and beyond the court stretches the garden, a portion still set aside for vegetables, and we look about for Fauchelevent's protecting glasses for his cherished melons. What we do find is the very outhouse, in an angle of the wall, on which Valjean dropped; it is a shanty nearly gone to ruin, but serving still to store the garden tools of Fauchelevent's successor.

VIII

The Parisian of fiction would be no real Parisian if there were not moments when he was possessed of the spirit of mild adventure, and ventured forth beyond the old fortifications in search of green fields and winding waters. In other words there are very few novels dealing with the life of Lutétia that do not occasionally take their men and women to Vincennes, or St. Cloud, or Versailles, or Enghein, or Boujival. Reverting to the Musketeers, we recall that it was from the castle of Vincennes that the Duc de Beaufort made his historic escape with the assistance of the rope ladder, the gag, and the poniard that were conveyed to him under the crust of a magnificent pie; that it was in a monastery in Noisy that d'Artagnan found Aramis; that it was to Saint-Germain that the wily Gascon conveyed the young king and the queen mother that night in the turbulent daysof the Fronde; that it was at Rueil that he contrived the escape of his comrades and outwitted Mazarin. Bringing the Dumas trail down to later times, we have to go



LITTLE PICPUS, WHERE JEAN VALJEAN AND COSETTE FOUND REFUGE FROM THE PURSUIT OF JAVERT

vent wall, which he climbed, drawing up Cosette after him, and found refuge in the cemetery of Picpus. The late Benjamin Ellis Martin, a real literary pilgrim, with whom the present writer had two or three amiable disagreements in the matter of exact literary trails, has described this famous sanctuary as it was thirteen years ago.

only to Auteuil to seek for the house in which the Count of Monte Cristo gave his wonderful dinner at which he invented the story that brought such terror to Villefort and Madame Danglars. Every turn of the winding Seine for twenty miles below Paris is associated with the tales of Guy de Maupassant, who loved the river only a little less than he loved the Riviera and the Norman coast. As you pass St. Cloud you can see the restaurant gardens where Monsieur Parent achieved the revenge for which he had been waiting twenty years. Farther down the river, in the neighbourhood of Malmaison, where Josephine lived after Napoleon had divorced her, and Bougival, are the scenes of "Mouche," "La Femme de Paul" and perhaps twenty others. If you are interested in the detective story in general and those of Gaboriau in particular, you will remember that half way between Malmaison and Bougival, and they are not far apart, was the cottage of the widow Lerouge, the scene of the murder with which *L'Affaire Lerouge* begins, a problem that was eventually solved by the ingenious reasoning of Père Tiraucair.

If in his wanderings among the environs of Paris the literary pilgrim happens to stumble upon Enghien-les-Bains, approximately eight miles north of the fortifications, he will find what, to the mind of the present writer, is one of the great settings of the scene in all fiction. One of the pretty villas with gardens running down to the edge of the lake was occupied by Rosario Sanchez, of Alphonse Daudet's *Sapho*, a book which the writer, after thirty readings, and more, holds to be one of the masterpieces of all literature. It was to this villa that Rosario invited Jean Gaussin and Fanny to display to them certain ancient wrecks of the Second Empire, and to dismiss them in a moment of furious temper. In a rowboat close to the shore Jean and DePotter sat and bailed, and the musician poured out his life story and urged it as a terrible warning to Jean. Leaving Paris in another di-

rection by the Gare St.-Lazare one can readily find Chaville, where Jean and Fanny went to housekeeping with the Hettemas as neighbours. The house they occupied is within a stone's throw of the railway station. It was at Chaville that Jean left Fanny after what he intended to be the final breaking off of all their relations, and it was to Chaville that he returned impelled by an insane and inexplicable jealousy.

IX

Let us say that the literary pilgrims first landing on French soil is made at



HAVRE THE PIER ON WHICH PIERRE AND JEAN SAT IN THE DARKNESS

Havre, that he has crossed the Atlantic by a vessel of the *Companie Générale*, or has made his way over from England by the little night boat which from time immemorial has been leaving Southampton at ten minutes before midnight and reaching its destination in the neighbourhood of seven in the morning. Fellow-passengers will be hurrying on to Paris, but the discriminating traveller will find much to invite him to tarry. Havre in fiction means primarily Guy de Maupas-



THE PLAGE AT TROUVILLE. MAUPASSANT AND
OUIDA

sant's *Pierre et Jean*, and if you have read that book the chances are that Lutétia will be kept waiting. There, as you enter the harbour, is the long stone jetty where the brothers sat silent in the darkness, the mind of the elder aflame with his terrible suspicions. The blue water is dotted with dozens of fishing boats. One of these contained the family party consisting of the father and mother, the two sons, and their guest, Madame Rosémilly, described at the beginning of

the tale. Off to the left, the coast line rises to the heights of Sainte-Adresse, where was Madame Rosémilly's residence. Disembarking on the *quai* after the unsuccessful fishing excursion, the family proceeded up the Rue de Paris to their apartment, where they were informed of the lawyer's call which paved the way to the news of the strange legacy. Not only to Havre, but to all this part of the Norman coast Maupassant established a literary proprietorship. Twenty miles to the north is Etretat, where he himself lived so long, and which he peopled with so many of his heroes and heroines. A little beyond is Fécamp, where he laid the scene of *La Maison Tellier*. Across the Seine from Havre are Trouville and Deauville. This is how Maupassant described the scene at night in *Pierre et Jean*.

Lights mark the entrance to the harbour; while beyond, across the Seine, can be seen still others, fixed or flashing, with brilliant effulgence and dark eclipses, opening and closing like eyes—the eyes of harbours, yellow, red, green—watching over the dark sea covered with ships; living eyes of the hospitable shore, saying by the simple movement of their lids: "Here I am. I am Trouville. I am Honfleur. I am the river of Pont Audemer."

Then on the illimitable sea, darker than the heavens, here and there stars seem visible. They tremble in the misty night—small, near or far, and also white, red, or green. They are almost always motionless, but some



ROUEN. FLAUBERT'S "MADAME BOVARY"



TARASCON. THE LAND OF TARTARIN

appear to move. They are the lights on vessels at anchor, waiting for the coming tide.

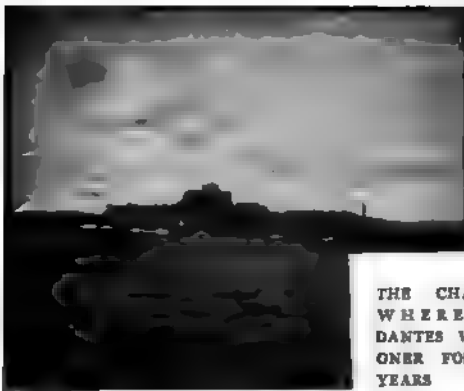
But the sands of Trouville have other and pleasanter literary associations than Pierre and his dark thoughts. Probably in twenty-five of Maupassant's tales that broad beach and its gayeties are conspicuous factors. Nor in contemplating the Trouville of Guy de Maupassant must we entirely overlook the part the place plays in a novel by a writer of inferior talent but perhaps of even a wider audience. It was in Trouville, as described in the beginning of Ouida's *Moths*, that Lady Dolly received her daughter Vera, and there that Vera fell in love with Corrèze, only to be forced into a marriage with the wicked Russian, Prince Zouroff.

One of the first stations on the railway line from Havre to Paris is named

Yvetot. Perhaps there is no real connection whatever, but it is pleasant to remember that Béranger once wrote a delightful song (of which Thackeray made two admirable adaptations) beginning:

Il y avait un Roi d'Yvetot
Peu connu dans l'histoire,
Se levant tard, se couchant tôt
Dormant fort bien sans gloire.

Approximately half way on the journey between Havre and Paris is Rouen, and if Havre is the literary property of Maupassant by virtue of *Pierre et Jean*, the old Norman capitol came even more conspicuously to belong to his mentor in the art of literary craftsmanship, Gustave Flaubert, with the writing of *Madame Bovary*. Rouen is, on its historical side, essentially and first of all the



THE CHATEAU D'IF,
WHERE EDMOND
DANTES WAS A PRISONER FOR FOURTEEN
YEARS





MONACA



MARSEILLES TO-DAY FROM THE OLD CATALIAN QUARTER. "THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO"

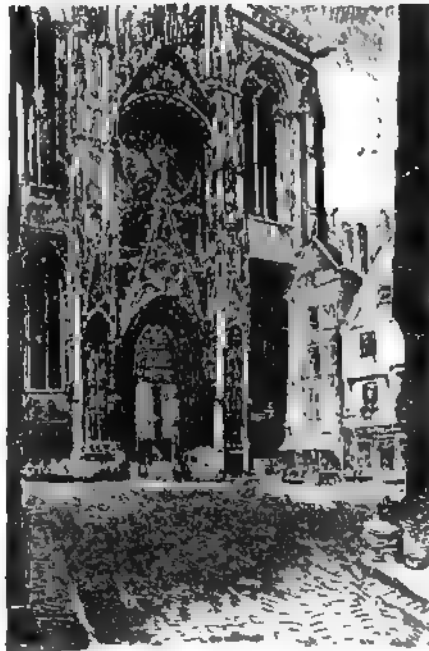
city of Jeanne d'Arc, and surely there is nothing in the history of France more dramatic and more romantic than the story, the true story, of La Pucelle. Yet, after all, how much less real to every one is the historic Maid than is Emma Bovary, who in one sense never had a real existence outside of the inspired pages of Flaubert. Hence Rouen is in fact not half so much the city of Jeanne d'Arc as it is the city whose quaint old streets and crowded quays bring back the curious adventures of that other woman, of whom it may be paradoxically said both that she never lived and yet that she will live forever.

The association of Rouen with Emma Bovary dates from the night of her arrival from Yonville—that night in which she saw Lagardy in *Lucie de Lammermoor*, and met Léon Dupuis after their long separation. The Bovarys, on the arrival of the *diligence*, had repaired to the Hotel of the Red Cross in the Place Beauvoisine, a conventional provincial inn with great stables and tiny bedrooms—one of the typical hostleries which added so much to the charm of France in the early half of the last century. At the time of Flaubert's novel the Pont Boieldieu was not yet built, and the Pont Corneille, the only bridge which then crossed the Seine, was known as the Pont Neuf.

The cathedral in which Léon and Emma met on the morning after the play is one of the finest in Europe. The north tower was built in the twelfth century. It was by the Portail de la Calende that they left the cathedral to enter the cab which was responsible for M. Flaubert's prosecution before the *Tribunal Correctionnel de Paris*. Despite the changes which took place during the latter half of the last century, the visitor at Rouen may without great trouble follow the streets named in this famous journey. At the beginning they were whirled down the Rue Grand-Pont to the quays. The Quay Napoléon named in the story is now known as the Quay de Paris, and the statue of Pierre Corneille on the Ile Lacroix, which marked

the first stop of the cab, was the work of David d'Ange.

Only a few miles from Rouen is the town of Y, where Emma went to live soon after her marriage with Charles, and which gave Flaubert the background for his splendid genre pictures of Provincial life and types. Another suburb of the city is the village of Canteleu, described by de Maupassant in *Bel-Ami*. It was there George Duroy took his bride, who had been Madeleine Forestier,



"THE CATHEDRAL IN WHICH LÉON AND EMMA MET IS ONE OF THE FINEST IN EUROPE"

to visit his parents, coarse old peasants who kept a little cabaret. Humble as was this home of early youth, it was turned to account in the days of *Bel-Ami's* prosperity, when at Madeleine's suggestion he pushed himself into society under the name of Georges Du Roy de Cantel. In Rouen itself De Maupassant also had a share. The story of *Boule De Suif* opens there with the picture of the stage coach and its ill-assorted passengers starting on the journey. The city is also the background of eight or

ten of his shorter tales; while to come down to more recent fiction a certain episode that happened there is not likely to be forgotten by any reader of Mr. Leonard Merrick's *Conrad in Quest of His Youth*.

X

It has been the aim of the writer to indicate that for the enjoyment of a literary pilgrimage it is not at all necessary for the pilgrim to take his fiction seriously. For example, it is about ten years since Mr. and Mrs. Williamson wrote *The Lightning Conductor*, a story of considerable charm and of no particular importance. Scores of American readers found in it an incentive to follow by motor car the route and adventures of the characters of the story, and their zeal is to be most cordially commended. For it matters not how slight the tale provided it supplies a new zest and a keener interest. As we take our places for the long journey southward in a carriage of the P. L. M. Railway, we may, without shame, decide to select as travelling companions the ghosts of Mr. Barnes of New York and of Miss Enid Anstruther of Kent, England. More than a million readers found amusement in Mr. Gunter's book, and if you happen to have been one of them, you will recall how Barnes, smitten by the young lady at first sight in the Salon, decides to follow her. Chance leaves her chaperon behind, and Barnes, finding her cold to his most respectful advances, decides to starve her into tractability. When you reach Dijon you may recall the diabolical ingenuity with which the American frustrates her every attempt to procure nourishment, and ten miles beyond, as the train is winding through the Golden Hillside, you may sit back with the conviction that here is the exact point where the hungry English girl capitulated and accepted Barnes's bountiful hospitality.

Following personal inclination, the writer will leave that hero and heroine behind at Lyons, and look out musingly at the Rhone Valley, until, just as dusk

is coming down, there is a slackening of speed and the train comes to a stop. It is Tarascon, the Lair of the Lion, the home of the immortal Tartarin. As you descend through the station from the level of the tracks to the street below look reverently and well at these worn stone steps. Down them, after the return from Africa, Tartarin stumbled, followed by his devoted camel, and warmed by the splendid sun of Tarascon, familiarly took the arm of the proud commandant. Then surrounded by the cap hunters, acclaimed by all the population, he placidly proceeded toward Baobab Villa; and, on the march, thus began the account of his mighty hunting: "Once, upon an evening, you are to imagine that, out in the depths of the Sahara——"

Tarasconian hospitality has to offer to the visitor within the city's gates two or three little inns built with stone and stucco, relics, perhaps, not of remote centuries, but certainly of days long before the town became immortal through the exploits of her Lion Slayer. The one at which the present writer first slept in Tarascon is known as "The Grand Hotel of the Emperors." Of course it was the Grand Hotel of the Emperors. Had there been in the vocabulary or in the sun-inflamed imagination of the Tarasconese a title more sonorous, more magnificent, more grandiloquent, more imperial than "Emperor," it probably would have been something else; but Hotel of the Emperors it was and is—a tiny French inn of the type so common in the little towns of Provence, where one like to fancy that the city's Great Man was wont to come and dine in state, attended by Bompard and Bravida and Bézuquet and Pascalon and even the insidious and jaundiced Costecalde and all the rest of the merry company of cap-poppers and Alpinists and colonists.

Tarascon is a little white town of nine thousand inhabitants, situated on the right bank of the Rhône, some fifteen or eighteen leagues to the north of the Mediterranean. Not far away is Avignon, where once upon a time a Pope

used to sit in state; and a few miles to the west there is Nîmes, with its splendid Roman amphitheatre. All over these hills—the little Alps of Provence—Alphonse Daudet and his brother tramped as boys, loitering about the pleasant banks of the Rhône, listening to the music of the country's fairs and watching the steps of the *farandole*. Across the river from Tarascon is Beaucaire; and the two towns are linked by that long, narrow suspension bridge which Sancho Panza Tartarin—the Tartarin of the warm blankets, the knitted waistcoats, the knee caps and the succulent chocolate—regarded with so much hesitation and dread.

Round the city of Tartarin there runs a wide street, shaded by trees and lined by shops and cafés, known as the Esplanade. It was here that Tartarin trained himself for the hardships of his Algerian enterprise, making the complete circuit at double step six or seven times of a morning, a feat which does not impress one so strongly after one has undertaken the tour hallowed by his footsteps. At one point of the Esplanade a road, short and narrow, leads to the Beaucaire bridge, passing the old castle of King René, flanked by its four towers. It was the feudal stronghold, washed by the waters of the Rhône, that Tartarin in the days of his downfall was kept a prisoner. It was here also that his friend of the native quarter of Algiers and of the night watch in the copse of oleanders, the Prince of Montenegro, was lodged for three years at the expense of the State. You remember how it puzzled Tartarin that the Prince knew only one side of Tarascon. This side, of course, happened to be just that side of the town visible from the jail windows.

The town itself, ringed by the broad boulevard, is a labyrinth of narrow, winding alleys. Here and there in front of some municipal building there is a tiny, open place, dignified by the name of a square. In itself it is simply a town of Provence, quaint, it is true, to American eyes, but unlike other towns of Provence only because of its associations with

the fame of Tartarin. Here, at the end of the Rue des Martyres, a street which seems to have remained practically unchanged since the fifteenth century, is the Town Hall, where the sacred figure of La Tarasque is kept, and where was held the famous trial described in the last chapters of *Port Tarascon*. What a scene that is! The heated court room, the impassioned harangue of the public prosecutor, the excited populace, the procession of witnesses contradicting each other and attesting each other's deaths, and, above all, Tartarin, serene in misfortune, firm in his innocence, suddenly rising and exclaiming with uplifted hand, "Before God and man I swear that I never wrote that letter"; then, on examining the document more closely, answering very simply, "True, that is my writing. The letter is from me, but I had forgotten it." The home of Tartarin is described in the first chapter of the book as having been at the entrance of the town, the third house, left-hand side, on the road to Avignon; a pretty little Tarasconese villa, garden before, balcony behind, very white walls, green blinds, and on the steps of the gate a brood of little Savoyards, playing at hop-scotch or sleeping in the blessed sun with their heads on the shoe-blackening boxes. There is much such a house as described in the place specified. Whether Daudet actually had this house in mind, or whether, in fact, he was thinking of any particular house at all, one cannot decisively say. Somewhere in one of his reminiscences has he not told us that the baobab villa was, in reality, some leagues farther south on the other side of the Rhône? However, the house on the Avignon road as it stands to-day is attractive enough, and one prefers to believe that it really was the abode of Tartarin.

XI

In the last chapter of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's *Captain Macklin*, Royal Macklin, in his aunt's home in Dobb's Ferry, receives a message from General Laguerre, his old commander in the Central American revolution, offer-

ing him a commission in the Foreign Legion. The curtains are drawn close against the winter sky, and near him there sits a lovely girl whose heart is hanging upon his decision. But stronger than the home appeal is the call of the blood. His eyes are blind to the leaping fire and the anxious face. What he sees is Marseilles, the harbour swarming with ships, the Zouaves with their swinging steps, Notre Dame de la Garde a shining sentinel, and beyond—the East. He will go. Again, in Robert Hichens's *The Garden of Allah*, Notre Dame de la Garde rises up, the same shining sentinel, symbolic, dominating all the first part of the tale. These two stories are mentioned merely by chance. There are doubtless countless others in which Marseilles plays a part. The trail of Mau-passant is there, in the winding streets to the west of the Vieux-Port in the sinister story "Le Port." But all these are secondary, for the real literary proprietorship to Marseilles was established, and probably for all time, with Alexander Dumas's *The Count of Monte Cristo*. While vast changes have been made in the city they have failed to obliterate, or even materially to obscure, the associations of Dumas's colossal story. New harbours and vast docks have been built along the Mediterranean stretching away to the west, but there still remain the old port, and the Phare from which was

sighted the returning ship of Edmond Dantes. That quarter of the city to the east of the old port which was settled by the Catalans, and where Fernand and Mercedes lived in 1814, has been materially altered, but much of the old atmosphere is still there and the old Spanish names. Beyond the Catalan quarter, in the direction of Italy, there stretches the Corniche Road, at one point of which Caderousse, in the days of his misfortune, kept the unsavoury inn, where he was visited by the Abbé Busoni, and came into possession of the diamond. But above all, out there in the beautiful bay, is the Chateau D'if, the scene of the really epic chapters of the romance. A small boat running from the Vieux Port will take you there, and in the course of the journey your musings are likely to be distracted by a persistent and ingenious individual, a Marseillais who looks for all the world like a down east Yankee, who will offer you marine glasses for which you first think that fifty francs is a reasonable price and eventually buy for five, to your subsequent chagrin. But once this episode linking you to the modern world is over, you are at liberty to go back in imagination to the old life and the quest of the True Romance, and in the dungeons of the Chateau D'if, dream of the death of the Abbé Faria, the icy plunge of Edmond Dantes, and the treasures of the caverns of Monte Cristo.

TEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I. PICKETT AND HIS MEN. II. THE BUGLES OF GETTYSBURG. III. THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG. IV. GETTYSBURG. V. THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF GENERAL GEORGE GORDON MEADE.*

When Abraham Lincoln stood at the foot of Cemetery Ridge not long after the battle of Gettysburg and looked up-

*Pickett and His Men. By La Salle Corbell Pickett (Mrs. Gen. George E. Pickett). Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Bugles of Gettysburg. By La Salle

ward, some one said to him: "Think of the men who held these heights!" "Yes," he replied, "but think of the men who stormed these heights!"

The tribute which came so naturally from the great-hearted President when Northerners and Southerners were foes has not diminished with the years and the passing away of sectional differences. One cannot to-day think of the battle of Gettysburg without remembering the culmination of it in that wild charge of Pickett and his five thousand Virginians.

In *Pickett and His Men*, General Pickett's widow has written a history of one of the most famous divisions of either side in the Civil War.

Oddly enough George E. Pickett owed his appointment to West Point to a Congressman from Illinois,—one Abraham Lincoln. The friendship between the two never weakened, and Mrs. Pickett records a touching incident of the troublous days after the fall of Richmond when a tall, gaunt, sad-faced man in ill-fitting clothes knocked at her door and asked her:

"Is this George Pickett's place?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, "but he is not here."

"I know that, ma'am," he replied, "but I just wanted to see the place. I am Abraham Lincoln."

"The President!" I gasped.

The stranger shook his head and said:

"No, ma'am; no, ma'am; just Abraham Lincoln, George's old friend."

The leader of Pickett's men received his first experience of war in Mexico, where, under Scott, he was engaged in all the battles of the expedition that fought its way from Vera Cruz into Mexico City. And he early proved his fitness to lead a charge at the storming of Chapul-tepec, the most brilliant feat of American arms during the war, where young Lieutenant Pickett led the way into the castle and planted the colors on the highest point.

Fourteen years later Brigadier-General Pickett, C. S. A., took command of a brigade of Virginians, and thenceforward Pickett and his men made thrilling history. They fought their first battle near the quaint old town of Williamsburg, Virginia, on May 5, 1862. A few weeks

Corbell Pickett. Chicago: F. G. Browne and Company.

The Battle of Gettysburg. By Jesse Bowman Young. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Gettysburg. By Elsie Singmaster. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Life and Letters of George Gordon Meade. By George Meade. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

later they were heavily engaged at Seven Pines; at the bloody battle of Gaines Mill they were one of the two brigades that finally broke the Federal line; and again in the same year they had desperate fighting at the second battle of Manassas, and again at Antietam. At Fredericksburg they were in reserve; Chancellorsville they missed. But at Gettysburg, after a forced march of twenty-four miles on a stifling July day, Pickett and his men, now a division some five thousand strong, reached the battle late in the afternoon of July 2d. All the next morning the troops were under fire; and at three o'clock they marched forth, in long and even lines, upon the charge the memory of which will never die. Forty-seven hundred and sixty-one privates and two hundred and eighty officers marched down the slope of Seminary Ridge to the attack; a bare fifteen hundred in all came back.

Upon a road which ran across their line of march, and almost within grappling distance of the foe, was given, says Mrs. Pickett—

the grandest exhibition of discipline and endurance, of coolness and courage under a withering fire, ever recorded in military history; a scene which has made the story of Pickett's charge the glory of American arms. There in the road, with the deafening explosion of unnumbered shells filling the air, their ranks ploughed through again and again by the fiery hail which the batteries from the heights beyond were pouring into them, amid all this terrific roar and the not less disconcerting cries of the wounded and dying, they heard the command of their company officers: "Halt men! Form line! Fall in! Right dress!"

Imagine, if you can, these heroes reforming and aligning their ranks while their comrades dropped in death agony about them, the shells bursting above their heads, and an iron storm beating them to the earth. Yet the line was formed, and coolly they awaited the command, "Forward!" At last it came: "Forward! Quick march!" With perfect precision, with all the grace and accuracy of the parade-ground instead of the

bloodiest of battle-fields, Pickett's division took up its death-march.

In the months of privation and terrible fighting that followed, at Newbern, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Five Forks, Pickett and his men played their part bravely. And so to the last chapter in the drama—Sailor's Creek, just before Appomattox, where,—

Overwhelmed by numbers, fighting hand-to-hand, they stubbornly resisted to the bitter end their inevitable fate. Many of the men broke their guns, and many of the officers snapped their swords in two, rather than surrender them to the enemy. They fought as heroically and nobly on this, their last battle-field, when all hope was gone, as they had ever done in any battle.

Stirring history Pickett and his men made, and Mrs. Pickett has recorded it remarkably well. With a spirit of *noblesse oblige* she lays as much stress, or more, upon the doings of Pickett's men than on their leader's. And, rare gift in a woman,—she is a good historian,—clear in the presentation of her facts, and at the same time unflaggingly picturesque and entertaining.

In *The Bugles of Gettysburg* the same writer cloaks historic fact with a bit of fiction. In the form of a romance she tells the story of a brother officer, and at times companion of Captain Pickett, from the time they leave the Pacific Coast and slip quietly away to join the army of the Confederacy, until after the battle of Gettysburg. Like most romances of the war time there is a big Virginia mansion, and a slim, dark-haired girl in white. But Mrs. Pickett knows these things, not from hearsay, or tradition, but at first hand, and one has only to hear her negroes talk to realise how true to life she is. And there is, in this little book, a remarkable description of the famous charge at Gettysburg—a description that reveals the charge from within, as it were; and as it seemed to the Virginians who followed their slender, long-haired general into the valley of smoke and bursting shells, and up

the other slope, until he drew aside, and watched his "boys" rush past. Pitifully, so many of them were boys in their teens and twenties, and they crowded past him, yelling deliriously like boys at a baseball game, to death.

It has been said that shoes were the reason that the decisive battle of the Civil War was fought at Gettysburg. Pettigrew came to the town with a brigade of Confederates in quest of shoes for his barefooted men, and found there a force of Federal cavalry. He was driven away, but returned with reinforcements. The Federals, too, were reinforced, and in a flash the great fight was on. In *The Battle of Gettysburg* Jesse Bowman Young mentions the incident in passing, and shows how neither Lee nor Meade planned or desired to give battle at Gettysburg, but that those "two eager and desperately roused antagonists, the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of the Potomac, once clinched in the death-grapple, nothing could separate them until they had fought it out."

The author was present at the great battle as an officer in one of the Pennsylvania regiments. And for a dozen years after the war he resided in or near Gettysburg, and in performing his duties as a "circuit-rider" became familiar with every village, mountain, and road in the neighbourhood. Add to this a life-long interest in the subject, and a vast amount of reading, and it is evident that the author is unusually well equipped to write about the battle of Gettysburg.

He has written a book indeed which will have a permanent value. While lacking the vividness and human interest of Mrs. Pickett's volume, it is a work of a very different kind. A comprehensive narrative, the author calls it, and this it is, giving the movements of different bodies of troops, the plans and mistakes of officers, and quoting liberally from that vast amount of published reminiscence, theory, argument, accusation and recrimination which has been put forth as freely as blood was shed at the time of the battle.

Gleaming in a field which historians and authors of reminiscences have passed by, Miss Elsie Singmaster has devoted her little volume, called *Gettysburg*, to the inhabitants of the quiet Pennsylvania town where two hundred thousand soldiers came suddenly together and fought one of the bloodiest battles of the war. In short stories she describes some incidents of the battle as it affected the townspeople at whose very doors it raged; while other stories are about that later Gettysburg which has become a Mecca for veterans' reunions. Not all the stories are of equal merit, those of the later period disclosing a familiarity with characters and conditions which seems rather lacking in the stories about the battle.

It is a curious fact that the injunction of Abraham Lincoln which has been most laid to heart by the American people, namely that against swapping horses while crossing a stream, was disregarded by Lincoln himself at the most critical moment of his administration. For just three days before the turning point of the war, at Gettysburg, Hooker, by the President's order, was deposed from the command of the Army of the Potomac and Meade was appointed in his stead. Only three days before the change was made, General Meade, writing to his wife, says:

I see you are still troubled with visions of my being placed in command. . . . I do not stand any chance, because I have no friends, political or other, who press or advance my claims or pretensions. . . . Besides, I have not the folly to think my capacity pre-eminent, and I know there are plenty of others equally competent with myself. For these reasons I have never indulged in any dreams of ambition, contented to await events, and do my duty in the sphere it pleases God to place me in, and I really think it would be as well for you to take the same philosophical view; but do you know, I think *your* ambition is being roused and that you are beginning to be bitten with the dazzling prospect of having for a husband a commanding general of an army. How is this?

This modest and frank letter, as from one comrade to another, is a fair sample of the letters from General Meade to his wife, with which *The Life and Letters of General George Gordon Meade* abound. Remarkable letters they are to pass from a soldier to his wife, possessing as they do unbounded confidence not only in their recipient's love and loyalty, but also in her intelligent understanding at all times of the details of his campaigns and the stage of his military fortunes.

In spite of his modest opinion as to his chances, Meade was appointed to the command of the Army of the Potomac, and in a few days was fighting the crucial battle of the war. Level-headed engineer officer that he was, he was the right man for the place, and so maintained and strengthened his defensive position that Lee exhausted himself in fruitless attacks. That Meade's was not, at this strenuous time, a bed of roses may be inferred from another letter to his wife in which he exclaims:

From the time I took command till to-day, now over ten days, I have not changed my clothes, have not had a regular night's rest, and many nights not a wink of sleep, and for several days did not even wash my face and hands, no regular food, and all the time in a great state of mental anxiety.

The victory of Gettysburg was not allowed to remain a source of unalloyed satisfaction to General Meade. The fact that Lee escaped with his army seemed incomprehensible to those who were not acquainted with actual conditions,—which number included the authorities at Washington and the public in general, and stirred up a vast amount of criticism. Of this Meade complains to his wife, saying:

This is exactly what I expected; unless I did impracticable things, fault would be found with me.

And again:

Your indignation at the manner in which I was treated on Lee's escape is not only natural, but was and is fully shared by me. I did think at one time of writing frankly to

the President, informing him I never desired the command, and would be most glad at any time to be relieved.

We are rather of the opinion that this life of General Meade, prepared in part by his son and brought to completion by his grandson, is going to take high rank among the books of the year, not only from the fact that it contains the military memoirs of one of the foremost commanders of the Civil War, but because as an autobiography it is illuminating and full of vital interest.

Arthur M. Chase.

VI JOHN CAVE. VII BARBARA GWYNNE*

Upon the appearance, simultaneously, of two novels by an unknown, we are likely to jump to the conclusion that he is a foreigner. If the name be British, we class him with Messrs. Bennett, Merrick and Company, because we are reminded of the American expression of their vogue across the sea. Mr. Trites, however, is an Englishman only by force of circumstances, the necessity of finding a market for his work; by priority of publication and acclaim. With his novels labelled "remarkable" by a number of the best London critics and alluded to as "two very extraordinary books" by Mr. Howells, Mr. Trites has come home. For he is an American by birth and by education. He is a native of Philadelphia. But the conditions which he describes are common to all of these United States and the souls which he strips for our observation are the souls of every land and every age.

And what is there "remarkable" about these novels? Let us consider them one at a time, in their natural sequence.

"He wrote his stories without pity. . . . He never dreamed . . . of holding back a sentence because it might hurt." This is a partial characterisation of John

Cave, a newspaper man—like Mr. Trites himself—whose experiences form the warp of the first novel. There was every reason for Cave's attitude and yet, insidious as a catchword, it affected, almost controlled the reader's judgment. Why? Because of his blindness through carelessness or preconception to the author's method, to his exceptional art. For an artist Mr. Trites is, first and last; and the secret of his art is an *intimate aloofness*. To be explicit, the nature of the material he has given us suggests sympathy with John Cave, a sympathy so deep as almost to identify creation with creator, but the manner of its giving is that of a chance passer-by with his mind on his own personal affairs.

The fortunes of John Cave are as multicoloured as those of any star reporter of our popular romances; but without recourse to limelight, without the subterfuge of sentimentality. We are offered John Cave as he appears to the eye of common day. And so he becomes one of us, a man whose experiences bear upon our own. We are not sure that we trust him, but we are friendly disposed for all that: interested, in any case. For John Cave is a commanding figure, when exalted by his ideals; an embarrassingly human one when wine promises to blot out the memory of his wrongs and failures. We share gladly his ambitions and we share also his bitterness, his shame. We share them because, in some degree, they have all been ours. This is the touchstone of Mr. Trites's appeal.

Successful in his delineation of man, the author becomes unconvincing—in his first novel—when woman is his subject. John Cave stands out as saliently as the Hurstwood of *Sister Carrie* or Kurtz in *Heart of Darkness*. Collier, Gray and others of "The Press," old Jake of Sunapee, Prudence's fat "friend" and many others could be singled out from a crowd. But opposed to these individuals—not types!—Diana Scarlett is as inconclusive as a dream. And even Prudence, a more vivid personality, is little more than a Humour, a Humour of picturesque waywardness, and that in spite

*John Cave. By W. B. Trites. New York: Duffield and Company. Barbara Gwynne. By W. B. Trites. New York: Duffield and Company.

of her very material environment, her plainly defined weaknesses. It is only her last words, and not so much her last words as her last glance, her last breath, that reveal an unmistakable woman. This saving magic has not been exercised in the case of Diana. Physically lovely, virginal, almost ethereal, she is made to typify a purity of refinement utterly incapable of baseness,—the implication of her surname to the contrary! We accept her marriage with the backslider, John Cave. It would not be foreign to her nature. But completely alien to it would be the average preternuptial amour. Upon this dénouement, we feel that Mr. Trites and not Diana is the responsible agent and that we have been unnecessarily duped.

Diana's futile lapse from grace—and other situations which call for gloves, he has displayed an unusual sensitiveness to proportion and an amazing delicacy. There are no equivocal evasions, but there are omissions as eloquent as they are flattering to good taste and intelligence,—true omissions, by repression, not suppression. At least that is the effect produced, so natural and clear is the flow of language, so untroubled yet compelling its onward movement. Repression, indeed, is the keynote of Mr. Trites's whole method of projection. Rare are the occasions where he has failed to maintain this tenor of excellency. In addition to his adroit studies of men, he has indicated briefly but with great sharpness many phases of the economic and social evils which are now receiving so much public attention. Occasionally, there is a tendency to let a character's opinions—his own transparently veiled—verge on homily, but they do not bore us and so can be forgiven.

Mr. Trites's contribution to the folklore of journalism, old-fashioned and latterday, is more solid, more perfectly rounded, and rings more true than almost anything so far issued through this sub-treasury of fiction. What is more it is authoritative. He has also furnished a well-diversified feast for lovers of pure description: passages for those

who are proud of the enchanting effects which the genie of our industrial centres have evolved with plumes of smoke on backgrounds of hazy blue or rose or gold; and passages equally suggestive for those who are drawn to the countryside.

John Cave is preëminently a study of the struggle between honest resolves and temperamental frailties. *Barbara Gwynne* is more complex. It contains, in the first place, both a thesis and a problem. Its thesis is "the dignity of a single purpose"; its problem, the war of the sexes, with the mutiny of animal instinct against self-respect as a crucial factor.

Obviously, this second of Mr. Trites's novels is the broader in scope and intention. It is unquestionably more mature than its predecessor. The themes, one and all, are handled with extraordinary sureness and skill. The characters are more numerous, more varied, and even more graphically differentiated than in *John Cave* and with no greater expenditure of words. Thesis and problem are alternated with a quiet dexterity which permits us to follow each undisturbed, although both of them are manywise motivated.

In Jerome S. McWade, we have a figure which will stand in the front rank of fiction. Jerome is the protagonist of the thesis, "the dignity of a single purpose." Dr. Ford, bacteriologist, is its nobler exponent, but a minor one none the less. Among the lesser manifestations of the same idea is Jacob Abercrombie, theatrical manager, a truckling henchman of the thesis. Jerome's ambition is to grow rich at any cost. He succeeds. The aim of Dr. Ford is an ideal: the service of humanity. He fails, not through disloyalty to that ideal but because of an intellectual egoism which allows his anger, though righteous, to get the better of him. The women, also, are studied in relation to this thesis, Barbara in particular. In her case thesis and problem overlap, but with the majority of the women portrayed by Mr. Trites, the paramount concern resolves itself into this question, paraphrased from a reflection of Mrs. Woodford's:

"Should she deem her frugal, chaste years of self-denial well spent?"

In his second novel the women are neither marionettes nor automatons. Mr. Trites proves that Diana Scarlett was merely a blunder. Unlike her, Barbara Gwynne is spirit, flesh and blood, indeed very much of the flesh in the eyes of the specimens who pursue her haunting beauty. True love she appears to rouse in none but Jerome S. McWade, and in him it takes the form of a fanatical, unappeasable yet purifying hunger, the instinctive craving of a lion for a royal mate.

Mr. Trites begins both of his novels with a concise statement of fact and back to the fact in this statement he returns like a draughtsman describing a circle. *John Cave* is the more perfect circle of the two, because it stops short with the complete sweep of the compass. It is the more perfect circle, but its radius is much the smaller. *Barbara Gwynne*—but then the latter is in reality composed of two intersecting circles—*Barbara Gwynne*, even granting this, should have come to a period in the penultimate chapter. It should have closed when Barbara "shook her head." But instead of shaking her head, she should have nodded assent. Why? Because her refusal was made to Jerome and we know that he is to dominate her—as he does!—just as he has dominated every obstacle from the start. We know this because the author is mercilessly logical; because his opening sentence reads: "Jerome S. McWade, 'grocery clerk,' dominated the little shop." And so the final chapter falls outside of the intersecting circles, nor is it an exact tangent of either. It rises from their juncture, but is not a tangent at all. It is a spiral, a broken one like a spiral of incense, full of lights and shadows, winding heavenward. It is the artist-draughtsman's musings in pencil, fanciful, symbolic—a wish, a hope, both of them tremulous with doubt. The last chapter is a very poignant prose poem, but it terminates with a wish or a hope which is made incredible of fulfilment by all that has gone be-

fore. The scene is the bull ring of San Sebastian.

A half-dozen horses lay here and there at the side of the ring. A black and white bull, surrounded by small, glittering, gesticulating figures, pawed the sand in rage, exhaustion and despair. The flower-hung darts in its flesh rose and fell. . . . The bull, looking mournfully on its bright tormentors, belowered. . . . The sky bent over the earth with a divine smile, offering its secret through the ages. . . . If man would but look up. . . ."

"Barbara, beautiful in her Eastern dress," had "lifted her soft eyes to the sky." But the toad-like gossips of Cinnaminson, the Yahoos, male and female, of the Fourth of July picnic, of the daily press, of the metropolitan green-rooms—man and woman, as they are penetratingly described in the pages of *Barbara Gwynne*—will *these* look up? *can* these look up? More profitable to both and to all is the "secret of happiness" propounded by John Cave in his hour of failure and self-abasement:

His aspiring soul loved the sunlit heights. It loathed the pollution of the morass. . . . He knew the secret of happiness. Work was the secret. All else deceived, or failed, or perished. Friends deceived, drugs failed, passion perished. But work remained, kind and fair and faithful to the end. And the more ardently and devotedly man gave himself to work, the more ardour and devotion work gave back, the richer and finer the rewards that she extended with both hands.

Richard Butler Glaenzer.

VIII

PRICE COLLIER'S "GERMANY AND THE GERMANS"*

"My sole task," says the author, "is to clear the German situation, and not by any means to set up my own or my countrymen's standards for their adoption. I much prefer Americans to either Germans or Englishmen, but I go to Germany to discover how German is

*Germany and the Germans. From An American Point of View. By Price Collier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Germany and to England to see how English is England. I am seeking, too, for the lessons we may learn from their successes. To sneer at superficial differences is to lose all profit from intercourse with other peoples." This is the keynote of the book; and consequently its admiration is warm and its censure temperate, and it is informing throughout. His comments are set in a quite remarkable perspective; and his plentiful statistics range not only through Germany and its history, but through the entire modern world. Alert for comparisons and generalisations, yet observing of daily detail, aggressive, yet preaching charity and mutual understanding, with heavy-fisted digressions on peace-prattle and fatty degeneration, yet with lyric interludes on Lincoln as well as the Kaiser, this book offers both variety and substance.

To make the German one in speech and ideals as well as in nation has been a colossal task, begins Mr. Collier, and it is not yet completed. He is still tribal rather than national, even though patriotism is with him not only a sentiment but a doctrine. The history of German unity is the biography of Bismarck. And the autocratic Prussia which made it possible still prevents the comparison of England or America with Germany. To neither country can Germany serve as a model either in its successes or failures, for it has no such thing as democratic or representative government. The Empire is governed by one man, who proclaims his independence to the people, and his responsibility to God alone. This may be a good or a bad thing. Certainly in matters of economical and comfortable government they are a century ahead of us, but they have obtained it under strict centralised control served by a trained horde of officials and backed by a standing army of over seven hundred thousand as a powerful police. All talk of what the German people will or will not do is vapid—the German Kaiser will do as he pleases. He is the master-key of every question, institution, or problem. The mass of the people are not disturbed by his repeated assertions

of Divine Right. The very quality in their ruler we take for granted they must dislike is the quality that at the bottom of their hearts they adore and repose upon. For the Germans have been vouchsafed, they did not demand, such prerogatives and political privileges as they possess. It is a quality of the German character that they have been led and driven and welded by a series of powerful individuals. No *Magna Charta*, no Declaration of Independence is to be found in their history; and no vigorous demand from the people themselves.

Voltaire said that Germany ruled the clouds. Still it is more what they think than what they do and see that gives them pleasure. Besides their gregariousness, their chief national characteristics are their melancholic and subjective way of looking at life and their passion for music. The lack of chins is almost a national peculiarity and likewise no backs to their heads; this may be the reason they excel in the more nebulous arts. The German imagines he has done something when he has had an idea, just as the Frenchman imagines he has done something when he has made an epigram. Strange as it may seem in view of his wonderful commercial progress, he is at heart not a business man. With small curiosity about the political and social tides elsewhere, he has organised neither society nor politics at home. Berlin is not a capital by social or political evolution but by force of circumstances. Since the German has been trained in a severe school to look for knowledge not for news, he makes small demands upon his newspaper. And reflecting the people, the press is all anti-English, anti-French, anti-American. It is boorish and unscrupulous often, but it has none of our sensational qualities. Every gentleman in Germany must have been ashamed of the German press after the sinking of the *Titanic*; but with all their bad manners and bad morals, their journalists have trained minds indifferent to small social gossip.

A central government is responsible

for most of Germany's successes. It is ruled socially and politically by a small group of fifty thousand men—eight thousand in frock coats and the rest in military uniform. Professor, pastor, teacher, are all muzzled by the state. The Prussian policeman is the greatest official busybody in the world. Just as the American and Englishman are brought up on emergencies, so the German is brought up on rules. The more he is uniformed, decorated, ticketed, and drilled the more contented he is. This has its good and its bad side. Mr. Collier's last visit to Germany completely convinced him of the wisdom of compulsory service, for the stern discipline of the army lashes the German Ulysses to the mast at that part of his voyage when he is passing the sirens. Thanks to a centralised government, also, there is no politics in public service. The streets of Berlin are cleaned for the benefit of the people and not for the pockets of a political aristocracy. In our country when a man can do nothing else he becomes a public servant; in Germany he becomes one only after ample proofs of fitness and a severe examination. The German is bewildered that our men of wealth and leisure do not devote themselves to the service of the state and city. On the other hand, it is evident that the orderliness of Berlin is enforced rather than voluntary, and the people are so steeped in regulations that they have no individual self-control and conformity reaches down to the very roots of their being. There is no adventurousness and people lose their youth quickly. An office-stool followed by a pension contents all too many men in Germany; and it is getting to be a very tired-looking nation. There are more rest-cures, rheumatism, heart, liver, kidney, anæmic cures than in all Anglo-Saxondom combined. Besides, whether it is Louis XIV who says "l'état c'est moi" or a state which claims that its functions are to meddle with the business of every man, matters little.

Almost as much as the enforced cleanliness and orderliness, the newness and crudeness of the people strike the Ameri-

can. A sort of bucolic naïveté possesses Berlin. There is no give and take or love of fair play, and manners are not so much intentionally insulting as untitled. Men in public are everywhere equipped with small brushes and small combs and small mirrors, and are in the childhood days of personal hygiene. In no other country is the animal man so naïvely vain, self-conscious, so untrained in the ways of the polite world, so serenely oblivious of the simple courtesy of the strong to the weak. Women are not taken seriously in Germany except as mothers and servants. One sees everywhere an attitude of condescension toward women among the polite, and of carelessness bordering on contempt among the rude. But it is largely the habit of deference on the part of the women which makes their men insupportable. Finally, it must be said that among the great powers no people are so comfortably and so cheaply clothed and fed or have anything like so many opportunities for rational or æsthetic enjoyment. Germany has the most intelligent, hardest-working, most fiercely economical, and the most rationally and easily contented population in the world.

Graham Berry.

IX

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S "THE INSIDE OF THE CUP"*

When John Hodder left his pulpit in a New England town to become rector of the fashionable St. John's in one of the largest cities of the Middle West, he did not dream that the call had come because he was deemed "safe and sane." The vestry—headed by Eldon Parr, one of the foremost business magnates of America—thought they had found in him an orthodox and dignified, though virile, young man who would not, like so many other clergymen, meddle in all sorts of affairs that did not concern him and mistake Socialism for Christianity.

*The Inside of the Cup. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Company.

So far, indeed, was he from having been affected by the dangerous tendencies which Eldon Parr feared, that he still had an ardent faith in the mediæval authority of the Church.

The congregation were not analytical, but they felt a certain anomaly in virility proclaiming tradition. "I feel all the time he *could* say something helpful if he only would," confessed one of the most thoughtful women in his congregation. But Hodder, who had found upon his arrival food for thought in the sordid squalor and vice which encroached almost upon the doors of the complacent, aristocratic church, began to be more thoughtful when he recognised the inadequacy of his counsel to a communicant who felt the perplexities of a more modern life than he preached. She doubted the wisdom of the Church in having resorted to a physical miracle to explain a spiritual mystery. But even when he put her off with mediæval books, which he fancied modern, she never doubted his sincerity and force. Nor did another lady whose divorced daughter he refused to re-marry. "The Church," she said, "should recognise that two excellent persons may demoralise each other if ill-mated. Perhaps one day you will be more in sympathy with these ideas." This encounter was another manifestation to Hodder of the anomalistic position of the Church to-day. And when Eldon Parr himself allowed the rector to see the secret grief in his own hard life, he recognised once more the futility of the traditional words of comfort and of rebuke. About this time, too, he began to see that honest and energetic young men did not bother their heads about spiritual matters any more. All these things set him to grave exploration of his own soul and of the cause he had espoused.

It was Alison Parr, however, who crystallised this disquiet. She was Eldon Parr's daughter and she had refused to live his life; instead, she had gone to New York and achieved success as a landscape-gardener. She had no faith, but she realised ardently this anomalistic position of the Church which was

troubling Hodder. "It is founded on the brotherhood of man, and the nearest you come to it is organised charity," she cried to her father. "The social system upon which you thrive and which politically and financially you strive to maintain is diametrically opposed to the creed of your church. Your creed is the survival of the fittest; and you grind people down and then degrade them by inviting them to exercise and read books and sing hymns in your settlement houses. I don't blame them for not becoming Christians on that basis!" Hodder felt the passionate ring of truth in her voice, but to admit her contention would crumble into ruins the structure he had spent his life in rearing. For her extraordinary vitality and earnestness he felt both antagonism and attraction. "My father's real interest," she said to him later, "is in a social system that benefits himself and his kind, and he would have it appear that Christianity is on the side of what they term law and order. They feel instinctively that it contains a vital spark which if allowed to fly would start a conflagration. The theologians have helped them cover the spark with ashes, and naturally they won't allow the ashes to be touched if they can help it. You strike me as a man who actually *feels* something—whatever it is. But you and your religion are far apart as the poles."

It was then that the rector of St. John's realised that a crisis had come in his life—that he must submit his belief to the new historical criticisms he had neglected but condemned. The world no longer wanted a clergyman's solution—he must go off alone and submit his faith to an impartial test. But though he bought his railroad ticket, he did not go. Unexpectedly the retreat he sought was in the squalor and vice which encroached upon the doors of the church. There he found a woman whose suicide husband had, like thousands of other respectable citizens, been ruined by Parr's thinly disguised thievery, the Consolidated Traction Company; and it was another vestryman of his, a corporation

lawyer, who had just enabled the financier to get around the law and keep out of jail. There he found a hard-faced girl, her beauty beginning to be devastated by dissipation, whom Parr's son had loved and wanted to marry; but Parr had bought her off, and the cynical reaction from her genuine love had cast her upon the streets. Before she met young Parr she had been a shop-girl in the department store of another one of the vestrymen who didn't pay his girls enough to live on. There, too, he found a man who went about from morn till night doing good and who had left a church from which the poor were thrust out. "How can we reach these wretched people who are the victims of the ruthless individualism and greed of those who control and claim the Church!" cried Hodder in agony of spirit.

It was the City Librarian who finally showed him the way. "We librarians are a sort of weathervane, if people only knew enough to consult us," he said. "We can hardly get enough of these new religious books to supply the demand. Years ago we couldn't supply enough Darwins and Huxleys and Spencers. But now you'd be surprised to see the different kinds of men and women who demand books on religion. They begin to miss it out of their lives. I should not hesitate to declare that we're on the threshold of a greater religious era than the world has ever seen." The scientific books had been Levellers of the False; the new philosophies of James, Royce, and the rest were Builders of the True. It was they that showed him, in fine, that the central paradox in Christianity consists in the harmony of the individualistic with the socialistic spirit. As far from the present political doctrine of Socialism as possible, its basic principle is the development of the individual into an autonomous being.

By this time Alison Parr had become to him a Beatrice who aroused the passion of the man, yet fired him to express the inexpressible. And he needed her inspiration, for he had come to the parting of the ways. When his congregation as-

sembled again from their summer vacation, he preached them a sermon on the true position of authority and on the true meaning of charity, not ill-gotten largesse but service. Some of the members who had discerned that by imperceptible degrees had arisen a new and critical attitude toward the methods of modern finance, felt uncomfortably that the rector was right. But the vestry demanded his resignation. When he refused it, Parr applied to the Bishop for a heresy-trial and in the meantime suspended his salary. The church, largely emptied of its old aristocracy, became filled with a heterogeneous and not entirely reassuring crowd of new worshippers who came for many reasons, some hopeful and some not. The Bishop refused to recommend Hodder for trial. "I am an old man," he said, "but it has at least been given me to recognise that times have changed and that we are on the verge of a mighty future." Alison, foreseeing that Hodder would not ask her to share his doubtful prospect, came to him; and with clasped hands they faced it together. Parr told the rector he would not disinherit his daughter if he would resign from the church and save further scandal. But Alison refused the money and Hodder refused to resign, and Parr thereupon arranged to give Calvary the settlement house which he had intended for St. John's. "I have been misunderstood all my life and become used to ingratitude," he said with perfect genuineness, "but my gifts and benefactions shall go on as before. For the Church cannot do without the substantial business men."

It will be seen that the title of this novel alludes to the text: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess." It will be seen, too, that in view of more than one event of the year, this novel has almost startling timeliness. One's first impression is of its skilled craftsmanship. Temperate, ironical, profound, the opening chapters with cool accomplished sureness acquaint you with the people of this rich

canvas, and with the theme. But gradually your impression changes. You perceive the author is interested in more than his story, and it does not need his personal afterword to assure you of the height and earnestness of his intention. For his vital theme sometimes runs away with him—or rather with his art, for even when he frankly preaches Mr. Churchill must be listened to. Yet if the story could always have been maintained on the human and passionate level of its main outlines, one would not have to admit to himself a frequent relaxation of the interest. One objects to preaching, however good, when one has been taught to expect something else. If there seem moments of aridity, it is merely because they damage their setting. And their setting damages them. The superb scene at the vestry-meeting after the sermon is precisely because it is kept within the legitimate field of the novel—more effective, than, let us say, the long abstract of the sermon itself, or even the duel scene between Parr and Hodder which comes perilously near being but an exchange of harangues. Throughout, indeed, Mr. Churchill makes little endeavour for the diction and rhythm of spoken speech. The lifelikeness of his characterisations is much prejudiced by the extended and architectural sentences and paragraphs in which they express themselves in order to make plain the author's reasoning. But even when his conviction removes it furthest from what it set out to be, it is a work of great significance and force; at its best it strikes instant and creative fire. One is proud of Mr. Churchill, and grateful for the bigness of his book and for the new spiritual energy which it furnishes.

A. Du Vivier.

X

MARIE LOUISE VAN SAANEN'S "WILD GRAPES"*

"The American husband, my dear," said Emily Griggs, not without malice,

**Wild Grapes*. By Marie Louise Van Saanen. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

to her friend, Lucia Ghent, in Paris, "is the only man on God's earth who would stand a woman like you for two days." Emily was cleverer than Lucia and gave her husband more for his money, but she was the same kind of product. Both were exquisite young creatures, good for nothing but to look at, who repay their careful tending as did the vineyard of the prophet which brought forth only wild grapes.

This novel is a sort of Strindberg picture, framed in France, of useless and devouring woman. None of the women in this book have any time for the husbands who are supporting them, and they cannot be mussed by inopportune caresses. But the story has waxed to its second quarter before its intention is disclosed. Throughout this time we are growing up with David Ghent. We follow his fortunes through several episodes—his running away when a young boy from his English home, his becoming a jockey in Sydney (where he wins a race that makes your blood fly with the horse's hoofs), his career as a powder-monkey in a Nevada mine, and as mine-master in Butte, Montana (where he faces in midnight battles and in more lawful but equally lawless warfare of the day, mobs of angry miners). All these things are interesting and in themselves well told, but as one gets to see what the book is about he feels it was unfortunate to have his attention thus distracted. One could learn with less detriment to the main interest that David Ghent had grown into a typical American. It is only on page 134 enters a woman at last. And then we see him become the typical amiable American husband.

Lucia's small head had a proud poise, her eyes were as blue as gentians, and her hair was the colour of wheat, her mouth was thin, and the narrow chiselled lips pink. The young man was intoxicated with her perfume and her beauty; he had never learned the subtleties of courtship and after a few days he went straight for his quest. He had chosen his mate, and in spite of her nervous and evasive response, he swept her off her

feet and she consented to go with him to Detroit and get married at once. After the wedding she took him shopping—for a veil and some hairpins, she said, but very soon he had spent the rather large sum of money he had brought with him. She refused to allow him to tell her mother of the clandestine marriage, and in a few days mother and daughter departed to Europe to be gone six months. The father, who was used to desertion, found a chance to talk to David alone. "Her mother is very ambitious for her," he said diffidently. "American men have a way of regarding their wives as children. It is not always wise."

David was allowed to accompany them to New York. When he saw her shopping, he was surprised to find her face grow suddenly keen and hard; and her eyes had a nasty glitter as she quarrelled with a woman over a pink kimona they had both seized at once. Left alone, he worked so hard to make Lucia rich that he fell ill; and a chance friend cabled Mrs. Earle and her daughter to return at once. This friend was very handsome, with sleepy-looking eyes and a cautious suggestion of feline elegance. When David was well, they all went together to live in San Francisco. Here he became very successful in business and she in society. But he still thought her a child—an extravagant child, though he didn't care so much about the money she was scattering as that he rarely saw her any more. With the other man the inevitable happened. When David discovered, he felt a fierce necessity to kill the man; but suddenly she seemed only a poor maimed animal whom he was torturing, and his murderous rage was quenched. He was very gentle with her, but little by little he became joyless, slow-footed, taciturn. When another man came along, and again his savage rage flamed up and flickered out, he began to perceive that Lucia, in her gentle helpless way, was without any real consciousness of wrong. Finally a business

crash came, and he sent Lucia off to join her mother eagerly in Paris. He went down to Nevada to dig up another fortune; and here he was born again, and many sad shrivelled things fell from him like useless skins.

The fortune made, he ran over to surprise his wife in Paris. Buoyantly and joyously he rushed to her as to a promised land. He found her cool, beautiful, and tranquil as usual; but in her reticence he recognised a careless aloofness. She said he must go to a hotel, as the little apartment was only big enough for her mother and herself; and that she regretted she could not take him with her to a dinner party that evening. He was not long in finding out that she had no time for him whatever, but in her charming and elusive way she evaded all his blunt questions. When David was knocked over by a wagon in the street and out of his head for a month, she never came near him. Instead, she was quietly circulating rumours which might lead to a divorce with all the advantages upon her side. It was the definite proof of her unfaithfulness that gave him energy to get upon his feet again. When he was strong enough he went to her. She asked him to let her divorce him and give her money besides. He had not heard the rumours, and, true to the underlying chivalry of his nature, he hesitated. Why should he not go on playing the generous fool? he asked himself; after all, perhaps that would be the best way to end it. But when Jim Griggs found what was going on in his mind, he decided to speak out. "The question," said he, "is how much right has a woman to destroy a man's self-respect? Your wife has started stories that you deserted her, left her without money, drank, and closed your eyes to certain things." It was then that David Ghent realised that his grandmother Arnold had been wrong when she told him on her death-bed that a man must protect a woman at any cost.

Malcolm Lee.

THE WORK OF WILLIAM MORRIS

BY EDWARD FULLER

THE achievements of William Morris were so many and varied that the contemplation of them inevitably raises one question. Why is it that, less than two decades after his death, these achievements are so inadequately appreciated? The publication in 1867 of *The Life and Death of Jason*, and in the following year, of *The Earthly Paradise*, convinced lovers of poetry that a great poet had been born to English literature. Swinburne had been known but a few years by his dramas, and had but just become a storm centre of criticism by his *Poems and Ballads*. Rossetti was about to become known to the public at large in a similar fashion. The popularity of Morris was more immediate than theirs, for one thing because he did not run counter to popular prejudice so belligerently. His radicalism, at that period in his career, took an æsthetic rather than an ethical turn. Then, too, the Romantic school had been a potent force in Victorian literature, and the new direction it was taking appealed to a large body of readers. It is true enough that the Pre-Raphaelites—those Tractarians of poetry—were often misunderstood, and that the excesses in which their imitators indulged provoked ridicule. But smug philistinism was not quite the dominant note of the age that Matthew Arnold would have us believe. Is it, in spite of our good conceit of ourselves, the dominant note of ours? Less sensuous than Swinburne, less morbid than Rossetti, Morris embodied the spirit of romance in a characteristically English aspect. He was not less native to the soil than his master, Chaucer. He was prized by his own generation. Yet he has suffered since an unmerited eclipse.

Has his fame been obscured, as Mr. Mackail suggests, by the variety of his accomplishment? The twenty-four volumes of the handsome new edition of his

writings* reveal both its variety and its extent. The sixteen volumes which have already appeared contain his poetry, narrative and lyrical, his translation of Vergil and Homer, and the first of those prose romances which are to many readers the least interesting part of his work and which are perhaps partly responsible for the over-weighting of his fame. Those who love him could not ask for a nobler tribute to his memory than such a shelfful as this edition makes. It is printed at the Arden Press with an elegance worthy of the contents. Type, paper, presswork, are all that could be desired. The illustrations include a number of portraits of the author, his wife and children, reproductions of his paintings and drawings, and facsimiles of his remarkable illuminated manuscripts. These alone suggest the wide range of his activities. Indeed, it might easily be disputed upon this evidence alone whether he was greater as poet or as artist. It may be that in the second capacity he has exercised the wider influence. Not only in painting, but in architecture, the decorative arts, house furnishing, printing, he and those associated with him remoulded public taste. His work in a single direction seems almost enough for one man. And even though in this place he must be considered as a man of letters only, it will be necessary to touch upon his other achievements. His infinite variety was not casual and superficial; it was the natural and essential expression of his philosophy of life. His energies were, in truth, guided by certain fundamental ideas and devoted to a single object.

Poetry, prose romance, painting, mod-

*The Collected Works of William Morris. With Introductions by his Daughter, May Morris. In Twenty-Four Volumes. London and New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

elling, illuminating, designing, household decoration, architecture, handicrafts—all these things at which he laboured so vigorously were means to the end of checking what he regarded as a false development of civilisation and restoring it to a true development. "My work," he once said, "is the embodiment of dreams—to bring before men's eyes the image of the thing my heart is filled with." And the dreams, whether revealed in the printed page, the applied arts, or the Socialist propaganda, were constant to that image. He held that the whole higher life of man needed refreshing from the fount of the Middle Ages. Nor was this mediævalism in the customary sense of the word. He was too sincere an artist to believe that art could grow by mere imitation, or to fall into the errors of the "aesthetes" of the time; the point he made was that we should retrace our steps only to start afresh. In a passage from a review of the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1884, quoted in the introduction to Volume XVI, his theory is explicitly set forth. He is speaking specifically of the art of painting, but he held similar ideas regarding all the arts:

Those only among our painters do work worth considering whose minds have managed to leap back across the intervening years, across the waste of gathering commercialism, into the later Middle Ages; they are steeped through and through with the manner and ideas of the great Italian painters and their forerunners, and it is through this alone that they are able to produce their beautiful and, paradoxical as it may seem, *original* works; any one who wants beauty to be produced at the present day in any branch of the fine arts, I care not what, must always be crying out, 'Look back! look back!' It is no use playing with the question: those who wish to have art in these passing days must forget three hundred years and go to school with the craftsmen and painters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

This is an intelligible and intelligent point of view, and Morris held to it

consistently. Yet it is not difficult to detect the fallacy in it. The belief that history repeats itself is one of those errors which are all the more dangerous because they have a basis of truth. Given the same conditions it would repeat itself; but the conditions are never the same. All sorts of social and political heresies have arisen from taking the lessons of history literally. Morris was right enough in thinking that modern art had lost significance by "useless cleverness" or "meretricious platitudes"; but after all it was a record of the human imagination which could not be blotted out; the artist could not be as if the centuries had never been. The defect of the Pre-Raphaelite school as a whole was that it did not reconcile mediæval ideals with the spirit of the modern age, which of course was what had to be done to make those ideals a potent force. This is not to say that "the Brotherhood," with which the friendship and influence of Burne-Jones brought Morris into such close connection, did not in the end exert a noble influence upon English art in every kind. But there was always something exotic, even artificial, in its endeavours. Thus Morris's belief that the new art would come to birth among the handicrafts ignored the fact that an industrial civilisation had entirely divorced the artisan from the artist. And even the religion of Socialism could not overcome the influence of the labour unions. This is not to say, of course, that the attempt to bring art into common life, to give the craftsman joy in his work, to create an atmosphere of beauty everywhere, was fallacious or futile. On the contrary, every one must recognise how much Morris and his co-workers did to promote these things. The point is that their enthusiasm led them to overlook material obstacles inherent in modern ways of living.

So far as Morris personally was concerned, it is quite possible that his manifold activities had something to do with the partial obscuration of his fame. The British public, that for a very different reason like Browning not, could not un-

derstand an artist and writer who "lived over his shop," and turned from painting and poetry to wall-papers and vegetable dyes, who called himself "a decorator by profession" and founded the Kelmscott Press because he wanted a new fount of type. The combination of ideal and practical is one which that public has always comprehended with difficulty. The men of the Renaissance would have understood him. He was a Leonardo da Vinci, born out of his due time. The men of his own time did not conceive of the identity of art and life which Morris preached and practised. When he joined the ranks of the Socialists they were simply scandalised that a man of his position could join hands with demagogues and agitators, and when he talked about the religion of Socialism they did not know what to make of it. Yet from his own theory of the relation of art to life this was a perfectly logical action. There must be better conditions for the working class before you can get better work. The trouble was that the Socialists understood him and his theory as little as the Philistines did. He found himself involved in political instead of æsthetic propagandism, and wasted his energy in trying to organise a social revolution by addressing street meetings. He became convinced after a time, to be sure, that such a revolution was not practicable, and spent his remaining years largely in reviving the fifteenth century art of printing at the Kelmscott Press. But this episode in his career was not to the advantage of his fame. He wrote his prose romances during it, and these reveal one side of his genius. Whatever may be said of the poetry which intersperses them, they represent a narrative style which is essentially vicious. Good prose and good poetry are two distinct things, and a mixture of the two is bound to be bad. This, I know, is not the opinion of Mr. Watts-Dunton and the critics of his school.

The question naturally arises whether the narrative style of Morris in pure poetry has similar defects. The answer

to this, I think, must be mainly in the negative. He is, of course, deliberately archaic. Chaucer was his avowed master, and both in *Jason* and *The Earthly Paradise* the Chaucerian model is obvious. Yet to call him an imitator of Chaucer would be absurd. Similarly he has points of contact with Spenser, although his verse, despite certain superficial resemblances, is essentially unlike his. The truth is that the medium he selected was the fitting medium for the kind of story he had to tell—the kind of story in which the mediæval poets took delight. So in his noble epic, *Sigurd the Volsung*, he falls, instinctively as it were, into the galloping metre of the earlier chroniclers. Now when these poems first appeared it may readily be understood that their very novelty of form and style materially aided their popular acceptance. No other poet of the time had attempted anything of the kind; the archaisms of Swinburne and Rossetti were of a wholly different quality, and Tennyson's Arthurian legends were deliberately modernised, both as to language and ideas. Thus to a public to the larger part of which Chaucer and Spenser were little known Morris made a peculiar appeal. Here was a new note in poetry. Nor was this all. It was a note of rare beauty. The style, to be sure, is occasionally diffuse, and it becomes a trifle monotonous, now and then, by lack of contrast. To appear in dictionaries of quotations is not a final test of merit, to be sure, but it means that a writer has caught in some especial way the ears of readers. There is not a line by Morris in Bartlett, Benham or Allibone, and the four passages in Stokes do not include the two phrases which might fairly be called familiar—"the idle singer of an empty day" and "dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time." In a sense this is a trivial circumstance. Nevertheless it suggests one reason for the comparative indifference of a later generation to poetry that has so many elements of charm.

And it further suggests the proper point of view from which to regard this

poetry. Morris himself would probably have had it judged by its excellence as a whole than by its appeal in detail. His was, in fact, the narrative, not the lyric gift. This does not mean that he never struck the lyrical note; that could not be said of the man who wrote such lines as these:

"He did not die in the night,
He did not die in the day,
But in the morning twilight
His spirit pass'd away,
When neither sun nor moon was bright,
And the trees were merely grey."

It is not in him, however, to rise, except on rare occasions, to the first, fine careless, rapture of Browning and his thrush. Morris's poem on April is as different as can be from the familiar lines—

"Oh, to be in England,
Now that April's there."

The picture of the coming spring is perfect, but it is painted in other colours:

"O fair midspring, besung so oft and oft,
How can I praise thy loveliness enow?
Thy sun that burns not and thy breezes
soft

That o'er the blossoms of the orchard blow,
The thousand things that 'neath the young
leaves grow,
The hopes and chances of the growing year,
Winter forgotten long, and summer near."

There is nothing here, perhaps, to catch the outward eye at once; the reader must let the lines drift for a time through his imagination, as it were; yet they will—not flash, but glimmer—upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude.

We shall not appreciate his poetry, however, by extracts, elegant or other. It must be read in the mass before the charm of it works completely. It is distinctly poetry of the romantic school, just as Scott's and Byron's was, though in a different framework; unless it is judged in its entirety it cannot be judged at all. It flows smoothly and easily, and the individual felicities are seen best in

retrospect. There are those who think that in *Sigurd the Volsung* the poetical art of Morris reached its highest point; and certainly it would be no exaggeration to call it the greatest epic of romanticism. But to many it lacks the peculiar charm of *The Earthly Paradise*. The dominion of iambic pentametre is so well established in English poetry that the adoption of any other metre for heroic verse seems to call for explanation and apology. And it may be said, fairly enough, that this dominion is proof of its superiority to the purpose. But one would hardly care to have the splendid swing of *Sigurd* reduced to that slower if statelier stride:

"And he gathered the reins together, and set
his face to the road,
And the glad steed neighed beneath him
as they fared from the King's abode,
And out past the dewy closes; but the
shouts went up to the sky,
Though some for very sorrow forbore the
farewell cry,
Nor was any man but heavy that the god-
like guest should go;
And they craved for that glad heart guile-
less, and that face without a foe."

It would be difficult to conceive of a form better adapted to the matter. The skill of Morris in choosing it was as unerring as that of Scott in choosing the metre of *Marmion* or of Byron in choosing the metre of *Don Juan*. Is it wholly an uncritical judgment to find in such an artist the very flower of the romantic school? I do not know who, considering his work as a whole, could be found to surpass him. He had, of course, the defects of his qualities. His translation of the *Æneid* was not a good translation, despite its many effective lines, because it misses the calm and classic atmosphere of Vergil. The difficulties of translation are indeed in some respects insuperable. But they cannot be overcome by evading them; and this is what Morris did when he told the story of *Æneas* in the manner of *Sigurd*. It is magnificent, but it is not Vergil.

Upon what phase of his activity, it may be asked, is the fame of William Morris destined to rest? Without disparaging his other gifts, it may be said that his gift of poetry was the supremest. To painting he gave but a distracted attention, and his work in the decorative

arts necessarily cannot secure so wide an audience as his work in literature. He has passed through his period of obscurity as poet, like most of his fellows. May not so noble a monument as this edition of his writings revive interest in him and add to his praise?

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of May and the 1st of June.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Impossible Boy. Putnam. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Desert Gold. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.
6. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
2. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Port of Adventure. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Roast Beef Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) \$1.20.
5. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) \$3.50.
2. A Small Boy and Others. James. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
3. Impressions and Opinions. George Moore. (Brentano.) \$1.35.
4. Three plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Texan Scouts. Altsheler. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
2. Helen over the Wall. Gilchrist. (Penn.) \$1.25.
3. Tree People. K. Dopp. (Rand McNally.) 45 cents.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.

3. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
6. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Robert Browning. Camberwell edition. (Crowell.) \$9.00.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Desert Gold. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Ambition of Mark Truitt. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
6. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
3. The Task of Social Hygiene. Ellis. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.00.
4. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse Hopkins.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys in New York. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. Motor Boys Over the Border. Young. (Cupples and Leon.) 60 cents.
3. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.25.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The American Flower Garden. Blanchan. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) \$3.50.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Little Princess. Burnett. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
2. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
3. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) \$1.20.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Right of the Strongest. Greene. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. University and Historical Addresses. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.

3. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. Tales of the Mermaid Tavern. Noyes. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
2. Silver Island of the Chippewas. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.00.
3. Harper's Book for Young Naturalists. Verrill. (Harper.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Roast Beef Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Heart of Night Wind. Roe. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.
4. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.25.
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Uphill Climb. Bower. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Woman of the Twilight. Ryan. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
2. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. The Story of My Boyhood and Youth. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Sunbridge Girls at Six Star Ranch. Stuart. (Page.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
3. The Hill of Venus. Gallizier. (Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
5. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Republic and Other Homespun Verse. Cawein. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.00.
2. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre on Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.25.
3. Lucky Pehr. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.50.
4. Black Bass. Henshall. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.
2. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.
3. Master Skylark. Bennett. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
2. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.35.
3. The Woman of the Twilight. Ryan. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
4. Martha-by-the-day. Lippman. (Holt.) \$1.00.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Road of Living Men. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.25.
5. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Plays. Hauptmann. (Huebsch.) \$1.50.
2. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
3. George Washington. Wilson. (Harper.) \$2.00.
4. The Joys of Living. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scout's Manual. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.60.
3. Uncle Remus. Harris. (Appleton.) \$1.60.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Invaders. Allen. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.30.
2. The Uphill Climb. Bower. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
3. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. The Girl of Golden Gate. Meloney. (Clode.) \$1.25.
5. The Silent Battle. Gibbs. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
6. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) \$1.00.
2. The Life of the Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. Spring Days. Moore. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Motor Boys Over the Border. Young. (Cupples and Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Alma's Sophomore Year. Breitenbach. (Page.) \$1.50.

DES MOINES, IOWA

FICTION

1. Roast Beef Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) \$1.20.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
5. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Go-Hawk Series. Stapp. (McKay.) \$1.00.
2. Boy Scouts of the Air Series. Stuart. (Reilly and Britton.) 60 cents.
3. The Books of Woodcraft. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.30.
5. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
6. The Road of Living Men. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
4. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.25.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) \$3.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. The Making of Thomas Burton. Nicholas. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
5. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
2. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. The Woman Movement. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. New City Government. Bruere. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. Parrot and Company. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. The Unforgiving Offender. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
6. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
2. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
4. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Motor Boy Series. Young. (Cupples and Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Rover Boy Series. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. Roast Beef Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) \$1.20.
5. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
2. Philosophy of Change. Carr. (Dodge.) 20 cents.
3. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
4. Education of the Will. Payot. (Funk and Wagnalls.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mother West Wind's Children. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.
2. Mother West Wind's Animal Friends. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.
3. Little Colonel's Holidays. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
5. The Port of Adventure. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Ambition of Mark Truitt. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
2. The Play of To-day. Hunt. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. California Coast Trails. Chase. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.00.
4. A Small Boy and Others. James. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.25.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Unforgiving Offender. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
6. The Sixty-First Second. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
3. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
4. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
5. The Sixty-First Second. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
6. Roast Beef Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) \$1.20.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
3. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
4. The Sixty-First Second. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
6. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. Little Thank You. O'Connor. (Putnam.) \$1.25.
5. Gertrude. Hungerford. (McBride, Nast.) \$1.25.
6. The Sixty-First Second. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Social Life in the Insect World. Fabre. (Century Co.) \$3.00.

2. The Life of the Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Mark Twain and the Happy Island. Wallace. (McClurg.) \$1.00.
4. Nogi. Washburn. (Holt.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
2. The Texan Star. Altscheler. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Tale of Mr. Todd. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Port of Adventure. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Martha-by-the-Day. Lippman. (Holt.) \$1.00.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Complete Poetical Works. Noyes. (Stokes.) \$2.00.
4. Baedeker's Guide Books. (Scribner.)

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Pocket Classics. (Macmillan.) 80 cents.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. The Career of Doctor Weaver. Backus. (Page.) \$1.25.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
6. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Dramas. Hauptmann. Huebsch. \$1.50.
2. The Eldest Son. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.
3. The Inferno. Strindberg. (Putnam.) \$1.25.
4. Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. (Hodder.) and Stoughton.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 50 cents.
3. Dave Porter and The Runaways. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
5. Parrot and Company. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
6. Back Home. Cobb. (Doran.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Sunlit Road. Horder. (Dodge.) \$2.00.
3. Lyric Diction. Jones. (Harper.) \$1.25.
4. Old Time Belles and Cavaliers. Sale. (Lippincott.) \$5.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. The Little Women Series. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
6. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
2. The Story of My Boyhood and Youth. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.00.
3. A Small Boy and Others. James. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
4. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) \$3.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
2. The S. W. F. Club. Elliott. (Jacobs.) \$1.00.
3. Rover Boys in New York. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Sylvia. Sinclair. (Winston.) \$1.20.
4. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
6. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Life and Letters of General Meade. Meade. (Scribner.) \$7.50.
3. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) \$3.50.
4. The Life of the Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. Martha-by-the-Day. Lippman. (Holt.) \$1.00.
5. The Woman of the Twilight. Ryan. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
6. Once Aboard the Lugger. Hutchinson. (Kennerley.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, MAINE

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. Desert Gold. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.
5. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
4. The Story of My Boyhood and Youth. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.00.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
5. The Port of Adventure. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
3. The Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Williams.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
3. Guenever's Lover. Glynn. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Truth About the *Titanic*. Gracie. (Mitchell.) \$1.25.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. My Russian Year. Reynolds. (Pott.) \$2.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
4. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. American Nobility. Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.25.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
5. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
6. Desert Gold. Gray. (Harper.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
2. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Field Days in California. Torrey. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. The New Industrial Day. Redfield. (Century Co.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scout Manual. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon. Thorne-Thomsen. (Row, Peterson and Company.) 60 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
5. Roast Beef Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
6. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Hindle Wakes. Houghton. (Luce.) \$1.00.
2. The Girl Graduate. Perrett and Smith. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.50.
3. The Girl Graduate. Perrett and Smith. (Reilly and Britton.) \$2.50.
4. Marriage and the Sex Question. Forster. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
6. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
2. Care-Free San Francisco. Dunn. (Robertson.) \$1.00.
3. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
4. The Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
2. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Baldy of Nome. Darling. (Robertson.) \$1.00.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
4. Roast Beef Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) \$1.20.
5. Desert Gold. Gray. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.

2. Alaska an Empire in the Making. Underwood. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.00.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Silver Island. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.00.
3. Dave Porter and the Runaways. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, - Lee and Shepard.) \$1.25.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Desert Gold. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.
6. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
3. Within the Law. Dana and Veiller. (Fly.) \$1.25.
4. The Apple of Discord. Rowland. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.
5. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

TORONTO, ONT.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Mudson.) \$1.25.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (McLeod.) \$1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Copp-Clark.) \$1.50.
4. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Mudson.) \$1.25.
5. The Fetters of Freedom. Brady. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
6. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (McClelland.) \$1.50.

WACO, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. Within the Law. Dana and Veiller. (Fly.) \$1.25.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

5. Parrott and Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
6. The Upper Crust. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann the Iconoclast. (Herz Bros.) \$3.00.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Call of the Cumberland. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.25.
2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
3. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
4. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
2. The Truth about the *Titanic*. Gracie. (Kennerley.) \$1.25.
3. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
4. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts Hand-book. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. Book of Camp-Fire Girls. (Camp-Fire Girls.) 25 cents.
3. Dave Porter and the Runaways. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.25.

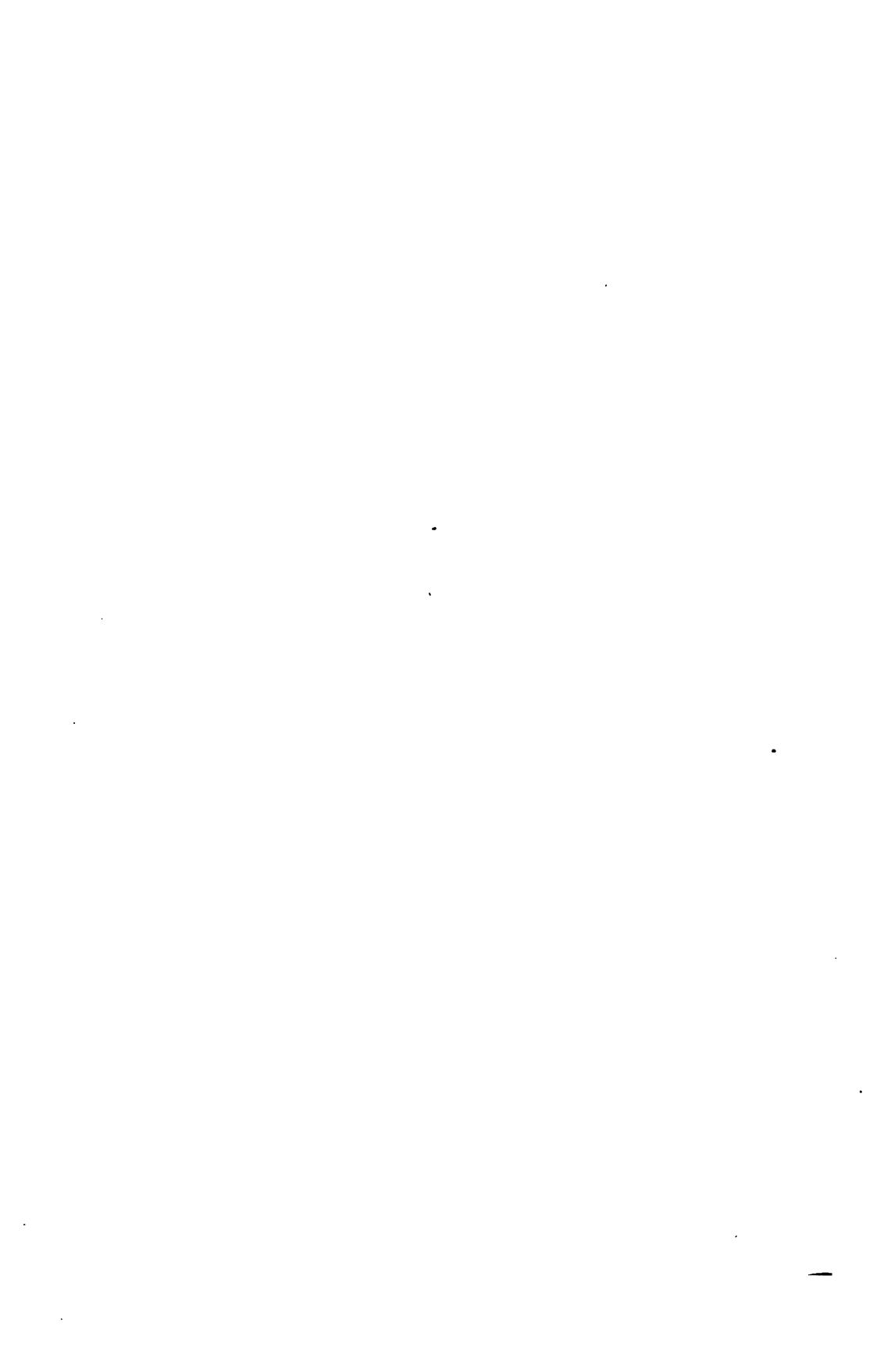
From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

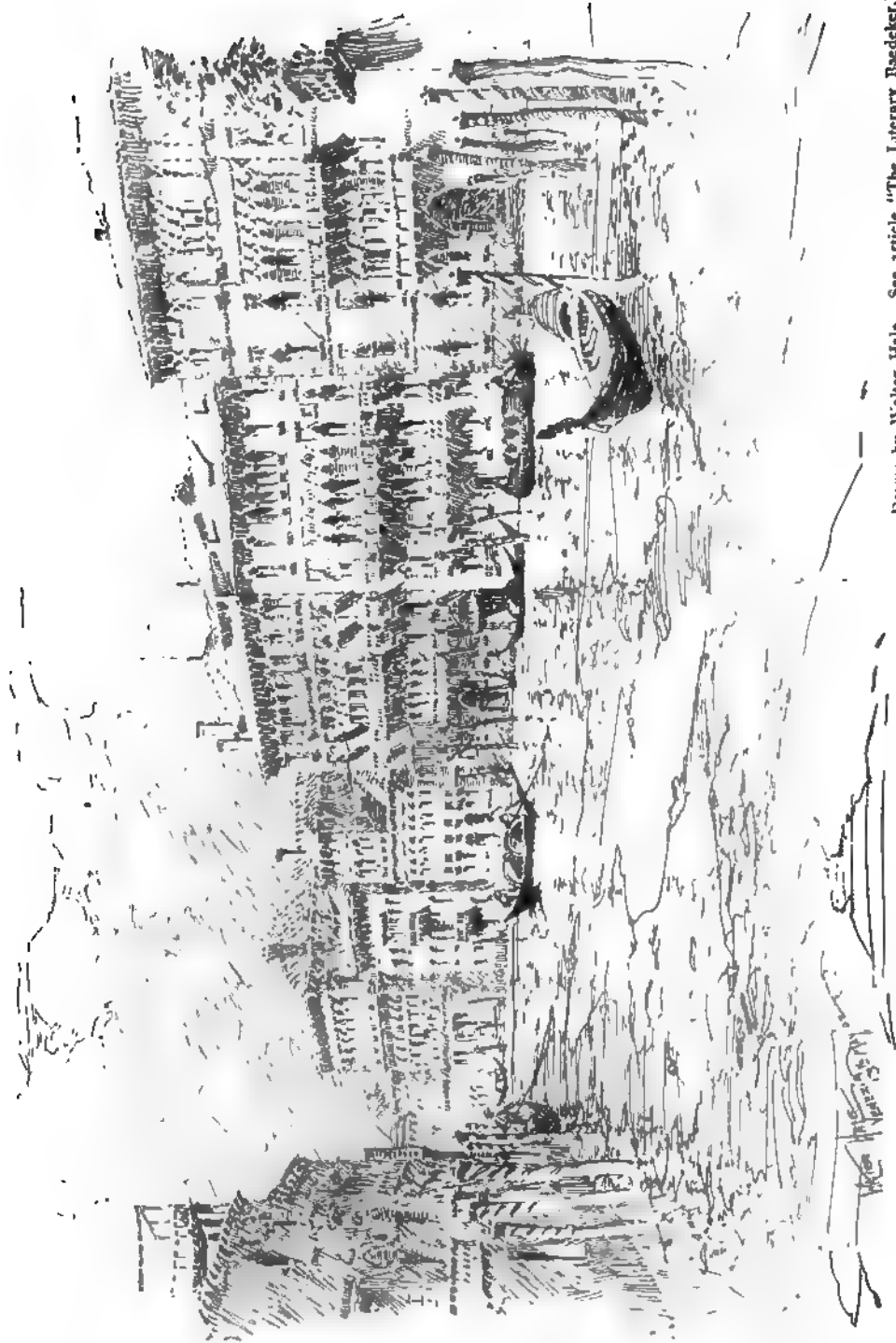
A book standing 1st on any list receives 10	
" " " 2d " " " " "	8
" " " 3d " " " " "	7
" " " 4th " " " " "	6
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" " " 6th " " " " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35	POINTS 275
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40	210
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35	182
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35	175
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35	115
6. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35	70





Drawn by Walter Hale. See article "The Literary Bachelet."

THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE

THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

AUGUST, 1913

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Thomas Dixon's new novel, *The Southerner*, is dedicated "To the First Southern President since Lincoln, My Friend and Classmate, Woodrow Wilson." In connection with this dedication there is a story. Woodrow Wilson and Thomas Dixon were in Johns Hopkins together, and Mr. Dixon from the beginning felt that the other man was destined for great things. In the first months of 1912 his belief that Governor Wilson would be nominated by the Democratic Party and elected became positive conviction. The Baltimore Convention was held in July. Three months before, in early April, Mr. Dixon was about to sail for Europe, to be gone until the autumn, and it was necessary to turn over to his publisher all the copy for the new book. The day before sailing he wrote the dedication which is here reproduced and sent it with the rest of the manuscript. Three months later he cabled his congratulations to Governor Wilson from Vienna.

...

In connection with the last of Mr. Tassin's papers on "The Grub Street Problem," which appears elsewhere in this issue, it seems interesting to print a price list

Price Lists

which indicates the cost of living problem which confronted such scribes as happened to be in California in the early

mining days. Edgar Allan Poe, living in his Fordham Cottage, was faced by prices that he deemed high. But toward the end of the same decade, 1840-1850, the traveller patronising the Ward House, of San Francisco, was obliged to adjust his purse to the following bill of fare:

...

Oxtail soup.....	\$1.00
Baker trout, anchovy sauce.....	1.50
Roast beef	1.00
Roast lamb, stuffed	1.00
Roast mutton, stuffed	1.00
Roast pork, with apple sauce.....	1.25
Baked mutton, caper sauce.....	1.25
Corned beef and cabbage.....	1.25
Ham	1.00
Curried sausages.....	1.00
Lamb and green peas.....	1.25
Venison, wine sauce.....	1.50
Stewed kidney, champagne sauce...	1.25
Fresh eggs, each.....	1.00
Sweet potatoes50

To
The First Southern President
Since Lincoln,
My friend and classmate,
Woodrow Wilson

FACSIMILE OF THE DEDICATION OF "THE SOUTHERNER"; WRITTEN THREE MONTHS BEFORE THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION

Irish potatoes50
Cabbage50
Squash50
Bread pudding75
Mince pie75
Brandy peaches	2.00
Rum omelette	2.00
Jelly omelette	2.00
Cheese50
Prunes75

...

Conditions in California outside of San Francisco were much the same. At the El Dorado Hotel at Hangtown (a mining-camp) the dainty menu offered "beef with one potato, fair size," \$1.25; "beef, up along," \$1; "baked beans, greased," \$1; "new potatoes, peeled," seventy-five cents; "hash, 18 karats," \$1; "roast grizzly," \$1; "jackass rabbit, whole," \$1.50; "rice with brandy peaches," \$2; and "a square meal" for \$3. All payable in advance. "Gold-scales on the end of the bar." But the small, cheap gold-scales cost \$30, and the coarse knives and forks not less than \$25 the pair. Of course incomes were proportionately large. Clerks in stores and offices had munificent salaries; \$5 a day was about the smallest stipend even in the custom-house, and one Baptist preacher was paid \$10,000 a year. Labourers received a dollar an hour; a pick or a shovel was worth \$10; a tin pan or wooden bowl, \$5; and a butcher's knife \$30. At one time the carpenters who were getting \$12 a day struck for \$16. Lumber rose to \$500 per thousand feet, "and every brick in a house cost a dollar, one way or another." Wheat flour and salt pork sold at \$40 a barrel, a small loaf of bread was fifty cents, and a hard-boiled egg a dollar. You paid \$3 to get into the circus, and \$55 for a private box. Men talked dollars, and a copper coin was an object of antiquarian interest. Forty dollars was the price for ordinary coarse boots; and a pair that came above the knees and would carry you gallantly through the quagmires brought a round hundred. When a shirt became very dirty, the wearer

threw it away and bought a new one. Washing cost \$15 a dozen in 1849. Rents were simply monstrous: \$3000 a month in advance for a "store" hurriedly built of rough boards. Wright and Company paid \$75,000 for the wretched little place on the corner of the Plaza that they called the Miners' Bank, and \$36,000 was asked for the use of the Old Adobe as a custom-house. The Parker House paid \$120,000 a year in rents, nearly one-half of that amount being collected from the gamblers who held the second floor; and the canvas tent next door, used as a gambling-saloon, and called the El Dorado, was good for \$40,000 a year. From ten to fifteen per cent. a month was paid in advance for the use of money borrowed on substantial security. The prices of real estate went up among the stars; \$8000 for a fifty-vara lot that had been bought in 1848 for \$20.

...

There are many times when we are inclined to disagree with Mr. Frank Harris, but we have

Mr. Harris never accused him of
Surprises being uninteresting. In

taking up an article from his pen one may reasonably look for something in the nature of a surprise. A recent number of *The Academy* of London begins a series of papers by him on American novelists of to-day, the first one dealing with the work of the late David Graham Phillips. Here the chief surprise is that a man who should know considerable about this country, for Mr. Harris tutored for a time at the University of Kansas and practised law in the Middle West, could achieve so many inaccuracies in a short page and a half of text. Mediocrity and ignorance go hand in hand, but it needed talent and imagination to make the surprising mistakes that Mr. Harris has made. The second surprise is in the writer's curious appraisal of Mr. Phillips's work. He begins his paper by a general glance at American literature. He finds that until the Civil War the literature of the

United States had been purely English. Hawthorne and Poe might have been born in England; "but Walt Whitman, Bret Harte, and Emerson are distinctly American." On one point he differs materially from Mr. John Albert Macy, whose *Spirit of American Literature* we were discussing two months ago, and who found that Bret Harte, under the influence of Dickens, created a California that never existed. To quote Mr. Harris:

And since these great innovators American literature has gone on unfolding on its own lines, and in the last twenty years the best works of fiction in our language have been American and not English. Harold Frederic and Stephen Crane, Frank Norris with *Wheat* and *The Pit*, Jack London in *The Call of the Wild*, and other tales, Upton Sinclair with *The Jungle*, Ambrose Bierce with at least one story, Theodore Dreiser with *Sister Carrie*, *Jennie Gerhardt*, and *The Financier*, and David Graham Phillips with half a dozen books are more important than the English prose writers of the same period.

• • •

Mr. Harris ranks David Graham Phillips highly, going to the length of comparing him with Balzac. No one, he thinks, since Balzac "has studied society with such a union of the creative power of temperament and the critical power of the intellect." *White Magic*, *The Adventures of Joshua Craig*, *New Wives for Old*, *The Second Generation*, *The Hungry Heart*, and *The Husband's Story* he holds to be all books of the first order, showing extraordinary powers in their author. But in making the comparison Mr. Harris confesses himself to be unfair, "because Balzac is the greatest creator in prose who ever lived, as unapproachable in his way as Shakespeare." But he uses the higher standard, he says, because there is no other that gives the impression of Mr. Phillips's gift of story telling, his richness of invention of character, his power of suggesting the typical while giving portraits of individuals.

He has not delved so deeply into charac-

ter as Balzac; he has not created types that live with the same intensity as Cousine Bette and Hulot and César Birotteau and Eugénie Grandet and Balthazar Claes, but he has approached this dæmonic power and created type after type of American that will live in fiction.

Being of the Anglo-Saxon race, it was to be expected that he would be more of a preacher than Balzac and less of an artist. His *New Wives for Old*, his *Second Generation*, his *Husband's Story*, nearly all his best works, in fact, are what is known as problem stories: they handle ethical problems of to-day, and they handle them with a very broad and clear intelligence.

But what about the brains in the books—that determining factor in all works of art, what Goethe called the "architect faculty"? Again one must admit that Mr. Phillips's vision is not so profound as Balzac's, though it is astonishingly clear and astonishingly true. For example, the ordinary American belief that the millionaire is a man of surpassing intelligence doesn't pass muster for a moment with Mr. Phillips: he knows better: he attributes to him surpassing greed, considerable unscrupulousness, and great tenacity, but that is all. His understanding, too, of women, while not so intimate and varied as that of Balzac, is yet surprisingly rich and of wide range. *White Magic* is a love story which any one might be proud of having written, were it only for its revelation of the heroine's character.

• • •

To a recent issue of *Les Annales*, M. Jules Claretie contributes a personal recollection of Charles Dickens which, to the best of our memory, has escaped the attention of John Forster and the other biographers. Claretie saw Dickens, not in London, but in Paris. It was of a summer evening, and the English novelist was sitting at a table of the café, on the Place de la Bourse, that was attached to the Théâtre du Vaudeville, the theatre that was the scene of Sardou's *début*, and where the younger Dumas had given *La Dame aux Camélias*. That night the Vaudeville

was to present a piece by Dickens himself, which he had played at home with his friends, among them Wilkie Collins. In Paris the play was called *L'Abîme*, and Dickens had made the trip from England for the express purpose of witnessing its reception by the French public.

He was there at the table, with a glass of whiskey before him, while the Parisian first-nighters entered the theatre, passing this man with the grey hat, the splendid head, the long hair, and the twisted chin beard, without realising that there in Paris, this summer evening, was one of the masters of the novel, the most original of writers, one of the geniuses of the nineteenth century. Dickens watched the people enter but did not enter himself. "I shall wait," he said to a friend, "until the first act is over. It is so delightful in Paris in the evening. How can any one willingly be shut up in a theatre? As a matter of fact, he was uneasy over the result of the evening. He feared the Parisian public. It seemed to him that he had become again the humble little newspaper reporter of other days, the little Boz (M. Claretie or the French compositor has made "Booz"). He sought a pretext for escape. This man, who ordinarily feared nothing, this lecturer accustomed to facing crowds, trembled before twelve critics and an audience of Parisian women. "Let us go to Mabille," he said to his friends. "I will return to learn the result when the play is finished." So to Mabille. But, while watching the celebrated dancers, he was thinking only of *L'Abîme*, and of his players and of the Vaudeville. The hour drew near when the drama must have either triumphed or foundered. Charles Dickens took a carriage and called to the driver, "Théâtre du Vaudeville! Place de la Bourse!" But halfway on the journey the special fear that agitated the author of *David Copperfield* increased to the point that he looked at his watch and changed his orders. "No. Gare du Nord, driver! We still have time to catch the train for Boulogne!" And he took the train, not without strongly urging his friend to send him a telegram at once announcing the result of the presentation of *L'Abîme*. And

it was from Boulogne-sur-Mer that Charles Dickens thanked the applauded actors in his piece, players that he did not know, in a French drama that he had never seen.

• • •

Naturally, we resent a good many of the "best sellers." There is Mr. A. B. C. and Mrs. D. E. F., and Miss G. H. I., and again Mr. X. Y. Z.

What have they ever done that their books should have sold in the hundreds of thousands? Not that we begrudge them their prosperity in a profession that despite improved conditions is comparatively unprofitable. But it is just a little exasperating when we contrast their material success with that of such a writer as Joseph Conrad, for example, whose splendid invention and fine style have been thoroughly appreciated, but very inadequately rewarded. Yet there are indications that Mr. Conrad is finally coming into his own. New editions of *Youth* and *The Point of Honour* have just been issued, and we think that a courageous publisher would have no cause to regret the launching of a uniform edition of Conrad's works.

• • •

Not the least of Joseph Conrad's achievements is that his splendid style is in an acquired language. He is a Pole by birth, and his early years were spent in Poland. From at least two generations he inherited a keen interest in literature, but his ancestors were men of action, too. His grandfather was in Napoleon's *Grand Armée*, and his father attached himself to the revolutionary movement in Poland and suffered imprisonment for his opinions. At the age of thirteen Joseph made his way to Paris, drifted to Marseilles, thence into a merchant house, and afterward to a seafaring life. As a merchant seaman he went through all the grades, finally becoming full captain of English marine. He served in most quarters of the globe, but chiefly in the Pacific and on the Borneo coast, and once commanded a steamer on the Congo.

Mr. Henry James has remained so persistently "modern" that one heard with something of a shock only the other day of his attainment to the mellow estate of the septuagenarian. Now he has written himself irrevocably into the ranks of the veterans of letters by indulging in reminiscences running back no less than

The Brave Old Years to the early forties of the last century. If it is difficult to conceive him as old, it is at least equally so to figure him as actually young. Even his earliest literary efforts betrayed a calm sophistication which belongs to no age. To evoke the childish lineaments of one who seems precociously to have been born grown up is, one might suppose, a feat demanding the finest literary gift. Well, Mr.



From the Drawing by Will Rothenstein
JOSEPH CONRAD

James possesses a gift equal to this severe test. In *A Small Boy and Others* he indulges the mood of mellow reminiscence with a freedom wholly delightful. Out of the pages of the loosely articulated narrative emerges the remarkable, the engaging figure of the small H. J., Jr., along with a host of his early contemporaries, and, not less entertaining, bright, vivid pictures of the places in which those early years were passed—Albany, New York, Staten Island, London, Paris, Geneva, Boulogne. To the true Knickerbocker, if such there still be, this book must be a treasure, with its beguiling picture of the leisurely, the comfortable, the provincial New York of nearly three-quarters of a century gone.

. . .

In those days the James family was domiciled in Fourteenth Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. Near at hand was Broadway, even then a street of wonder and mysterious delights, "a sphere of a different order of fascination, and bristling, as I seem to recall, with more vivid aspects, greater curiosities and wonderments. The curiosity was of course the country-place, as I supposed it to be, on the northeast corner of Eighteenth Street, if I am not mistaken; a big brown house in 'grounds' peopled with animal life, which, little as its site may appear to know it to-day, lingered on into considerably later years. I have but to close my eyes in order to open them inwardly again, while I lean against the tall brown iron rails and peer through, to a romantic view of browsing and pecking and parading creatures, not numerous, but all of distinguished appearance: two or three elegant little cows of refined form and colour, two or three nibbling fawns and a larger company, above all, of peacocks and guinea-fowl, with, doubtless—though as to this I am vague—some of the commoner ornaments of the barnyard."

. . .

In Fifth Avenue, near Ninth Street, was a placard or boarding for theatrical announcements, which became the point of departure for the youthful critic's

first experience of the histrionic art. He recalls an evening at Burton's Theatre in Chambers Street, and "the sacred thrill with which I began to watch the green curtain, the particular one that was to rise to *The Comedy of Errors* on the occasion that must have been, for what I recall of its almost unbearable intensity, the very first of my ever sitting at a play. . . . When not admiring Mr. Burton in Shakespeare, we admired him as Paul Pry, as Mr. Toodles and as Aminadab Sleek in *The Serious Family*, and we must have admired him very much—his huge, fat person, his huge, fat face and his vast, slightly pendulous cheek, surmounted by a sort of elephantine wink, to which I impute a remarkable baseness, being still perfectly present to me." Later on came Brougham's Lyceum and Wallack's, where he prodigiously admired Mr. Blake and Miss Mary Taylor. "We rallied especially to Blake as Dogberry, on the occasion of my second Shakespearean night, for as such I seem to place it, when Laura Keane and Mr. Lester—the Lester Wallack that was to be—did Beatrice and Benedick." And then, at no long interval, to the Broadway, "a confessed theatre," and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Everything here is as of yesterday, the identity of the actors, the details of their dress, the charm imparted by the sisters Gougenheim, the elegant elder as the infatuated Helena, and the other, the roguish "Joey," as the mischievous Puck. Hermia was Mrs. Nagle, in a short salmon-coloured peplum over a white petticoat, the whole bulgingly confined by a girdle of shining gilt and forming a contrast to the loose scarves of Helena, while Mr. Nagle, not devoid, I seem to remember, of a blue chin and the latency of a fine brogue, was either Lysander or Demetrius; Mr. Davidge (also, I surmise, with a brogue) was Bottom the weaver, and Madame Ponisi, Oberon—Madame Ponisi, whose range must have been wide, since I see her also as the white-veiled heroine of *The Cataract of the Ganges*, where, preferring death to dishonour, she dashes up the more or less perpendicular



From a daguerreotype taken in 1854

HENRY JAMES AND HIS FATHER

waterfall on a fiery black steed, and with an effect only a little blighted by the chance flutter of a drapery out of which peeps the leg of a trouser and a big male foot. There were even, incredible as it may seem, occasions of the mere vulgar amusements of ordinary commonplace youth, such as "the scene of my great public exposure somewhat later, the wonderful exhibition of Signor Blitz, the peerless conjurer, who, on my attending his entertainment with W. J. and our frequent comrade of the early time, 'Hal' Coster, practised on my innocence to seduce me to the stage and there plunge me into the shame of my sad failure to account arithmetically for his bewilderingly subtracted or added or divided pocket handkerchiefs and playing-cards."

Of the senior Henry James there are a few, all too few, glimpses, and some vivid silhouettes of the elder brother, William James. "As I catch W. J.'s image, from far back, at its most characteristic, he sits drawing and drawing, always drawing, especially under the lamplight of the Fourteenth Street back parlour; and not as with a plodding patience, which I think would less have affected me, but easily, freely and, as who should say, infallibly; always at the stage of finishing off, his head dropped from side to side and his tongue rubbing his lower lip." Some years later we get an admirable presentation of the brothers in the thicker air of London, where they had for tutor the Scotch

Mr. Robert Thompson, later to become the teacher of R. L. Stevenson. "It is a very odd and yet to myself very rich and full reminiscence, though I remember how, looking back at it from after days, W. J. denounced it to me, and with it the following year and more spent in Paris, as a poor and arid and lamentable time, in which, missing such larger chances and connections as we might have reached out to, we had done nothing, he and I, but walk about together, in a state of the direst propriety, little 'high' black hats and inveterate gloves, the childish costume of the place and period, to stare at grey street scenery (that of early Victorian London had tones of a neutrality!), dawdle at shop windows and buy water-colours and brushes with which to bedaub eternal drawing-blocks." It is clear enough, the curious differences of character and temper between these two youths of future distinction, with whom, indeed, the still younger brother, Wilky, formed a trio of symmetrical contrasts. Of this younger boy, not to be known to fame, H. J. writes: "To meet in memory meanwhile even this early flicker of him is to know again something of the sense that I attached all along our boyhood to his successful sociability, his instinct for intercourse, his genius (as I have used the word) for making friends. It was the only genius he had, declaring itself from his tenderest years, never knowing the shadow of defeat, and giving me, above all, from as far back and by the very radiation of the fact endlessly much to think of. For I had in a manner, thanks to the radiation, much of the benefit; his geniality was absolutely such that the friends he made were made almost less for himself, so to speak, than for other friends—of whom, indeed, we, his own adjuncts, were easily first—so far at least as he discriminated." Against this may be placed one sinister glimpse of the sardonic humour of which the elder brother and future philosopher was even then capable: "I remember that on my once offering him my company in conditions,

those of some planned excursion, in which it wasn't desired, his putting the question of our difference at rest, with the minimum of explanation, by the responsible remark: 'I play with boys who curse and swear!'"

• • •

In the course of his new volume, *The Pathos of Distance*, Mr. James Huneker tells of many new promenades, one of which took him about New York and inspired him to contrast the past and the present. Wall Street suggests to his mind the mirth makers in Poe's shuddering tale, "The Mask of the Red Death." Only the hustling little manikins of the street do not halt their chaffering when the quarters chime from Trinity steeple. What amazes Mr. Huneker most in his contemplation of the city is that Washington Square has in part escaped the rage of the iconoclasts.

It still looks, on the north side, like an early novel of Mr. James. Some of lower Fifth Avenue is natural. But woe! When you pass north of Fourteenth Street, where are the mansions of yesteryear? The pave over which once passed the trim boots of a vanishing aristocracy now holds a multitude of Yiddish workers from the ugly factories along this part of the avenue, men who talk in a harsh speech and block progress from twelve to one o'clock every weekday. Occasionally Mark Twain, in white and always smoking, goes by, not a phantom, but a reality who makes us believe the past was not a nightmare. (I speak of ten years ago.) However, if Mr. Howells can admire the new Rome and take it in tranquil doses, why should we selfishly resent the destruction of our pleasant memories to make way for such alien shapes?

• • •

There is a chapter in *The Pathos of Distance* dealing with the later George Moore. Mr. Moore once asked regarding a certain writer, "What is he the author of?" Commenting upon this, Mr. Huneker points out that when we say Shakespeare, Balzac, Goethe, Wag-



JAMES HUNEKER

ner, we do not think of titles of their works. But Flaubert we know as the author of *Madame Bovary*, Bizet as the composer of *Carmen*, and Moreau as the artist who gave the world a marvellous Salome. Of what, then, is George Moore the author? In Mr. Huneker's opinion, *Esther Waters*.

It may be suggested that, after all, Esther is the type, a poor, colourless type at that, of thousands of unhappy English servant-

girls. Nevertheless, it was a feat to set her before us so vividly, in a manner that at moments recalls Dickens and Zola. Moore spent his formative years in Paris and could not escape the turbid surf of the new naturalism. He shows its colour and mass in that real story, *A Mummer's Wife*, which contains descriptions of the pottery country that Thomas Hardy might have signed, and for a heroine—if Kate Ede can be allotted such a high-sounding title—a woman who

has a little of Emma Bovary and something of Zola's Gervaise in her make-up; the pretty vanity of the one and the terrible thirst of the other.

• • •

The dramatised version of *Esther Waters*, by the way, recently came to us in book form. In the preface Mr. Moore tells that the Stage Society wished to produce *Esther Waters*, but that vanity prompted the thought that it was beneath his dignity to submit the play to

traordinarily bad to obtain unanimous support. All our great achievements with Ibsen, Tolstoy, Tchekoff, etc., have been scraped through by snatched divisions, and majorities of one at that. An exquisite play by Tchekoff was actually hissed. You cannot conceive how inferior we are (a small circle excepted) to the common playgoer. However, I will go at Whelan again and make him understand that you do not propose to reopen the question of your choice of a profession with him.

G. B. S.

• • •

Mr. Huneker, approaching New York, pictures Stendhal, the great cosmopolitan, viewing with an-

Another
View

gry, contemptuous eyes, the towering triumphs of a democracy he so

loathed. We do not find any allusions to Stendhal, or Merlin the Magician, or Prester John, or Asmodeus, in Mr. Julian Street's *Welcome to Our City*. Yet the latter book leaves no doubt of its author's grim convictions. There is one point upon which the two writers seem positively to disagree. Mr. Huneker suggests that over the portals of Ellis Island might be inscribed "All despair abandon, ye who enter here." The argument of Mr. Street's book is that the word should be "hope" instead of "despair." To him the city is not the melting pot, it is a place of which the anthem is "It's a shame to take the money, but we need it in our business."

He pictures a couple from somewhere in the Middle West visiting New York and falling into the hands of the modern equivalents of the robber barons of the Rhine. First there is the Afro-American gentleman in the Pullman uniform; then the station porter; then the taxi driver; then the carriage starter at the hotel (in a uniform copied from that worn by King George at the Durbar); then in turn, the bellboy, another bellboy, a third, the hotel porter, the maid, the barber, the Hat Snatchers, the waiters and the rest, all the plundering host, all the sons and daughters of the Tip. Both Mr. Huneker's description and



JULIAN STREET

the judgment of the Committee. He wrote to George Bernard Shaw about the matter, and received the following characteristic reply:

I have tried every possible way of bringing about the correct position, but it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than to get any sort of delicate nuance of manners into the head of a well-intentioned British Committee. Whelan's difficulty is that if he pledges himself to anything, his committee may throw him over. He knows by experience that a play has to be quite ex-

Mr. Street's are vivid; but of the two we should say that the former is decidedly the less appalling.

...

Among the many persons who have come forward to express their affection for O. Henry as boy and man, as writer and friend, is Professor C. Alphonso Smith, of the University of Virginia, whose book, *What Can Literature Do For Me?*, has just been published by Doubleday, Page and Company. Professor Smith was the Exchange Professor to Berlin a year or so ago. His friendship for O. Henry is attested in one of his letters, in which he says: "I write now to say, that I knew O. Henry intimately until he left Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1882. Will Porter was one of the purest and most engaging boys that I have ever known. He was the most popular boy in Greensboro, and some of his pencil sketches still remain to testify to his keenness of observation and his breadth of sympathy." Professor Smith also was kind enough to give permission for the publication of one of the letters he received from W. S. Porter while the latter was turning out stories at the old Caledonia in New York as fast as he could and getting fabulous prices for them. Here is the letter:

My Dear 'Phon:

I freely admit that as a correspondent I am a yellow hound dog and deserve a good, strong kick. But you wouldn't hurt my heart when you gave it to me, for it is in the place where it belongs. And I want a chance to let you be from Missouri.

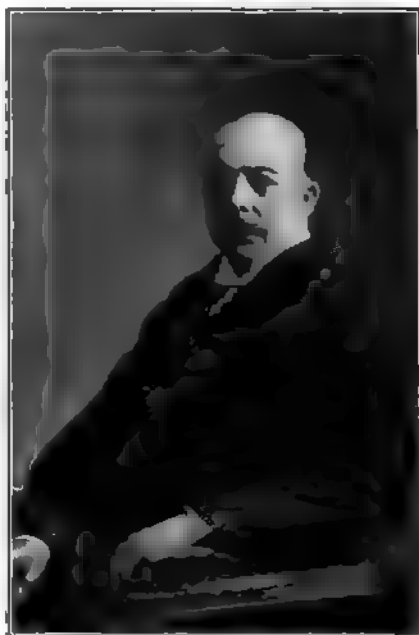
Mrs. P. and I are awfully sorry we couldn't come to the Society feed to-night—it's my fault—I have been sort of under the weather for a week or two—but we certainly do appreciate the invitation that came through you.

If you are going to be in the city for a day or two won't you, please Sir, let us see you and let me strike my forehead three times on the floor before you and convince you that it was writer's cramp and nothing else that has made me postpone so long the

expression of the undiminished regard that I still have for you and the rest of the "gang."

We are living at the Hotel Chelsea on West 23d Street, and I have a sort of office apartment at 28 West 26th Street, where, from about ten A. M. to six P. M., I do the bread and butter stunt.

Please, 'Phon, for Gawd's sake call me up to-morrow or to-day and say if you will



C. ALPHONSO SMITH

lunch or dine with us while you are here. If you haven't the time, I'd like the best in the world to come up to the Astor or anywhere at your convenience and see you before you leave. Mighty sorry we couldn't be at the grubfest.

Yours as always,
W. S. PORTER.

...

Here is another letter concerning O. Henry which speaks for itself:

Editor the BOOKMAN:

In the July number on page 507 you refer to O. Henry having been drawn "into a San Antonio political fight—the O'Brien-Callaghan mayoralty campaign."

I have been a close follower and sincere lover of O. Henry since his early efforts first received notice, and I am of the belief, and on inquiry I am convinced that you are mistaken in this assertion. There must be some confusion in the name. Mr. Callaghan's first name was Bryan and he was mayor of San Antonio almost uninterruptedly for twenty years, but I am unable to find any record of him ever having had an opponent by the O'Brien name.

I am writing you this, thinking perhaps Doubleday, Page and Company are to use it in the forthcoming biography of Mr. Porter, and I am sure if Mr. Steger were alive he would investigate it before he went to bat with it, as it were. He, also, was a good friend of mine.

There's a good story in the late Callaghan, by the way. He was born of French, Spanish and Irish parentage. He was educated abroad, and while he was a notorious character in this city, yet at the same time, he held a remarkable sway over its voters.

Yours very respectfully,

PARKER F. SHERWIN.

...

Last month we were recording the passing of the Maison Vauquer of Balzac's *Père Goriot*, and of the Café Anglais in the Boulevard des Italiens. Now comes the news of the departure of another literary landmark of Paris, the Café Vachette in the Boulevard St. Michel. For years the Vachette was a favourite resort of the men of letters who lived on the south side of the Seine. Paul Verlaine frequented it, watching the passing throng from a corner of the red leather divan, and finding the inspiration for new verses in the absinthe glass on the table before him. Jean Moréas was the last of the café's famous literary patrons. Every evening, at nine o'clock, he appeared there, wearing the inevitable monocle, and was soon surrounded by a group of younger poets who listened respectfully to his discourse.

...

During the last ten years of his life Henri Rochefort, who died the other

day, was still a personality, but had ceased to be a power. The world had changed and he had not kept up with it, and Paris journalism to-day is very different from

Rochefort

what it was at the time when Rochefort started *La Lanterne*. Yet with his death there passed an exceedingly strange and interesting figure. He had encountered so much in his lifetime, he had met so many famous personages, he had confronted so many dangers and come out unscathed, he had played so vigorous a part in contemporaneous history. He was the bitterest enemy of Napoleon III. He was a leader of the Commune; and when Boulanger essayed his serio-comic *coup d'état* he was the General's most staunch supporter, not because he was in sympathy with Boulanger's ambitions, but because he was glad of the opportunity to attack the existing Ministry, and because anything in the nature of a row delighted him. No one ever knew what Rochefort's political convictions were, and probably he never had any. But there was never any doubt of his unusual gifts. He was a brilliant writer and a keen critic. During his lifetime he attempted nearly everything. He wrote novels, produced plays, showed some talent as a sculptor, fought duels, sat in Parliament, carried arms against the State, wore the convict's stripes, heard his own death sentence pronounced, made thrilling escapes from fortresses and prisons, and spent long years in exile.

...

Alphonse Daudet, in one of the chapters of *Thirty Years in Paris*, tells that about 1859 he became acquainted with a most excellent fellow, an under clerk in one of the departments at the Hôtel de Ville. His name was Henri Rochefort, but that name meant nothing then. He was leading a modest and very orderly life, living with his parents in a very commonplace street. To Daudet Rochefort was a little like his street, and held his past very cheap. He was known to be of noble birth, the son of a count. He seemed not to know it himself, allow-

ing people to call him plain Rochefort. But all that was soon to change. His *début* in journalism was made as dramatic and musical critic of an obscure theatrical sheet. The young man knew little about the theatre and less about music. The editor of the paper told him he could not afford to pay a salary but promised to give him plenty of theatre tickets. Then he went with *Charivari*, where one of his first duties was to invent legends for pictures and cartoons drawn by Daumier. Of this period Rochefort recorded in his *Memoirs*:

The artist often turned in his pictures without having himself the slightest idea what he meant to represent, and I had to break my head to make the text fit intelligently. For that work I received five francs. In those days, if any one had predicted that a day would come when a writer of one short article a day would earn as much as two thousand francs a month, he would be set down as a visionary and illusionist. Later, when I joined the *Figaro* staff, and it got abroad among the Boulevard cafés that my articles were paid one hundred and twenty francs each, the crowd stood for hours in the street waiting to see me come out of the office. The *Charivari* paid two cents a line, but as each writer was limited to one hundred lines, this made it impossible for us to earn more than ten francs a day.

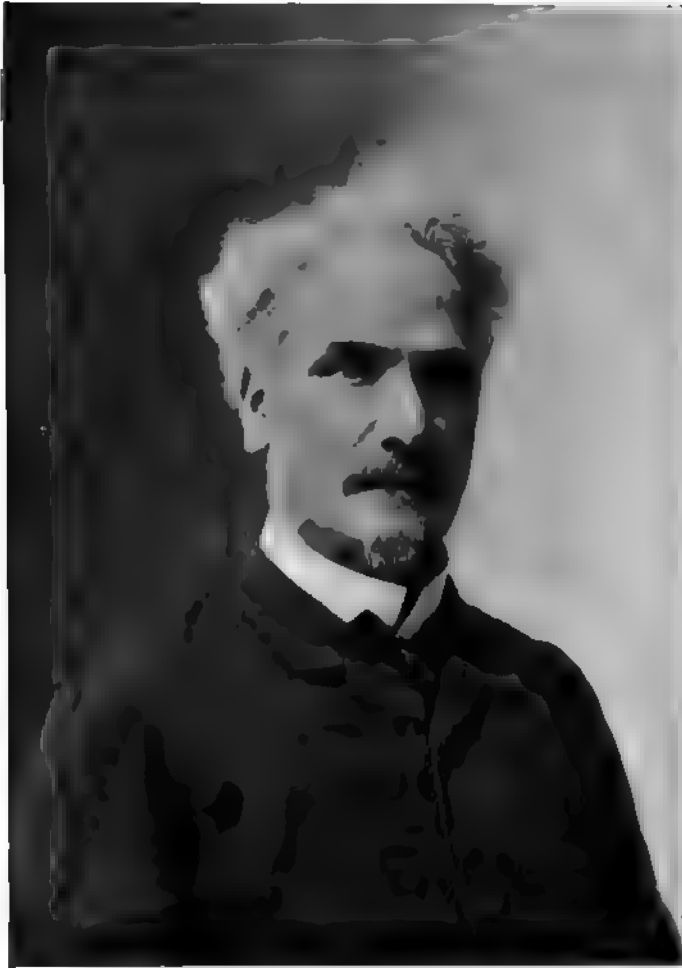
...

When Rochefort joined the staff of the *Nain Jaune* that paper was under the management of Aurélien Scholl. His success there was so rapid that Villemessant of *Figaro* hastened to enlist him. At once he became a power. To quote Alphonse Daudet: "Rochefort is fairly launched, he fights duels, he plays a bold game, lives freely, fills Paris with the echoes of his name, and remains in spite of everything, in spite of the triumph of an evening or of a single hour, the same Rochefort whom I had known at the Hôtel de Ville, still of a kindly and obliging disposition, still modest, always anxious concerning his next article, always afraid that he had emptied his bag, exhausted the lode and that he will be

unable to go on. Villemessant, naturally despotic with his editors, has a sort of awe-struck admiration for him. That impassive, scoffing mass, that self-willed and capricious temperament astonishes him." During the lifetime of the Duc de Morny Rochefort enjoyed comparative immunity. But after Morny's death the persecutions began. Rochefort, spurred on by them, redoubled his insolence and audacity. Fines poured down upon him like hail, imprisonment succeeded fines. Then the censorship took a hand. The very existence of *Figaro* was threatened, and Rochefort had to leave the paper. Thereupon he founded *La Lanterne*, and boldly hoisted the black flag of piracy.

...

The first number of *La Lanterne* appeared May 23, 1868. The paper was started with a capital of twenty thousand francs, subscribed by Villemessant, editor of the *Figaro*, and M. Dumont, one of the proprietors of that journal. An edition of four thousand copies of the first number was thought, by Rochefort, to be large enough, but the optimistic printer prevailed upon him to print fifteen thousand. The day of publication arrived. *La Lanterne* was issued at eleven in the morning, and two hours later the entire edition was sold. By four o'clock they had sold forty thousand copies, and the presses were still going at full speed, unable to satisfy the demand. By the next morning one hundred and twenty thousand copies had been sold, and Rochefort himself had to run all over Paris to recruit binders to sew the copies. No such journalistic success had ever been known. The second number was even more of a success than the first, and the Parisians literally fought to secure copies before they were seized by the police. Though effective, Rochefort's attacks upon the Emperor seem from the present point of view, rather trivial. They were usually couched in this strain: "The State has ordered from M. Barye the equestrian statue of Napoleon III. M. Barye is one of our best sculptors of animals."



THE LATE HENRI ROCHEFORT

Several unsuccessful attempts were made to stop the publication of *La Lanterne*. It unquestionably contributed much to bringing about the final fall of the Empire.

• • •

We have not read Mr. Goodman's *Hagar Revelly*, but a review of it, written by Dr. Frederic Taber Cooper, appeared in the July number of the *BOOKMAN*. In the advertising pages of the same issue there were printed some extracts from letters

to the author enthusiastically endorsing the book. One of these went on to say: "You have written about a woman a book greater than any since Flaubert wrote *Madame Bovary*." Now we are not questioning either this writer's sincerity or his (or her) literary discrimination. But in reading these notes of unqualified eulogy (and they are being printed rather frequently these days) we always wonder whether the writers have seriously weighed their words. "A book about a woman greater than any since Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*." That is a

strong statement. *Madame Bovary* was written a good many years ago, and a number of very distinguished books about women have appeared in the meantime. Innumerable challenges might reasonably come from Russia, Germany, Scandinavia, Italy, France, England and the United States. As a matter of fact, as a book about a woman, Alphonse Daudet's *Sapho* is so immeasurably superior to Flaubert's masterpiece that comparison is out of the question. When *Sapho* is properly appraised the book that stands above it will be at the very apex of all fiction.

...

These verses by Robert Bridges—the American Robert Bridges be it understood—were read at a dinner of the Lotus Marse Tom at Co'te Club, in New York, in honour of Thomas Nelson Page, shortly before he left this country as Ambassador to Italy.

Sarvent Marster! Is dis de co'te

Whar my Marse Tom is 'bleeged to go,

Warin' short pants and his best coat—

Lookin' mighty gran', I tell you so?

You'd know? 'Bassadur, he is—

Bigger'n President, sho' it is!

Golly boy, is you de King

Warin' all dat lace an' gol',

Powder'haid, an' big brass ring,

And stuffed wid all de pride you'll hol'?

Well, I 'clar' ter Gord! A sarvin' man!

And I done think you royal and gran'!

Yes, suh, I'se Unc' Gabe, Marse Page's man,

I raise dat chile, an' hol' his han'

And tuk him to school, an' writ his books

And brung him up to min' his looks.

Dey ain' nuffin' dat boy knows

I ain' put on 'im wid his clo'es.

All de folkses he writ about

Were 'zackly as I foun' 'em out;

Gordon Keith, Meh Lady, an' Marse Chan,

Doctor Cary and dat nigger Sam,

Mistress Polly and Jacquelin Gray

Were fren's o' mine, an' people say

Dat Marse Tom woundn' 'a' got to co'te

Ef he didn't wrote 'em down jes ez I tho't.

Dar's de King? He sut'nly is quality!

You tell dat King Marse Tom's as good ez he;

D' ain' nuffin' Ole Ferginyer, I know,

Better'n our folks is—jes so!

An' w'en America wants her bes'

Old Ferginyer leads all de res'—

De Presiden', Marse Tom an' me

Is jes' a few of de quality.

Bow yo' haid, you onnery cuss—

Dat's Marse Tom a'lookin' at us!

...

The selection of Robert Bridges as England's sixteenth poet laureate is entirely dignified, but by

The New no means impressive.

Laureate Mr. Bridges is an admirable poet, but his

works can hardly be said to have fired the popular imagination. As a matter of fact, no one in England seemed to be very much excited over the selection of Alfred Austin's successor. Perhaps the most curious feature of the whole affair was that the name of a woman was mentioned in several places as having claims to the distinction. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of London, devoted two columns to proclaiming that Mrs. Alice Meynell was "the greatest of living poets." Mr. Clement Shorter conceded that Mrs. Meynell is "a great poet in an age when women are doing some of the very best work in poetry," but thought her selection for the honour impossible at a moment when "a small section of the women of England are succumbing to hysteria and madness." Mr. Shorter's choice was Thomas Hardy.

By a consensus of opinion among all literary men and women of to-day Mr. Hardy takes the first place in our literary world. There can, therefore, be no hesitation in conferring the honour upon the writer who stands thus pre-eminent among his fellows. Of late years Mr. Hardy has concentrated his mind entirely upon poetry, and he lives in its realms. Had I a scrap of influence, which I have not, I would therefore entreat his Majesty and the Prime Minister with all becoming humility to give this office to the greatest man of letters our country can now boast.

Mr. Shorter acknowledges that he was in error in suggesting that Mr. Swinburne was disappointed that he did not receive the laureateship when Tennyson died. Mr. Swinburne, it appears, was very indignant that his own name should have been bandied about in the various newspapers at the time. "I know," writes a friend of his, "that he would have refused the laureateship if

an honorarium of £5,000 a year had been offered to him for accepting it. So far from being annoyed by Lord Salisbury's appointment of Mr. Austin, Swinburne, strong as he was against the obsolete post of laureateship, approved of the appointment of a writer of verse who was primarily an eminent publicist."

IFS FOR CUBISTS

BY CAROLYN WELLS

If you can paint a head, when all about you
Seem standing on their own to look at you.
If you can draw a stair though all men doubt you,—
Yet make them swear it is a staircase, too.
If you can fake and not get caught at faking,
If you can paint a disembodied pain,
Or symbolise a very young earth quaking;
And yet don't paint too good nor draw too plain.

If you can catch expressions with a lasso,
Or spear emotions with unerring aim;
If you can study Matisse and Picasso,
Yet call those two, Impostors, just the same.
If you can bear to see the Cubes you've painted
Jeered by the wise to make a joke for fools,
And hear your Masterpiece, "*An Angel Fainted*,"
Jibed by the worn-out codes of worn-out schools.

If you can make one heap of all your scrapings,
And sling it at your canvas,—pitch-and-toss;
Then with a palette-knife suggest some shapings
Of crabs cavorting in a Skein of Floss.
If you can force committee men to view it;
Although they swear long after they are gone;
And get it hung, when there is nothing to it
Except the palette-scrapings you flung on.

If you can draw a crowd and keep your temper,
Or paint a nude, nor lose the Cubist touch;
If you can kalsomine her in distemper,
And indicate her soul,—but not too much.
If you can gull the unsuspecting critic
With sixty pictures that do not exist;
You'll have the Artists all struck paralytic;
And what is more you'll be a Futurist.



UNCLE REMUS, BRER RABBIT, AND THE LITTLE BOY. DRAWN BY O. HENRY FOR HIS DAUGHTER

LITTLE PICTURES OF O. HENRY

BY ARTHUR W. PAGE

PART III—AS HE SHOWED HIMSELF IN HIS LETTERS

COLLECTIONS of material about an author are not respecters of chronology, and in the material concerning O. Henry assembled chiefly by the energy of the late Harry Peyton Steger are many curious contrasts—little printed rejection slips from Sunday newspapers of an early date keeping company with long and appreciative letters of later date from magazine editors, and clippings from the London *Spectator* comparing O. Henry with Stevenson.

There are letters of O. Henry's telling of his first experiences with "the editor fellers" and recent book reports which show that the public has bought seven hundred and fifty thousand copies of his books in twelve months, and that

two of his stories have been put on the stage and many of them dramatised for the "movies."

But in all the material, reports, biographical sketches, and so forth, the most revealing things are his own letters. Almost always they are filled with quaint conceits, usually with a kind of cartoon humour and sometimes with puns. They show little scholarship, but much humanity. They are the kind of letters that give the most pleasure to an average person.

In the last years of his life Sydney Porter was never well and he constantly referred to his ill health in his letters, but always with good humour and good cheer.



SCENE FROM NORMAN HACKETT'S DRAMATISATION OF O. HENRY'S "A DOUBLE-DYED DECEIVER"

For instance, he wrote in a letter to his publishers:

MY DEAR MR. LANIER: In a short time, say two weeks at the outside, I'll turn in enough of the book for the purposes you require, as per your recent letter.

I've been pretty well handicapped for a couple of months and am in the hands of a fine tyrant of a doctor, who makes me come to see him every other day, and who has forbidden me to leave the city until he is through with me, and then only under his own auspices and direction. It seems that the goddess Hygiene and I have been strangers for years; and now Science must step in and repair the damage. My doctor is a miracle worker and promises that in a few weeks he will double my capacity, which sounds very good both for me and for him, when the payment of the bill is considered.

Later he wrote Mr. Steger from Asheville:

DEAR COLONEL STEGER: I'd have answered your letter, but I've been under the weather with a slight relapse. But on the whole

I'm improving vastly. I've a doctor here who says I've absolutely no physical trouble except neurasthenia, and that outdoor exercise and air will fix me as good as new. As for the diagnosis of the New York doctors—they are absolutely without foundation. I am twenty pounds lighter and can climb mountains like a goat.

Some time previous to this he wrote in a similar vein to a New York editor:

MY DEAR COLONEL: I've been intending to write you a long time, but the fact is, I haven't written a line of MSS. and scarcely a letter since I've been down here. I've been putting in all my time trying to get back in good shape again. The simple life has been the thing I needed, and by or before Christmas I expect to be at work again in better condition than ever. It is lonesome down here as Broadway when you are broke, but I shall try to stick it out a couple of weeks or so longer.

Tell Hampton's not to get discouraged about their story. It'll come pretty soon, and be all the better for the wait. As I said, I haven't sent out a line since I've been

here—haven't earned a cent; just lived on nerve and persimmons.

Hope you'll get your project through all right, and make a million. With the same old fraternal and nocturnal regards, I remain,

Yours as usual,
S. P.

His ill health kept him from writing either much or regularly, and consequently he was often temporarily out of money in spite of the fact that his stories were in great demand. To the same editor to whom he wrote of his health at another time he sent this typical letter concerning finances.

THE CALEDONIA.

MY DEAR COLONEL GRIFFITH: If you've got \$100 right in your desk drawer you can have my next story, which will be ready next Tuesday at the latest. That will pay half. The other half on delivery.

I'm always wanting money, and I have to have a century this morning.

I just wanted to give you a chance at the story *at summer rates*, if you want it.



DR. BEALL

A good-natured young doctor named Beall
Was quite pleased when his patients got well.
When they didn't do so
He would blame the drug-sto'
And say, "Drugs is now made for to sell."



DR. LOGAN

A skilful physician was John,
And sent for by all the bon ton,*
But his coffee too sweet,
Or a draught on his feet,
Caused him wildly to grieve and despond.

Please give the bearer a positive answer,
as I'll have to know at once so as to place
it elsewhere this forenoon.

Yours very truly,
SYDNEY PORTER.

P.S.—Story guaranteed satisfactory or another supplied.

This letter was written when his stories were in great demand, when he could sell many more than he could write, and sell them at higher prices than this letter indicates. Not ten years before that, however, he was unknown to the magazine field of literature.

About the time that he succeeded in selling his first stories to *Everybody's* he began a correspondence with an old friend, A. J. Jennings, ex-train robber, lawyer, author, and reformer, which contains the history of the now famous story *Holding Up a Train*. The first letter was as follows:

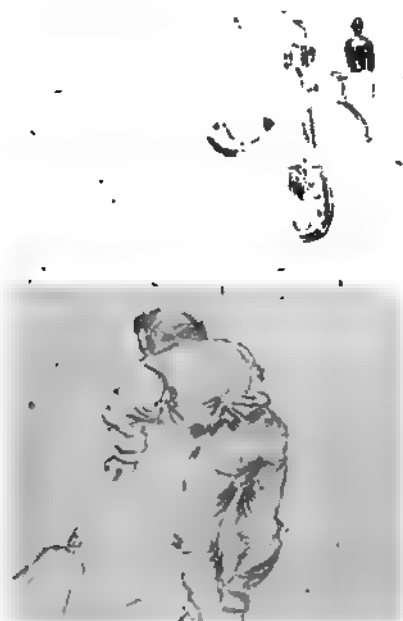
DEAR JENNINGS: I have intended to write you and Billy every week since I left, but kept postponing it because I expect to move on to Washington (sounds like Stonewall Jackson talk, doesn't it?) almost any time. I am very comfortably situated here, but

*To be pronounced to rhyme with John. Refrain from exposing the ignorance of the Poet and displaying your own erudition by remarking on the unsuitability of the rhyme as would result from the French pronunciation. Give us liberty or give us death.—THE PORT.

expect to leave in a couple of weeks anyhow.

I have been doing quite a deal of business with the editors since I got down to work, and have made more than I could at any other business.

I want to say that Pittsburgh is the "low-downdest" hole on the surface of the earth.



"JOE" MOREHEAD

A gallant young lawyer named Joe
Was supposed to be not on the flo',
But his beauty and wit
Forced him soon to submit.
Now the bottle and banjo must go.

The people here are the most ignorant, ill-bred, contemptible, boorish, degraded, insulting, sordid, vile, foul-mouthed, indecent, profane, drunken, dirty, mean, depraved curs that I ever imagined could exist. I shall linger here no longer than necessary.

Special regards to "Tex." Love to Hans and Fritz.

Sincerely yours,
W. S. P.

The first letter suggested the idea which was later worked out between them, Jennings supplying the data and Porter putting on the finishing touches.

In the second letter O. Henry explained how the article ought to be written. A part of this letter might well be in every beginner's scrap-book, for there was never better advice about writing: "Begin abruptly without any philosophising" is part of his doctrine. I know of one magazine office where they take out the first paragraph of at least a third of the articles that are accepted for the simple reason that they do not add anything to the story. These first paragraphs bear the same relation to progress in the story as cranking an automobile does to progress on the road. They are merely to get the engine running.

"Describe the facts and details—information is what we want—the main idea is to be natural, direct, and concise." It would be hard to get better advice than this. Here is the letter:

DEAR PARD: In regard to that article—I will give you my idea of what is wanted. Say we take for a title "The Art and Humour of the Hold-up"—or something like that. I would suggest that in writing you assume a character. We have got to respect the conventions and illusions of the public to a certain extent. An article written as you would naturally write it would be regarded as a fake and an imposition. Remember that the traditions must be preserved wherever they will not interfere with the truth. Write in as simple, plain and unembellished a style as you know how. Make your sentences short. Put in as much realism and as many facts as possible. Where you want to express an opinion or comment on the matter, do it as practically and plainly as you can. Give it life and the vitality of facts.

Besides, on general principles, I have a special object in writing to you just now. I have stirred up quite a correspondence with the editor of *Everybody's Magazine*. I have sold him two articles in August, and have orders for others. In writing to him some time ago I suggested an article with a title something like "The Art and Humour of Holding Up a Train," telling him that I thought I could get it written by an expert in the business. Of course I mentioned no



COLONEL JIM MOREHEAD

A prominent lawyer named Jim
Could have been Gov'ner as easy as swim,
But he never had tried,
For his eminent pride
Made the effort distasteful to him.

names or localities. He seemed very much struck with the idea, and has written twice asking about it. The only fear he had (he said) was that the expert would not put it in a shape suitable for publication in *Everybody's*, as John Wanamaker was very observant of the proprieties.

Now, if you would care to turn yourself loose on the subject, there may be something in it, and a start on future work besides. Of course, you needn't disclose your identity in the slightest degree. What he wants (as I thought he would) is a view of the subject from the operator's standpoint.

My idea would be a chatty sort of article—just about the way you usually talk—treating it descriptively and bringing out the little points and details just as a man would talk of his chicken farm or his hog ranch. If you want to tackle it, let me know, and I'll send you my idea of the article with all the points that should be touched upon. I will either go over it and arrange it according to my conception of the magazine's requirements, or will forward your original MSS., whichever you prefer. Let me know, as I want to answer his letter.

Give Billy R. my profoundest respects. Tell him he's more punkins than the whole population of Pennsylvania rolled into one man, not excluding John Wanamaker's Sunday-school class. May the smoke of his cigarettes ascend forever.

Write me as soon as you feel like it, and I assure you I will be glad to hear from you. I am surrounded by wolves and fried onions, and a word from one of the salt of the earth will come like a clap of manna from a clear roof garden.

Now, I will give you a sort of general synopsis of my idea—of course, everything is subject to your own revision and change. The article, we will say, is written by a typical train booster—one without your education and powers of expression (bouquet), but intelligent enough to convey his ideas from his standpoint—not from John Wanamaker's. Yet, in order to please John, we will have to assume a virtue that we do not possess. Comment on the moral side of the proposition as little as possible. Do not claim that holding up trains is the only business a gentleman would engage in, and, on the contrary, do not depreciate a profession that is really only financiering with spurs on. Describe the facts and details—all that part of the proceedings that the



BILL STEINER

A jolly old Dutchman named Bill
Was determined his office to fill.
When the votes counted out
You would hear a big shout,
And could bet he was register still.



PLAYING HIS HAND. O. HENRY, FROM A PORTRAIT BY W. H. WALLACE, NEW YORK

passenger sitting with his hands up in a Pullman looking into the end of a tunnel in the hands of one of the performers does not see. Here is a rough draft of my idea: Begin abruptly, with any philosophising, with your idea of the best times, places and conditions for the hold-up—compare your opinions of this with those of others—mention some poorly conceived attempts and failures of others, giving your opinion why—as far as possible refer to actual occurrences and incidents—describe the manner of a hold-up, how many men is best, where they are stationed, how do they generally go into it, nervous? or joking? or solemnly. The details of stopping the train, the duties of each man of the gang—the behaviour of the train crew and passengers (here give as many brief, odd and humorous incidents as you can think of). Your opinions on going through the passengers, when is it done and when not done. How is the boodle gotten at? How does the express clerk generally take it? Anything done with the mail car? Under what circumstances will a train robber shoot a passenger or a train man—suppose a man refuses to throw up his hands? Queer articles found on passengers (a chance here for some imaginative work)—queer and laughable incidents of any kind. Refer whenever *apropos* to actual hold-ups and facts concerning them of interest. What could two or three brave and determined passengers do if they were to try? Why don't they try? How long does it take to do the business? Does the train man ever stand in with the hold-up? Best means of getting away—how and when is the money divided? How is it mostly spent? Best way to manœuvre afterward. How to get caught and how not to. Comment on the methods of officials who try to capture. (Here's your chance to get even.)

These ideas are some that occur to me casually. You will, of course, have many far better. I suggest that you make the article anywhere from four thousand to six thousand words. Get as much meat in it as you can, and, by the way, stuff it full of Western genuine slang (not the Eastern story-paper kind). Get all the quaint cowboy expressions and terms of speech you can think of.

Information is what we want, clothed in the peculiar Western style of the character we want to present. The main idea is to be natural, direct and concise.

I hope you will understand what I say. I don't. But try her a whack and send it along as soon as you can, and let's see what we can do. By the way, Mr. "Everybody" pays good prices. I thought I would, when I get your story, put it into the shape my judgment decides upon, and then send both your MS. and mine to the magazine. If he uses mine, we'll whack up shares on the proceeds. If he uses yours, you get the cheque direct. If he uses neither, we are out only a few stamps.

Sincerely your friend,

W. S. P.

The next letter announced that the story had been accepted:

DEAR PARD: You're It. I always told you you were a genius. All you need is to succeed in order to make a success.

I enclose publisher's letter, which explains itself. When you see your baby in print, don't blame me if you find strange earmarks and brands on it. I slashed it and cut it and added lots of stuff that never happened, but I followed your facts and ideas, and that is what made it valuable. I'll think up some other idea for an article and we'll collaborate again some time—eh?

I have all the work I can do, and am selling it right along. Have averaged about \$150 per month since August 1st. And yet I don't overwork—don't think I ever will. I commence about 9 A.M. and generally knock off about 4 or 5 P.M.

As soon as cheque mentioned in letter comes I'll send you your "sheer" of the boodle.

By the way, please keep my *nom de plume* strictly to yourself. I don't want any one to know just yet.

Give my big regards to Billy. Reason with him and try to convince him that we believe him to be pure merino and of more than average width. With the kindest remembrances to yourself I remain,

Your friend,

W. S. P.

In the spirit of these later letters and in their style there is little to distinguish them from the epistles he sent back to North Carolina when he first went to Texas, except the difference in length. This letter to Mrs. Hall, the mother of the men on whose ranch Porter lived, is a fair sample of these early writings.

LA SALLE CO., TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. HALL: Your welcome letter, which I received a good while ago, was much appreciated, and I thought I would answer it in the hopes of getting another from you. I am very short of news, so if you find anything in this letter rather incredible, get Dr. Beall to discount it for you to the proper size. He always questions my veracity since I came out here. Why didn't he do it when I was at home? Dick has got his new house done, and it looks very comfortable and magnificent. It has a tobacco barn-like grandeur about it that always strikes a stranger with awe, and during a strong north wind the safest place about it is outside at the northern end.

A coloured lady is now slinging hash in the kitchen and has such an air of command and condescension about her that the pots and kettles all get out of her way with a rush. I think she is a countess or a dukess in disguise. Catulla has grown wonderfully since you left; thirty or forty new houses have gone up and thirty or forty barrels of whiskey gone down. The bar-keeper is going to Europe on a tour next summer, and is thinking of buying Mexico for his little boy to play with. They are getting along finely with the pasture; there are sixty or seventy men at work on the fence and have been having good weather for working. Ed. Bruckman is there in charge of the commissary tent, and issues provisions to the contractors. I saw him last week, and he seemed very well.

Lee came up and asked me to go down to the camps and take Brockman's place for a week or so while he went to San Antonio. Well, I went down some six or seven miles from the ranch. On arriving I counted at the commissary tent nine niggers, sixteen Mexicans, seven hounds, twenty-one six-shooters, four desperadoes, three shotguns

and a barrel of molasses. Inside there were a good many sacks of corn, flour, meal, sugar, beans, coffee and potatoes, a big box of bacon, some boots, shoes, clothes, saddles, rifles, tobacco and some more hounds. The work was to issue the stores to the contractors as they sent for them, and was light and easy to do. Out at the rear of the tent they had started a graveyard of men who had either kicked one of the hounds or prophesied a norther. When night came, the gentleman whose good fortune it was to be dispensing the stores gathered up his saddle-blankets, four old corn sacks, an oil coat and a sheep skin, made all the room he could in the tent by shifting and arranging the bacon, meal, etc., gave a sad look at the dogs that immediately filled the vacuum, and went and slept outdoors. The few days I was there I was treated more as a guest than one doomed to labour. Had an offer to gamble from the nigger cook, and was allowed as an especial favour to drive up the nice, pretty horses and give them some corn. And the kind of accommodating old tramps and cowboys that constitute the outfit would drop in and board, and sleep and smoke, and cuss and gamble, and lie and brag, and do everything in their power to make the time pass pleasantly and profitably—to themselves. I enjoyed the thing very much, and one evening when I saw Brockman roll up to the camp, I was very sorry, and went off very early next morning in order to escape the heartbreaking sorrow of parting and leave-taking with the layout.

Now, if you think this fine letter worth a reply, write me a long letter and tell me what I would like to know, and I will rise up and call you a friend in need, and send you a fine camera obscuria view of this ranch and itemised account of its operations and manifold charms. Tell Dr. Beall not to send me any cake; it would make some postmaster on the road ill if he should eat too much, and I am a friend to all humanity. I am writing by a very poor light, which must excuse bad spelling and uninteresting remarks.

I remain, Very respectfully yours,

W. S. PORTER.

Everybody well.

More interesting, however, than these early Texas letters in showing the spirit of the man are the letters that he wrote from time to time to his daughter Margaret, especially those written when she was a little girl. In them he speaks quite often of Uncle Remus, which they evidently read together and they are all filled with the quaint conceits that enliven the two following:

MY DEAR MARGARET: I ought to have answered your last letter sooner, but I haven't had a chance. It's getting mighty cool now. It won't be long before persimmons are ripe in Tennessee. I don't think you ever ate any persimmons, did you? I think persimmon pudden (not pudding) is better than cantalope or watermelon either. If you stay until they get ripe you must get somebody to make you one.

If it snows while you are there, you must try some fried snowballs, too. They are mighty good with Jack Frost gravy.

You must see how big and fat you can get before you back to Austin.

When I come home I want to find you big and strong enough to pull me all about town on a sled when we have a snow storm. Won't that be nice? I just thought I'd write this little letter in a hurry so the postman would get it, and when I'm in a hurry I never can think of anything to write about. You and Mummy must have a good time, and keep a good lookout and don't let tramps or yellowjackets catch you. I'll try to write something better next time. Write soon.

Your loving
PAPA.

February 14, 1900.

DEAR MARGARET: It has been quite a long time since I heard from you. I got a letter from you in the last century, and a letter once every hundred years is not very often. I have been waiting from day to day, putting off writing to you, as I have been expecting to have something to send you, but it hasn't come yet, and I thought I would write anyhow.

I hope your watch runs all right. When you write again be sure and look at it and

tell me what time it is, so I won't have to get up and look at the clock.

With much love,
PAPA.

As the last of these little sidelights on his character and humour which these letters convey it is fitting to give two showing a peculiarly strong trait—his modesty. He did not seek publicity for himself and he had a lower opinion of his work as work that would last than almost any one else. He wrote in all sincerity to his publishers after the Christmas of 1908:

January 1, 1909.

MY DEAR MR. LANIER: I want to say how very much I admire and appreciate the splendid edition of my poor stories that you all put in my stocking for Christmas. Unworthy, though, they were for such a dress, they take on from it such an added importance that I am sure they will stimulate me to do something worthy of such a binding.

I would say by all means don't let the Lipton Pub. Co. escape. Wine 'em or chase 'em in an auto and sell 'em all the "Pancakes" they can eat. Any little drippings of Maple Syrup will come in handy after the havoc of Christmas.

I'll leave things of this sort freely to your judgment.

A Happy New Year to yourself and the House.

Very truly yours,
SYDNEY PORTER.

To an admirer who asked for his picture for publication he jocularly refused a request which to most authors is merely a business opportunity. It is a characteristic letter. It was not until very shortly before his death that through much persuasion Sydney Porter finally allowed himself his picture and O. Henry to be identified together.

MY DEAR MR. HANNIGAN: Your letter through McClure's received. Your brief submitted (*in re* photo) is so flattering that I almost regret being a modest man. I have had none taken for several years except one, which was secured against my wishes

and printed by a magazine. I haven't even one in my own possession. I don't believe in inflicting one's picture on the public unless one has done something to justify it—and I never take Peruna.

Sorry! you'd get one if I had it.
That lunch proposition sounds all right—
may be in Boston some time and need it.
With regards, Yours truly,
O. HENRY.

THE RING IN RECENT FICTION

BY RUFUS WEST

THE past year has contributed at least two conspicuous additions to the ring battles of fiction. First, in Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's *The Happy Warrior*, the memorable midnight conflict between the hero and Foxy Pynsent, told in the strange jargon of an old time follower of the ring. Second, the battle between Danny Ward and Felipe Rivera as narrated in "The Mexican," the last story in Mr. Jack London's *The Night Born*, which impresses us as being as graphic a picture of the modern ring as is to be found in fiction. "All fights are good reading," said George Borrow, so let us jot down those battles in fiction which come the most readily to mind.

Scotland versus Ireland. Victor Hugo's *The Man Who Laughs*.

Tom Brown versus Slogger Williams.

Thomas Hughes's *Tom Brown at Rugby*.

Jack Harrison versus Crab Wilson.

Conan Doyle's *Rodney Stone*.

Jim Harrison versus Joe Berks. Conan Doyle's *Rodney Stone*.

Robert Montgomery versus Silas Craggs.

Conan Doyle's *The Master of Croxley*.

Tom Spring versus Falconbridge. Conan Doyle's *The Lord of Falconbridge*.

Cashel Byron versus Billy Paradise. Cashel Byron's *Professor*.

Ben Hur versus An Unknown. Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur*.

Joe versus Ponta. Jack London's *The Game*.

Rivera versus Ward. Jack London's *The Mexican*.

The Happy Warrior versus Pynsent. A. S. M. Hutchinson's *The Happy Warrior*.

Probably it would be an easy matter to make the list twice as long, but here are ten ring battles varied enough to illustrate what we have to say on the subject of the ring in fiction.

It is one matter for the writer of fiction to put two bruisers into a roped square and have them battle till one of them can battle no more, but it is another matter to find a motive that will raise the struggle to heroic proportions. One of the cleverest short stories of recent years, and probably the best of all stories of the newspaper office was Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams's "The Stolen Story." But there was one flaw which barred it from the list of great short stories. The motive was inadequate—nothing came of it except that a drunken reporter recovered his position on the staff. And a ring battle in fiction must have some greater object than the mere winning of a money prize. Of the men writing to-day, Conan Doyle and Jack London have made most of the romance of the ring, and both realise thoroughly the necessity of introducing interests of wider scope. Robert Montgomery, the doctor's assistant in *The Croxley Master*, is not fighting Silas Craggs for a hundred pounds and the championship of the West Riding Coal Pits, but for the chance of finishing his career at the University. When, in *Rodney Stone*, the old smith shies his black hat into the ring for the battle with Crab Wilson, the fortunes of Sir Charles Tregel-

lis and Sir Lothian Hume, and the fate of Lord Avon and "Boy Jim" are in the issue.

Particularly vital are the issues hanging on the battle between Felipe Rivera and Danny Ward in Jack London's *The Mexican*. Felipe, a silent, morose boy of eighteen, appears at the headquarters of the Mexican Junta, and pledges himself to the cause of the Revolution. The leaders dislike and distrust him, and think to be rid of his presence by setting him to scrubbing the floors. "Is it for the revolution?" asks Felipe, and being told that it is, goes doggedly to work. There comes a day when the beginning of the revolution hangs on the question of money; five thousand dollars are needed to release the guns, and the hot-eyed boy volunteers to find it. Without the knowledge of his compatriots he has been fighting his way up in the prize

ring, his apparently weak frame is of whalebone, his capacity for taking punishment is enormous, he is absolutely impervious to insult, and intimidation, in the words of an old time ring follower he "has no goat." With these qualities, and the fever of a mad patriotism which tells him he must win, he steps out from his corner to meet the great Danny Ward. There is no joy in the fighting, the game is repugnant to him, it is the hated game of the hated Gringo. Every voice in the great arena is against him, his own seconds are scheming for his downfall, not a trick known to the crooked followers of the ring, but what is brought into play to bring about his downfall. But in the thousands of hostile faces he sees only the guns, the guns that are to achieve the freedom of Mexico from its despots, and he fights on.

MRS. BARR AND HER STORY

BY HORACE EVERETT BLAKE

THIS is the record of a singularly varied and eventful life; a life which has already covered more than eighty-two years, rich in incident both in the land of the narrator's birth and in the land of her adoption; the candid presentation of aspirations, *ennuis*, complications, and achievements. More than four score years! Those four score years carry us back to another world, and almost to another civilisation. Picture it. When Amelia Huddleston "entered this incarnation on March 29, 1831, in the ancient town Ulverston, Lancashire, England," Waterloo was as recent a memory as Dewey's victory in Manila Bay is to-day. Catholic Emancipation had just been granted. Lord John Russell was introducing the first Reform Bill in the House of Commons. William IV. was on the throne, and the girl Victoria had as yet no suspicion of her destiny. Dickens was a boy of nine-

teen, and Thackeray, who had not yet concluded his twentieth year, was spending pleasant days at Weymar. Mrs. Barr remembers the June day in 1838 when Queen Victoria was crowned. She recalls the royal and loyal town of Penrith garlanded with roses, the flags waving from every vantage point, the bells ringing out from the ancient church from dawn until the long summer gloaming was lost in midsummer night. Yet child as she was, she noticed and partly understood, the gloom and care on the faces of so many who had no heart to rejoice, and no reason to do so. For the conditions of English life at that period seem almost incredible. Everywhere despair, poverty, ignorance, with the working classes struggling for their morsel of bread. The wealthy town of Penrith had not one free school of any sort with the exception of the little Sunday-school held in the Metho-

dist chapel two hours on Sunday afternoon. There the pupils were semi-starved, semi-clothed, hopeless, joyless little creatures. In 1838 there were villages in England without either church or school. In 1840 a Parliamentary investigation found plenty of villages, such as Dunkirk, with one hundred and thirteen children, of whom only ten could read and write; and Boughton, with one hundred and nineteen children, where only seven went to a school that taught writing. Learning and literature were not in fashion then, especially for women. Little Amelia was often reproved for "wasting her time over a book," with the result that reading took on the added charm of being forbidden fruit. The forbidden fruit played a conspicuous part in those early, impressionable years. First came *Robinson Crusoe* and *The Arabian Nights*. Then, on her seventh birthday, her father gave her Cook's *Voyages Around the World*. This was followed by Anson's *Voyage*, by Mungo Park's *Travels in Africa* and Bruce's *Travels in Abyssinia*. But there was one book which had a particular charm and influence. It was *News from the Invisible World*, by John Wesley. Half a century later Mrs. Barr vainly sought for a copy of that book, and records her opinion that there is not one such copy in America and very few in England.

Also never to be forgotten was Amelia's first copybook. On the cover was a picture of a negro, loaded with chains and hoeing cotton, while a white man stood over him with a whip. The girl had never seen a negro, nor the picture of one, and her repugnance and fright was so great that she burst into a paroxysm of tears.

Meanwhile the years had taken the Huddlestons from Ulverston to Shipley, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, thence to Penrith, and later to Ripon, one of three great religious centres of the county. For Ripon itself Amelia had little liking, but it was there that she first met Ivanhoe, and Little Nell, and Pamela, and the Scottish Chiefs, and

the Children of the Abbey, and in a pile of unbound *Family Heralds* she made acquaintance with the short love story. Then came another change which gave the girl her first sight of the sea, when the family moved to the Isle of Man, which, seventy years ago, was little more than a name to the average Briton. It had its own government, its own laws, its own House of Parliament, which was called "The House of Keys." There were no Custom Houses, no duties, no Poor Laws and the cost of living was astonishingly low. With a sense of impending disaster the family removed from the island to Whitehaven, and the premonition was realised when a false friend, unwisely trusted, went to Australia taking with him the greater part of William Huddleston's savings. Changes in the family manner of life were necessary, and Amelia, then in her seventeenth year, was sent to Norfolk to take the position as second teacher in a girls' school. On her return home after a year's absence she learned of another event which at once pleased her, and roused her sense of injustice. An uncle had given her mother a row of cottages, a gift which about balanced the loss of the previous year. But such was the condition of the married woman in England at that time, that Mrs. Huddleston not only did not touch a penny of her income, but was actually kept in ignorance of the amount of it, her husband drawing it and using it to his own ends as a matter of course. The mother could not share the daughter's indignation, nor could she understand it. "It means that I am a wife," she said simply; "all I had, or might have, became your father's as soon as I was his wife. You are yet a spinster, and have some rights in your own earnings." But Amelia was not to enjoy the privileges of spinsterhood long. Another year took her to Scotland, where she made the voyage to the Orkneys and Shetland Islands, which gave her the material and impressions which she was to use in later life in *Jan Vedder's Wife*, *A Daughter of Fife*, *Prisoners of Conscience*, *Paul and*

Christina, Thyra Varrick, Sheiler Vedder and *The Heart of Jessie Laurie*. Then came Glasgow, a strange dream of a young man, the appearance of the young man in the life, and Amelia Huddleston and Robert Barr were married, and there ended what the author regards as the first chapter.

To a certain degree the reviewer finds that first chapter the prettiest and pleasantest of them all. It contains pangs of pain as well as pangs of pleasure, but life was young, and dreams were bright in the building. Added to the poignancy of the following years was the sense of disillusionment. In the case of Amelia Huddleston marriage meant renunciation, and, as she expresses it, she was to drink the cup of pain, and to go through the valley of humiliation. The night that her husband told her that he was ruined she had been reading *The Newcomes*. She laid it down and has never touched a book of Thackeray's since. It was decided to go forth into a new land in the hope of repairing shattered fortunes. India was first discussed, but America was finally chosen, and on the 5th of September, 1853, Robert Barr, his wife, and their children landed in New York. In the years from 1853 to 1860 the adventurers saw much of the New World. The most cursory of glances at these eventful, tragic years. From New York the Barrs went to Buffalo, to Canada, to Chicago, to Memphis, to Cairo (the original of Eden in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and in Mrs. Barr's opinion not much exaggerated in Charles Dickens's description), to New Orleans, and thence by the boat the *Lone Star* to Galveston, Texas. But there was yellow fever at Galveston, and the passengers were not allowed to land there, but were taken on to Harrisburg and thence to Austin. The Barrs remained in Austin throughout the War of Secession, and soon after the breaking up of the Confederacy removed to Galveston. There came the crowning blow. The pestilence quickly carried away Mrs. Barr's husband and her two sons. Three months later an-

other son, Andrew, was born, but he, too, soon showed signs of yellow fever, contracted before his birth, and died when he was five days old. After a bitter struggle to support herself and her daughters in Austin, Mrs. Barr heard a "voice clear and imperative," and obeying it, turned her face back to New York.

Mrs. Barr's first literary work was the story of the break up in Texas, for which, to her surprise and delight, she received thirty dollars. At once visions of a new career inspired her, and she began a story called "Margaret Sinclair's Silent Money." She was living in Ridgewood, New Jersey, but the writing of the tale took her back among the simple Norse fishers of the Shetlands. After the story was finished Mrs. Barr and her daughters moved to New York, taking rooms in Amity Street, which Poe had once occupied. Years before, in the first months of her married life, she had met Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe in Glasgow. Then Mr. Beecher had urged her to look him up if she ever came to New York, and remembering this, she now wrote him to ask if he could help her to find literary work. Almost by return mail he told her that he had just become largely interested in the *Christian Union* and was sure that she could write something for that paper. Her first article, dealing with the "Epiphany in the West Riding," established her as a regular contributor. Then came her first novel, *Jan Vedder's Wife*, which ran serially in *The Working Church*. Better than any comment, quotations from Mrs. Barr's Diary indicate the industry of the years of achievement. Here, for example, are the entries for five weeks in the spring of 1883.

Mar. 24th. Finished my long paper on famous Irish women and began my novel, *Cluny MacPherson*.

Mar. 26th. At home all day writing on *Cluny MacPherson*.

Mar. 27th. Ditto.

Mar. 28th. Writing on *Cluny* all morn-

ing. Went down to several offices in afternoon. Did nothing in the evening. Had a bad headache.

Mar. 29th. Very sick headache, but wrote "Cato's Song."

Mar. 30th. At the last hour wrote "Two Workers" for Bonner, and he praised it very much, a great thing for him to do.

Mar. 31st. Very sick. Went to the dentist's, but could not have anything done.

April 1st. Wrote an "April Wedding" and worked on *Cluny*.

April 2nd. Still sick but on *Cluny*, and wrote "The Reconciliation."

April 3rd. All day on *Cluny*; in the evening wrote "Lending a Hand."

April 4th. All day on *Cluny*.

April 5th. All day on *Cluny*.

April 6th. All day on *Cluny*, but am feeling tired.

April 7th. On *Cluny*, very tired. A wet day and Peter Cooper's funeral.

April 8th. On *Cluny*, and wrote a poem called "O Mollie, How I Love You!"

April 9th. On my novel nine hours.

April 10th. On my novel eight hours.

April 11th. On my novel eight hours.

April 12th. On my novel eight hours, and wrote "Two Ships."

April 13th. On my novel nine hours.

April 14th. On my novel eight hours.

April 15th, 16th, 17th. Nine hours each.

April 18th. Very sick.

April 19th. Wrote "My Pretty Canary" and "The Little Evangel."

April 20th. Wrote nine hours on *Cluny*.

April 21st to 28th. I wrote all day long on *Cluny*, but managed to write for *Harper's* a poem called "A Tap at the Door."

April 29th. On *Cluny*, and wrote for Bonner a poem called "Take Care."

April 30th. Wrote "A Birthday," finished *Cluny* and took it to Mr. Rand, of the Tract House.

In the first part of 1886 she was busy on her best known story, *The Bow of Orange Ribbon*. On February 25th she had written two hundred pages. On March first she had two hundred and thirty pages composed, and had been copying all day. On March 13th 293 pages of *The Bow* were finished.

March 14th. I was writing all day; had a sore throat.

15th. Writing all day. Throat very bad.

16th. Ditto. Mrs. Orr to tea.

17th. Writing all day on *The Bow*.

18th. " " " " " " Finished 325 pages.

19th. Very sick, but wrote seventeen pages.

20th. Finished 343 pages. Still sick.

21st. Wrote all day.

22nd. Finished 373 pages.

23rd. Working on *The Bow* all day.

24th. Finished *The Bow of Orange Ribbon*, 404 pages.

It has been said that it is the earlier days of *All the Days of My Life* that seem the happiest. But there is much brightness, too, in the account of the evening years. There are the records of recognition of hard won triumphs, of tributes from the author's fellow-men and women, jotted down with the utmost frankness and sincerity. These tributes have been generous and they have been generously received. The picture is a pretty one when she describes the "Bow of Orange Ribbon dinner" given her, with all the decorations of the table in the dominant colour; when she tells of the Press Club reception held at the Waldorf Astoria, where she was the guest of honour, and where the young women crowded round her and kissed her hands, and her cheek, and she wished that they were all her daughters; of her meeting with this celebrity or that and their words of admiring appreciation. Here is a letter from Mrs. Grover Cleveland telling how much pleasure the former President had from *The Lion's Whelp* in hours of illness; there one from Dr. Van Dyke extolling *Prisoners of Conscience*, and saying how much the tale brought back to him the memory of the Shetlands and the Orkneys, the Pentland Firth, the bleakness of the islands, and the wildness of the seas that moan around them. It is all narrated simply, naïvely, ingenuously, in the spirit of the gathering twilight.



MRS. BARR

PERSONAL PORTRAITS

I

DANIEL CARSON GOODMAN

DANIEL CARSON GOODMAN, author of *Hagar Revelly* and of *Unclothed*, was born thirty-one years ago in Chicago. As a youth he was much interested in musical composition, and at the age of sixteen had published his first composition. Later he took up the study of medicine, and after graduating, spent a year as a hospital house-surgeon. He then went abroad and entered the University of Vienna, where for four years he studied special medical work, and applied himself steadily to writing.

Concerning this period, he said recently, in a letter: "This Vienna time was for me a happy time indeed. My ambition was astounding. Aside from my hospital and University studies, I wrote steadily short stories and sketches, took a daily lesson in French and German, went to the opera continuously, at one period one hundred and ten times without a miss, and through the inspiration given me by being in a musical centre, again devoted a good deal of time to musical composition. On Wednesday evenings I would go to the Leschetizky home, where this famous teacher would hold a weekly musical soiree, and I believe it was there I first felt the desire to write a story around a musician such as Eman Revelly, the father of Hagar—an old, wistful, philosophical Viennese musician, who comes to America, marries, and then, in the New World environment, so utterly strange to him, dies—like a guttered fish.

"I saw many over there, great in their work, but like children in their contact with the world, whose fate could easily have been the same.

"After I came back here I turned to my writing more seriously than ever. In fact, during this period, the need of writing was continuously upon me, made

more emphatic, perhaps, because I felt compelled to smother the idealisation I had built up around the profession of medicine. I had weird ideas, too, from the standpoint of my fellow-practitioners. I could not believe that medicine should be practised in a small office, but that it should be institutionalised. It seemed to me proper that the life of a citizen who regularly paid his taxes was worth quite as much in the country as in the city, and that the only way around the whole question, since proper equipment was necessary, was to put the profession of medicine upon an organised governmental footing, with its long arm reaching into every community. The practice of medicine did not seem rightly dependent on the personal fortune of the doctor.

"I started immediately upon a novel, and finished it in a year. The writing saved me,—that, and Walter Pater's *Conclusion* to his *Renaissance*. When I faltered this passage drove me, and since, from want of suitable time, I was now compelled to write entirely at night, I surely needed a prop. The first draft of the next novel, *Hagar Revelly*, was over two hundred thousand words in length, and I wrote it at night in its entirety. I became so accustomed to working in the silence, that when, on one week-end trip into the country soon after completing this draft, I tried writing by day for the first time, I was so disturbed by the gentlest sounds of nature, so unused to the chirping of birds and even the faint whishing of the wind through the trees, that I, in midsummer, was compelled to go into the house and shut the windows."

II

EMERSON HOUGH

EARLY one morning about six months ago, Emerson Hough, the novelist, sauntered into the office of Mr. Hewitt Han-

son Howland, in Indianapolis. He came unannounced and unexpected and Mr. Howland was quick in showing his surprise, for the last he had heard of Mr. Hough, the latter was in the Far West on his annual hunting trip. But his astonishment at seeing the novelist suddenly bob up in his office was nothing

as compared with the shock he was soon to receive. Seating himself, Mr. Hough permitted his gaze to wander about the room for an instant, and then, calmly turning toward Mr. Howland, announced:

"Hewitt, I have come to tell you that I have quit trying to save the country.



DANIEL CARSON GOODMAN

There's nothing in it. Henceforth I shall write nothing serious. The novel with a purpose can go hang. It's comedy from now on. We are living in a frivolous age. The people don't want to be burdened with accounts of what ails them. More and more they are shifting the burden of their troubles on the shoulders of the metropolitan police."

So saying, the novelist drew from beneath his heavy fur coat a bundle, and proceeded to unwrap it, presently revealing what the editor could not mistake—a manuscript. "Here's the first one," Hough continued with a matter-of-fact air. "Look it over and if it doesn't make you laugh, I don't want a cent. I think it's the most amusing thing I ever read. I like it immensely. It just tickles me to death every time I read it."

Imagine an editor confronted with a manuscript of a serio-comic variety from the pen of a man who had previously essayed only such books as *54-40 or Fight*; *John Rawn: Prominent Citizen*, and *The Purchase Price*.

Mr. Howland searched his visitor's countenance for a smile. He thought he was jesting. But smile, the novelist did not! He was in earnest and very much in earnest at that, from all appearances. "Well," Mr. Howland began, "well, that's fine. I should say it was fine! A comedy. Who will ever believe it. I mean, how can I help believing it. Of course, how can I help believing it. You just told me about it, didn't you? Of course you did." Mr. Hough saw the joke of it all. He laughed, much to the relief of the editor. Then he continued: "Hewitt, I'm going to let this manuscript rest on its own merits. I leave for Chicago this afternoon. Just look it over and write me what you think of it. Needn't rush about it. Only, I expect to start on a trip into the Mackenzie River country in about a week, and I would like to know the fate of the manuscript before I go. For I may never return, and I am sure that I could freeze to death with a smile on my lips if I



EMERSON HOUGH'S BEAR PARTY, BLACKFOOT RESERVATION, MONTANA

knew that you had put your stamp of approval on my first comedy."

The manuscript was read and accepted. Hough was notified and immediately set out on his hunting trip, and even now is shooting wild beasts up in the frozen North to the accompaniment of a moving-picture machine, which he took along. The story in question is *The Lady and the Pirate*, which has just been published. It is a story of a modern, twentieth century buccaneer—Black Bart, the Avenger, who, in this year of grace, 1913, sails down the Mis-

issippi from the headwaters to the Gulf, in a high-powered motor boat. He is a millionaire bachelor in ordinary, pirate by choice. His crew consists of two small, runaway boys. There is a Fair Captive, and a Desperate Rival. From the drainage canal at Chicago to St. Louis they go; thence to Natchez and finally to New Orleans. The Pirate maroons his Rival, succeeds in taking the Fair Captive, and thanks to the Piratical Crew, learns how to make love and the secret of the boyhood he had never had.

THE WITCHING HOUR OF NIGHT

BY MADISON CAWEIN

THE snail puts forth two starting horns
And down the toadstools slides;
The wind stands whispering to the thorns
Of one, it seems, who hides:
 Of him, the Sprite,
 With glowworm light,
Who shepherds insect-things of night.

The bee sleeps in the berry bloom;
The bird dreams on its nest;
The night-moth swoons through dim perfume
Upon a ghostly quest:
 It seeks for him,
 The Pixy slim,
Who tags with wet each blossom's rim.

The milkwort leans an ear of pink
And listens for the dew;
The Fireflies in the wildrose wink
That seems to listen too:
 For her, the Fay,
 With rapier ray,
Who opes the buds by every way.

The moon, that dares not come too near,
Keeps to the highest hill;
The little brook it seems, for fear
Of something strange, is still:
 The deity,
 Whom none may see,
Who takes the night with mystery.

ABOUT THE CONTINENT IN ONE HUNDRED NOVELS

THE aim of the writer in making up this list is to select those novels with which the American traveller is most likely to be acquainted. Consequently books by American and English authors will be found to predominate. The fact that a book is found in the list does not, in the least, imply that the compiler considers it literature. For example, among the books dealing with Russian scenes is R. H. Savage's *My Official Wife*, while there is no mention of any work by Pushkin, Chekhov, or Korolenka. The point is that while comparatively few Americans are acquainted with these last-named writers, very many Americans have, at some time in their lives, dipped into the pages of Colonel Savage's perfectly trivial story. In other words, the hundred is not the hundred that the traveller should have read, but the hundred that he is most likely to have read.

ITALY (Including Corsica and Sicily):

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|--|-----------|
| 1 BULWER-LYTTON, <i>The Last Days of Pompeii</i> | Pompeii |
| 2 SIENKIEWICZ, <i>Quo Vadis</i> | Rome |
| 3 WALLACE, <i>Ben Hur</i> | Rome |
| 4 DUMAS, <i>Monte Cristo</i> | Rome |
| 5 RADCLIFFE, <i>Mysteries of Udolpho</i> | Apennines |
| 6 HEWLETT, <i>Little Novels of Italy</i> | |
| 7 WHARTON, <i>The Valley of Decision</i> | |
| 8 CRAWFORD, <i>Saracinesca</i> | Rome |
| 9 CRAWFORD, <i>Pietro Ghisleri</i> | Rome |
| 10 CRAWFORD, <i>A Roman Singer</i> | Rome |
| 11 WARD, <i>Eleanor</i> | |
| 12 TARKINGTON, <i>His Own People</i> | Rome |
| 13 HARLAND, <i>The Cardinal's Snuff Box</i> | |
| 14 WILLIAMSON, <i>The Lightning Conductor</i> | |
| 15 STENDHAL, <i>Chartreuse de Parme</i> | Parma |
| 16 CAINE, <i>The Eternal City</i> | Rome |
| 17 BOURGET, <i>Cosmopolis</i> | Rome |
| 18 CRAWFORD, <i>Corleone</i> | Sicily |
| 19 HICHENS, <i>The Call of the Blood</i> | Sicily |
| 20 DUMAS, <i>The Corsican Brothers</i> | Corsica |
| 21 MAUPASSANT, <i>Une Vie</i> | Corsica |
| 22 MERIMÉE, <i>Colomba</i> | Corsica |
| 23 GUNTER, <i>Mr. Barnes of New York</i> | Corsica |

SWITZERLAND:

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| 24 JAMES, <i>Daisy Miller</i> | Vevay |
| 25 SCOTT, <i>Anne of Geierstein</i> | |
| 26 DAUDET, <i>Tartarin on the Alps</i> | |
| 27 MALET, <i>The Carissima</i> | |
| 28 WEYMAN, <i>The Long Night</i> | |

THE NETHERLANDS:

- | | |
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| 29 READE, <i>The Cloister and the Hearth</i> | |
| 30 THACKERAY, <i>Vanity Fair</i> | Brussels |
| 31 THACKERAY, <i>Esmond</i> | |
| 32 DU MAURIER, <i>The Martian</i> | |
| 33 DU MAURIER, <i>Peter Ibbetson</i> | |
| 34 BRONTË, <i>Villette</i> | Brussels |
| 35 DUMAS, <i>The Black Tulip</i> | |
| 36 SCOTT, <i>Quentin Durward</i> | Flanders |
| 37 OUIDA, <i>Two Little Wooden Shoes</i> | |
| 38 DODGE, <i>Hans Brinker</i> | |

GERMANY AND AUSTRIA:

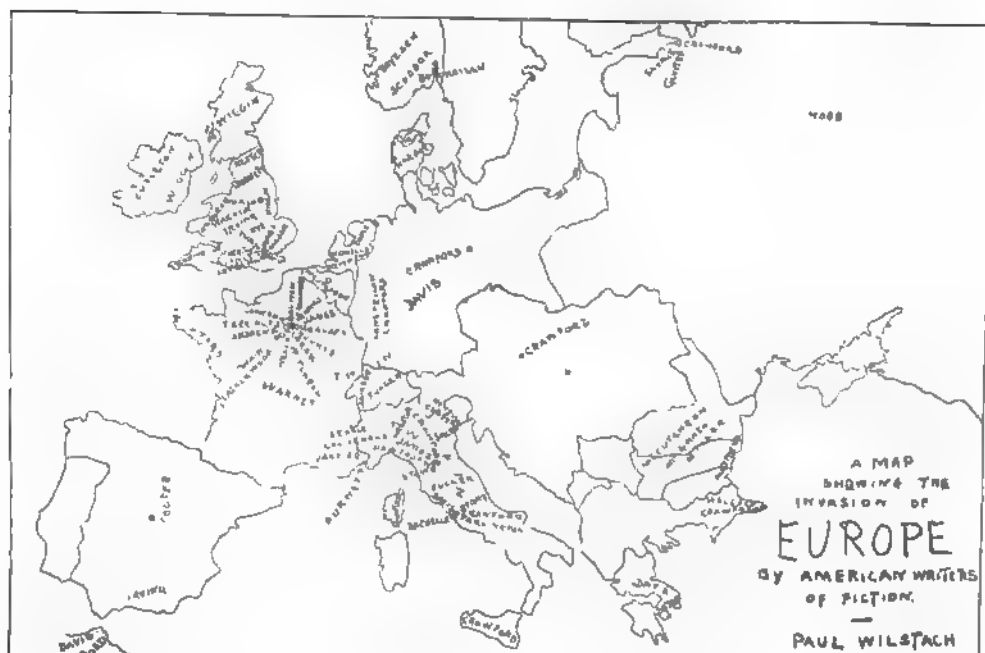
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| 39 THACKERAY, <i>The Newcomes</i> | Baden |
| 40 JAMES, <i>The Castle of Ehrenstein</i> | |
| 41 SAND, <i>Countess of Rudolstadt</i> | |
| 42 ATHERTON, <i>Rulers of Kings</i> | Munich |
| 43 CRAWFORD, <i>A Cigarette Maker's Romance</i> | Munich |
| 44 CRAWFORD, <i>The Witch of Prague</i> | Prague |
| 45 AUERBACH, <i>On the Heights</i> | |
| 46 HOWELLS, <i>Their Silver Wedding Journey</i> | |
| 47 MEREDITH, <i>Harry Richmond</i> | |
| 48 FOTHERINGILL, <i>The First Violin</i> | Düsseldorf |
| 49 ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, <i>The Polish Jew</i>
(Dramatised as "The Bells") | |
| 50 ROLLAND, <i>Jean Christophe</i> | |
| 51 OUIDA, <i>Wanda</i> | Tyrol |
| 52 CASTLE, <i>Pride of Jennico</i> | Tyrol |

RUSSIA:

- | | |
|--|--|
| 53 TOLSTOY, <i>Anna Karénina</i> | |
| 54 TOLSTOY, <i>War and Peace</i> | |
| 55 TOLSTOY, <i>Resurrection</i> | |
| 56 GORKY, <i>Twenty-Six and One</i> | |
| 57 VERNE, <i>Michael Strogoff</i> | |
| 58 TURGENEV, <i>Fathers and Children</i> | |
| 59 OHNET, <i>The Iron Master</i> | |
| 60 DOSTOEVSKI, <i>Crime and Punishment</i> | |
| 61 SAVAGE, <i>My Official Wife</i> | |

SCANDINAVIA (Including Arctic Regions)

- | | |
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| 62 ANDERSEN, <i>Fairy Tales</i> | |
| 63 HUGO, <i>Hans of Iceland</i> | |
| 64 LOTI, <i>The Iceland Fisherman</i> | |
| 65 CAINE, <i>The Bondman</i> | |



- 66 DOYLE, *The Captain of the Pole Star*
 67 LAGERLÖF, *The Wonderful Adventures of Nils*
 68 EWALD, *The Old Room*
 69 VERNE, *A Journey into the Earth*
 70 HAGGARD, *Eric Bright Eyes*
 71 CORELLI, *Thelma*

POLAND, TURKEY AND THE BALKANS:

- 72 SIENKIEWICZ, *Fire and Sword*
 73 SIENKIEWICZ, *The Deluge*
 74 SIENKIEWICZ, *Pan Michael*
 75 WALLACE, *The Prince of India*
 76 CRAWFORD, *Paul Patoff*
 77 CRAWFORD, *Arethusa*
 78 SCOTT, *Count Robert of Paris*
 79 LOTI, *Disenchanted*
 80 ADE, *The Slim Princess*

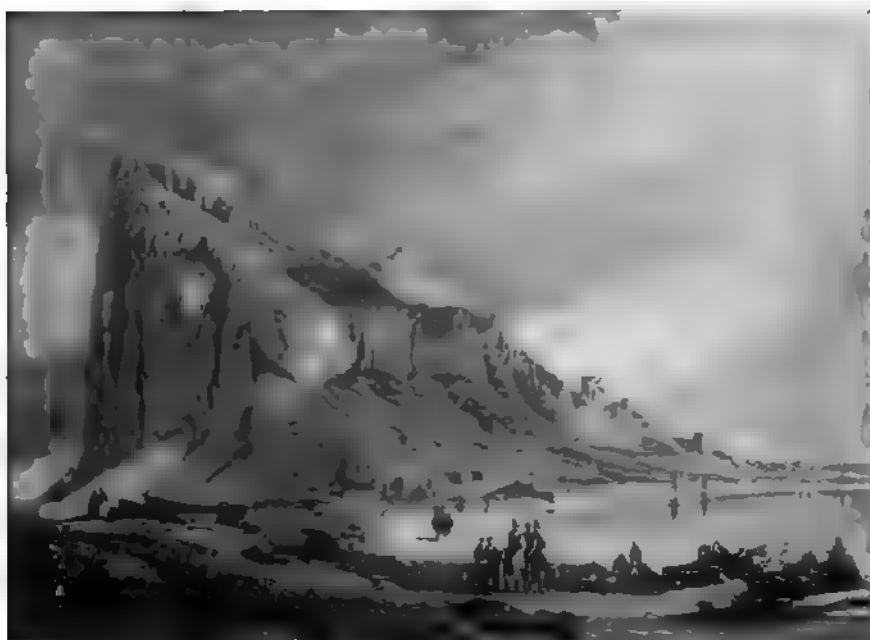
FICTITIOUS LANDS:

- 81 STEVENSON, *Prince Otto*
 82 SUE, *The Mysteries of Paris*
 83 HOPE, *The Prisoner of Zenda*

- 84 HOPE, *Rupert of Hentzau*
 85 MCCUTCHEON, *Graustark*
 86 CHAMBERS, *The Conspirators*
 87 MACGRATH, *The Puppet Crown*

SPAIN (including Portugal, Azores and Morocco):

- | | |
|--|----------|
| 88 BULWER-LYTTON, <i>Leila</i> | Granada |
| 89 CERVANTES, <i>Don Quixote</i> | |
| 90 IRVING, <i>Tales of the Alhambra</i> | Granada |
| 91 DOYLE, <i>The Adventures of Gerard</i> | Portugal |
| 92 TWAIN, <i>The Innocents Abroad</i> | Azores |
| 93 MASON, <i>Miranda of the Balcony</i> | Ronda |
| 94 LE SAGE, <i>Gil Blas</i> | |
| 95 FORD, <i>The Story of an Untold Love</i> | Morocco |
| 96 DAVIS, <i>The Exiles</i> | Morocco |
| 97 DAVIS, <i>The King's Jackal</i> | Morocco |
| 98 DAWSON, <i>African Nights Entertainment</i> | Morocco |
| 99 CRAWFORD, <i>In the Palace of the King</i> | Madrid |
| 100 MERIMÉE, <i>Carmen</i> | |



GIBRALTAR, GUARDIAN OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

THE LITERARY BAEDEKER

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

PART III—ABOUT THE CONTINENT

THE paper in this series in the July issue began with a note of candid egotism. This paper shall be introduced with an equally ingenuous confession of limitations. A Literary Baedeker dealing with "About the Continent" should, as a matter of course, be an exceedingly pretentious affair. It should exhaust intimately every remote corner. It should take the reader to the Land of the Midnight Sun, as far north as the most adventurous hero of Scandinavian fiction ever travelled. It should go over to Iceland in company with M. Pierre Loti's *Iceland Fishermen*, and with Victor Hugo's *Hans of Iceland*, cruise about Arctic waters with the Vikings of the Norse Eddas; in fact, lead up almost to the Pole itself. To the borders of Siberia it

should go with the men and women of Tolstoy, Turgenev, and the other great Russians, and follow the European wanderings of Mr. Kipling's Limmason, "The Man Who Was." It should cover every corner of the Balkan States, the entire Grecian Archipelago, and Turkey from Macedonia to the Dardanelles. The writer of such a paper should have had the experience of the combined force of the illustrious House of Karl Baedeker, of Leipzig, together with an extraordinary range of Continental literature.

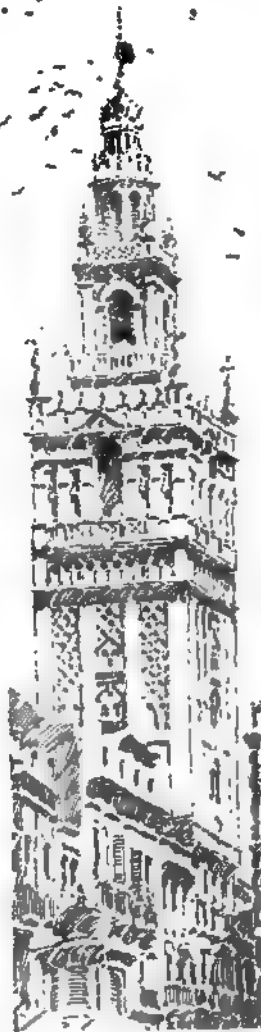
Now all this the present writer has not, and it is best to be quite honest in the matter. In the first place he has never been farther east than Vienna. His personal acquaintance with the Scandinavian countries is limited to the memory

of a glimpse of indistinct shoreline seen from miles away across the German Ocean. Of Germany he has seen Hamburg, Berlin, Potsdam, Dresden, Nuremberg, Frankfurt, Homburg, Mayence, Coblenz, and Cologne, but only superficially. Of Austria, Prague, Vienna, and Linz, also superficially. Considerably more intimate is his personal knowledge of Switzerland, but of his two visits to Italy the first was many years ago, and the second, though recent, was exceedingly brief. Of the Netherlands, he has seen only Amsterdam, The Hague, Scheveningen, Rotterdam, Antwerp, and Brussels; of Spain, only the extreme southern part; of Sicily only the city of Palermo and its environs. That, in brief, is the first confession. There is a second to the effect that his knowledge of the literature of these lands is about as limited as his personal knowledge of their topography. *Anna Karenina*, *Resurrection*, *Kreutzer Sonata*, of Tolstoy, Turgenyev's *Smoke*, and a few of the tales of Maxim Gorky constitute his reading of the Russian; of the present-day Italians, D'Annunzio is the only one with whom he can claim the slightest acquaintance; while his range of Scandinavian literature is confined to the plays of Ibsen and Company, and possibly a dozen novels. Many readings of the splendid martial romances of Henryk Sienkiewicz, *Fire and Sword*, *The Deluge*, and *Pan Michael* (through the translations of Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, be it understood), make him somewhat more at home in conducting the imagi-

nary tour through that part of southeastern Europe that lies vaguely somewhere between Warsaw and the ancient domain of the Turk, but even there there is nothing that seems to him quite so tangible as Anthony Hope's *Streisau*, and the dungeon and moat of the Castle of Zenda.

But, provided he be perfectly ingenuous, provided his confession of limitations be frank and full, there is one sound excuse for the guide who undertakes to conduct you, through the medium of text and picture, into lands which he himself has never seen. How much of all fiction has had its background on soil which never existed at all, or at best was utterly remote from the personal knowledge of its creators! It has been told that in the writing of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, John Bunyan had in mind certain scenes of his own native county of Bedfordshire. But for posterity the Slough of Despond, the Valley of Humiliation, Doubting Castle, the Interpreter's House, the Palace Beautiful, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and the Delectable Mountain, all belong to the wonderful land of illusion, where landscape borders on mirage, and where one had only to walk up to stone wall and country hedge to have them vanish in a mist. Is the island where Robinson Crusoe found the footprint in the sand any less real be-

cause Daniel DeFoe conceived it in his sordid lodgings in London's Grub Street? The Abbé Prevost had not journeyed to the new world to study the topography before he wrote the chapters con-



signing Manon Lescaut and her Chevalier to their exile. Or to come to later days? Where was the Gerolstein of Eugene Sue's *The Mysteries of Paris*? Where the Treasure Island of Stevenson's story? Where the Kingdom of Prince Otto? Where the Ruritania of Anthony Hope, the Graustark of Mr. McCutcheon, the Illyria of Alphonse Daudet's *Les Rois en Exile*? Are these Principalities, Grand Duchies, or Kingdoms any less real because they lack definite geographical boundaries, and because no mention of the beautiful Serene Highnesses who dwell in them, apparently for the express purpose of bestowing hearts and smiles (and thrones, too, on occasion), upon audacious American and British adventurers, is to be found between the covers of the *Almanach de Gotha*?

II

Rome in fiction! Probably two pages might be filled with the titles alone of the novels which have dealt with the Eternal City. Let us take a dozen or so that come most readily to mind. Of ancient Rome, say Sienkiewicz's *Quo Vadis*, and General Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur*, and of lesser mention Irving Bachelor's *Vergilius* and William Stearns Davis's *A Friend of Caesar*. As three of these four are of American authorship, let us continue with a brief list of other books by Americans that have dealt with the city. First of all comes Marion Crawford with *Saracinesca*, *St. Ilario*, *Don Orsino*, *A Roman Singer*, and *Pietro Ghisleri*. Henry James is represented by *Daisy Miller* and *Roderick Hudson*; Nathaniel Hawthorne by *The Marble Faun*; W. W. Story by *Fianetta*; Joaquin Miller by *The One Fair Woman*; Margaret Sherwood by *Daphne*; Booth Tarkington by *His Own People*. This is the most casual of lists and probably might be carried to four times the length. Rome about 1830 is the scene of many spirited chapters of *The Count of Monte Cristo*. It was there that Albert de Morcerf and

Franz d'Epinay made the acquaintance of the singular Sindbad the Sailor, that they witnessed the execution, that Albert, seeking adventures during the carnival, fell into the hands of Luigi Vampa and his brigands, by whom he was released at a word of command from the Count, and finally, in the same cave in which the son of Fernand the Catalan was held prisoner, the infamous Danglars was forced to unwilling restitution of the stolen millions.

Probably no novels offer the American visitor in Rome more literary instruction and entertainment than those of Marion Crawford. All about the rugged hills described in *Saracinesca* Crawford had tramped as a boy. *Saracinesca* dealt with the Rome of the later sixties, when the city was gay with French officers and Papal Zouaves, and the fashionable promenaders of the Pincio dropped on their knees to receive the benediction of Pius IX, who often descended from his carriage to walk among the people. In a side street, not far from the Corso, the literary pilgrim may find, without a great deal of trouble, the ancient Palazzo Gabrielli, which Mr. Crawford chose as the *Saracinesca* home, "the vast old palace which had sheltered so many hundreds of *Saracinescas*." Of later years the palace has been divided into smaller apartments, and the neighbourhood has become rather dingy. At the far end of the Corso, is the Pincio, where Don Giovanni watched for a glimpse of Corona, and sat his horse one afternoon a target for the bullets of the Monarchists. It was also at this entrance that Lord Herbert Arden received his first intimation of the unfounded cause for his future wife's unpopularity; and at the other end of the Pincio, near the Spanish Steps, is the *Tempietto*, where Laura and Arden afterward lived. The restaurants of the Corso are frequently mentioned in the Crawford novels. It was in the *Caff  Aragno*, that old d'Astrardente heard the perverted story of the duel between Giovanni and Ugo del Ferice. The restaurant where Don Orsino and Count



"IN A SIDE STREET, NOT FAR FROM THE CORSO, THE LITERARY PILGRIM MAY FIND, WITHOUT A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE, THE ANCIENT PALAZZO GABRIELLI, WHICH MR. CRAWFORD CHOSE AS THE SARACINESCA HOME, THE VAST OLD PALACE WHICH HAD SHELTERED SO MANY HUNDREDS OF SARACINESCAS."



THE CHURCH OF SANT' AGOSTINO, WHERE FAUSTINA
MET THE ZOUAVE GOUACHE

Spicca ate their August dinners is now the home of a club. San Giacinto, to show his faith in Pietro Ghisleri, drove with him "six times round the Villa Borghese, six times round the Pincio, and four times the length of the Corso." In the church of Sant' Agostino, Faustina met the painter—Zouave Gouache. In the church of Capuccini, Corona sobbed out her heart to her confessor. Don Giovanni sat alone in the dark on the steps of St. Peter's, overwhelmed with the thought of his love for her. Later Giovanni and Corona were married in the church of Santi Apostoli. The public treasures of Rome are always open to the pilgrim; but the old palaces, such as those of the Saracinesca and the Montevarchi, are impenetrable. Anastase Gouache summed it up when he said, "Their palaces are historic. Their equipages are magnificent. That is all the foreigners see of Roman families."

Following the trail of the American novelist about Italy we have Venice in Fenimore Cooper's *Bravo*, in Crawford's *Marietta*, in Hopkinson Smith's *Gondola Days*, in W. D. Howells's *Venetian Days*; the neighbourhood of Florence in Henry Harland's *The Cardinal's Snuff Box* and *My Friend Prospero*, Sorrento in Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Agnes of Sorrento*, and Sicily in Mr. Crawford's *Casa Braccia*, *Taquisara*, and *Coreleone*, while a novel of a few months ago, Stephen French Whitman's *The Isle of Unrest*, dealt first with Rome, and then with an island off the Sicilian coast.

Of English writers Robert Hichens has found Sicily a favourite background, notably in *The Call of the Blood*. With Venice as with Rome the American traveller will probably turn first to Marion Crawford. *Marietta* dealt with the glass blowers of Murano, and a hundred eager gondoliers are at hand to convey you across the lagoon to the island with its factories and the house which was described as the home of Beroviero. Or in Venice the pilgrim may choose to recall George Sand's *Consuelo* and *The Countess of Rudolstadt*, or Max Pemberton's *Signors of the Night*, or a cer-

tain chapter in the exploits of Conan Doyle's "Etienne Gerard" in the course of which the Brigadier lost an ear.

The paper in the July issue ended with the picture of Edmond Dantes and the Abbé Faria in the Chateau d'If. Perhaps the traveller, passing the grim old prison, is on his way by boat from

Marseilles to Naples. If so, he will be likely to see, at very close range, the rugged little island, climbing toward the clouds, where the millions of Roman crowns were buried, and from which Dumas's romance took its name. Then there will probably be many hours during which the ship will be running along



"THE ORSO, ONE OF THE MOST ANCIENT INNS IN THE WORLD." CRAWFORD'S "SANT' ILARIO"



THE APPIAN WAY. CRAWFORD'S "SARACINESCA"



FIESOLE. MAURICE HEWLETT'S "QUATTROCENTISTERIA"

the shore of Corsica, the Corsica of Dumas's *The Corsican Brothers*, of Prosper Merimée's *Colomba*, of Guy de Maupassant's *Une Vie*, "Vendetta," "L'Amour," or if you will, the Corsica of Henry Seton Merriman's *Isle of Unrest*, Quiller Couch's *Sir John Constantine*, or Archibald Clavering Gunter's *Mr. Barnes of New York*, where the well-meaning but intrusive American blundered fatally, and where Count Musso Danella dugged the pit into which he himself fell.

III

It is very unlikely that the leisurely traveller, or the hurried one either, who has had a taste of Switzerland, is unacquainted with that part of the Lake of Geneva which is farthest from the city from which the lake takes its name. The whole lake has been likened, by Mr. William Sharp, to a kind of shore-set cosmopolis. "Julius Cæsar is a long way off, and Mrs. Humphry Ward is very much of to-day, but between these two



THE MERCERIA, VENICE. MAX PEMBERTON'S "SIGNORS OF THE NIGHT"



VERONA, THE STREET OF THE STAIR. MAURICE
HEWLETT'S "MADONNA OF THE PEACH TREE"

scribes is an army of poets and novelists, essayists and philosophers. The Lake of Geneva is France, with Voltaire, Stendhal, Mme. de Staël, George Sand, Dumas, Daudet, and others; England, with Byron, Gibbon, Dickens and a score more, from Ruskin, the literary high priest of Switzerland, with more than one eminent novelist of to-day; America with Longfellow and Mark Twain, Russia with Turgenev, Germany with a battalion led by Goethe, and Italy with Edmondo de Amicis and others." Switzerland claims no literature of its own, but points out with pride that the most influential of all modern authors, Rousseau, was not only born a Swiss, but lived the better part of his years and wrote the better part of his vast achievement in his native country. But to confine ourselves to the Villeneuve end of the Lake. From Ouchy-Lausanne the road runs on to Vevay, Montreux and the Castle of Chillon. Across the water there are the rising mountains, and, in the distance, the tall peak of the Dent du Midi. The road is rich in literary associations. It was in Lausanne that Gibbon wrote his history. It was at Vevay that Arthur Pendennis settled down to pen the two or three hundred thousand words in which he told of the career of his friend Clive Newcome, in the volumes which were edited by a certain William Makepeace Thackeray. Again it was at Vevay that Henry James gave us the first glimpse of Daisy Miller. Then, when you come, a little farther on, to the Castle of Chillon you have your choice of the heroic or the comic. You can regard the Chateau through the eyes of Bonivard or of Byron the sentimentalist who wrote:

Chillon, thy dungeon is a holy place
And thy stone floor an altar.

Or as the scene of an historic episode in the illustrious career of our old friend Tartarin.

If the present paper has the effect of sending a score of readers back to the pages of Daudet's *Tartarin Sur les Alpes*

it will have been written to good purpose. The second book of the trilogy is better than its predecessor, *Tartarin de Tarascon*; it is immeasurably better than *Port-Tarascon*. It is very near the apex among the great comic books of all literature. The march of Tartarin and his Alpinists through Switzerland is a veritable Odyssey, and a certain reverent humility is necessary if we are to travel in those illustrious footsteps. Briefly let us recall the narrative. The glories of the

African exploits have become slightly dimmed by time, and Tartarin feels his prestige threatened by envious rivals. To establish himself securely upon the throne he plans a new enterprise, the invasion of Switzerland, and the conquest of her mountains. The flag of the P. C. A. shall be planted on the most terrible peaks. The first adventure takes him to the summit of the Rigi, where the hundreds of patrons of the palatial hotel see a sight they have never seen before, a real Alpinist, dressed for the part. A little later, when he has announced his

intention of climbing the Jungfrau, Tartarin feels his courage oozing, until he meets Bompard and listens to the most astounding of confessions. Bompard, who even in Tarascon had been known as "the Impostor," is an employee of the company. Tartarin hints at his fears. Bompard bursts out laughing. "Switzerland," he says, "listen, M. Tartarin, and I will tell you a secret. *There is no Switzerland!*" According to his reassuring tale the land is nothing more than a

vast Kursaal manipulated by a company with immense resources, and engineered and machine worked like the under stage of the Paris opera. "But the crevasses," urged Tartarin, "those horrible crevasses. Suppose one falls into them?" "You fall on snow, M. Tartarin, and you don't hurt yourself; and there is always at the bottom a porter, a hunter, at any rate some one who picks you up, shakes and brushes you and asks politely: 'Has Monsieur any baggage?'" Swallowing greedily this colossal lie, Tartarin is strengthened to feats of stupendous valour. The hardy mountaineers who accompany him on the ascent carry back to their villages tales of a mountain climber whose like was never known before. In time Tartarin reaches Chillon. His faith in the legend of William Tell has been somewhat rudely shattered, but to the story of Bonnivard he clings with naïve tenacity. The patriot chained to the pillar in the dungeon has always had to him a particular appeal. So of course fate sees to it that he finds himself arrested as a supposed Nihilist and locked

up for safekeeping in Bonnivard's dungeon. The scenes of Tartarin's second series of exploits are all along the beaten paths of travel—Interlaken, Geneva, Chillon, Montreux, the Brunig Pass, Basle, Lucerne, until it comes to the attempted ascent of the Matterhorn, when Bompard, pledged in a boastful moment to accompany the President of the Alpine Club, reveals to Tartarin the reality of the dangers through which the latter



CHILLON, WHERE TARTARIN WAS HELD FOR
SAFEKEEPING AS A SUPPOSED NIHILIST

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THE RIGI KULM. "AT THE SAME INSTANT, THE VAST HOTEL, WITH ITS THREE HUNDRED WINDOWS, LOOMED UP BEFORE HIM." DAUDET'S "TARTARIN SUR LES ALPES"

has unsuspectingly passed. Then, the rope cut in two places, Tarascon in mourning for its hero buried in the Alpine snows, Bompard's epic accounts of his descents in search of the body, and finally the appearance of Tartarin himself unharmed, placid, serene. Men have followed through Andalusia the trail of Don Quixote de la Mancha. Tartarin of Tarascon is Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in one.

IV

Probably the idea of the Netherlands in fiction will bring to mind first of all Charles Reade's *The Cloister and the Hearth*. But the range of that panoramic novel takes the reader far beyond the boundaries of Holland and Belgium. Beginning in the Holland of the Middle Ages it shows the painters, the dykes, the life. Then the tale leads down the long line of the Rhine, depicts the life of the great mercantile cities of South Germany, leads into Italy, and describes the artist life of mediæval Rome. After *The Cloister and the Hearth* the present writer would choose *Vanity Fair* as his companion in the Netherlands. It was in the Brussels chapters that the book took form, that the spirit of caricature

fell away from it, that it ceased to be a series of semi-comic pictures dealing with English society under George III and became a masterpiece. If you are in Brussels, you do not have to conjure up those old ghosts. They thrust themselves upon you. You see Major O'Dowd and his lady, William Dobbin and Jos Sedley, George Osborne and Amelia, Rawdon Crawley and Rebecca. You recall the great ball of the Duchess of Richmond broken up by the news that the enemy had crossed the Sambre, the terror and flight of Jos, the encounter with Lady Barecres from which little Becky emerged triumphant, and finally the lines in which the book found itself which told that "no more firing was heard in Brussels, the pursuit rolled miles and miles away; Amelia was on her knees praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart." With brief allusions to Belgium and Holland as the background of certain books by American writers such as Mr. McCutcheon's *Castle Craneycrow*, Mary Mapes Dodge's *Hans Brinker*, W. D. Howells's *The Kentons*, and Burton E. Stevenson's *An Affair of State*, we shall follow the Thackerayan trail



CHAMONIX. DAUDET'S "TARTARIN SUR LES ALPES"

across the German frontier to the town of Weimar, over which, when Thackeray was there as a young man, Goethe ruled in stately greatness. It was in Weimar that we witnessed the last incarnation of Jos Sedley, when he had fallen into the clutches of Mrs. Crawley and her accomplices, Major Loder and Captain Rook. It was there that Dobbin, weary of the struggle, broke his chains and asserted his independence. But for the real Thackerayan flavour it is best to turn back to the town as it was depicted in the *Fitzboodle Papers* under the name of Pumperknickel, where it was the scene of George Fitzboodle's loves and disillusionments, and the inspiration of some of his more or less atrocious verses. From Weimar we may proceed down the Rhine in company with the aristocratic Kicklebury family, to Strassburg, where Mrs. Crawley, as Madam Rebecque, sold tickets for a concert which did not take place, to Baden, where Barnes Newcome "came a wooing" and Jack Belsize groaned in the darkness, and Kew fought a duel with the Gascon; while there are very few corners of Germany that we will not find if we pursue sedulously the wanderings of Mr. Barry Lyndon and his accomplished uncle.

Germany in the works of the most cosmopolitan of modern novelists, Mr. Crawford, is represented by *Greifenstein* and *A Cigarette Maker's Romance*, while we have Austria in the same author's *The Witch of Prague*, and Russian Turkey in *Paul Patoff* and *Arcthusa*. Germany also is the background of Longfellow's *Hyperion*, and in *The Princess Aline* Richard Harding Davis takes us on a pursuit which leads through Germany and on into Greece. It was at Dresden that Rudolf Rassendyl changed trains on the journey that was to carry him to his Ruritanian adventures, and some years afterwards, as told in *Rupert of Hentzau*, it was to Dresden that he travelled to receive the rose and letter of Queen Flavia.

V

"Graustark? Where is it? Well, it has been described as a fair land of promise 'east of the setting sun!' One takes the train at Vienna and journeys just as far as his fancy will permit, or until sleep overcomes him. If one's fancy carries him far enough he will see Graustark as I have seen it, and if he possesses an amiable imagination he will stay awake long after he has discovered



SIENKIEWICZ'S POLAND. THE CONVENT AT KAMENETZ WHERE BASIA FOUND REFUGE. "THE DELUGE"

it, no matter where it may happen to be at the time. 'Old and strong,' that is what the name stands for in matter-of-fact English. Personally, I have conducted a great many people to Graustark, about as well as Thomas Cook and Company could do it with all their circular tickets, etc.; certainly in a less expensive manner, and positively without subjecting any of them to the pangs of homesickness. I selected Graustark as the setting for certain romances for a very good reason; I am on particularly friendly terms with the royal family. As a matter of fact, they declare that they couldn't live without me."

So writes George Barr McCutcheon of the mountain kingdom in which he has placed so many romances, and the description might serve for countless Ruritania, Photecias, Danubias, and Swashbucklias. On the map of Europe draw a line from Leipzig to Trieste; another from Warsaw to Belgrade, and then connect Leipzig and Warsaw, and Trieste and Belgrade, and one has a great square, which, if it has no political nor diplomatic significance, is of immense importance to the makers and readers of the modern romantic novel.

Since Mr. Hope set the fashion by sending Rassendyl away from the West End of London on his journey, this square has been experiencing the most marvellous upheavals and complications. If one has the proper amount of imagination, and is not over strong on geography, anything may happen here. You may wear a rapier, and with it run your neighbour gracefully through the midriff, as gentlemen used to do in the good days of Cardinal Richelieu; you may swim moats and demolish donjons, hobnob with royal personages and match pennies (if you call them groats) with prime ministers and archbishops—no diplomatic formality is necessary, nothing but the proper amount of British imperturbability or good American cheek.

Indeed, in these mythical kingdoms and principalities even certain utilitarian achievements of the nineteenth century lend a glamour to mediæval romance. The hero may dramatically throttle an inconvenient agent of the *police secr t* in a first-class railway carriage, or block a treasonable intrigue by a shrewd use of the telephone or telegraph. Then po-



SIENKIEWICZ'S POLAND. THE OLD CHURCH AT KAMENETZ. "THE DELUGE"

litical Europe as it is to-day is so rich in suggestion. In some direction not very far from Ruritania lies Russia, and the romantic novelist may hint darkly at the crafty designs of the impenetrable Czar; show us the ominous overshadowing figure of the Bear. There is Austria—that Austria of which Metternich was the incarnation, and the “unspeakable Turk,” now shorn of his terror, and the restless and relentless Prussia; and France, with the Napoleonic legend, and the spirit of revolt not far away, and an official Briton will always be found wherever diplomacy is used and bad French spoken.

threatened the existence of the Poles. Prince Boguslaw, of *The Deluge*, represents the “foreignised” Polish aristocrat, responsible for most of his country’s misfortune. Although the three books take the reader all over the ancient commonwealth, from the Baltic to the Black Sea, three places stand out prominently above all others. In *With Fire and Sword* it is Zbaraj, which was besieged by Hmelnitski and Tugai Bey, and heroically defended by Prince Yeremi. In *The Deluge* it is Chenstohova, where Kordetski and Kmita withstood the Swedes under Miller. In *Pan Michael* it is Kamenetz where, in the fighting



THE BATTLEMENTS OF KAMENETZ. “THE DELUGE”

A more material setting of southeastern Europe is that which comprises the Commonwealth of Poland at its greatest extent, the country of Sienkiewicz, the scene of his famous trilogy, *With Fire and Sword*, *The Deluge* and *Pan Michael*. The trilogy is Poland itself. Podbipienta, large limbed, great hearted, chivalrous, patient, represents Lithuania, the vast, savage northeast domain. Zagloba, boastful, yet brave, enormous eater and drinker, is the type of the *petite noblesse*. Volodiyovski is the soldier, the marvellous swordsman. Bohun, in *With Fire and Sword*, represents the Cossack, and Azya in *Pan Michael*, the Tartar, those untamed foes who forever

against the surrounding Turks, the little knight Volodiyovski lost his life.

VI

There are certain works of fiction which it is not at all necessary to urge upon the traveller. It is quite obvious that the visitor, spending a fortnight in Edinburgh, will turn to the pages of *The Heart of Midlothian*; that the pilgrim making the excursion from Naples along the coast of the Mediterranean to the excavated city will take with him Bulwer’s *The Last Days of Pompeii*. In the same way it is quite unnecessary to point out to the American visitor in

Granada the works of our own Washington Irving. First, of course, there is the splendid history depicting the long wars between Moslem and Spaniard. Then there are the lighter sketches, "The Legend of the Arabian Astrologer," "The Legend of the Two Discreet Statues," "The Legend of Prince Ahmed al Kamel," "The Legend of the Three Beautiful Princesses," and "The Legend of the Rose of the Alhambra." But in the gardens of the Alhambra there are the ghosts of more modern heroes and heroines than those of Irving. It was there that George Bernard Shaw placed the last act of *Man and Superman*, and that John Tanner felt the coils of his relentless pursuer tighten about him.

Across the straits from Gibraltar, where Tartarin and his fellow-colonists were landed by the British man-of-war after their deportation from Port Ta-



GRANADA. FROM THE SEAT OF THE MOOR



MOONLIGHT AT RONDA. A. E. W. MASON'S
"MIRANDA OF THE BALCONY"

rascon, lies Tangier, a journey of three hours by a little boat. It is a trip that never should be missed by any one to whom the opportunity presents itself, not only for the wonders of the city itself, but for its intimate associations with several volumes of exceedingly entertaining though somewhat trivial fiction. First is Mr. Dawson's *African Nights Entertainment*, a book of ten years ago, which never received anything like its fair share of appreciation. Then there are Mr. Davis's *The Exiles* and *The King's Jackal*, the first being positively the best story that Mr. Davis has ever written. Tangier is the East—the real East,—not the Americanised Orient of trolley systems, and innumerable telephones, but the unchanging East, retaining the thought, the traditions, the manners of a thousand years ago, where one finds at every turn something suggestive of *The Thousand and One Nights* and "the golden prime of the good Haroun al-Raschid." Against this Oriental



OLD GRANADA. WASHINGTON IRVING'S "TALES
OF THE ALHAMBRA"



OLD GRANADA. WASHINGTON IRVING'S "TALES
OF THE ALHAMBRA"

background are the tourists, and above all, that little permanent colony of Europeans and Americans of mysterious antecedents, many of whom find the great fascination of Tangier in the fact that there they are immune from the pursuit of Occidental justice. Near the end of *The Exiles* there is a passage that cannot be too often quoted. Holcombe, the New York Assistant District Attorney, leaving Tangier, asks Meakin, the police commissioner who had been indicted for black-mailing gambling houses, if he cannot do something for him at home. Meakin replied:

"I'll tell you what you can do for me, Holcombe. Some night I wish you would go down to Fourteenth Street, some night this spring, when the boys are sitting out on the steps in from the Hall, and you just take a drink for me at Ed Lally's; just for luck. That's what I'd like to do. I don't know nothing better than Fourteenth Street of a summer evening, with all the people crowding into Pastor's on one side of the Hall and the Third Avenue L cars running by on the other. That's a gay sight, ain't it now? With all the girls coming in and out

of Theiss's, and the sidewalks crowded. One of them warm nights when they have to have the windows open, and you can hear the music in at Pastor's and the audience clapping their hands. That's great, isn't it?" Well, he laughed and shook his head, "I'll be back there some day, won't I?" he said wistfully, "and hear it for myself."

There is no need to attempt to follow minutely the footsteps of Holcombe and Meakin and Carroll, of *The Exiles*; or of King Louis and Prince Kalonay and the Countess Zara of *The King's Jackal*. Tangier is comparatively a very small city, and as you stand on the deck of the steamer entering the bay the whole scene lies before you. To the left, beyond, are the tall hills, dotted here and there with a little cluster of white houses, and directly in front the beach of Tangier and the city rising to the south, turret after turret. Although in both *The King's Jackal* and *The Exiles* Mr. Davis's descriptions



TANGIER. THE MAIN STREET

are general rather than specific, it is obvious that the Hôtel Grande Bretagne of the former story is in reality the Villa de France, and the Albion the Continental.

SIGHTING ARABIA

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

My heart, that is Arabia, O see!
That talismanic sweep of sunset coast,
Which lies like richly wrought enchantment's ghost
Before us, bringing back youth's witchery!

"Arabian Nights!" At last to us one comes,
The crescent moon upon its purple brow!
Will not Haroun and Bagdad rise up now
There on the shore, to beating of his drums?

Is not that gull a roc? That sail Sindbad's?
That rocky pinnacle a minaret?
Does the wind call to prayer from it? O yet
I hear the fancy, fervid as a lad's!

"Allah il Allah," rings it, O my heart,
Fall, prostrate, for to Mecca we are near,
That flashing light is but a sign sent clear
From her your houri as her curtains part!

Soon she will lean 'out from her lattice, soon,
And bid you climb up to your Paradise,
Which is her panting lips and passion eyes
Under the drunken sweetness of the moon!

O heart, my heart, drink deeply e'er they die,
The sunset dome, the minaret, the dreams
Flashing afar from youth's returnless streams:
For we, my heart, must grow old, you and I!

THE SEA WIDOWER

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

DREAMING the fisherman sat in the firelight,—
The low fire, the red fire, the fire upon the stone.
The sudden snap o' casement glass fell on his ear by night,—
The wind's cry, his wife's cry—the wife that left him lone.

Men say the fisherman is one that walks in fey:
His boat calls, the nets call, adown the flood goes he;
The fishing-fleet at evening came homing o'er the bay;—
An empty boat, a broken oar, two halcyons on the sea.

THE GRUB STREET PROBLEM

BEING A CONSIDERATION OF THE SCRIBE AND THE COST OF LIVING IN VARIOUS PERIODS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART VI—THE TIME OF POE

THE people who were living in New York City 1825-50 had perhaps more justification than any people who ever lived for losing their sense of values in the habitual conflict between the new and the old generation. Conditions along the whole Eastern seaboard had changed bewilderingly during this period. Europe was but substituting new means of communication and transportation and manufacture for old—the Eastern States of America were to a great extent leaping over the transition period and substituting all these things for just nothing at all. Well-nigh complete isolation began suddenly to yield to close contact with few intermediate stages. "In 1790," says the *Life of Josiah Quincy*, "a journey to New York was a much rarer event than a voyage to Europe now. It took nearly as long and was attended with greater danger and discomfort. Two stage coaches and twelve horses sufficed for the travel between the two chief commercial places on the Continent, and the journey consumed a week." As a young man, S. G. Goodrich had a sense of having penetrated extraordinarily into the outer world when he travelled from Litchfield, Connecticut, to Hartford, few persons ever having gone so far.

No locality in the history of the world ever changed with such confusing rapidity as New York City. Small wonder that people fancied more stable days, out of the dust and ruin of transition, were really happier ones. In 1678 the total number of houses in New York was three hundred and eighty-four; in 1733 Bowling Green was made into a park by three good citizens, who paid one peppercorn a year for it—in eleven years the price was raised to twenty

shillings. At the beginning of the century New York was a town of sixty thousand. Social life was aristocratic; and though the great families who formed the Knickerbocker set were declining during the first quarter, they gave the tone to the town. The Erie Canal was completed in 1825, and with it began modern New York. The fourth decade saw the last of Knickerbocker rule, and then the social aspect of the city changed greatly. As by force of circumstances the upper ten withdrew their social influence, the submerged tenth increased theirs. The enormous immigration began to create gradually a large class of unfortunates, who in any period of sudden distress were promptly thrown into a starving condition. Philip Hone—from whose diary, one of the most fascinating personal documents ever penned, this article draws so many extracts—saw his city expand from twenty thousand to five hundred thousand. What wonder he sometimes felt he had builded upon a quicksand which would suddenly engulf everything! During the first quarter the growth of the city had fluctuated. Its bustling business suffered severely from the Embargo 1808-12, and from 1812 to 1814 lasted the second war with England. But with the restoration of peace the city awoke like magic. In 1820 there were one hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants; in 1825 optimists were looking as far as Fourteenth Street!

Here is a description of New York in 1806 by a Resident of Philadelphia. (The very title is zestful, is it not?)

Mr. ——— says he has received more attention from the people of the first rank

during his short residence here than he would have done for years in Philadelphia. Mr. ——— inhabits a house of a size and in a relative situation for gentility, which in Philadelphia would rent for two hundred dollars a year; here he pays five hundred, nor is it considered as uncommonly dear. Some rent for fifteen hundred and, as I have been told, eighteen hundred, but they are large and elegant and occupied as Coffee Houses. House rent, generally, is said to be much dearer than at Philadelphia, and provisions likewise. You have doubtless heard of the very absurd custom which prevails here of people's changing their places of abode every first day of May. The true cause is said to proceed from the landlord's increasing the rent so often.

No person is compelled to walk here. He may travel *in style* in an excellent and handsome hackney coach provided with good horses, careful drivers, and an obsequious footman for twenty-five cents. Wishing to go to Vauxhall Gardens, about two miles from my lodgings, I walked up Broadway to St. Paul's Church, where I was saluted with "Sir, do you wish to ride to Vauxhall?" I answered in the affirmative, and presented the driver with twenty-five cents, and was surprised when told it was a dollar; that four might enter, which made it twenty-five cents each. Scarcely had I turned before a party was formed, and I added one to the number. After paying fifty cents for the ticket, I entered the garden and witnessed the representation of *The Agreeable Surprise*. After the play was over the spectators were to be amused by the ascent of a balloon, but it took fire and was consumed in a moment. The gardens seem to be extensive and are laid out with taste. They were handsomely lighted.

There are few or no genteel Taverns. There are many of a superior kind, and a great number of what Philadelphians would call "Sailors' lodging-houses." When I say genteel, I mean such as those which men of respectability in the middle ranks of life are accustomed to frequent in Philadelphia. I do not find that great plenty and variety of provisions as at Philadelphia, nor are they quite so cheap. Fish, however, forms an exception to this rule. Those who have seen

both will scarcely venture to compare the markets of New York with the prodigious ones of Philadelphia.

Set with this a description by Thorburn, of nearly the same period:

They had only two banks—rarely gave a note—but one small playhouse—no operas, no ottomans, few sofas or sideboards, and perhaps not six pianos in the city. I began housekeeping with three rush-bottomed chairs at twenty-five cents apiece. Ten dollars closed the entire concern I brought my wife to.

"The same store which fetched eleven hundred dollars in 1807, and in 1809 fourteen hundred dollars, brought thirty-five hundred dollars in 1859," records a man who helped to put on its tile roof when he built it sixty years before. More in detail you may read the process in Hone's diary.

1835—Real estate is high, beyond all the calculation of the most sanguine. Immense fortunes have been made within the last three months. There must come a change, and then woe to those who are caught. 1836—I have this day sold my house in which I live, No. 235 Broadway, for sixty thousand dollars, to be converted into shops below and the upper part to form part of the establishment of the American Hotel. I bought this property in 1821 for twenty-five thousand dollars. I make a large profit, but the rage for speculation is at present so high that it will prove an excellent purchase. I shall leave this delightful house with feelings of deep regret. The splendid rooms, the fine situation, my snug library, well-arranged books, handsome pictures, what will become of them? I have turned myself out of doors; but sixty thousand dollars is a great deal of money. Almost everybody down town is in the same predicament, for all the dwelling houses are to be converted into stores. We are tempted with prices so exorbitantly high that none can resist; and the old down-town burgomasters, who have fixed to one spot all their lives, will be seen during the next summer in flocks, marching reluctantly north to pitch tents in places which, in their time, were orchards, corn-

fields or morasses a pretty smart distance from town, and a journey to which was formerly an affair of some moment, but which constitute at this time the most fashionable quarter of New York. We did not see any lots which appeared to us so desirable as some on Lafayette Place. Rents have risen fifty per cent. for the next year. Lots two miles from the City Hall are worth eight or ten thousand dollars. Even in the eleventh ward, toward the East River, where they sold two or three years ago for two or three thousand dollars, they are now held for four and five thousand dollars. [He finally bought corner of Broadway and Great Jones Street, a lot twenty-nine by one hundred and thirty feet, for fifteen thousand dollars and hired "a marble house with a portico in Broadway opposite Washington Place for sixteen hundred a year, while building".] 1839—May day is fine pleasant weather, much to the comfort of jaded wives and fretting husbands. There is a great deal of moving in the streets out of Broadway in the upper part of the city, but less I think than usual amongst the tenants of good houses. But the pulling down of houses and stores in the lower parts is awful. Brickbats, rafters, and slates are showering down in every direction. There is no safety on the sidewalks, and the head must be saved at the expense of soiling the boots. My poor dear house, 235 Broadway, is coming down forthwith; and in a few weeks the home of my happy days will be incontinently swept from the earth. Farther up, at the corner of Chambers Street, a row of low buildings has been removed to make way for one of those mighty edifices called hotels—eating, drinking, and lodging above, and gay shops below. And so all the way up; the spirit of pulling down and building up is abroad. The whole of New York is rebuilt about once in ten years.

FOOD

When the Englishman John Lambert visited New York in 1807, he thought the city had an appearance of magnificence. The price of lodging at genteel boarding-houses, he said, was from one and one-half to three guineas a week. During the embargo and the war provisions became scarce and very high and

so continued for several years. Milk in the winter of 1815 even reached an American shilling a quart; 1817 was a very hard winter also, and the best beef went to twelve and one-half cents, pork and veal to ten, mutton to eight, good turkeys to one dollar and fifty-six cents, fresh butter to thirty-three, and potatoes to fifty-six cents a barrel. In 1825 a Shilling Plate and Two Shilling Ordinary at the corner of Fulton and Water Streets was famous—that is to say, one might have all he wanted of one dish and trimmings for twelve and one-half cents and the entire bill of fare for twenty-five cents. An English traveller in 1830 leaves a list of prices at Fulton Market, which, he says, "surpasses any I ever saw for richness and abundance of supply." (He should have talked to the gentleman from Philadelphia!) The best cuts of beef were eight to twelve cents, the common cuts, four to eight; mutton, lamb and veal, six to eight; pork, five to seven; eggs per dozen, twelve cents; butter, fifteen to eighteen; chickens per pair, fifty to sixty-three; potatoes per bushel, thirty to thirty-eight.

When Horace Greeley arrived in New York in 1831, he had ten dollars in his pocket and not an acquaintance in the city. "We're too high for you," said the bar-keeper at the first likely tavern he entered. "We charge six a week." He found a boarding-house which took him for twenty shillings (two dollars and fifty cents), but he liked nothing there beyond its cheapness. He then bought a suit of clothes for about four dollars and started to look for work. He finally found it as compositor. At piecework, he could make six dollars a week if he began before six in the morning and worked until nine in the evening. Better food he found at a mechanics' boarding-house, which accommodated fifty boarders—mostly shoemakers, who worked in their rooms and paid for room and board two dollars and fifty cents a week. The Eating House revolution had just begun, and the institution of Dining Down Town.

'The boarders' great weekly dissipation was a Sixpenny Dining Saloon in Beekman Street, where they had a splendid feast for a shilling (twelve and one-half cents). That same year the Rev. Isaac Fidler came to town, after a voyage of seven weeks from London.

For two rooms, badly furnished, three meals a day, and water to drink, I paid twenty-one dollars a week. Myself, my wife and two children, with a servant, constituted the members of my family. Fire and candles cost us four dollars a week, and would have cost double had we continued longer at the same house. Our landlady informed us that from the price of fuel she could not supply with fire for less than one dollar a day. We had but one fireplace, which, had we submitted to such exaction, would have cost in four months nearly twenty-five pounds. We afterward rented unfurnished apartments, which allowed us to be more private than any boarding-house in New York admits of. It was our intention at first to take an entire house; but on finding that any one of respectability would cost from one hundred to two hundred pounds a year, we contented ourselves with lodgings. For unfurnished lodgings in most parts of the city more is demanded than for furnished lodgings in many parts of London. Our servant in the meanwhile left us. She had been ascertaining the value of a dollar and how many made a pound; and most probably conceived she could obtain more elsewhere. On making inquiries at the house where we had previously boarded, we found that the mistress of it had seduced her from us. The person at whose house we had taken lodgings was an Englishman, a painter. He so often spoke with contempt and bitterness of kings, nobility, priests, and taxes that it was evident at once under what denomination he might be classed. He was a radical, a gambler, a frequenter of Tammany Hall—a place where the lower and more restless orders meet to discuss political and religious questions, and not a few of whose frequenters, as I was informed, are professed atheists. His wife told me that with the same means they could have been much more comfortable in Liverpool. We paid for coals at the rate

of \$17 a ton, double what they had been in the summer. While in England we had thought 40s. a chaldron a high price, but in New York they were twice that sum.

Holt's Hotel, opened in 1833, was in its day one of the wonders of New York. It was the largest and most magnificent inn erected up to that time, and its prices were thought exorbitant even by rich people. They were \$1.50 a day. Here are some of Hone's entries in the panic years, 1835-1837:

1835—Living in New York is exorbitantly dear, and it falls pretty hard upon persons like me who live upon their income, and harder still upon that large and respectable class whose support is derived from fixed salaries. Marketing of all kinds, with the exception of apples and potatoes, is higher than I ever knew it. The sweat of the brow of New York all runs into the pockets of the farmers. I paid to-day one and one-half cents a pound for hay, three times the ordinary price. I laid in a winter stock of four to five hundred pounds of butter at two shillings and four pence [twenty-nine cents]. In the long course of my thirty-four years' housekeeping I never buttered my bread at so extravagant a rate. There are many persons in New York as good as myself who must be content to eat dry bread this winter, or at least spread the children's slices confoundedly thin. March 1836—The market was higher this morning than I have ever known it. Beef, twenty-five cents; mutton and veal, fifteen to eighteen; small turkeys, one dollar and a half. 1837—Markets continue extravagantly high. The farmers (or rather the market speculators) tell us that it is owing to the scarcity of corn; but the shad, the cheapness of which makes them in ordinary seasons a great resource to the poor, are not to be bought under seventy-five cents and a dollar. Is this owing to the scarcity of corn, or are the fish afraid to come into our waters lest they be caught in the vortex of Wall Street? Brooms, the price of which time out of mind has been twenty-five cents, are now sold at half a dollar; but corn is scarce. Poor New York!

A Guide Book of 1846 says there

were one hundred and twenty-three eating houses in the city, not including those establishments which served only oysters. The waiters received ten to twelve dollars; the boys six to seven dollars a month with board and lodging; cooks, eight to ten dollars and dish-washers, four to five dollars. Gosling on Nassau Street dined over one thousand people a day. At the cheap places the usual prices were six cents a plate of meats and three cents a plate of vegetables. The more pretending places asked twice or three times those prices. In 1851 Chamberlin's Saloon, 310 Pearl Street, was a famous restaurant. Here is its advertised bill of fare. Soups: beef, mutton, chicken, six cents. Roasts: Beef, Lamb, Veal, Pork, Mutton, six cents. Roast Pig, Turkey, Goose, Chicken, Duck, twelve and one-half cents. Boiled beef, any kind, six cents. Made Dishes: Pork and Beans, Veal Pie, Beef Steak Pie, Lamb Pie, Mutton Pie, Clam Pie, 6 cents. Oyster Pie, Chicken Pot Pie, twelve and one-half cents.

WAGES AND GENERAL COST OF LIVING

There seems, according to the Report on Statistics of Labor, to have been little or no variation in the rate of money wages paid labourers or mechanics from 1800 to 1815. From 1815 to 1824 the unsettled state of manufactures caused the workingman much distress, for new inventions increased the capacity of the individual operative nine and ten fold. Between 1831 and 1880 men's wages increased thirty-eight per cent; women's, one hundred and forty-nine per cent.; children's, one hundred and fifteen per cent.

Let us turn to the Recollections of Horace Greeley, born 1810.

In my boyhood days it had long been the custom for boys to be bound out for five years for board and lodging and twenty dollars a year in New Hampshire and Vermont. The earnings of good mechanics did not average eight dollars per week in 1836, when I came to New York, while they are now, in 1868, double that sum. And living

is *not* twice as dear as then it was. Meat possibly may be, but bread is not, fuel is not, clothing is not; while travel is cheaper, and our little cars have enabled men to live two or three miles from their work without inconvenience. Yet even in the hard winter of 1837 I saw men who somehow contrived to support families on five dollars a week or less, yet cheerfully gave something to those who were *really* poor. Now, in spite of an inflated currency and high taxes, it is easier for a working man to earn his living in New York than it was thirty or forty years ago.

When Grant Thorburn came to New York in 1794 he received five and one-half dollars a week as nail-maker and in one year saved one hundred dollars—that is, he lived upon one hundred and eighty-six dollars. "My father's annual salary as Congregational minister at Ridgefield, Connecticut," says Peter Parley, born 1793, "was four hundred dollars, the last twenty years five hundred dollars. Yet he so brought up his eight children that they all obtained respectable positions in life, and he left an estate of four thousand dollars. Money was scarce, wages being about fifty cents a day, and in Ridgefield seldom paid in money." Writes Thurlow Weed, "James Harper, of Harper and Brothers, and I made by extra work the largest bills in the city of New York. We often earned as much as fourteen dollars a week—liberal wages when you remember that good board could then be obtained for ten dollars a month." This must have been about 1820. At the age of fourteen George Putnam had a yearly salary of twenty-five dollars with board and lodging in a small bookstore in New York City, and J. C. Derby received in 1834 fifty dollars a year and board to work from nine to nine, the customary hours, in a bookstore in Auburn, New York. N. P. Willis in 1831 went abroad at a salary of ten dollars a week to write a series of letters for the *New York Mirror*, and there, on the same salary, became the adored of Lady Blessington's group of fashionable and sentimental young

women. "Wilson gives me twelve dollars a week to edit the *Whig*, and I live upon that," wrote Greeley in 1839.

A comparative list of prices for the first third of the century shows, aside from minor fluctuations for bad years, a steady decrease in the price of American products and of foreign products not in competition with native ones. (Even so early as 1678 a visitor had written of the New York market, "All the Commodities and Trades are dearer or cheaper according to the plenty of importation from England.") This was the work of better transportation. To carry a ton of wheat from Buffalo to New York in Washington's time cost one hundred dollars. As for the introduction of machinery, this is what it was doing—price of cotton per yard, 1816, thirty cents; 1819, twenty-one cents; 1826, thirteen cents; 1829, eight and one-half cents. Think of the difference the railroads made in the item of postage alone. In 1827 the rate for any distance not over thirty miles was six cents; not over eighty miles, ten cents; not over one hundred and fifty miles, twelve and one-half cents; not over three hundred miles, eighteen and three-fourths cents; over four hundred miles, twenty-five cents. Letters composed of two pieces of paper were double these rates.

In 1825 ten shillings a day (that is, one dollar and twenty-five cents), says De Voe in his *Market Book* in 1857, would be equal to twenty now, with the high rent, provisions and the style of living. A dollar, says Dayton's pleasing *Last Days of Knickerbocker Life*, would buy three times the amount of food and pleasure as now, in 1871. It is so easy to forget that in our youth we had fewer dollars and in our age we have more exacting tastes. "Cato on a lane leading off Third Avenue sold excellent cigars five for a shilling"—"two-fors" they were at this price, and one wonders if he would find them excellent now. Of course he would say so, but at that age the zest of youth overlooks much; and

why should a man grow richer if not to buy better cigars?

The raising of the style of living is never as apparent to the amateur economist as the raising of the rent or the price of food. Yet it is the secret of much seeming discrepancy. This is pleasantly illustrated by two entries in Hone's diary. In 1838 he wrote: "Ten gentlemen met and dined to-day, being the first regular meeting of a club which was there organised to dine at each others' houses every Monday at five o'clock punctually. [Four was his own dinner hour.] A sumptuary law was enacted, confining the dinner to soup, fish, oysters, and four dishes of meat, with a dessert of fruit, ice cream, and jelly." This menu of the Home Club might be thought sufficient for anybody. But in 1841 he records: "A strict observance to the limitation of four dishes! So strict that by gastronomic sophistry it extends to a dozen; brant being transformed into fish, oysters coming under the denomination of vegetables, and veal sweetbreads being pronounced of the genus confectionery." Dr. Francis wrote of these famous gatherings: "A Devonshire duke might have been astounded at the amplitude of the repasts and the richness and style of the entertainments."

All over New York, indeed, the pastoral days were departing. When Washington lived at the Franklin House, his steward had served him with the first shad of the season. It cost three dollars. "Take it away," said the General sternly. "Let it never be said that my table set such an example of extravagance and luxury." In 1840 Hone wrote: "*A déjeuner à la fourchette* is something of a novelty in this country, and the last imitation of European refinement. The company assembles about one o'clock and remains till four. Breakfast is served at two, and consists of coffee and chocolate, light dishes of meat, ice cream and confectionery, with lemonade and French and German wines. After the young folks have partaken of their breakfast-dinner, cotillions and

waltzes are danced." Listen to the moralist Thorburn in 1843.

You are only a clerk with five hundred dollars a year. If you expect to be a merchant, get married. As you live now, perhaps you don't save fifty dollars a year. You leave your office at seven or eight in the evening and stroll up Broadway, where you fall in with one or two companions. You step into Niblo's and call for three glasses of ice-cream (three shillings); another companion joins you—you call for a cigar and four are handed (one shilling). Your income is five hundred dollars, while mine fifty years ago was only three hundred dollars. Then you go to the theatre for fifty or seventy-five cents, the porter and oyster house comes next in rotation.—Now more money is paid to servants in some of these five-story houses for rubbing, scrubbing and polishing of brasses and furniture; for wiping, dusting, and breaking of glasses and china than it took to support a decent family fifty years ago. People were certainly happier then.

The characteristic lament of the closing sentence sends the mind careering backwards over centuries of similar complaints, each one dovetailing neatly with the other—the good and happy days of the present grandfather being the wicked and degenerate ones of the great-grandfather. And so one may go back to the dawn of recorded time. But yesterday were deciphered some hieroglyphics chiselled upon a monument by the King of Chaldea, 3800 B. C. "We have fallen upon evil times, and the world has waxed very old and wicked. Politics are very corrupt; children are no longer respectful to their parents." No generation has ever had a sense of humour.

TRAVEL AND ITS COST

Travel to Philadelphia, in the beginning of the century, was by two lines of stages. The Mail Diligence admitted but seven passengers. The fare was four dollars, and the same sum for one hundred and fifty pounds of baggage. The New Line Industry left

Paul's Hook (Jersey City) at four in the afternoon each day except Saturday, went the same night as far as Elizabeth Town, where the passengers lodged at Mr. Witts'; started the next morning at three, breakfasted at James Drake's in New Brunswick, and dined at Charles Bessonnet's in Bristol. Fourteen pounds of baggage gratis. From New York to Greenwich a line of stages was established in 1816 for a shilling, the stage called for all passengers who had booked a seat in the morning.

The *Albany Gazette* advertised in 1807: "The North River steamboat will leave Paulus Hook on Friday at 9 A. M. and arrive in Albany on Saturday at 9 P. M. To Newburgh, three dollars, time, fourteen hours; Poughkeepsie, four dollars, in seventeen hours; Esopus, five dollars, in twenty hours; Hudson, five and one-half dollars, in thirty hours; Albany, seven dollars, in thirty-six hours." An Englishman, John Lambert, wrote in 1808:

We were very desirous of seeing the construction of the steamboat, which travels at the rate of *five miles an hour against wind and tide*. It was built about four years ago. Her accommodations include fifty-two berths besides sofas. All the space unoccupied by the machinery is fitted up in a convenient and elegant manner. Her route between Albany and New York is a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, which she performs regularly, twice a week, sometimes in the short period of thirty-two hours. She carries from one hundred to two hundred people. The fare is seven dollars.

Only one hundred and twenty-eight steamboats were built from 1806 to 1820. When Fulton lost his monopoly rights, fares on the Hudson fell one-half. In 1818 the present service on the Sound was begun, between New York and New Haven first; and by 1830 there were eighty-six steamboats running regularly in New York waters. It was 1824 before there was a regular line between Boston and Eastern ports. Seventeen hours were required from Boston to Portland, and the fare was five dollars,

including meals, only one-half of that charged upon the stage without any.

The magical story afterward is best recorded by extracts from Philip Hone's diary.

1828—We started in an extra stage for Boston from Albany. We gave seventy dollars for the coach to convey the party of seven persons to Boston. It took four days.

1834—Our latest advices from Liverpool are seventy-one days old; London, seventy-two; Paris, seventy-five. This has never happened before since the establishment of regular lines of American packets. When there were only British packets running between here and Liverpool, one leaving each post monthly, it happened on one occasion that the packets for December, January and February all arrived here the same day. Later—Our boat had three or four hundred passengers, and such a set of ragtag and bobtail I never saw on board a North River steamboat—the effect of the fifty-cent system. If people do not rise in their might and put a stop to the racing and the opposition, it will be better to return to the primitive mode of travelling in Albany sloops. Later—The President's message was in New York at two this morning, brought on by express in little more than twelve hours, two hundred and thirty miles. There is not one reader out of a hundred who would give sixpence to read the document four hours earlier; and it is said to have cost seven hundred dollars.

1835—We arrived at Buffalo in the canal-boat. Altogether I do not remember to have had so pleasant a ride on the canal. My hammock, to be sure, was rather narrow and not very soft, and my neighbour overhead packed close upon my stomach; but I did not wake until tapped on the shoulders by the boy and told to clear out. Later—The distance by railroad from Lowell to Boston is twenty-five miles. There is a prodigious degree of travelling on the road. They take seventy-five minutes to perform the distance, and the punctuality is astounding. [The first railroad in New England was the Boston and Worcester, May, 1834, running as far as Newton; July 8th to Needham; November 15th to Westborough; July 8th, 1835 to Worcester.] 1838—I was within half a min-

ute of losing my chance this morning on the railroad cars. [He had left New York at 6.30 and reached Philadelphia at 1 P. M. the day before "by the admirable railroad go-ahead mode of travelling." To get the train for Baltimore one had to take the omnibus at Market Street at eight, and go to Grey's Ferry on the Schuylkill, from where the cars started on the new Philadelphia and Baltimore railroad, in operation about a week on February 15th, over nearly the old stage-coach route.] We got here at three o'clock, an hour later than usual in consequence of ice and snow on the tracks. But what a contrast is this to the old winter travelling over a detestable road and a dangerous ferry, and two days and a night consumed on the journey. The Susquehanna at Havre de Grace is crossed in a steamboat superior to anything yet produced in America. The passengers descend by a stairway into the floating palace, ascend on this side by another substantial staircase, resume their seats in the cars, having as it were by enchantment crossed this ferry which was formerly one of the greatest bugbears to travelling in the United States in the winter season. The cars are provided with stoves. The fare on this capital road is only four dollars. Later—The heart sickens and the pen falters in recording the dreadful disasters which occur almost daily in the steamboat navigation of the United States. I fear it will soon become doubtful whether Fulton's great invention will not prove a curse rather than a blessing. It certainly will unless measures are adopted to punish negligence and temerity and to insure safety by using necessary precautions. [These accidents were due to the recklessness of captains. Two years later he records some due to the recklessness of patrons. On the Harlem railroad a young man jumped from a car to recover his hat!] 1840—Travelling on the North River is cheaper than anything I know of except American shirtings at five cents a yard. The use of coal for steam navigation must inevitably become general. Passengers are conveyed one hundred and fifty miles in a vessel with every convenience and luxury, and get a good breakfast and dinner, all for two dollars. I wonder people do not live on board instead of going to the Astor House.

Later—The good people of Boston are so delighted at the prospect of rivalling New York that they are in perfect ecstasies at the arrival of the steamship *Britannica*, and have made a glorification of my little friend Cunard, the enterprising proprietor of the line, of the most magnificent proportions. Later—This *England* is a noble, fast-sailing ship of seven hundred and thirty-one tons. [He had determined on July 11th to go abroad and engaged staterooms for the following Saturday, and took ship below Governor's Island.] The accommodations are excellent. The most abundant provision has been made, and every day we have had as good a table as the most fastidious gastronome could desire. A sheep and a pig were killed one evening, and plenty of poultry. [In the English Channel almost in sight of land, they met a calm. "Oh for a steamboat at such a time!" he writes. The passage was twenty-one days.] 1839—Events now pass like the shadows of a magic lantern. This gentleman left England on the *British Queen* only three days before we left home for Saratoga and came here this morning by the first train of cars. [That would make fourteen days.] This is certainly doing business in great style. The ship had head winds all the way. Her greatest distance in one day was two hundred and forty miles, the least one hundred and thirty miles. 1847—We came to Harrisburg by railroad. It is nothing more than a miserable collection of lawyers' offices and barber shops. We have determined as a choice of evils to go to-morrow to Pittsburgh by canal, although we shall be three nights on the voyage, in preference to one hundred and fifty miles of stage-travelling by Chambersburg. Later—This canal-travelling is pleasant enough in the day time, but the sleeping is awful. There are two cabins, in which the men-folk and the women-folk are separated by a red curtain. In the former apartment the sleepers are packed away on narrow shelves fastened to the sides of the boat, like dead pigs in a Cincinnati warehouse. We go to bed at nine and rise when we are told in the morning, for the bedsteads are formed of the seats and the tables. From Holidaysburg to Johnstown, thirty-six miles, there was a Portage railroad with five ascending and five de-

scending planes. The voyage down the Ohio from Pittsburgh was pleasant with a fine boat, excellent fare, comfortable staterooms. From Frankfort to Louisville by stage, then boat to St. Louis. Here the Planter's House is one of those great hotels which astonish us in the great West.

LITERARY CONDITIONS AND PAYMENTS

Although Tom Paine lived in Greenwich Village and died there in 1809, literature may be said to have begun in New York with Irving in 1807. It was not, however, until 1820 that Irving commenced to attract attention abroad. But Grub Street was already a thoroughfare, especially in Boston. Listen to Peter Parley.

In 1826 every one thought Boston the Athens of America [and Boston herself admitted it]. A book with a Boston imprint meant something when the future publishers of New York were in the nursery. This was the beginning of the Age of Annuals. An abundant harvest of Diadems, Bijous, Pearls, Gems, Amethysts, Opals, Amaranths, Bouquets, Hyacinths, Amulets, Talismans, Forget-me-nots, Remember-mes. The effect of the circulation of such works as these, in creating and extending a taste for the arts and in their most exquisite forms, can only be appreciated by those who have examined them and reflected upon the subject. Four thousand volumes of one of these works at twelve dollars each were sold in a single season. Some of the engravings cost five hundred dollars and some of the poetry fifty dollars a page.

New York, however, soon joined in the race and outran Boston. In 1841 she was publishing one hundred periodicals, of which twelve were daily papers. Most of the papers cost ten dollars a year. Grub Street, always a quarrelsome and scornful locality, began to resound with fierce voices; but *place aux dames* was rather ostentatiously observed and demanded. "I am grieved to see the review of Mrs. Ware," wrote Ann S. Stephens in 1842. "She is a woman; and to such a poetic temperament brings its

own curse without harsh criticism. The man who wrote that review should remember that a woman cannot strike back without unsexing herself." The most prominent monthlies in 1843 were the *Knickerbocker*, *Graham's*, *Lady's Book*, *Sargents'*, the *Pioneer*, the *Lady's Companion*, and the *Southern Literary Messenger*. Graham wrote to Frances Os-good he would be happy to receive stories at twenty-five dollars and poetry at ten dollars; and Alice Cary told Greeley that she and her sister wrote alternately for *The National Era* every week for two dollars an article, but that they had several other engagements a trifle better. "Willis, I see," wrote J. H. Mancur, "is to be a regular contributor, a monopoliser of four magazines. Hamilton told me Willis drew twelve hundred dollars per annum from three periodicals. We may safely say that when he writes for Mr. Graham he will draw sixteen hundred dollars. Rating my merit at half the ability of Willis, I can only earn twenty-three dollars per month average—about two hundred and eighty dollars a year." But Mancur and other Grub Streeters of moderate ability were competing with the Print-Struck whose habitat is everywhere. The editor of the *Knickerbocker* thus expressed himself in 1843:

Mr. Willis informs us that many of the American magazines pay to their most eminent contributors nearly three times the amount for a printed page that is paid by English magazines to the best writers; and he instances Godey and Graham paying often twelve dollars a page. This refers to a few principal writers only, for we have sent several acceptable correspondents to those publications who have received scarcely one-quarter of the sum mentioned. Mr. Willis adds, however, that many good writers write for nothing and that the number of clever writers has increased so much that there are thousands who can get no article accepted. All this is quite true. There is no magazine in America that has paid so large sums to distinguished native writers as the *Knickerbocker*. To the first poet in

America we have repeatedly paid fifty dollars for a single poem, not exceeding in any instance two pages in length. Prose papers from sources of kindred eminence have in many numbers exceeded fifteen dollars a page. We should add, however, that we have had no lack of excellent articles at moderate prices; while many of our more popular papers have been entirely gratuitous.

Thoreau wrote the same year, "Even the little I write is more than will sell. I have tried the *Democratic Review*, the *New Mirror*, and *Brother Jonathan*. The last two, as well as the *New World*, are overwhelmed with contributions which cost nothing and are worth no more. The *Knickerbocker* is too poor, and only the *Lady's Companion* pays."

Furthermore English reprints abounded, and cost less than a copy of a magazine. Grant Thorburn, the homespun moralist, wrote in 1843:

Cheap books have sprung up as strong auxiliaries to temperance societies. I have been told by day-labourers and mechanics that when they first took the pledge their greatest difficulty was how to kill time at night. They had been in the habit after supper of adjourning to some tavern to read the newspaper, drink two pints of beer, smoke two Spanish segars, and sometimes staying till twelve. Thus they spent one dollar and thirty-one cents per week (for some of them put the Sabbath evenings in their catalogues), making sixty-eight dollars and twelve and one-half cents per annum—more than it cost me to keep my wife when I was first married, forty-six years ago. Now when they come home at night, they find on the mantelpiece a newspaper for a cent and a book for twenty-five cents, which cost thirty shillings in London. Indeed, they can buy as many books for ten shillings sixpence, only one week's beer score, as will keep them in reading for a twelvemonth.

In 1849 Poe, then at the height of his short heyday, wrote to Lowell: "I have only to keep my spirits up to get out of all my pecuniary troubles. The least price I get is five dollars a page, and I can easily average one and one-half pages

per day—that is, seven dollars and a half.” By 1855 the number of periodicals published in New York had a little more than doubled. There were now two hundred and three, with just the same number of dailies as in 1841. The literary market had widened in another direction also. Scribes by day had become lecturers by night. In 1849 Poe wrote: “Everybody says that if I lecture again and put the tickets at fifty cents I will clear one hundred dollars. I never was received with so much enthusiasm. I lectured at Norfolk and cleared enough to settle my bill at the Madison House [Richmond] and two dollars over.” Set against this, ye who blush unduly at the memory of pirated editions, the ninety-five thousand dollars that Dickens cleared on his American tour. Parton gives an interesting list of lecture receipts from the ledger of the Chicago Y. M. C. A. in 1854. E. P. Whipple, seventy-nine dollars; Horace Mann, ninety-five dollars; George W. Curtis, eighty-seven dollars; Horace Greeley, one hundred and ninety-three dollars; Theodore Parker, one hundred and twelve dollars; R. W. Emerson, thirty-seven dollars (query, did it rain?); Bishop Potter, forty-five dollars; J. G. Saxe, one hundred and thirty-five dollars; Bayard Taylor, two hundred and fifty-two dollars.

POE AND VIRGINIA

Poe's father by adoption took him from Richmond at the age of six to a suburb of London and there put him to school. He went over by a ship which lay in the James River, and he paid twelve shillings for boatage of his baggage. For Edgar's instruction on the voyage he purchased one Olive Branch, one Murray's Reader, and two Murray's Spelling Books for sixteen shillings sixpence. Returning, the boy was sent to school, and then, in 1826, to the University of Virginia. Five years later he was living with his own father's sister, Mrs. Clemm, in the upper story of a small dwelling in Baltimore, where she

took in sewing. He sold some Tales to an annual for one dollar a page; and when he left Baltimore for Richmond he had already published some of his best tales. In Richmond he entered a magazine office as assistant at a salary of ten dollars a week. In 1836, he wrote that besides his salary of five hundred and twenty dollars a year, he was paid liberally for extra work—so that he received nearly eight hundred dollars, and next year he was to get one thousand dollars. To George Poe he wrote:

The charge per week for our board (Mrs. Clemm's, her daughter's and my own) is nine dollars. If Mrs. Clemm could obtain the means of opening, herself, a boarding-house, she could support herself and daughter comfortably, with something to spare. Many of the widows of our first people are engaged in it and find it profitable. I am willing to advance for my own part one hundred dollars, and I believe that Wm. and R. Poe will advance one hundred dollars. If you would so far aid her in her design as to loan her yourself one hundred dollars, she will have sufficient to commence with.

The house appears never to have been opened. Virginia, slightly under fourteen, and he at twenty-seven, were married before their fellow-boarders, and Mrs. Clemm treated the household with cake and wine. In June, 1836, he wrote that he was making fifteen dollars a week. But suddenly his editorial connection ended, and by slow stages through Baltimore and Philadelphia he made his way to New York. At first his main income there seems to have been derived from Mrs. Clemm's keeping boarders. From 1837 to 1839 he did hack-work. A Pittsburgh review offered him four dollars a page for critical work, but it died as soon as it was born. He had a short editorial connection with the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which paid him fifty dollars for an average of eleven pages. “The magazine,” said he, in remonstrance for the way he had been treated, paid three dollars a page, so that the seventeen dollars re-

maintaining for the services of proof-reading, superintendence, editorial work, etc., was not a large salary. Snowden pays his editresses two dollars a week each, for their names solely." When they lived on the outskirts of Philadelphia in a rose-covered cottage (Mayne Reid says it was a lean-to of three rooms of painted plank construction, and at times one room was rented to a boarder), Mrs. Clemm and Virginia took in needlework. During this period he contributed every month to *Graham's Magazine*. Lowell, intending to start a new periodical in Boston, wrote to him: "I can offer you ten dollars for every article, and as soon as I am able I shall pay you more. Hawthorne writes for five dollars a page." Five years later he established himself in New York again. He wrote to Mrs. Clemm:

Had to pay a boy a levy to put the trunks in the baggage car. Started at seven and arrived at nearly three. We went in the cars to Amboy, about forty miles from New York and then took the steamboat. I left Sissy [Virginia] on board the boat, after putting the trunks in the Ladies' Cabin, and set off to buy an umbrella and look for a boarding house. I met a man selling umbrellas and bought one for twenty-five cents. Then I went up to Greenwich Street and soon found a boarding-house. The house is old and looks buggy. ——— the cheapest board I ever knew, taking into consideration the central situation and the living. [Where the dash comes, there is a gap caused by the cutting out of the signature on the other side of the page. It probably deprives us of the exact price he paid. Oh, the difficulties in the way of getting at the cost of living!] Last night for supper we had the nicest tea you ever drank, strong and hot—wheat bread and rye bread, cheese, tea-cakes (elegant), a great dish (two dishes) of elegant ham and two of cold veal, piled up like a mountain and large slices—three dishes of the cakes and everything in profusion. The landlady seems as if she couldn't press us enough, and we were at home directly. There are eight or ten boarders, two servants. For breakfast we had excellent fla-

voured coffee, hot and strong—not very clear and no great deal of cream—veal cutlets, elegant ham and eggs, and nice bread and butter. I never sat down to a more plentiful or a nicer breakfast. I wish you could have seen the eggs—and the great dishes of meat. Sis is delighted, and we are both in excellent spirits. She is now busy mending my pants, which I tore upon a nail. We have now got four dollars and a half left. To-morrow I am going to try and borrow three dollars, so that I may have a fortnight to go upon.

This last sentence may hold some hint as to the price of board which that vandal has so ruthlessly deprived us of. The whole letter is the shout of a hungry man in unfamiliar clover, and it must have made long-sacrificing Mrs. Clemm hungrier to read it. Later in this year 1844—when he was working on the *Evening Mirror* under Willis—he moved to what is now between Broadway and West End Avenue on Eighty-fourth Street. This was at Bloomingdale, which a guide book of 1846 describes as a remarkably neat village five miles above the City Hall.

The cottage to which he retired in the Spring of 1846, says Mr. Woodberry, although at the best a mean dwelling, was the pleasantest retreat he had ever known. It was a one-story and a half house at the top of Fordham Hill. On the ground floor were kitchen and sitting-room—two bedrooms above, the larger low and cramped, the smaller a closet. "So neat, so poor, so unfurnished, so charming a dwelling I never saw," wrote Mrs. Gove. And later of Mrs. Poe's death-bed. "There was no clothing on the bed, which was only straw, but a snow-white counterpane and sheets. The weather was cold. She was wrapped in her husband's great-coat, with a large tortoise-shell cat in her arms. The coat and the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth, except as her husband held her hands and her mother her feet."

A piteous story! And yet one may not but recall that Mr. Allan who, ac-

cording to the master of Stoke-Newington, spoilt the boy with an extravagant amount of pocket-money, refused to pay his gambling losses of twenty-five hundred dollars in his short period at the University, where he drank much beyond his allowance; that as cadet at West Point he neglected his duties and was dismissed; that he lost position after position on account of intemperance. Nor can one forget that when he found nothing to do, Mrs. Clemm turned her hands to one thing after another for the family support—her motto being, *anything* to help along. It is interesting, in this connection, to read the letter Thoreau wrote Greeley in 1848.

For more than two years past I have lived alone in the woods, in a good plastered and shingled house entirely of my own building, earning only what I wanted and sticking to my proper work. The fact is man need not live by the sweat of his brow unless he sweats easier than I do—he needs

so little. For two years and two months all my expenses have amounted to but twenty-seven cents a week, and I have fared gloriously in all respects. Scholars are apt to think themselves privileged to complain, as if their lot was a peculiarly hard one. How much have we heard about the attainment of knowledge under difficulties, of poets starving in garrets, depending on the patronage of the wealthy, and finally dying mad. It is time men sang another song. There is no reason why the scholar who professes to be a little wiser than the mass of men should not do his work in the ditch occasionally, and by means of his superior wisdom make much less suffice him. A wise man will not be unfortunate. How then would you know but he was a fool?

An extreme opinion and of extraordinary circumstances, doubtless! But glance through the long history of Grub Street and see how much truth lies at the bottom of it.

JANE AUSTEN AND HER FRIENDS*

BY EDWARD FULLER

Nothing would have amazed Jane Austen more than to be told that a century after her death she would have a far wider audience than she ever had in her life, that her letters would be thought worth publishing, and that some dozen biographies of her, to say nothing of innumerable magazine articles, would have been written. She was not insensible of her own merits as a novelist. "I must confess," she says of Elizabeth Bennet, "that I think her as delightful a creature as ever appeared in print, and how I shall be able to tolerate those who do not like *her* at least I do not know." Although her first published novel was ascribed on the title-page merely to "A

Lady," and she never sought for fame in the modern meaning of the word, she took pleasure in the commendations of relatives and friends and obviously enjoyed the reputation for cleverness which these conferred upon her. Trollope said that after he had killed Mrs. Proudie he lived much with her ghost. Miss Austen's characters were equally real to her. It has been recorded by members of her family that she would occasionally tell them what happened in the "afterwards" which the reader could not penetrate. The classic example of this is the admission that the "considerable sum" which Mrs. Norris gave to William Price was one pound. But with all this lively interest in her work she was no egotist. She never pretended to genius, and she asked for no special privileges, not even a study of her own. She wrote, as Mrs.

*Jane Austen: Her Life and Letters. A Family Record. By William Austen-Leigh and Richard Arthur Austen-Leigh. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Oliphant tells us she herself did, in the general sitting-room, "liable," in the words of her latest biographers, "at any moment to be interrupted by servants, children or visitors—to none of whom had been entrusted the secret of her authorship. Her small sheets of paper could easily be put away or covered with blotting-paper, whenever the creaking swing-door (which she valued for that reason) gave notice that any one was coming."

Such was the unpretentious origin of the novels which are among the very richest treasures of English literature. "Jane Austen lived in entire seclusion from the literary world," says her nephew, Mr. Austen-Leigh, the author of the *Memoir* published in 1870, which was the first authentic account of her given to the world; "neither by correspondence nor by personal intercourse was she known to any contemporary authors. It is probable that she never was in company with any person whose talents or whose celebrity equalled her own; so that her powers never could have been sharpened by collision with superior intellects, nor her imagination aided by their casual suggestions. Whatever she produced was a genuine home-made article." The wind bloweth where it listeth, and genius takes its own course. We need not lament the comparative obscurity in which Jane Austen's life was passed. What we do know of her is all to her credit; and we could not love her more if we knew more. The present volume, by the son and grandson of the author of the *Memoir*, aims to supplement that one first-hand account from later additions to the stock of information. The letters from Jane to her sister Cassandra, edited by Lord Brabourne, are perhaps the most important of these, even if in style and subject they are somewhat disappointing. Mr. Oscar Fay Adams made many careful investigations before he wrote *The Story of Jane Austen*. But the volume of all others which seems to us at once the most sympathetic and the most illuminating is Miss Constance Hill's *Jane Austen: Her Homes and Her Friends*. It was writ-

ten from the point of view of a pilgrim to "Austen Land," and the charming illustrations by Miss Ellen G. Hill convey to the eye a vivid impression of the surviving memorials of Jane's life. Many quotations from the letters are included in the narrative, and the atmosphere of the time is caught as by no other writer. The authors of the new biography have referred to it freely. Another volume which deserves especial mention is Mr. W. H. Helm's *Jane Austen and Her Country House Comedy*, though this is largely devoted to criticism of the novels.

The authors of this latest and fullest biography say with truth that they remove some misconceptions, lay new facts before the reader, and place old ones in a fresh light. But, frankly, we wish they had not been so dull. The details concerning all Jane Austen's relatives might well have been spared, and the chapter on "Warren Hastings and the Hancocks" is only remotely connected with her life. It is unfortunate that Cassandra Austen destroyed so many of her sister's letters, particularly those revealing the inner life of the writer. Some of those that remained were published in the original *Memoir*, with a warning not to expect too much from them. "The style," Mr. J. E. Austen-Leigh says, "is always clear, and generally animated, while a vein of humour continually gleams through the whole; but the materials may be thought inferior to the execution, for they treat only of the details of domestic life." As a means of carrying forward the narrative, which is the use made of them in these pages, they are more or less unsatisfactory. Where direct evidence is so often lacking indirect is of course essential. The warmest admirer of Jane Austen, however, could spare much that the authors include. "I am very glad you liked my lace." "My uncle is still in his flannels, but is getting better again." "It was not possible for me to get the worsteds yesterday." Why afflict us with such trivialities as these? There is also too much mere surmise on

doubtful or unknown circumstances. Jane "must have thought" this, or "must have done" that, or "no doubt" went here or there. Speculations of the sort confuse rather than enlighten.

The author of *Pride and Prejudice* was the last person to be associated with dulness. Her life was quiet, but that does not mean it was uninteresting. The first twenty-five years of it were spent in the rectory at Steventon, with occasional visits to Bath and Godmersham. Then the family moved to Bath, and after her father's death in 1805, to Southampton. In 1809 Mrs. Austen and her daughters settled at Chawton, where the rest of Jane's too brief time on earth was spent, until, two months before her death, she went to Winchester to be near the physician who was attending her. The story that she paid a visit to the Continent is obviously untrue. Indeed, the record of her travels is contained in her novels. The environment in which she places her characters is almost always that which she has known herself. She has, too, the gift, denied even to some great novelists, of associating her characters very closely with their environment. Who could go to Bath and not think of Anne Elliot and Captain Wentworth? Or to Lyme and not expect to meet the Musgroves and Captain Harville. It is said that when Tennyson visited Lyme he indignantly refused to be shown the reputed landing-place of the Duke of Monmouth. "Damn the Duke of Monmouth!" he said. "Show me the spot where Louisa Musgrove fell." The expletive is more characteristic of the poet than the "Don't talk to me" in the version quoted by Miss Hill. It is in *Persuasion*, we think, that the note of personal interest is strongest. Is the reason for this to be found in the fact that in Anne Elliot the author more nearly revealed herself than in any other character?

That might well be the case. She had, it is true, many of the qualities of her dear Elizabeth Bennet. We agree with the late Andrew Lang that no man selecting "a literary harem" could possibly leave out these two; and if one had to

choose absolutely between them it would be hard to decide. But there is a softer, perhaps a humaner, touch to Anne that greatly endears her to us. That Miss Austen wrote of disappointment in love out of personal experience must now be admitted, though Leslie Stephen observes that "there is no indication of any serious disturbance of her habitual serenity." She was not one to wear her heart upon her sleeve, or to allow the bitterest grief to cloud forever a nature essentially cheerful. But the proof that she suffered some declension of spirits through the sudden death of one who had at least all but won her heart is sufficiently convincing. The story is first told by Jane's niece Caroline, who gives Cassandra Austen, Jane's sister and bosom friend, as authority. What better evidence could be asked? There is a further circumstance to support it. Three of her novels were written before she was twenty-five. After that some ten years intervened before she wrote the other three. What was the reason for this long idleness? The first novel to see the light of print, to be sure, was *Sense and Sensibility*, in 1811, although *Northanger Abbey* had been disposed of, but not published, eight years before. Did Miss Austen cease writing simply from discouragement, and was it her final appearance between covers which moved her to undertake *Mansfield Park*, *Emma*, and *Persuasion*? Possibly. Yet the evident pleasure she took in the mere occupation of writing suggests at least a contributing cause. And is there not in the last three novels a note that is lacking even in *Pride and Prejudice*? No reader of *Persuasion*, her last novel, will refuse to believe that death overtook her in the very flower of her genius.

Jane Austen is emphatically one of the writers who excites a deep personal interest. One of the least subjective of novelists, we nevertheless feel in the printed page some part of the charm which she exercised in the flesh. "She retained to the end," we are told, "her freshness and humour, her sympathy with the young." "Aunt Jane" was the idol

of her nephews and nieces. She remembered the days of her own youth and could enter eagerly into their feelings. Quiet, even demure, as she might have been, she was not a prig or a prude. Her letters as a young girl might have been written by Elizabeth Bennet herself. Thus in telling her sister about a ball she says:

You scold me so much in the nice long letter which I have this moment received from you, that I am almost afraid to tell you how my Irish friend and I behaved. Imagine to yourself everything most profligate and shocking in the way of dancing and sitting down together. I *can* expose myself, however, only *once more*, because he leaves the country soon after next Friday, on which day we *are* to have a dance at Ashe after all.

At length the day is come on which I am to flirt my last with Tom Lefroy, and when you receive this it will be over. My tears flow as I write at the melancholy idea.

Much has been said about the conventions which obtained in Jane Austen's day, and the restrictions which hedged in young girls. Yet we do not find, either in her novels or in her letters, any indication of unbearable social tyranny. Five young women would hardly have greater freedom in their intercourse with men in our own time than the Misses Bennet had, and Emma Woodhouse is quite as forthputting as any modern young woman with the same self-confidence. Fanny Price, of course, is quite another sort. Miss Austen compels herself to be nice to Fanny, but she is really much more interested in Mrs. Norris. She wrote part of *Mansfield Park*, apparently, at Godmersham. "Aunt Jane," as the testimony of her niece, Marianne Knight, quoted by Miss Hill, informs us, "would sit very quietly at work beside the fire in the Godmersham library, then suddenly burst out laughing, jump up, cross the room to a distant table with papers lying upon it, write something down, returning presently and sitting down quietly to her work again." The younger

girls would often hear peals of laughter from the elder girls in Aunt Jane's room, when she read to them. *Emma* followed quickly upon the heels of *Mansfield Park*; it was written in a little over a year—a rapid rate of composition considering the constant interruptions of family life. The author seems to have liked Emma next to Elizabeth, though she expected that no one else would like her. The writers of the present biography called *Emma* the most "Austenish" of all the novels, and say that it appeals "more exclusively than any of the others to an inner circle of admirers." Possibly; but there are devout Janeans who would put it no higher than third on the list. But the character of Mrs. Bates alone would make it memorable. In this case, too, the author told her friends more than she told her readers. Thus the word swept aside unread by Jane Fairfax was "pardon," and the exclusion of the Knightleys from Donwell was ended in two years by the death of Mr. Woodhouse.

One of the curious episodes in Miss Austen's career, one too familiar to be dwelt upon here, was the interest her novels aroused in the Prince Regent, who, in the words of his librarian, had read and admired them all, and was desirous of having some future volume dedicated to him. The conjunction seems to us incongruous, though the honour was of course regarded as very great at that time. Yet there is nothing strange, after all, in George's liking. Many a man has admired goodness with no desire to imitate it; and even a selfish and unprincipled rake may have a good deal of superficial sensibility. It is curious, however, that this attention was practically all the public recognition a woman of genius obtained during her lifetime. When her fame first drew visitors to ask for her grave in Winchester cathedral the verger could not understand that she was "any one in particular." This would not have distressed her; she always shrank from notoriety; and in spite of her lively interest in her work she would not discuss it outside of

her own family, or allow her name to appear on a title-page. Such an attitude seems hardly consistent with her quiet tenacity in other matters; but consistency is sometimes not a jewel, but paste.

Miss Austen's health began to fail in 1816; it is said that her devoted care of one of her brothers when he was ill made too great inroads upon her physical strength. The picture of her later days is not a sad one, despite the regret one must feel that she was cut off in the very prime of life and power. She bore everything with cheerful heroism and up to the last had none of the usual selfishness of the invalid. How far she believed that she was doomed it is difficult to discover; she was quite capable of assuming, for her mother's and sister's sake, a confidence she did not feel. In a letter to her nephew Edward, one of the last she wrote, she says:

"I will not boast of my handwriting; neither that nor my face have yet recovered their proper beauty, but in other respects I am gaining strength very fast. I am now out of bed from 9 in the morning to 10 at night; upon the sofa, 'tis true, but I eat my

meals with Aunt Cass in a rational way, and can employ myself, and walk from one room to another. Mr. Lyford says he will cure me, and if he fails, I shall draw up a memorial and lay it before the Dean and Chapter, and have no doubt of redress from that pious, learned, and disinterested body.

Brave and tender, cheerful and thoughtful to the last, the gracious figure passed from earth. Jane Austen might have won from her thousands of readers the admiration due to her genius without the affection due to her personality. Those who love her novels with a devotion such as they pay to none others but Thackeray's may well rejoice at the revelation of her which at last seems full and complete. We wish that her latest biographers might have had a lighter touch, because their book as a whole hardly does justice to the qualities which have made her so vividly alive a century after her death. Nevertheless, there is much in it we are glad to have; and the work has been done in a spirit of reverence and good taste which more biographers might imitate to advantage.

BIG MOMENTS IN FICTION AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

THERE are, of course, for each and every reader, certain favourite novels which are remembered more or less in detail from first to last. But there are others which have well-nigh faded from the memory, and the very names of which would mean nothing, if it were not for some one crucial scene, some startling climax that refuses to be forgotten. For example, how much of *Robinson Crusoe* do we retain from childhood, beyond the imprint of the feet upon the sand? Jules Verne still lingers through the mist of years mainly in the form of just a few of these big

moments. In *The Mysterious Island* there is the moment where the castaways upon this supposedly uninhabited island discover that the wild duck they have snared contains a pellet of lead; and in *A Journey to the Centre of the Earth* there is the moment where the raft, rushing through subterranean channels, is found to be borne upward, not by water but by molten lava. To the present writer, Gaboriau's *File No. 113* has become a mere name save for the one phrase flung by the banker to his jealous mistress, the phrase that contains the key to the whole mystery, "It

is your name that guards the secret of my safe!" It was a similar memory of a single line, "The girl still held the dead man's hand, and she was laughing merrily," that led to a second reading, after the lapse of a quarter-century, of William Black's *Madcap Violet*,—the volume which, out of all his writings, can least afford to be neglected. And the list might be extended indefinitely: recognised masterpieces, rampant melodramas, best sellers of the hour, are all alike remembered chiefly for their big moments. Utter the names *Vanity Fair* and *Henry Esmond* in a miscellaneous gathering of a dozen people, and then ask each one to tell you honestly what was the first image brought before them by these names. You will find that the majority will answer respectively, "the scene in which Rawdon Crawley tears the jewels from his wife and flings them in the face of the prostrate Marquis," and "the scene of the duel between Esmond and the Pretender, when Beatrix says, between clenched teeth, "Cousin, if I did not care for you before, think how I love you now!" And to turn again to more ephemeral examples, you may forget all the rest of Ouida's *Under Two Flags*, but you must still remember Cigarette, "Child of the army and soldier of France," flinging herself as a human screen before the rain of bullets, to save the man whose pardon she brings with her. You may forget all the rest of Archibald Clavering Gunter's *Mr. Potter of Texas*, but you must remember the wonderful single-handed siege in the upper story of a Moslem house, in which, by means of a thick oaken door drilled full of holes and plugged with cartridges, a man armed only with a hammer, rakes the main staircase with a deadly fire, slaying his scores and hundreds and saving himself and the woman with him.

It is obvious, from the foregoing random examples, that these episodes which we have elected to designate the Big Moments in fiction differ vastly among themselves both in kind and in degree. They may be mere extraneous episodes,

of no structural import and dragged in solely for spectacular effect; or they may form the logical, inevitable climax of the whole drama, like Othello's murder of Desdemona, or Achilles dragging the body of Hector around the walls of Troy; they may be purely psychological, depending upon the utterance of the one unerringly right word; or they may depend upon some real or pseudo-scientific physical phenomenon, like the chemical change in H. G. Wells's *Invisible Man*, in consequence of which the man becomes visible after death. It may, and indeed frequently does happen that novels of considerable ability have practically no big moments; and the reason for this is very simple: fiction of a certain fair average of quality and interest may be produced by sheer dogged industry and a carefully learned technique; but the really big moments of fiction cannot be produced by even the most finished craftsmanship; they are the product of sheer inspiration, luminous and magical flashes of genius unforeseen by the author himself, who often marvels more than any of his readers ever will as to how the thing was achieved. It is the art of these Big Moments that cannot and never will be taught. There is a cheap, mechanical substitute for them, popularly known among magazine editors as "a story with a kick at the end." But this type of spurious Big Moment differs from the genuine article precisely in the significant fact that it can be taught sufficiently for commercial purposes, even through the medium of correspondence schools. It consists frequently in the mere application of a familiar formula. O. Henry would easily furnish six or eight serviceable little working rules:—but if you want to read stories with a real "kick at the end," a kick that refuses to be reduced to formula, because it is born of genius and not of Arts and Crafts, you must turn to stories of a different calibre, stories, for instance, by such a master of the art as Ambrose Bierce.

It is one of the unfair elements of

criticism that the Big Moments in fiction do not receive their fair proportion of recognition from the professional reviewer. He trains himself to see a work as a whole and to judge it, not by its high lights, but by the artistic proportions and adjustments of light and shadow together. A big scene occurring in the right place interests him solely as a fitting climax, a proper rounding out of the whole development; a big scene that is not structurally justified offends him as being an artistic blunder. But to the general public, the Big Moment is the thing to be remembered, whether it occurs in fact or in fiction. Cæsar crossing the Rubicon, Napoleon returning from Elba, Lincoln signing the Emancipation, these to the public mind, are visible, luminous beacons of historic progress; while to the scientific historian such events are not causes but effects, not so much the forerunners of great changes but the results following inevitably upon changes that have already taken place. The general public, however, will probably always retain and pass on a fragmentary historical knowledge by the help of spectacular Big Moments,—and in the same way it will continue unintentionally and unconsciously to advertise its favourite books on the strength of one or two unforgettable scenes. *Les Trois Mousquetaires* has been called the greatest epic on friendship in modern fiction. But when two or three votaries of Dumas the father chanced to gather together, of an evening, over a friendly glass, did you ever happen to hear the conversation turn upon the ethics of friendship's obligations and privileges? No, it was always a quick, excited interchange of reminiscences: "Do you remember the great duel between D'Artagnan and the three mousquetaires?"—"Yes, and how it was interrupted by the Cardinal's guards?"—"And how the King asked Richelieu, 'My dear Cardinal, how is your poor Jussac to-day, and your poor Bernajoux?'"—"And the mad ride to London, for the Queen's jewels?"—"And Athos, besieged in the cel-

lar of the inn, drinking and wasting whole hogsheads of priceless wine?"—"And the Executioner of Lille?"—"And the death of Milady de Winter?"—"And the biggest moment of them all, when D'Artagnan checkmates Richelieu with his own written authority, 'It is by my order and for the good of the State that the bearer of this paper has done what he has done?'" Yes, a noble theme and a trained technique may carry a book a long way toward success, but it is through their Big Moments that just a few novels achieve immortality.

"THE HEART OF THE HILLS"

It follows that a good way to estimate a book's chances of popularity is to judge it by its relatively big moments, provided of course that it has any at all. And for this purpose the latest novel by Mr. John Fox, Jr., *The Heart of the Hills*, affords us a convenient opportunity. The present reviewer must plead guilty of having in the past often failed to give this author his just due. We all have our prejudices of geography and race; and an inability to find anything of interest in the ignorant, vindictive, half-savage native of the Cumberland Mountains is a purely personal matter which may or may not be exceptional. But considered without regard for the special material with which he happens to deal, Mr. Fox is one of the few true artists among the younger makers of American fiction. His people are not characters in a book; they are living actualities. His background is not a picturesque stage setting; it is a section of the country he knows best, torn bodily from its mountain fastnesses and flung before us in all its primitive ruggedness. There is no better or finer formula for any maker of fiction than that which Mr. Fox has always faithfully followed: namely, to confine himself to the people and scenes that he knows best, and while securing the utmost picturesqueness and diversity of local colour and local eccentricities, to deal at the same time with themes that are not local, but as wide as humanity

itself. It takes a rare artistry to strike a nice balance between these two vastly different and yet not conflicting purposes: to interpret to the reader the manners and customs of an isolated community, to make him keenly conscious of its differences, and yet, at the same time, to make him feel, in spite of these differences, its kinship with the world at large. It is so easy to fail to keep this balance, so easy either to become absorbed in the big ethical problem behind the story as to do the local colour scant justice, or else to dwell so intently upon the minute details of local customs and habits that the reader comes to look upon the characters as belonging to an alien race of beings, whose ways of thought it is idle to try to grasp. Mr. Fox's chief title to recognition lies first of all in his ability to maintain this balance,—an ability comparable to that of Mr. Eden Phillpotts for Dartmoor, or of Miss Ellen Glasgow for her chosen section of our South.

As for the specific plots of Mr. Fox's novels, it must be admitted that they are somewhat lacking in versatility. Ignorance and prejudice, the lawless lust of personal vengeance, the primitive view of the point of honour that entails a burden of bloodshed upon unnumbered generations of hostile clans,—all these elements enter into *The Heart of the Hills*, just as they entered into many an earlier volume, from *A Cumberland Vendetta* downward. Mr. Fox is always so keenly interested in his personages as individuals that it is difficult, indeed almost venturesome to attempt to identify his main underlying idea. Yet in the present volume what he seems to say is this: That, underneath their ignorance and lawlessness, the Cumberland mountaineers possess big human qualities that, with proper opportunities, would enroll them among the finest peoples upon earth; that just a few years of education and of contact with the fine aristocracy of the Blue-Grass region suffice to readjust their whole prospective of life, to send them home with new standards and new ideals, yet with a keener sense than ever

that they belong to the mountains, and not to the plains, and that no lasting happiness can come through mating with an alien race. This general doctrine Mr. Fox works out with a commendable economy of means, through the development of just four young people, two girls and two boys. For half a century there has been a feud between the Hawns and the Honeycuts; and Jason Hawn's father complicated matters by taking a wife from the Honeycutt clan,—a tangle made all the worse when, after his father was shot down from an ambush, his Honeycutt mother once again married a Hawn, Steve, the ne'er-do-well father to Jason's cousin Mavis. It was Steve who, for purposes of his own, persuaded Jason's mother to sell to Colonel Pendleton, from the Blue-Grass region, Jason's birthright to the land on which he was born, with its priceless veins of hidden coal; it was Steve who, fearing the hostility of Hawn and Honeycutt alike, fled from the mountains with his family, and unintentionally gave the boy and girl an opportunity for education, at the same time throwing them in contact with the Colonel's son and niece, Gray and Marjorie Pendleton; and it was also Steve,—although the knowledge of this came to Jason much later,—who was the murderer of Jason's father, the man whom Jason in childhood had taken a solemn oath to kill. How Jason and Mavis acquired their education; how for a time he believed that he loved Marjorie Pendleton and Mavis thought that she had lost her heart to Gray; how Jason kept his oath of vengeance without shame or the transgression of the law; how he played a leading part in a great political crisis; and how finally he and Mavis find contentment in the heart of their native hills, are a few of the threads that are interwoven in the making of this story. But before taking leave of it, there is just one scene, one unquestionably Big Moment, which demands specific mention. A political crisis has inflamed the whole State of Kentucky to the point of anarchy. There is a day of tremendous

dramatic import at the little capital of the State, where hordes of mountaineers had gathered, intent on righting their wrongs, and obtain by force, if necessary, the legislative majority of which they had been robbed by ballot-box frauds. Conspicuous among the excited throng is a certain politician, the admitted autocrat of the State. And suddenly a rifle cracks, a puff of smoke floats from a certain window, and the autocrat falls dead upon the pavement. Suspicion falls upon Jason, and he is finally hunted down at his grandfather's mountain home. With stoic calm, the old man surrenders the boy, believing in his innocence, and wishing the vindication of a jury. But suddenly a thought occurs to him, and he asks how large a reward Jason's two captors are to receive. The whole State is aflame with passion, and the reward is proportionately high, "for the capture and conviction of the murderer, one hundred thousand dollars." Under pretext of lighting his pipe, the old man with amazing swiftness whips two revolvers from the mantelpiece and quietly says, "Hands up, men!" to the astounded captors, and bids Jason take to his heels. And when the boy has gained a safe head start, the grandfather deigns to explain his change of policy:

Fer a mule, a Winchester, and a hundred dollars, I can git most any man in this country killed. Fer a thousand I reckon I could git hit proved that I had stole a side o' bacon or a hoss. Fer a hundred thousand I could git hit proved that the President of these United States killed that feller—an' human natur' is about the same, I reckon, ever'whar. You don't git no grandson o' mine when thar's a bunch o' greenbacks like that tied to the rope that's a-pinin' to hang him.

"O PIONEERS"

O Pioneers, by Willa Sibert Cather, is quite as local in theme and in characters as any volume that Mr. Fox ever wrote. It is a study of the struggles and privations of the foreign emigrant in the herculean task of subduing the untamed

prairie land of the Far West and making it yield something more than a starvation income. (Miss Cather has an unquestioned gift of observation, a keen eye for minute details and an instinctive perception of their relative significance. Every character and every incident in this slow-moving and frankly depressing tale give the impression of having been acquired directly through personal contact, and reproduced almost with the fidelity of a kodak picture or a graphonola record. And yet the net result strikes one, on second thought, as rather futile. The story opens practically at the death-bed of a middle-aged Swede, prematurely worn out with his vain struggle against inclement weather, the failure of crops and the burden of mortgages. He leaves behind him some incompetent sons and one splendid, dauntless amazon of a daughter, Alexandra, who dedicated her youth and strength and beauty to the hopeless drudgery of carrying on the task that had slain her father. We get brief glimpses of her early blunders and discouragements; the grudging help and secret antagonism of her brothers, and the departure of her young neighbour, who, although a lad several years her junior, was the only person who gave her sympathy. Now, the story of how Alexandra fought her battle and won it might have been well worth the telling; but this is precisely the part of her history which Miss Cather has neglected to chronicle. Instead, she has passed over it in leaps and bounds, and when we once more meet Alexandra, it is in the midst of prosperity, with all her brothers save the youngest happily married, her land increased by hundreds of acres, all yielding fabulous harvests, and Alexandra herself on the threshold of her fortieth year, and, with all her success, keenly conscious of the emptiness of her life, the craving for the love of husband and of children. Of course, it requires no keen guess-work to foresee that the young neighbour of her youth will ultimately return and the discrepancy of their ages will be forgotten. But somehow the reader cannot bring himself to

care keenly whether the young neighbour returns or not, whether Alexandra is eventually happy or not,—whether, indeed, the farm itself prospers or not. The conscious effort required to read to a finish is something like the voluntary pinch that you give yourself in church during an especially somnolent sermon. The book does have its one big moment; but it is due to an incident that lies outside of the main thread of the story. Alexandra's youngest brother falls in love with Marie Shabata, the wife of a big, hot-tempered Bohemian; and one night the two forget discretion and are found in the orchard by the infuriated husband, who wreaks prompt vengeance. The swift, sharp picture which follows has a touch of Maupassant in it.

He did not see anything while he was firing. He thought he heard a cry simultaneously with the second report, but he was not sure. He peered again through the hedge, at the two dark figures under the tree. They had fallen a little apart from each other, and were perfectly still—no, not quite; in a white patch of light, where the moon shone through the branches, a man's hand was plucking spasmodically at the grass.

But this incident, perfect as it is by itself, lies outside the main story, outside the history of the conquest of prairie land. And for that matter, the whole volume is loosely constructed, a series of separate scenes with so slight cohesion that a rude touch might almost be expected to shatter it.

"THE SCARLET RIDER"

It is more than a decade since Miss Bertha Runkle sprang into notice with *The Helmet of Navarre*, a sword and buckler novel which, in view of the author's youth, possessed a certain degree of precocious cleverness. With just one exception, *The Truth about Tolna*, which was a present-day story, dealing with artistic and musical circles, Miss Runkle has not since been heard from until now, when she reappears with a second semi-historical novel, *The Scarlet Rider*.

The scene of this new story is the Isle of Wight, the date is the period of the American Revolution, and the centre of interest is an aristocratic but impoverished family in which the title, in the absence of male heirs, will descend to the beautiful but headstrong and undisciplined daughter, who has been left to bring herself up as best she could. Her unhappy, neglected and invalid mother seldom leaves her own chamber; while her dissolute, spendthrift father is for the most part away from home, engaged in diversions of which drinking and gaming form the mildest elements. At the opening of the story, the whole neighbourhood is in a turmoil concerning a certain audacious highwayman, known only as the Scarlet Rider, who has been terrorising all the southern coast of England. Consequently, when Lettice, the madcap daughter of Lord Yarracombe, finds a handsome young stranger hiding behind a chest in a cobwebbed room of the old house, it is only natural that she should leap to the conclusion that he is the highwayman in question, and quite in keeping with her adventurous spirit that she should seek to shield him by letting him masquerade as the new assistant butler. The situation is well developed and the whole tone of the narrative has a well-sustained lightness, with just a hint of tragedy lurking beneath the surface. It also contains the promise of at least one big moment, namely, that of the revelation of the Scarlet Rider's identity, when the young stranger will be shown to be nothing more lawless than an American naval officer, an escaping prisoner of war; while the Scarlet Rider turns out to be some one far more closely connected with the heroine's household and fortunes. But the one little fact which robs this moment of its promised bigness is that the secret of the story is far too transparent. It takes no special cleverness to discover the Scarlet Rider's identity before the book is one-third read, and the only remaining surprise is at the density of the other actors in the story who are phenomenally long in discovering the truth.

"THE OLD ADAM"

Readers of Arnold Bennett's *Denry the Audacious*, originally published in England under the title of *The Card*, will be glad to meet him again in middle life and to discover that at forty odd years he is still as much of a "card" as he was in the early twenties. *The Old Adam*, which together with its predecessor is almost the only product of Mr. Bennett's lighter vein that the lover of good fiction can accept with equanimity, is a fantastic, irresponsible tale on the surface, yet it has a certain underlying element of seriousness. After a score of years of placid, humdrum domesticity, Edward Henry's dormant audacity reawakens. He is nettled by his wife's calm acceptance of things as they are, more especially at her deliberate and systematic ignoring of certain erratic actions on his part that are intended to stir her into some show of feeling. The upshot of this new psychological mood of his is that he takes an amazing plunge into a new form of speculation, shakes the dust of the Five Towns from his feet, goes to London, finances and builds a new model theatre, called the Regent, because of its propinquity to Regent Circus, has many marvellous experiences with poets, playwrights, stage managers and leading ladies, and actually achieves the impossible by producing a tragedy in verse and running it for a hundred nights at a big financial profit. Credit must be given to Mr. Bennett for his own audacity in accumulating such a mass of preposterous, impossible happenings, and in making them seem not only plausible, but numbered among the established verities of life. He is one of the few writers who have acquired the wizardry of convincing sane, sober-minded people against the evidence of their own eyes and ears, and to this extent he is a public benefactor. Furthermore, he is prodigally spendthrift of big moments; every chapter, every situation ends with some unexpected yet logically inevitable touch that makes us hug ourselves as we read. *The Old Adam* is a book to be cordially recommended,

though it will make its way without critical endorsement, for it contains a score of situations that will be quietly chuckled over and passed on from reader to reader. And yet, good as it is, it only serves to emphasise the unbridgable gulf between Bennett the jester and Bennett the author of *An Old Wives' Tale*.

"THE FFOLLIOTS OF REDMARLEY"

The distinctive note running through the successive volumes by L. Allen Harker lies in an ability to interpret the moods and motives of young people so as to make them intelligent to the older generation. This was strikingly apparent in the case of *Mr. Wycherly's Wards*; it is no less so in the new volume, *The Ffolliots of Redmarley*. It is a tranquil sort of story, with a minimum of plot and a generous abundance of kindly human nature and forgivable human foibles. It is a book that should be reviewed either at considerable length, with leisure to talk over the separate lovable characters, and to quote their characteristic sayings,—just as reviewers of an earlier generation must have wanted to indulge in a like leisure over Miss Alcott's *Little Women*,—or else to be summed up in a fairly brief paragraph, without attempting to spoil by too crowded a retelling episodes that derive their merit mainly from their lack of hurry, their sympathetic understanding of young hearts, their assumption that no details are superfluous if they help us to a wider understanding of fellow-beings, young or old. For the benefit of readers who lay chief stress upon a book's central plot it may be said that *The Ffolliots of Redmarley* relates the slow awakening of a young girl to an understanding of herself, and the series of events that teach her whether her happiness lies in marriage with a young army officer of her own social rank or with the picturesque and ambitious son of a village tradesman. But the really enlightened reader will care far more just to know the people of this book from day to day, to associate with them in their pleasant, wholesome home life,

than to look forward to the ringing down of the curtain, and the popular fallacy embodied in the "lived happily ever after," of the conventional ending.

"A PRISONER IN FAIRYLAND"

In *A Prisoner in Fairyland*, by Algernon Blackwood, we have a curious, unusual, puzzling type of book, over which it behooves the reviewer to exercise a certain degree of discretion. The underlying idea, the keynote, as it were, is the transference of thought and the duty of every living soul to strive to think nothing but beautiful thoughts, because in that way we may spread beauty and happiness throughout the whole world. More specifically, it is the story of the awakening of a London financier who, after long years spent in the amassing of a fortune, reverts to his early dream of becoming a great philanthropist. His awakening dates from a certain day when he revisits the scene of his childhood and, left alone at twilight in the old playground of his youth, relives the old fantastic nonsense so serious and so real to childhood,—the old, almost forgotten game of the Starlight Express for Fairyland,—and as he stands there day-dreaming, all the old fantastic, illogical creations of his childhood's imagination come trooping around him in the dusk, so real as to be almost tangible, indeed, for the time being, more real than the actualities of his prosaic, every-day business life. He sees again the Gypsy, the Creature of the Gravel-Pit, the enormous Woman of the Haystack, the Laugher, the Head Gardener, the Blue-Eyed Guard. He sees the Net of Stars being fastened into place, and he remembers the old Star Cave, "the cave where lost starlight is stored up for future use."

He just had time to seize the little hand the Guard held out, and to drop into a seat beside her, when the train began to move. It rose soundlessly with lightning speed. It shot up to a tremendous height, then paused, hovering in the night.

The Guard turned her big blue eyes upon him.

"Where to?" she whispered. And he suddenly remembered that it was always he who decided the destination, and that this time he was at a loss what to say.

"The Star Cave, of course," he cried, "the cave where the lost starlight gathers."

... "Which direction?" she asked. ... "Name please, but quickly. The Interfering Sun, you know—there's no time to lose. We shall be meeting the Morning Spiders soon."

The Morning Spiders! How it all came back! The Morning Spiders that fly over the fields in the dawn upon their private threads of gossamer and fairy cotton.

He remembered that, as children, they had never actually found this Star Cave, for the Interfering Sun had always come too soon, and spoiled it all.

This will suffice to convey some idea of the strange, almost uncanny flavour of this most unusual book. It is one about which there can be no general consensus of opinion: to some readers it must remain a tissue of absurdities, an idle rigmarole of mad words; to others, it will come as a sort of fairy cloth-o'-gold, a beautiful shimmering vision of lost illusions of youth. And each class of readers will be equally right; because what is partly true of all books is superlatively true of this particular one: that the best of it lies not in what the author has put into it, but in what each individual reader can bring to it and read out of it. And to those readers to whom the romance of childhood has become a sealed book, *A Prisoner in Fairyland* necessarily has no message.

"MIXED GRILL"

It is so seldom that a volume by Mr. Pett Ridge finds a publisher in America that few readers know him except as the author of *Mordemly*. Consequently, even a collection of his short stories comes as a welcome treat. *Mixed Grill* is literally a good deal of a mixture, in situations, types of character, and social strata; and more than once the whole point of a story hinges upon certain class distinction which an American reader may be a little slow in catching, so that

their real flavour will not be wholly caught until the second reading. But there is one story in the collection which stands out conspicuously above its fellows, and in which the social status of the central character, the nature of his environment, the very purpose of his presence, are all a carefully guarded secret up to the moment of the neat little bomb-shell constituting the closing sentence. It is called "The Wonderful Start," and it opens as follows:

Dazed by sudden introduction to a distinguished company, he glanced eagerly and confusedly around in the hope of finding some one who would give him a smile of encouragement. The most distinguished of all, seated opposite to him, acknowledged his bow and gave the order that a chair should be offered, and this was accepted.

And while the man waits until such time as further notice shall be taken of him, his thoughts roam back to a certain

day, many years earlier, when he first journeyed to London from his country home, with his father's parting injunction to be industrious and honest still ringing in his ears. We are allowed to follow him in thought throughout every minute of this wonderful day, in which everything is tinged with rose-colour, and by a happy stroke he wins unexpected commendation from his employer, —incidentally, also, he manages to retain the change of a sovereign, given him by this same employer to make some trivial purchase. Then comes the concluding paragraph:

His name was again mentioned. He stood up, gripping the bar in front of him.

"Benjamin Stansfield," recited the clerk, seated below the judge, "you are charged for that you—feloniously and fraudulently —" A rumble of words. "How say you, Benjamin Stansfield; are you guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty," he replied.

AMERICA—THROUGH THE COMMON EYE OF ENGLAND

BY EDGAR WALLACE

THERE is nothing quite as interesting as the common view of things, for that is the view which counts, though publicists, great leaders of national thought, and the profound and expert thinkers of the age might well take exception to a statement which discounts the value of intelligent reasoning and of efficient leadership. Every year there is held in London a gastronomical orgy, at which amiable old gentlemen deliver their souls of much emotional effervescence on the subject of the friendship between the United States of America and England.

The counterparts of these enthusiastic diners are to be found, in America, where on the very same day and at approximately the same hour, other gentlemen, no less amiable, none the less worthy, and certainly equal if not superior in

strength of eloquence, dine and wine and shine to the glory of Anglo-Saxondom. It is not necessary to speak disparagingly of the Pilgrims and their worthy object. It is desirable that the English-speaking races should forever remain in concord. One does not know exactly what propaganda work the Pilgrims perform or in what measure they work to maintain pleasant relationships between the two great nations, other than letting loose upon an apathetic world a flood of felicitous oratory. Possibly the effect is more apparent on your side of the Atlantic than upon ours, where missionary work on behalf of a good understanding is absolutely unnecessary.

The writer knows of only one recorded instance where the work of the Pilgrims excited the interest of the com-

mon people and that was the authentic case of the cab driver who was engaged to drive two pairs of hands-across-the-sea from the Hotel Cecil to their homes in Mayfair. Describing afterward his experience to an admiring circle of friends, the driver, who with the morbid curiosity of his class had listened to their conversation through the trap door in the roof, frankly admitted his inability to "place" his fares. "One feller kept sayin' that blood was thicker than water, an' the other kept talkin' about the great heart of America—they must have been either doctors or butchers."

The truth is that the average man in England knows nothing whatever about America or about American institutions, and knowing nothing of either is a most ardent admirer of both. The tide of English emigration which sets westward comes no nearer to the United States than Toronto. There was a period in the economic history of England when "America" was synonymous with a vague sanctuary to whither people "ran away." To say that So-and-so had "gone to America" was tantamount to a tacit admission of So-and-so's wrongdoing and flight. Even nowadays one sometimes hears the expression used in that sense. The writer once accompanied some police officers who were engaged in a big coining "round up." We interviewed the wife of the leader of the gang at midnight—our bird had flown. "He's gone to America," said his good wife, a-tremble with importance and triumph. "What part of America?" asked the detective. "Why, to New York, of course," replied the communicative lady scornfully, "there ain't any other America, is there?"

America to the average criminal is a place beyond the reach of the most ingenious policeman, and although not one crook in ten thousand ever essays the perilous journey, which would end ignominiously in Ellis Island, yet there is not one who has not the comforting assurance in his mind that if the worst came to the worst, there, across the western ocean, lies a great and mysterious

land which would obligingly engulf him, to the confusion of his natural enemies.

"If you hear a man of a certain class say he'd like to get away to Canada," said an Assistant Commissioner of Police, "you may be sure that he is an unemployable; if he talks about Australia it is because he has friends there; if he discusses the possibility of South Africa as a scene for his industries, he has either got a patchy lung or a little capital; but if he hints at going to America, he's a crook."

This is neither complimentary nor uncomplimentary to the United States. The criminal does not regard America as a Mecca because he imagines that the code of public and private morality is on any lower scale than that of his native country—America represents to him an immense distance between himself and his pursuers. In an elementary school a little gamin was questioned as to the distance between the earth and the sun. "It is further than America, sir," replied the astounding child. There was a burst of laughter from the class. "Is that right?" asked the inspector of another boy. "Course not, sir," said the youngster in the pride of superior knowledge, "nothing's further than America."

It is surprising how little can be learned at school even with all the advantages which a philanthropic government bestows upon the multitudinous poor. Teachers devote years of life in a patient and earnest endeavour to instil the elements of education into the youthful mind. But in no department of teaching does the task become so heart-breaking as in that which endeavours to convey to the young mind of England something concerning America. To a great extent this is due to the fact that the text-books on America employed in most of the schools are singularly uninteresting and lacking in necessary information. The writer has never yet met a child who could tell the relation of Massachusetts with Illinois.

The primal facts which stand out in the mind of the English school child are:

- (1) New York is the largest city in the United States.
- (2) The Rocky Mountains and their situation.
- (3) The position of San Francisco.
- (4) The fact that "until recently" slavery was in existence in the Southern States.
- (5) That there was a war, North against South, and that the North won.

And what the child knows about America, that also is known, though less definitely, by the adult product of the elementary schools. The names of rivers, mountains and lakes which he learned parrot like, he has forgotten—indeed, he never knew them except as tiresome words which had to be remembered on pain of punishment. England until a year or so ago was peopled with folk who had formed a fairly dogmatic view on the United States of America, which, if somewhat unorthodox and with very little justification, was nevertheless wholesome and kindly.

This, of course, does not mean the facial and sartorial characteristics of the American people. Everybody knows that the American wears chin whiskers and strapped trousers—except the cowboy section of the race. As to his idiomatic vocabulary: that he says "I guess and calculate" with a curious little inflexion of voice at the end of each sentence is so palpably true, that to combat the suggestion or to offer an alternative would be to invite ridicule. The view of the common people, to use the phrase in no priggish sense, is that the American quo American is an admirable person. In little village inns at night the writer has listened to farmers and agricultural folk discussing him with that air of admiring wonder, which more intellectual people reserve for the genius of Racine or the versatility of Leonardo da Vinci. Bucolic England regards the ideal American as a man with immense powers of initiative, inventiveness and gifts of organisation. He is always "up to something." Grafted to these excel-

lent qualities he has the dubious quality of picturesque lying.

Even here his failing is less a matter for reprehension than for shy admiration—the sort of admiration which the village schoolmarm might accord to Pavlova. He is immensely curious, this agriculturist, as to the possibilities of American enterprise. Duty once led to a small Western town where there was a murder trial in progress and one which interested England just then. In the big bar-room where the reporters sat at night, the farmers of the neighbouring district foregathered, and never an evening passed by but the abstract question of American ingenuity cropped up.

"Heard o' latest?" "Noa." A long pause. serious eyes fixed upon the rubicund speaker, a broad-shouldered man in rough homespun and tightly buttoned leggings. "They Americans be goin' to put arl yo' dairy folk out o' business." "Dom theyre eyes," admiringly; "what'm goin' to do, Jarge?" "They'm sending milk from America in 'frigerators—that's what theym doin'." Indignant but curious growls. "Theym sharp chaps." That was the verdict: it is the verdict of seventy-five per cent. of Englishmen.

Between the country-bred and the town-bred lies a gulf so wide as to be almost unbridgable—this is a division not peculiar to England. The townsman is tolerant of the countryman, regarding him as an amiable lunatic peculiar of speech and immensely gullible. The city poor think kindly of the rustic because they consider, poor deluded things, that Hayseed has a high esteem of their wit and resourcefulness. In England, as in every other country, the attitude of the bucolic toward the townsman is one of unmitigated suspicion and distrust. But country and town alike are in agreement as to the material shrewdness of the typical American. Personally the writer is not a wildly enthusiastic believer in the hands-across-the-sea dream.

The two countries have little in common save speech. Their destinies do not

run together, their aspirations are naturally divergent, the constituents of American nationality, too, preclude anything like an alliance of interests, for the tendency of a nation which comes into existence or arrives at its full strength by the commingling of strong and virile races, is to accept the prejudices of its adopted forefathers and take to itself all their traditions of antagonism. Thus mediæval England, though fundamentally Norman, became the hereditary enemy of France.

Knowing this, and believing in his heart of hearts that the trend of American public opinion is more Anglophobe than Anglophile, it has grieved the writer from time to time to observe the disillusionment of the English people.

For your common Englishman can find no country more worthy of his esteem than the United States. There is danger in this pet delusion. For you must remember that England, despite its lingering traces of feudalism, as represented by its hereditary legislators, despite also the rigid exclusiveness of its best aristocracy, is the most democratic country in the world. Its geographical restrictions give it, in moments of crises, a unanimity, a singleness of purpose, which nationalities spread over vaster areas and showing of necessity temperamental differences cannot in the nature of things possess. To the politician and the statesman of England the voice of the people is indeed the voice of God. Time and time again, governments the most powerful have been forced to act outside their declared policy because of the pressure which a sentimental mobility has urged upon them.

Steeped in the faith that an American is *ipso facto* good and beautiful, believing that the same amiable feeling of good-will exists on your side as on this—as it does to a limited extent—and strong in the faith that an Anglo-American entente would represent a natural and idyllic alliance, he is prepared at any moment to imperil the safety of these realms to warm himself at the sentimental fires of his own kindling.

He says openly what no statesman dare say, takes for granted conditions and policies which possibly no minister of the Crown has seriously contemplated. If America were engaged with a war with a nation so powerful that her seaboard defences were imperilled, the weight of public opinion would force England to war with that power. And that without any formal alliance or treaty.

This is a bald and possibly unconvincing prediction, but it is based on very solid foundations. Sentiment creates more bloodshed than material interest. The South African war would never have been fought if the English had not sustained a humiliating defeat at Majuba Hill, sentiment brought about the bloody conflict in Macedonia, sentiment inspired the promoters of the Franco-Prussian War, and was largely responsible for the American War of Independence and the Civil War. No ministry would be sufficiently strong to resist the pressure of a sentimental people, should America ever be called upon to meet a nation of great naval supremacy. Though it brought about the violation of existing treaties, though it first estranged and then isolated Britain from her neighbours, this result would be surely attained.

From one point of view this is a lamentable trait, because those Englishmen who have studied the trend of American thought are well aware that the adulation is not, by any means, mutual. It is not to be expected that a nationality which is in the very process of its birth, into which elements bitterly opposed to England and the English or else entirely apathetic of English thought and feeling, have not been completely absorbed, can express anything like reciprocation.

But of the German, the Italian and the Irish factor in American public life and thought, the Common Eye of England sees nothing—or, it would be more correct to say, saw nothing, until the arrival of the cinema and the growth in popularity of Picture Palaces. This is gradually educating England to a true conception of American institutions. So

far that education has contained nothing of disillusionment.

The writer has a servant who is an inveterate patron of "movies." "What have you learned about America from the cinema?" he was asked.

Tabulating his discoveries:

- (1) "Railway carriages" in America are Pullmans.
- (2) Railway depots have no platforms.
- (3) Policemen carry their clubs exposed to the vulgar gaze.
- (4) The rule of the American road is "keep to the right." (In England, of course, all traffic keeps to the left.)
- (5) All American workmen wear overalls.
- (6) There is much more poverty and misery in the large American cities than he ever imagined (this from the "hard luck" films).
- (7) Detectives wear a badge on their waistcoats and policemen carry revolvers.
- (8) There is a large Italian population in New York.
- (9) American people are clean shaven—only the "villains and fools" affecting a moustache (this view is based upon the drama-stories of the cinema).
- (10) Chairmen (of companies) are called "presidents."
- (11) American houses are made of wood and there is very little "metal money" in circulation.
- (12) People are married in evening dress.
- (13) There are telephones in every house.

It is wonderful upon how small a foundation understanding may rest. One little incident depicted upon a film opened to John a new conception of American life. This was found in the film of a domestic drama which revealed to him the existence of a class which has no exact parallel in England, namely the class which provides the student who utilises his vacation to earn the money for his college fees.

And what John learns, all England is gradually accumulating, and superimposed upon the regard which the "common English" have for their ingenious kinsmen is the newer and more wholesome respect for the independence and the courage which such conduct typifies. And this respect is rather remarkable in the Englishman who, despite all that may be said to the contrary, has nothing but suspicion for the man who rises by his own unaided efforts.

One sees this especially in the army, where the soldier will endure all manner of hardship and accept meekly the most cutting criticism from his superior, if that superior be of the class from whence the rulers of the nation are drawn, but resents bitterly and unreasoningly the admonitions and the domination of a soldier who by sheer pluck and brilliancy has raised himself to commissioned rank.

Seldom is a ranker popular with his men. Hector Macdonald, that tragic figure of contemporary history, was hated by other regiments than the Highland corps.

The English are a conventional people who do not set up idols except after long and careful consideration. Emotion occupies very small place in the Englishman's equipment, and he does not rashly upraise the golden calf. But when he does, it is fixed and immovable. It stands unshaken by passing storm, steadfast against the torrents of destructive criticism.

The heated controversy which the Panama Bill excited amongst the clubmen never extended to the suburbs or to the villages.

There are people who say that America and the Americans are hated in England. This "fact" even appears in print from time to time. When the writer reads "England Hates Americans" in a New York paper he skips that particular story, merely casting his mind back a week or two in an attempt to remember which American actor or actress it was who failed to draw London, or who was the impressario whose error ran into six figures.

THE SHAKESPEARE-BACON CONTRO- VERSY SOLVED

BY PROF. ELLIS PARKER BUTLER, LL.G.; O.U.K.I.D., ETC.,
UNIVERSITY OF CAMFORD.

DID Bacon write Shakespeare?

This question, which has so long vexed the literary world, I can now answer with a positive affirmation. Bacon did write Shakespeare. I have the proofs.

My attention was first called to this controversy in the summer of 1902. I had up to that time given it no thought, but happening to spend a few days at Stratford (On-Avon) I visited the Shakespearean birthplace, and upon returning to my inn one evening I asked the waitress to fetch me a light repast of ham, cut from the joint, and eggs.

"The 'am is hall 'et, sir," she assured me, "but I could give you some 'am omelette, sir. Or some bacon, sir."

This remark, from this guileless maid, attracted my attention, and the more I studied it the more I became convinced it contained a hidden meaning, which she was seeking to convey to me. In short, by considering the words carefully, I discovered they were a cryptogrammatical phonorythm. If the utterly useless syllable "om" be dropped from "ham omelette" we have "hamlette" or Hamlet. No one but a fool can deny this. That was what I first discovered. But why did the serving maid utter the word "sir" three times? Evidently but to emphasise it. "Sir—sir—sir!" Sir what? Sir Bacon! In other words, she was telling me that Sir Bacon was the author of *Hamlet*. I was immediately convinced. She was a very, very pretty girl. Truth and beauty are one.

Following this discovery, I wrote my essay entitled "Shakespeare or Bacon; Positive Proof That Bacon Wrote Shakespeare," which was refused by eighteen magazines and reviews. It was evident the public was still unconvinced,

and I set about securing more positive proof—or rather, proof that would convince the multitude. The thought immediately came to me that the best method would be to find something—as a box or coffer—hidden in the bottom of some river or brook.

Upon consideration I decided to find something buried in the river Zee,* and proceeded by tram to Haddonsfield, Berks,† through which the Zee winds its way. Here I secured the services of a surveyor, Mr. Henry Wiggins, Esq., and a navvy, Bill Dykes, and began operations. Setting up his stethoscope‡ at the corner of the third house from the left as you go up the hill from the right hand turn, Mr. Wiggins triangulated his quadrant against the perhelion and subtracted the square root, thus giving the bicuspid parallel, which was what we wished to secure. Keeping his eye on this spot Bill Dykes walked into the river and felt along the bottom with his hand.

"I feels summat 'ard, zir," he cried in a moment, and even he, stupid fellow as he was, expressed his exultation by a tremor of the voice.

"Bring it here," I cried. My pulse was rapid, and my temperature about 101½. The good fellow bent down, grasped the hard object and brought it to the surface of the water, and in a moment he had it lying on the bank of the river. Imagine our chagrin when we discovered he had pulled up the mouth

*Note: Possibly an error. There seems to be no such river. (Editor.)

†Note: There seems to be no Haddonsfield in Berks: Does the author mean Haddonfield, New Jersey? (Editor.)

‡Note: In America the stethoscope is not used by surveyors. Probably an error of the typist. (Editor.)

of the Haddonsfield sewer and had brought it to shore. On account of this misfortune we were compelled to lose a week before we could get bail. We discovered later that our error was in subtracting fourteen from seven in our computations with the stethoscope. As a matter of fact, fourteen from seven can't be done; you have to borrow ten. But such slight errors are apt to creep in. It is not always easy to borrow ten.

Our next attempt was better rewarded. Upon wading into the river Bill Dykes stubbed his toe against a hard object, which, upon raising it—and this required our united efforts—we found to be a well-preserved Chippendale high-boy of the Elizabethan period.* Opening the lid† we peered in and discovered a talcum tin‡ sealed in rubber sheeting,§ which I tore open with trembling hands. In a moment I had the talcum tin open, and found in my hands a leather-bound memorandum book about eight and one-half by five and one-half inches in size in perfect preservation.|| Upon the cover of this book was stamped in gilt "Bacon, Hys Booke. Kepe Out. Thyss Means You!" I immediately opened the book.

I need not say here that what I saw in that book will, for the most part, be withheld for publication in my forthcoming volume (Doublepage, Scribbler and Company, 8vo. \$5.00. Postage, 28 cents), entitled *Shake or Bake, Who Done It?*, but I give here one page reproduced by photography from the memorandum book found in the Chippendale high-boy. A very cursory examination of this page is alone sufficient

*Note: No doubt a typographical error. Except for the facts that Chippendale made no high-boys, and lived long after the Elizabethan era the statement seems plausible. (Editor.)

†Note: High-boys have no lids. (Editor.)

‡Note: Nonsense! There were no talcum tins until the nineteenth century. (Editor.)

§Note: This is utter poppycock. Rubber is a much later discovery. (Editor.)

||Note: We are inclined to doubt this. How could a book of this size be forced into a talcum tin? (Editor.)

to convince the most sceptical that Bacon did indeed write Shakespeare. Compare the signature of Sir Roger Bacon* at the bottom of the page with that of William Shakespeare at the top. Evidently Bacon was trying to create a "fake" signature to affix to the plays to hide his identity, but the resemblance between the two signatures is at once apparent.†

But even more important is the evidence elsewhere on this page. "Write *Novum Organum* by June 10th," assures us beyond a doubt that Roger Bacon‡ himself penned the page. "Began *Hamlet* June 9th, 8 A.M., completed same June 9th, noon," leaves no doubt that the *Novum Organum* and *Hamlet* were written by the same hand. Indeed, the page seems to have been a sort of commonplace page on which Bacon scribbled, and this was the more likely, as the rest of the book is composed of laundry lists, "income and expense" accounts, and so forth, on which pages he would not be likely to scribble at random. Observe the manner in which, when seeking a *nom de plume*, he tried one name and then another—"Shakebeer," "Shakehalberd," "Breakspear," "Shakespear," and so forth. And also how he arrives at the final name as we know it after trying "Tommy Shakespear," "Jimmy Shakespear," and so forth. This is all very interesting.§ Also interesting is his attempt to delineate the man he has created, and the rough notes for titles for plays he no doubt had in mind at that time, as *Omlette*, *Prince of Eggsylvania*. This can be nothing but our beloved *Hamlet*, *Prince of Denmark*, in embryo. "Mike Booth"; what but *Macbeth*? And "Welsh Rabbit Dream?" Is this not the first hint of the comedy we all love?

*Note: This is important if true. Heretofore the controversy has been that Sir Francis Bacon wrote the plays attributed to Shakespeare, and it was not known that Roger Bacon was a knight. This seems a most important contribution to the history of petrified English literature. (Editor.)

†Note: Strikingly so! (Editor.)

‡Note: Roger (?) Bacon? (Editor.)

§Note: Indeed it is! (Editor.)

To the student of Shakespeare this page found by me in the Zee will be a source of endless study. As for myself, I am convinced the matter of who wrote

Shakespeare's plays is settled forever. But one thing troubles me now. When will the Aldermen of the city of New York grant me the freedom of the city?

CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATIONS

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

II. TO A YOUNG MAN WHOSE NOVEL HAS NOT SOLD WELL

CAPE NEDDICK, MAINE,
November 23, 19—.

MY DEAR LUTTRELLE:

I am sorry to learn from your letter of Sunday that your book, *The Divagations of Divot*, has not sold more than twenty-thousand copies in four weeks. I cannot understand why it has not gone better. I have read it through twice, and it seems to me to have all the qualities of weakness and mediocrity, hurried writing, mushy sentiment, risque suggestion, and generally despondent tone, that have caused Jarroway Henderson's books to go into their thirty-third ton within two days of publication every autumn for the past seven years. But it is a strange thing about the literary game, as I believe it is now called, that you cannot ever successfully predicate the popularity of one book on the favour accorded another book just like it. I remember some years ago when I was a reader for a well-known publishing house that waxed prosperous because it invariably accepted whatever I condemned, and rejected everything I praised, I tried conscientiously by a close scrutiny of all the Best-Sellers for a period of ten years to ascertain what were the precise qualities that made a book sell. Of course any mediocre person who has any literary standards at all can tell you why a book is good, or why it is bad, but why it will or will not sell—ah, my dear fellow, that is another question, and one which makes me feel that Wall Street and Monte Carlo are no worse as Infernos for the exercise of the gambling spirit than dear old Grub Street, where the poor publishers do mostly congregate. I found it absolutely

impossible to reduce the Best-Sellers of the decade to their essentials, because they varied so therein that no man, no matter how scientifically equipped for the task he might be, could, as Gilbert would have expressed it,

Take of these elements all that's reducible,
Melt 'em all down in a pipkin or crucible,
Set 'em to simmer and take off the scum,

to find

A Best-Selling Tale in the residuum.

In the old days of say twenty or thirty years ago, when authors and publishers were satisfied with editions instead of carloads, a young man starting out in literature could assure himself of certain definite facts in respect to the art he intended to practise, by assiduous devotion to the underlying principles of which he could hope definitely to take his place among the literati of the day, provided, of course, he had anything at all to say. For example, a command of English was one of the essentials of success in those days; a line of convictions as to Life itself, and the way we live it, was desirable; and if the beginner were something of a philosopher, with a touch of wit in his discourse, it did not stand in his way. The author's *personality* counted for something, whether this were shown in his literary style, his fastidious terminology, or the vigour of his convictions—it mattered little so long as he had it, but to-day we have changed all that. One can make a pretty good guess as to what sort of a chap Thackeray was in his contact with his fellows from a read-

ing of his books; the character of Dickens can be built up by almost any sympathetic reader of his writings who will take the trouble to find the author of *Pickwick* and *David Copperfield* in and between his lines; and of course Carlyle in his *French Revolution* not only revealed the inner workings of that massive struggle in his great work, but laid bare the rugged soul of Thomas Carlyle himself in its inspired pages. But can you find the slightest hint of dear little Tommy Wimpleton in that sanguinary novel of his, *The Legions of the Air*, in which the villain, a veritable Desperate Desmond, hurls his rival out of his Bleriot machine to certain death, only to see him caught on the fly by Dora Vanderbridge, the Girl of Tomorrow, who happens to be scouting over Newport in her little monoplane runabout? I am sure that if anybody ever asked me to construct the author of *Legions of the Air*, with its preposterous melodrama, its dripping gore, and resonant thunder, from what appears in its pages, I should at once conjure up the picture of a huge pirate of a man whose contorted features were only half-concealed by fierce red-whiskers of which Captain Kidd himself would have been fearful, with a fist on him like that of a pugilist, and a temper comparable only to that of some as yet unrecorded male Xantippe, instead of poor, lady-like, little Wimpleton himself, who was known in college as "Sister Tommy," and who was not allowed to sing in the Glee Club because the boys did not think it would look well for them to be traveling around the country with a soprano. At the club we instinctively talk to Wimpleton about Woman's Rights, and Harkaway invariably speaks of him as "that Suffragent Wimpleton." And it is that way with many more of them. If Larry Braithwaite was like his novels none of us would dare be seen speaking to him on the street; and as for Jarro-way Henderson, for whom I have a very deep personal affection, the most offensively popular writer of the lot, they tell me at the Author's Union that he al-

ways takes an antiseptic bath after writing an instalment of his novelised town-tattle so that he may play with his children without exposing them to the contagion of his output. No, Luttrell, it isn't *personality* that makes for success in literature these days; nor is it *conviction*, for I defy you to find an atom of conviction in any line of Wimpleton, Braithwaite, or Henderson; and as for English, I regret to have to record the fact that they do not even write good Indiana, which is at least virile, and as Near-English as any of the literary substitutes for the tongue of Shakespeare and Milton as a Just-As-Good-As Age has yet been able to invent. I am not sneering at Indiana, mind you. It has produced much that is striking in our literature; much that sheds a ray of hope on the somewhat turgid literary stream of the hour, and in my judgment it has produced the most polished stylist we have among our younger writers in Tark Boothington—my point merely is that the English of Wimpleton, Braithwaite, *et al.*, is not only not that of the Fathers, but falls far short of the best substitute American literature has produced for it.

What then has the beginner of the day left on which he can count to boost him up the ladder to the heights of fame?

I am inclined to believe, my dear Luttrell, that there is but one thing that can do it, and that is *Publicity*. And now that I think of it the second time, perhaps I should modify what I have said about *Personality*, and say that after all, *Personality* does count in these days, *only it must be developed not by yourself in your work, but by your press-agent in the exploitation of your work*. I fancy that is truer than my previous intimation—you may not be permitted by your readers to indulge your real *ego* in your tales, but in your personality as set forth in the advertising columns of the press as pure reading matter, the reader does take an unquestioned, I might almost say an unlawful interest, and in fact finds his curiosity whetted

by what he reads there to such a degree that he buys your book to see what sort of a thing it is anyhow. It may be then that the reason why your *Divagations of Divot* has hung fire is that your publisher has neglected to arouse any particular curiosity as to your personal habits, peculiarities, methods of work, hobbies, and so forth. You might look into this, and see just what press-matter your publishers have sent out, and if, as I suspect, it has been either slender in quantity, or unsensational in character, do you get them to go after the *publicity* end of your affair a little more strenuously.

If it will help you any I will give you a few suggestions as to what they might do along certain already tried lines that have proved effective, which you may submit to them if you desire to do so. I have always agreed with an early associate of mine that "one practical suggestion is worth all the theories in creation," and doubtless your publishers will welcome a few concrete examples of what you propose to have done. So, as a beginning, let them send out something like this:

Hankinson Luttrell, the author of *The Divagations of Divot*, now in its seventy-seventh large edition, never writes a line without a basket of fresh olives on his desk, and within easy reach of his hand. The basket is replenished daily, and Mr. Luttrell feels that his day's work is not quite finished until the last olive has been consumed. As an indication of the clock-like regularity of his output it is interesting to note that Mr. Luttrell's word capacity is just one hundred words to the olive, so that when the fruit has been entirely consumed, and the young author stops work for the day, the number of words written can be exactly estimated by the number of pits on the ash-tray placed alongside of his typewriting machine.

An item of this sort will give the public a notion that you are a man of strong temperamental peculiarities of a likable nature, and the very originality of the idea involved will inspire them to buy

your book to see what results are obtained from that special kind of diet. Then you might follow along with something like this:

When he is not engaged in the writing of his fascinating stories of modern life, Mr. Hankinson Luttrell, the talented young author of *The Divagations of Divot*, now in its ninety-eighth printing, spends most of his time raising Toad-Stools under glass. In the attic of his very charming home at Wrigglemere-by-the-Dunes he has a dozen cold-frames, covered with leaded-glass, designed for him by the way by Rubesco di Harduppi, the young Italian Preraphaelite whose engagement to Miss Marjorie Vanderglim was prematurely announced last winter, filled with sea-sand and powdered cork, with a top-soil of red clay from Red Bank, New Jersey, in which he has been brilliantly successful in producing a Toad-Stool that is so like a Mush-room that even the Pure Food Experts at Washington were deceived by them at the Food Show last autumn. Here Mr. Luttrell works from three to four o'clock every morning, gathering strength and developing ideas for his series of stirring stories of life on Upper Fifth Avenue, of which the very successful *Divagations of Divot* is the first.

Here you have an item that will appeal with especial force to the women, whose interest in Garden Work has been so phenomenally developed in the past few years, inspiring them to purchase your story in large quantities where it is just possible they are not now showing any interest in it at all. Do not make the mistake, however, of confining your hobby to Toad-Stool Culture. You must not harrow down your clientele to any one class of Hobbyists, bearing in mind that there are fads and fads, and that each separate and distinct section of the country may have its own separate and distinct obsession. For instance, out beyond the Mississippi people are rather more interested in Alfalfa than in Toad-Stools, so for Nebraska, Wyoming, Kansas, and the Dakotas I would modify that particular paragraph to read thus:

When he is not engaged in the writing of his fascinating stories of modern life, Mr. Hankinson Luttrell, the talented young etcetera of *The Divagations of Divot*, now in its three-hundred and forty-seventh American edition, spends most of his time at his farm at Wrigglemere-by-the-Dunes, where he has been preëminently successful in experimenting with the possibilities of Alfalfa as a substitute for Spinach, having produced a bale of Alfalfa in a single cold-frame that was pronounced by Professor Burbank, to whom it was submitted, as a "prime quality of spinach, having a flavour suggestive of asparagus at its best."

As I think this matter over I strongly recommend this paragraph even if you balk at the other, because in the course of time the item will be brought to Dr. Burbank's attention, and he of course will indignantly deny that he ever heard of you, your alfalfaized spinach, or your book. His denial will naturally be published broadcast by the Associated Press, and you will shortly after see great headlines in all the prominent newspapers in the country from Maine to California on *The Burbank-Luttrell Controversy*; reporters will call upon you for a statement; Sunday newspapers everywhere will want photographs of your Alfalfa beds, and so on *ad lib*. You will get a million dollars worth of publicity for absolutely nothing save the slight discomfort attendant upon trying to convince reporters that you have nothing further to say, and that you do not propose to be drawn into a controversy on the subject of alfalfa, spinach, literature, or asparagus, by Dr. Burbank or anybody else. Meanwhile *The Divagations of Divot* will begin to divagate at the rate of thirty-thousand copies a day, and your fortune will be made.

In this way you can run the gamut of men's hobbies, showing yourself interested in entomological collections, comprising cut-worms of all ages, possibly outlining a scheme of entomological eugenics by which in crossing a cut-worm with a book-worm you hope to produce a literary reptile that will act as a substitute for a paper-cutter, which

will endear you alike to the Bibliophile and the Vermologist; showing yourself interested again in poultry raising, which paragraph might be accompanied by a photograph of yourself sitting in your library trying to improve the temper of a broody hen by reading aloud to her extracts from Rostand's *Chanticleer*, as a relaxation from the perplexities of literary composition; going thence on through all the bypaths of avocation in which men of genius relieve their vocational anxieties. The scheme will work, but only if you keep at it everlastingly. Be not content with one item, but turn yourself into a veritable mitrailleuse of gossip anent yourself and your ways. As the poet might have put it if he had lived in these times:

Count that day lost whose low descending
sun

Shows by thy pen no advertising won.

When ideas as to yourself run out, as they infallibly must in time, fall back upon anecdotes about your children. These are always effective. For example:

Young Hankinson Luttrell, Jr., the five-year-old son of the brilliant young author of *The Divagations of Divot*, appears to be a chip of the old block. Asked by a recent visitor to the family if he intended to write like his father, the lad replied that such was his intention.

"And what are you going to write, Hanky?" asked the visitor. "Poems or novels?"

"Cheques," replied the lad. "Ma says they're the best things Pa does."

Mr. Luttrell's new novel, *The Provocations of Piffle*, will not be published until next autumn, the demand for *The Divagations of Divot* being so great as to tax the presses of his publishers to their fullest capacity.

This will win you a place in the family circle, and a great many people observing that you are a father will buy the *Divagations* on the theory that as the parent of a five-year-old boy you would not write anything that could not safely be left on the drawing-room table.

In handling the juvenile line of paragraphs, however, you must be careful to preserve the unities. It would not do to put anything in Hankinson Junior's mouth that a boy of five would not be likely to say, such, for instance, as that "as a parent I find my father altogether in accord with my most idealistic conceptions of fatherhood, but from a literary point of view it strikes me that the old man is a trifle weak in certain intimations of an anthropological nature too subtly discursive to be discussed in the time at our disposal at this immediate juncture." A paragraph like that might go in Boston, but it would not pull a single copy of your book out of the fires of oblivion in the neighbourhood of Kokomo, or Tin Horn, Arizona.

I might go on in this way, my dear Luttrell, forever, and still not cover half the possibilities of this sort of publicity, but *cui bono?* "A verb to the

sap should always be suff," as dear old Bilkins used to say, and one does not have to read your *Divagations* more than once to realise that you have sap enough in your noddle to fill the Panama Canal from end to end thrice over. So with the hope that my little hint will prove servicable to you, and that the sale of *The Divagations of Divot* will be so great that you will never have to write another book of the same sort, I leave you.

Give my best to your family and please explain to your wife that I was not really as rude as I seemed on the 'phone last Friday when I hung up the receiver so abruptly. She asked me what I thought of Blenkinsop's latest novelisation of the Kitchen view of New York Society, and under the laws of the State of New York I did not dare tell her over the wire.

Affectionately your friend,

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



AFTERWARD

BY GEORGE STERLING

HERE in the dale sweet waters grieve,
Where fountains westward sob and flow,
And I gave my love to drink at eve
From a lily's cup of snow.

White were the stars beyond her head
As was the chalice whence she quaffed,
And wet her lips as she smiled and said
How low the waters laughed.

I have forgotten if so it seemed
In that communing dusk to me,
Tho I forget not that which we dreamed
Ere the river met the sea.

Now, O brook of the cancelled years,
I watch your vesper stream depart!
Its mourning flood is one with my tears,
And its sound is in my heart.

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of June and the 1st of July:

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
5. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Sixty-First Second. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Wilsam. Nethersole. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) \$3.50.
2. The Pathos of Distance. Huneker. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
3. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

4. The Truth About the Titanic. Gracie. (Kennerley.) \$1.25.
- JUVENILES
1. The Blossom Shop. Mullins. (Page.) \$1.00.
 2. Jim Davis. Masefield. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
 3. Vacation Camping for Girls. Marks. (Appleton.) \$1.00.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
4. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
6. The Air Pilot. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Ambition of Mark Truitt. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
5. The House of Thane. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
6. Guinevere's Lover. Glyn. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
6. An Affair of State. Snaith. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) \$3.50.
4. University and Historical Addresses. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
3. Best Stories to Tell Children. Bryant. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Boy Scouts on Panama Canal. Payson. (Hurst.) 50 cents.
3. Meadow Brook Girls. Aldridge. (Altamus.) 50 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. Parrot & Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
4. The Right of Strongest. Green. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. The Case of Jennie Brice. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
6. Sylvia. Sinclair. (Winston.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
5. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. A Small Boy and Others. James. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
4. Training the Boy. McKeever. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
2. The Torch Bearer. Thurston. (Revell.) \$1.00.
3. The Texan Scouts. Altsheler. (Appleton.) \$1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
4. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. University and Historical Addresses. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.
3. Our Vanishing Wild Life. Hornaday. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

3. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Parrot & Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
5. The Heart of Night Wind. Roe. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.
6. The Call of the Cumberland. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.30.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
6. Parrot & Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
3. Sunbridge Girls at Six Star Ranch. Stuart. (Page.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Hill of Venus. Gallizier. (Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
6. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Republic Cawein. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.00.
2. Minimum Wage and Syndicalism. Boyle. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.00.
3. Lucky Pehr. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.50.
4. Easter. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Golden Book. Strang. (Doran.) \$1.00.
2. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
3. Master Skylark. Bennett. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.25.
5. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
6. The Woman of the Twilight. Ryan. (McClurg.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.

5. The Woman of the Twilight. Ryan. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
6. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DES MOINES, IA.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. Roast Beef, Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) \$1.20.
6. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. The Bird Guide. Read. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Squaw Lady. Stapp. (McKay.) \$1.00.
2. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. Bird Children. Gordon. (Volland.) \$1.00.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Wilderness Trail. Williams. (Watt.) \$1.25.
6. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
4. Three Plays. Brioux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Making of Thomas Barton. Nicholas. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Last Leaf. Hosmer. (Putnam.) \$2.00.
3. Auto Blue Book. (Auto Blue Book Co.)
4. University and Historical Addresses. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Parrot & Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
4. The Unforgiving Offender. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
5. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.25.
6. The Ambition of Mark Truitt. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Social Environment and Moral Progress. Wallace. (Cassell.) \$1.25.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Little Colonel Stories. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Mother West Wind's Children. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Parrot & Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
4. The Lapse of Enoch Wentworth. Curtis. (Browne.) \$1.25.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) \$1.00.
4. The Play of To-day. Hunt. (Lane.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.25.

4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Wings of Pride. Mabie. (Harper.) \$1.30.

NON- FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No Report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eves. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Heart of a Soldier. Pickett. (Moyle.) \$1.30.
4. The House of Thane. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
5. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
6. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. V. V.'s Eves. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. Parrot & Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eves. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. Jean Christophe: Journey's End. Roland. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
2. The Woman with Empty Hands. Anon. (Dodd, Mead.) 50 cents.
3. The Business of Being a Woman. Tarbell. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
4. The Life of the Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
2. Hollow-Tree-Snowed-In Book. Paine. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eves. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Woman of the Twilight. Ryan. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
5. Pollvanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
6. Sylvia. Sinclair. (Winston.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. Gettysburg. Singmaster. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
4. The Pathos of Distance. Huneker. (Scribner.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Harper's Book for Young Naturalists. (Verrill.) \$1.50.
2. Gruntv Grunts. (Feist.) 50 cents.
3. The Flight Brothers. Henderson. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.00.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Right of the Strongest. Greene. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. The Return of Peter Grimm. Belasco. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
6. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Toya. Kelly. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.00.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
5. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. Lo, Michael! Lutz. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Alfred Noyes's Works. (Stokes.) \$1.25, \$1.35, \$1.75.
2. Statesman's Year Book. Keltie. (Macmillan.) \$3.00.
3. Welcome to Our City. Street. (Lane.) \$1.00.
4. University and Historical Addresses. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts' Handbook. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. Harper's Book for Young Naturalists. Verrill. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Port of Adventure. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Woman of the Twilight. Ryan. (McClurg.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.30.
2. Americans in Panama. Scott. (Statler.) \$1.35.
3. Panama. Edwards. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. The Poor Little Rich Girl. Gates. (Duffield.) \$1.25.
3. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
6. Parrot & Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Do Something! Be Something! Kaufman. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. Ivric Diction. Jones. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. Mrs. Rorer's Ice Creams and Water Ices. Rorer. (Arnold.) 75 cents.
4. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse and Hopkins.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
2. Lieutenant Ralph Osborne. Beach. (Wilde.) \$1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. Lo, Michael! Lutz. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Parrot & Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
2. The Story of My Boyhood and Youth. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.00.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Confessions of a Tenderfoot. Stock. (Holt.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Rover Boys in New York. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Batter Up. Williams. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
3. Little Topsy Thistle. Warren. (McKay.) 50 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Old Adam. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.35.
4. Michael. De la Pasture. (Dutton.) \$1.35.
5. El Dorado. Orczy. (Doran.) \$1.35.
6. The House of Thane. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) \$3.50.
3. The Life of the Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Food and Flavor. Finck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Ambition of Mark Truitt. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.25.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
4. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.25.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. The Story of My Boyhood and Youth. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.00.

4. Panama and What It Means. Fraser. (Cassell.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

1. A Scout of To-day. Hornibrook. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
2. Best Stories to Tell Children. Bryant. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Old Mother West Wind. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. The Life of the Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Gill.) \$1.50.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. With Indians in the Rockies. Schultze. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Sylvia. Sinclair. (Winston.) \$1.20.
4. A Midsummer Wooing. Bassett. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
5. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) \$1.30.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
6. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. University and Historical Addresses. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.
3. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) \$3.50.
4. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pussy Black Face. Saunders. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon. Thomsen. (Row, Peterson.) 60 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Sylvia. Sinclair. (Winston.) \$1.20.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
6. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Rover Boys in New York. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. The Motor Boys on the Border. Young. (Cupples and Leon.) 60 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
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A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " " 2d " " " " "	8
" " " 3d " " " " "	7
" " " 4th " " " " "	6
" " " 5th " " " " "	5
" " " 6th " " " " "	4

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3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35	150
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35	149
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40	148
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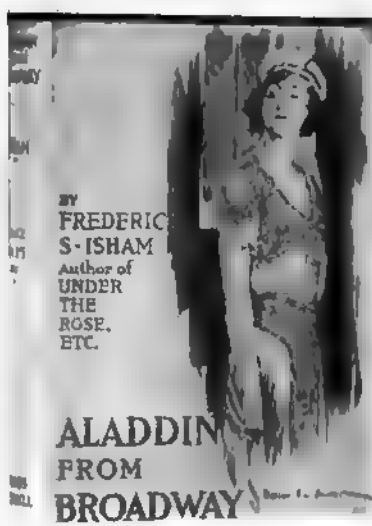
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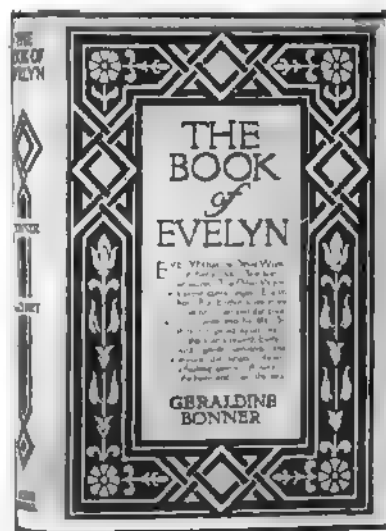
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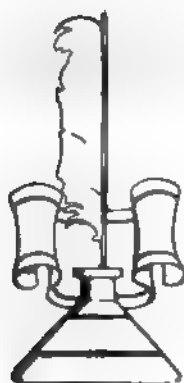
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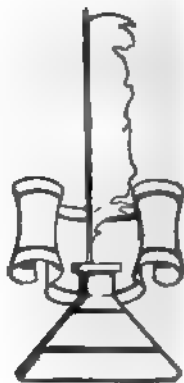
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How ephemeral is fame! Here we have *Courtin' Christina*, a new book by J. J. Bell. A publisher's note seeks to exploit it by saying: "Mr. Bell has told us in novel form the kind of happy Scotch romance, a trifle comic, which Burns has sung about and which even finds an echo in Harry Lauder." Now that sentence may be more or less involved, but the intention of the writer is clear. He wants the name of Harry Lauder to catch the eye and lead the mind to Mr. Bell. Yet the new book deals with the further adventures of a certain Wee Macgregor, and, ten years ago, compared to the fame of Macgregor that of Harry Lauder was as a tinkling bell. England knew Macgregor. America knew him, and in North Britain he was a national figure. His impish countenance leered out from a thousand advertising signs. It was "The Wee Macgregor Whisky," "Try the Wee Macgregor Tablet. Six pence a box," "For Satisfaction wear Wee Macgregor Trousers." Ten years! Ten short years! And this is the form in which it is thought best to introduce him:

Publishers' Note.—"The hero of the piece, Wee Macgregor, has just been promoted to independence and cigarettes and, though his charmers are no more than eighteen and sixteen years old, respectively, Mr. Bell handles their romances with becoming seriousness. Their love affairs were serious to them. One of Wee Macgregor's attractions was Jessie Marv and she was anybody's girl—just a young live thing in love with love. The other attraction became permanent—she was Christina with her pleasant plait, bright eyes and generally comfortable manner. Mr. Bell has told us in novel form the kind of happy Scotch romance, a trifle comic which Burns has sung about and which even finds an echo in Harry Lauder. It is tender, humorous and lovable."

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In the days of the old prize ring the saying was "youth will be served." The modern equivalent seems to be the more genial "they never come back." Yet in contemporary baseball we have the venerable Mr. Mathewson winning nine-inning games on sixty-eight pitched balls; the ancient Mr. Wagner still bringing to Pittsburgh the joy that was not "in Mudville when mighty Casey struck out" (speaking of Pittsburgh, reader please see O. Henry article in this issue); the senile Mr. Lajoie still batting and fielding with all the incomparable grace that he displayed eighteen years ago. Also in the world of writing men there are exceptions. Here is Mr. Tarkington, supposed to have finished with fiction six years ago, delighting a new generation of readers with his *Penrod*; here is George Ade with a new story measuring up to his very best; while a recent paper dealing with Mr. Martin Dooley of the Archev Road is to be ranked on sheer merit with the Dooley papers at the time of the Spanish American War.

...

No adventurous hero of his verse was ever more of a wanderer than Robert W. Service. Last year, after coming down from the Yukon, he made a walking trip from New York to New Orleans. A little later he went to Southeastern Europe and, in the Balkans, followed the movements of the contending armies as closely as was permitted. Thence he went to Paris, where he stayed for a time, then on a walking tour through Brittany, and was last heard of cruising about the Channel Islands.

...

Some months ago, at a time when many Englishmen in high places were uneasily curious as to the whereabouts of Miss Pankhurst, some one summed up the situation by a parody of certain lines of the Baroness Orczy's *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, which ran:

"We seek you here, we seek you there,
In fact we seek you everywhere
Are you in Heaven, are you in Hell,
You cov, elusive Christabel?"

The parody was a tribute to the vitality of a very entertaining book, a book so good that when a publisher's note speaks of it as "a classic of romantic fiction" we are not moved to sarcasm. After *The Scarlet Pimpernel* came *The Elusive Pimpernel*, and now in her new book, *El Dorado*, Baroness Orczy tells of another adventure of her famous character.

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An ingenious publisher's note speaks of the Reverend O. Hannay, more familiar under his pen name of George Birmingham as being "commonly known as the Mark Twain of Ireland."

...

THE BOOKMAN has already discussed Jerome A. Hart's *Sardou and the Sardou Plays*. The book showed that in fifty-four years London produced seventy-eight plays, of which only six could be called failures. Contrast this with modern conditions. During the New York dramatic season ending with the summer of 1913 (according to Mr. Burns Mantle, an expert in these statistics) there were one hundred and twenty productions; of these, he states, eighty-two were financial failures, which means a loss to their producers of about \$1,250,000. Of the thirty-eight productions called successes, he further states, not more than twelve were money-making—the rest were "bloomers," so called, that is, quasi-failures, nursed along by "papering," or dead-heading the audiences sufficiently long to advertise the piece in the rural districts as a "Broadway success." This leaves only twenty-eight money-making plays out of one hundred and eight productions. The percentage in the previous New York season was about the same. During the London season ending August, 1912, fifty-four productions were made; of these only nine were fairly successful and only four ran through the season.

...

It has been discovered that Mr. Hall Caine is not opposed to a little publicity. The world has come to realise that the Manx novelist does not believe in hiding his light under a bushel. In fact, during the past few years it has been the fashion to regard Mr. Caine as a legitimate target for flippant paragraphs. That is all very well so long as readers do not forget that of more importance is the fact that he is a writer of unquestioned talent, and that such books as *The Deemster*, *The Bondman*, and *The Manxman* are novels of real power. A new story by Mr. Caine is still something of an event, and a great many persons will be interested to learn that *The Woman Thou Gavest Me* is announced for publication about August 25th, by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

...

Mr. Robert Sterling Yard, newly appointed editor of *The Century Magazine*, is an entertaining writer and a publisher of many years' experience. In a book, *The Pub-*

lisher, to be brought out next fall by Houghton Mifflin Company, he gives a first hand account, in all its aspects, of what he has termed "the worst business in the world." To the public that likes books, this description of the various processes by which they are selected, manufactured, exploited, and sold, should prove interesting reading.

. . .

Town planning and city building is a new art which has sprung into existence during the last twenty years. It reached its first and its highest development in Germany, from which it has spread to France, England and the United States. Dr. Frederic C. Howe describes the new science of town planning in his new book, *European Cities at Work* (Charles Scribner's Sons) and the intelligent, far-seeing way in which burgomasters and state officials build cities in anticipation of all needs. It is a study of the way the site of a city is laid out far in advance of the city's growth, with provision for all of its future needs.

. . .

In answer to the many inquiries which have been coming in ever since publication in magazine form of Booth Tarkington's first "Penrod" story, announcement is made by Doubleday, Page and Company that these tales are parts of a new Tarkington novel to be published by that house next spring. The volume is a continuous story, and not a book of short stories; and the magazine material has been adapted to that purpose from the substance of the novel, upon which Mr. Tarkington is now hard at work.

. . .

Miss L. M. Montgomery, author of *Anne of Green Gables*, etc., who in private life is Mrs. Ewen Macdonald, has just delivered the completed manuscript of her new book—*The Golden Road*—to her publishers. She is spending the summer at Park Corner, Prince Edward Island, which place was introduced in her *Anne of Green Gables* and *Anne of Avonlea* for its "lake of the shining waters."

. . .

The *Reminiscences of Augustus Saint-Gaudens* have been edited and amplified by his son, Homer Saint-Gaudens; and the work will be issued in the fall by the Century Company in two large volumes, with many illustrations showing Saint-Gaudens's work, and persons and places associated with his life and career.

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